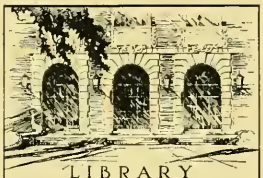

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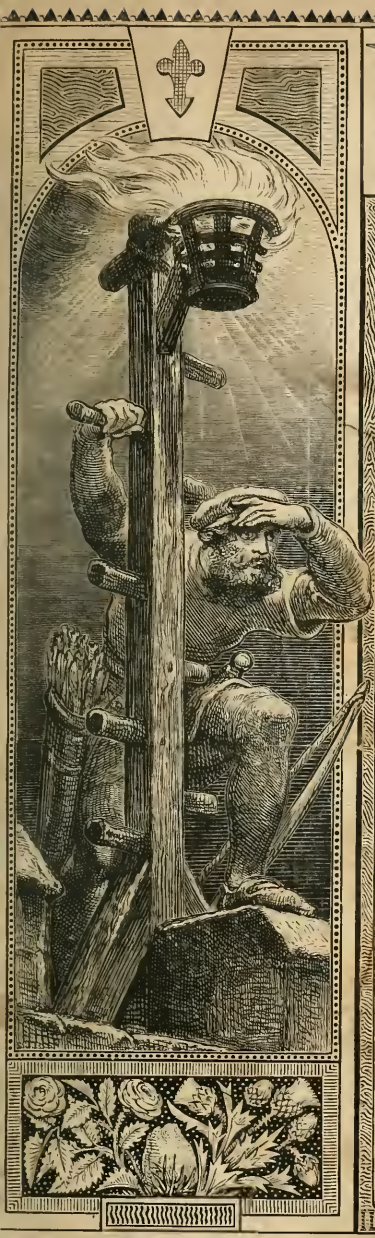

Wilson's Tales of the Borders.

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative.

WILLIAM ❖ MACKENZIE
LONDON GLASGOW & EDINBURGH

WILSON'S

HISTORICAL, TRADITIONARY, AND IMAGINATIVE

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF

SCOTLAND:

WITH AN

Illustrative Glossary of the Scottish Dialect.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:
WILLIAM MACKENZIE, 69 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.;
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WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND

THE MAN-OF-WARS MAN.

In the calm clear evenings of June and July, when the heat of the day has been abated, it has been my custom to walk forth to brace my nerves after the cares and fatigues of the day. Pent up for these thirty years in one of the dingy shops of the Luckenbooths, I have toiled to gain wealth enough to enable me to exchange the chimes of St Giles' bells for the singing of the larks; but, alas! I fear my ears will be too hard, and my eyes too dim, ere that time come when I may seek to enjoy the melody of the songsters, or the verdure of their habitations. Gradually already have they been becoming less cheering to me than they were in those young sunny days of my apprenticeship, when I used to sally forth as soon as I had given the keys to my master. I have still, however, the impressions of memory; and this summer they are as vivid as when they were real perceptions. While sitting at my desk, I wander, in fond recollection, around Arthur Seat, and fondly think that such evenings in June may be yet for me as I have enjoyed them. Such is the folly of men of business. From the month I commenced for myself, the lark has been singing less sweetly, and my loved haunts have been becoming less and less engaging. Have the vocalists of these times degenerated, and the fields become aged? The change cannot be in me: I am still in my vigour, and a bachelor. Fifty-two is not an old man—so spoke the heart's wishes—yet this fact is otherwise. Since that period when I took the cares of the world upon my own shoulders, I have, in general, been lost to everything else around me. The incubus of the counter and desk mounts upon my shoulders, and whispers in my ears of bills and debts unpaid or to pay; and immediately, in place of the visions of my youth, legers and slips of paper, spangled with columns of figures, occupy what were once the sad recesses of love. Thus hag-ridden, yet still in search of happiness, have I stalked over the loveliest of the lovely scenes that abound around Edinburgh, almost unconscious of where I have been. And what has been the reward of all my cares? I have accumulated three thousand pounds, and some properties that yield what some would call good interest; and the making of this has been the unmaking of the sensibilities of enjoyment, without which it is nothing.

Such were my reflections before I had reached the last stile next to Sampson's Ribs. Early visions of Duddingston Loch had haunted me through the day; and hence I had sought again the scene that so sweetly combines the Alpine and champaign, as if they here met to embrace. I had passed up through the valley between the Crags and Arthur Seat, and continued sauntering along the narrow road, like one cast forth by all the world, gloomy and dissatisfied—my head leaning forward, my eyes fixed vacantly upon the ground, and my hands at my back. Some maidens and their swains were dancing beneath at the Wells of Weary,* to the measure of their own "wood-notes wild." My heart was touched almost to tears. The demon that drove enjoyment from my walks fled, and a flood of tender recollections flowed in upon it. On that verdant spot, thirty-two years before, I had been as happy and as joyous as the group before me, dancing to the same heart-stirring air, with one I had loved with all the fervour of a youthful heart, until the chilling influence of what the world calls prudence, damped my flame, but could not extinguish it. She was now the dispenser of happiness and comfort to another, and the mother of a lovely family—not so rich in what the world calls wealth; how much richer was she in peace and joy! I had for years kept her heart in suspense, until it sickened at my undecided courtship and shuffling delays. I know she loved me better than all the world beside, and would have consented to be mine whatever had been my lot—faithful and kind to me, also a soother of my soul, in all conditions, she would have been. To riches I had sacrificed her and myself. Alas! I found now their heart-searing consolations. Again and again have I striven to persuade myself that I acted wisely in delaying our union. I, at the time, even took praise for vanquishing the warmth of my love, that we might feel less the delay. Alas! I knew not woman's heart. My coolness pained and piqued her; and while I was all intent upon acquiring wealth which she was to enjoy with me, another was warming that heart which I had chilled. She was wed unknown to me. I met the marriage party in the church. What would I have given to have been able to roll back the wheels of Time, and throw upon them all my hopes of wealth, with the curse which they deserved.

In this reverie I stumbled upon an artist. He was drawing the scene of my dreams. A few words passed. He resumed; and I gazed upon the happy group which he was ably sketching, till early recollections raised a sigh almost amounting to a groan. The stranger started, and inquired if I was unwell. The sincere and sympathizing tone of his voice interested me, and I requested to have the pleasure of looking at his sketch.

"You are most welcome," he replied; "but it is a mere scratch. I will be enabled to do much better soon. I mean it for the foreground of a picture I am painting sir. I am one of the most fortunate fellows in the world; I always get what I wish just at the moment I want it, or, at least, soon after it."

This speech struck me as a most singular one from the person who made it. He was apparently about thirty years of age, with an open, generous countenance, which, though not handsome, exhibited the glance of the eye and lofty brow that spoke intellect and feeling.

"I am no judge of painting or drawing further than of what gives me pleasure," said I; and I looked upon his sketch with a melancholy delight; for he had drawn the group as they really were—true to nature—and fancy enabled me to see, in one of the females, her I had lost. I spoke my praise in the warmth of my feelings; for I again enjoyed the scene so much, that it conquered my

* The Wells of Weary are now numbered with the things that were. The terminus of the Dalkeith and Edinburgh Railway tunnel, at the eastern end, has swept them away. They were the favourite resort, in the olden time, of the love-sick swains and maidens of the city. Many a soft tale of love was breathed there. It was a wild sequestered spot—in our recollection like an oasis in a desert, rendered lovely by the neighbouring stillness and desolation.

love of money, and I at once, and for the first time in my life, resolved to purchase a picture.

I looked from the sketch to the artist, to examine the man I was to deal with, that I might judge how to make my bargain; for, strong as my inclination was to have the picture, my mercantile habits were equally strong. His dress was much the worse for the service it had seen; and there was an appearance of penury about him that made me anticipate a good bargain.

"Do you paint for amusement only," said I; "or do you dispose of them?"

"I paint for fame and fortune, my good sir," said he; "but I am yet only a novice in the noble art, however long I may have been an admirer."

"Is your present work bespoke?" again said I.

"O no, sir," replied he; "but I will soon get it off my hands when it is finished; for I am, as I told you, a fortunate man."

"How much do you expect for it?"

"If I had as much money as purchase a frame for it," said he, "I might get five pounds; but as that is not the case, I must take what I can get from a dealer—perhaps a pound or less."

For the first time for many years, I felt the generous glow of doing good to a fellow-creature at the expense of my cash; but, if the truth will be told, it was the recollection of the good and gentle Helen that at this moment operated upon me.

"Well, sir, if you will sell me this sketch and the finished picture for two pounds, I will be the purchaser?" said I.

"I accept your offer," was his reply; "and I feel grateful for your patronage, as I am yet unknown; but I feel confident I shall succeed, at length, in this my present aim at fame and fortune. The goddess has eluded me often, doubtless, even when I was sure I held her in my grasp. But that is nothing. I was happy, as I am at present, in the pursuit; for all my life has been a series of anticipations supremely happy."

We had stood during this discourse; my eye was on him; and I could see the glow that was upon his face: how strange to me it seemed: I too had lived in anticipation of being rich, yet never felt the thrill, the full joy of hope which possession banishes. How justly may anticipation and fruition be compared to youth and age: the one, joyous and buoyant, moves along the rough walks of life, with hope pointing the way and smoothing his path; fruition, like an aged traveller, feeble and spent, sees ever a length of way before him, rendered rougher by cares for what he has attained, while all behind him is nothing. One of my gloomy fits was coming o'er me—my mind was turning in upon itself—when he aroused me by inquiring where he should have the pleasure of bringing his work to me. I gave him my address, and we began to return to the city. Long before we reached the last stile, he had so won upon my regard that I invited him home with me to supper, under promise that he should give me an outline of his life. He redeemed his pledge thus:—

"My father, Andrew Elder," said he, "lived in one of the villages not far from town, where I was born. He was not rich, but well enough to do; by trade a joiner, tolerably well read, of a shrewd and argumentive turn of mind, and the oracle of the village, at a time when it was distracted by the politics of the period, which ran high between the Aristocrats and Democrats. The French Revolution had attained the climax of its horrors, and the best blood of France was poured forth as water. Once a Democrat, he had changed his former opinions, and his antipathy was as intense against the bloody miscreants who, in the public commotion, had wriggled themselves into their bad pre-eminence, as his sympathy had been strong at the commencement in favour of an enslaved people. I was scarce seventeen—an anxious listener to all that passed in the shop between my father and his opponents. All he said was to me true as holy writ; and those hearers who doubted one word he said, were deemed worthy only of my pity. Well do I recollect; it was the beginning of May, 1794, and our dinner hour; the newspaper had just arrived; a number of neighbours were seated on, or standing around, the bench on which the all-engrossing paper was spread. My father gave a shout of triumph, and looked contempt upon the Democratic part of his audience, who were ranged on the opposite side. They again looked, their anxiety not unmixed with fear. 'Hurrah!' cried my father, 'the bloody monsters will soon be put down, and die by their own accursed guillotine James, run into the house and bring me my Gazetteer; I wish to see the map.' I was not slow to obey, for I was as eager to learn the cause of my father's joy as the oldest politician present. He read, with exultation, the arrival of the Emperor of Germany at Brussels on the 9th of April, and his advance to Valenciennes to join the Duke of York, who lay there with the Allied Army under his command. Then, opening Guthrie's well-thumbed volume, and laying it before his auditors, he seized his compasses, as a marshal would his truncheon, waved them in triumph, then spread out the map, measuring on the scale a number of leagues, to illustrate his demonstration. 'Now, attention, you blacknebs,' he said, 'and do not interrupt me;' and immediately all eyes were bent upon the map. 'Now, here is Valenciennes,' said he; 'and here is Paris, the den of the murderers. The Allies will be there in three weeks at farthest: what can stay them? Tell me, ye Democrats!' They hung their heads, as he struck the bench to give his demonstration force. 'In four months,' he continued, 'the King, Louis XVII., will be in Paris—to avenge his brother's blood; and peace will be restored before the corn is off the ground. Hurrah!'

"There might have been some grave humour in his earnestness, but his prophecy made an impression on me he little dreamed of: while he spoke, a voice seemed to sound in my ear that made me start—'Here is an opportunity for you to see the world you have often wished for. The contest will not last four months; you may enter the navy, which will be paid off at the end of the war; be home before winter, and boast to your father of all you have seen and done.' The impulse was so strong that I left the politicians in keen debate—for the dinner hour was not expired—and, putting on my coat and hat, set off for Leith as quick as I could walk. My only fear was that I might be too late to be received; the account of the Allies having entered Paris might have arrived; peace might be made before I could join, and my golden dreams be dissipated.

"It was nearly dark before I reached the rendezvous upon the shore. A throb of joy gave new spirit to me when I saw the union jack hanging over the door. I entered at once, and inquired if I was not too late to enter on board of a man-of-war?

"'By no means,' said the active Captain Nash, who was present at the time. 'Were you ever at sea, my spirited lad?'

"'No, sir,' said I; 'but I hope that will be no objection.'

"'Oh, none in the least,' said he. 'You shall, in an hour or two, be put on board the tender which sails for the Nore to-morrow. Here, mate, give this volunteer something to drink his Majesty's health.'

"I was now seated by a long table, at which were some of the most forbidding individuals I had ever seen—several were evidently intoxicated—spoke in phrases I could not comprehend, and uttered oaths that made my heart tremble. I became bewildered; the situation in which I had placed

myself was not what I had anticipated. I loathed the liquor they offered me, began to think I had done a foolish action, and wished to be at my bench again, a free agent.

"How long my mind continued in this state I know not, but I was soon roused to a fuller sense of the situation in which I had so rashly placed myself. I soon saw enough to make me weep. Six of the gang entered, swearing, and threatening two young sailors, whom they dragged in with them, and who, as well as several of their captors, were severely cut, bruised, and bleeding. They had, doubtless, fought stoutly to escape the gang. I was there a voluntary victim, and any little fortitude that had until now sustained me fled, as I gazed upon the painful sight. They were both about the same age, and stout, active young men; they spoke not one word; but their countenances were sad, gloomy, and desponding; and, at times, I could perceive a shade of sullenness, bordering on ferocity, pass over their faces, as they lifted their eyes from the floor towards the men who were busy removing the stains of the conflict. In a short time after, we were taken to the Ferry Stairs, and put into their boat. It was now, for the first time, that I began to doubt if my father was correct in his eulogiums of British liberty. I soon understood that the cases of these lads were peculiarly hard; yet, after all, not so very hard as that of many I afterwards knew. They were brothers, and belonged to Leith, where their parents still lived. They had been absent three years upon a whaling expedition in the South Seas; and, anxious to see their father and mother, (the former of whom was stretched on a sick-bed,) had, with circumspection, and in disguise, reached their home, when, only after a few hours, some unfeeling wretch, for the paltry reward, became informer, and the gang secured their prey. The sick if not dying parent entreated in vain; and the mother's tears and groans, as she saw her loved and manly sons struggling against an overwhelming force, (for what, my father oft had said, was the birthright of every British subject,) were equally unavailing. I kept my eyes on the two youths who, for no offence, were thus treated as felons, and compelled, against their wills and interests, to leave their homes, and all that they held dear; yet, so strangely are we constituted, this train of thought passed off, as I surveyed the clear night, with the full moon shining in a cloudless sky, and reflected by the waters of the placid Frith. My young heart even felt a glow of pleasure: I hoped the worst of my new life was past, and that I would soon be again with my father, to recount to him the sights I had seen.

"When we reached the tall dark sides of the—to my inexperienced mind—gigantic tender, all my regrets were fled, and expectation again filled my breast. Having hailed, and been answered by the watch on board, the two pressed men were forced to ascend from the boat, which they did with an ease and facility that astonished me. I attempted to stand up, but fell across the thwarts—the motion of the boat, inconsiderable as it was, throwing me off my balance at every effort. Forced to hold on by one of the gang, I had my ears filled with a volley of oaths. A rope was at last lowered from the deck, and made fast under my arms, and thus I partly climbed, and was partly hoisted up, until I could hold on by the bulwarks—furnishing merriment to those on board, and greeted by no kindly voice, my feelings were again damped. For the first time in my life, I felt that I was alone in the world, and must rely upon my own energies for protection. Ordered below, I staggered, as I moved upon the deck, like one intoxicated, still grasping at everything to prevent me falling, and bewildered at all I saw and heard. How unlike were these things to what I had found in books, or dreamed of in my enthusiasm, of the noble navy of my country. My mind was all confusion. My native language, spoken by those around me, was mixed with such terms and phrases, that it was all but incomprehensible. When I reached the hatch, and was in the act of descending the ladder, I missed my hold, fell to the deck, and a laugh sounded in my ears; all the pity I received, though I lay sick, stunned, and bruised among my fellow-creatures. I crawled out of the way, lest I should be trampled upon by those who had occasion to pass up and down. No kindly hand was held out to me; and there, upon the bare boards, I passed my first night from home. Youth and health triumphed, and I soon fell sound asleep.

Well, not to be too circumstantial, this rough initiation into my naval adventures was of immense advantage to me. Follow out my course I must, whether I now willed or not. I had the consolation of my father's prophecy that the war would terminate before the winter commenced; and if I wished to see the world, I must take things as they come. It has ever been my nature to look upon every event on the sunny side. I anticipate pleasure even amidst privations and discomfort; and I have thus enjoyed hours and days of happiness, when those who suffered with me have been driven almost to despair. When day dawned, I was awakened by the noise and bustle around me. I looked at the murky den in which I had passed the night close by a gun-carriage. Some were extended on the deck here and there; a greater number snugly hung in their hammocks, were the regular seamen; the others were landsmen like myself, unprovided with anything—their all on their backs, and as ignorant of life at sea as their purses were empty. I will not say that I was pleased with the turn my adventure had assumed; yet I was not discouraged; I knew that thousands passed their lives in the navy, and I would not be worse off than my equals in rank. I arose, and, seated upon the gun-carriage, began to be amused by what was passing around. As the day advanced, my interest began to increase, and I formed a few friendships with my fellows. One of these, a young seaman who had been impressed a few days before out of a West Indiaman, was of vast service to me, in giving me instruction how to conduct myself, and allowed me to sleep with him. I had left home without one shilling; was provided with nothing, and must remain so until rated in some ship after we reached the Nore.

'No person who has not seen, can conceive the scenes of wickedness and folly that are acted on board a tender, where all are crowded together with no regular messes formed, and no routine of duty laid down to engage the mind, or dispel the tedium. The careless act their parts, but the thoughts are forced in upon the serious thinker. Some sat in deep abstraction, unconscious of all that was passing around them, fetching a deep sigh occasionally, and looking mournfully at their merry mates; others were walking backwards and forwards with a restless cast of countenance, like a caged animal; while here and there were small groups, deep plunged in the excitement of gambling for small sums, and swearing over their well-thumbed dirty cards; others were carousing in secret, with ardent spirits, brought secretly on board, by boats which were continually arriving from or departing for the shore with the friends of those on board; and very many passed their time listlessly leaning over the nettings, gazing upon the shore they were so soon to see, perhaps, for the last time, yet caring not whether they ever saw it again or not. At length the boatswain piped to weigh anchor. The foresheet was shaken out, and we stood down the Frith. As the shores receded from us, some became more sad, but the greater number seemed as if a load had been taken from their minds. As for myself, I felt my spirits increase as we gallantly bounded over the waters.

'When we reached the Nore, I, along with several others, was draughted into a frigate, which had received orders to sail for the West Indies. As soon as I was

rated, I received from the purser what necessaries I required, which was placed to my account to be deducted from my wages. I felt my importance much increased as I put on my new dress and got my station on board; yet a qualm of disappointment came over me as I thought of the distance I was to be carried from home, and I began to doubt if I could return to Scotland before winter, when the peace I had anticipated would take place. My sailor life presented many features that belied my expectations. At this time a war-ship was managed in the most tyrannical manner, by the caprice of the captain and first-lieutenant. The rattan of the boatswain was in constant play; and it often seemed as if he struck the men more for his own gratification than their correction. Standing at the foot of the rattlins when they were ordered aloft, he invariably struck the last, whether in ascending or descending. This was to make them look sharp. The same course was followed in regard to every duty to which he called them; and a dozen or more of lashes were often given for what the most microscopic eye could not have detected as a fault: the cat was seldom out of use, and never a day passed without several punishments. A chit of a midshipman, if he took an umbrage at a man, would order him to stand while he mounted a gun carriage to strike him about the head or face; and if the gallant fellow moved on, he was reported to the officer on duty as mutinous, tied to the grating, and received a dozen or two. Our provisions too were very scanty, and not of the best quality; while a complaint would have been mutiny. Before we reached the island of Jamaica, custom overcame disgust. I saw, besides, that it was the rule of the service—officers were not, in their station, better off than the men; midshipmen were cobbed or ordered aloft with as little compunction or inquiry as the men were flogged. The only individual on board who stood not in fear of some other on board, was the captain; yet he feared the Admiral, and the Admiral crouched to the Lords of the Admiralty, who succumbed to the Ministry, who crouched to the King; and, as a landsman on board a man-of-war, all being in a circle, I was next to him again to complete it. The whole I saw to be an intricate system of coercion and discipline; and I submitted with all the cheerfulness I could; but there was a messmate of mine, who claimed the sympathy I disregarded. Poor James! I am to this hour sad when I think of him. Who or what he was I never knew; for his years, he was the best learned and most intelligent person I have ever met with in the world. Every genteel accomplishment was his. About two years my senior, he was an age in advance of me; and I looked up to him with a reverence I have never felt since for any human being, as we have sat on a gun carriage, I listening to the knowledge that flowed from his lips, and which he took a pleasure in imparting to me. Thus, when it was not our watch, he stored my mind with truths and information, both ancient and modern, the benefit of which I feel even now. An exquisite draughtsman, he taught me the rudiments of the art, and practice has done the rest. Yet he was secret as the grave as to the cause of his sorrows; and though he knew that I wished to be acquainted with his history, not through idle curiosity, but to console him, if in my power, he shunned the subject. That he was born to a rank far above that in which I knew him, both the officers and the men allowed. He was prompt in his duties, from an innate sense of honour; and there was a lofty bearing in all he did—not the effect of an effort, but of natural impulse—that extorted the respect of his shipmates; though, of all men, sailors are the quickest at perceiving peculiarity of character among themselves, and an appropriate soubriquet is generally the consequence. To his officers he was as politely humble as the strictest rules could require; but this manner was so different from the uncouth and crouching humility of the other men, that a stranger would have conceived he was the superior returning the civility. His soul was, indeed, truly Roman, and superior to his fate. Whether that fall was the effect of circumstances over which he had no control, or voluntarily chosen, from some secret reason, he would never avow. Once I heard him sigh heavily in his sleep, and murmur the name Matilda; from which, I suspected, he had been crossed in love, and was now a victim of consuming melancholy, which seemed only lightened by his activity, or when he was storing my mind with information. Books we had none; but I felt not the want. His memory was well-stored and tenacious, and he was always ready for whatever subject was the study of the time for which we were at leisure. I feel conscious I learned much more, and infinitely faster, by this oral method, than if I had had the volumes and read them myself. His vigorous and intelligent mind epitomised and digested my mental food—imparting to me thus the spirit of volumes, which I might in vain have endeavoured to comprehend after long study. But, to proceed:—

"With this mixture of pleasure and suffering, we reached Kingston, and cast anchor off the harbour, where we had remained only for a few days, when we sailed to cruise in quest of a French frigate, which had taken several of our merchantmen. We continued to range the seas for nearly three weeks, in quest of the enemy, without gaining either sight or intelligence of him, and had almost given up all hope, when, one afternoon, a dense fog came on, which obscured the horizon, and we could not see two-lengths of the ship from her decks. It continued thus until a little after sunrise next morning, when a gentle breeze sprung up which cleared all around, and, to our surprise, we saw a French forty-gun frigate about six or seven leagues to windward. We mounted only thirty guns. The odds were fearfully against us; but the captain resolved to engage the enemy. The boatswain piped all hands to quarters, the drum beat to arms, the bulkheads were taken down, and all was clear for action in a few minutes—every gun double shotted, and the match waiting the orders to fire. James and I were stationed at the same gun on the quarter-deck, when I saw the enemy, under a cloud of sail, bearing down with his formidable range of guns bristling his sides. I felt my breathing become short, and a strange sensation took hold of me, as if I doubted whether I could command another full respiration. I looked at James—there was a melancholy shade of satisfaction on his countenance, and I thought I saw a languid smile lurking around his lips, along with a sternness in his eye, that imparted to me a bold feeling of assurance. I stood with the ram-rod in my hand. The interval of suspense was short. The Frenchman, as he ranged alongside, within pistol-shot, hailed us in good English to strike. The captain, who stood near me, looking over the nettings, with his speaking trumpet in his hand, lifted it to his mouth, and roared—'Ay! ay! I'll strike by and by;' then passed the word—'Now, my lads, give them a broadside.' Scarcely was the order given, when our little frigate quivered from the recoil, and we were enveloped in smoke; but I could hear the crash of our shot on the sides and rigging of the Frenchman, which did not return the fire for a minute or two. 'Well done,' shouted the captain—'Another of the same;' and by the time the Frenchman fired his first volley, we were ready. The salute was simultaneous and fearful. The enemy did awful execution: five of our gun-ports were torn into one, and several of our men killed and wounded. I have little recollection of what followed for some time—the smoke was too dense for observation, and my exertions in working our gun were too unremitting to allow of extraneous attentions. At length, the shot in the locker being expended, I called for more; and, on looking round, saw my companion, James, lying extended behind the gun, bleeding. There was not one moment to

spare—the balls were supplied as quick as called for—and, at the sight of my wounded friend, my dogged resolution was roused to revenge. I urged those who were still able for duty to redouble their fire.

" ' Well done, Elder,' said the captain ; ' you are a noble fellow.'

" At this moment, a small splinter struck my hand, as I withdrew the rammer, and almost divided my fore-finger and thumb. I plucked it out—the blood poured—but I felt less pain from that source than from my mouth, which was so dry and parched, that I would have given worlds for a drop of water. ' For God sake,' I cried, ' bring me a mouthful of water, for I will not leave my gun.' You may smile at my folly, for who was there to serve me? Yet, patience—the captain, who kept the quarter-deck, as cool as if we had been laying at anchor—nay, cooler, for he was then always finding fault, or in a passion—heard me, and, taking a lime from his pocket, cut it in two, and put one-half into my mouth, as I was ramming home the charge.

" ' Here, my lad,' said he ; ' you deserve it, were it a diamond ;' and put the other half into my cut hand. The sting of the pain almost made me cry out. He smiled, and said, it would cure it ; then remarked to the first lieutenant, who had just came up to him—' I have often heard that the Scots fight best when they are hungry, or see their own blood ; there is an instance ; look at Elder's hand, and see how he works at his gun.' At this moment I heard a crash—it was our foremast gone nearly by the board. ' These Frenchmen fire well,' he said, with the greatest coolness.

" ' That stroke is very unfortunate,' replied the first lieutenant ; ' but it cannot last long.'

" ' No,' said the captain ; ' they must either strike soon, or blow us out of the water. How is my ship below ?'

" ' Much cut up, sir ; but our remaining hands work their guns well. The enemy must have suffered severely.'

" I can convey no impression of the calmness with which these few words were spoken in the middle of this carnage and noise. We had already, as I afterwards learned, been engaged two glasses. All conception of the time, from the first broadside until the last gun was fired, seemed to have been banished from our minds. Scarcely had the conversation between the captain and lieutenant finished, when the Frenchman's mizenmast fell forward, their fire began to slacken, and we, in a clear interval, could see a bustling on board.

" ' Boarders, arm,' shouted the captain ; then, in a lower voice, to one of the officers—' They are either going to run for it, or board us ; were our rigging not so much cut up, she might be our's.' It was at this moment he first shewed his impatience :—' Aim at her rigging,' he cried—' she shuns the contest—ten guineas to the gun that disables her;' but her sails began to fill, and she bore away before the wind, leaving us too much disabled to follow her.

" When the firing ceased, I felt so fatigued and faint, from the loss of blood and the pain of my hand, that I leaned upon my gun, almost incapable of exertion. A double allowance of grog was now served out to the survivors. I felt revived, though still unable for duty, and went to the cockpit to see James, who had been carried there, and to have my own hand dressed. A cockpit scene has been often described, but description is a burlesque of the reality. We had twelve killed, and twenty wounded, more or less severely. I found my poor friend lying upon a mattrass, calm and resigned—no groan nor sob escaped him. One of his legs had been broken and cut by a splinter, and there was a wound from a musket-ball in his shoulder. Both had been dressed by the surgeon, who was a humane, active, and skilful man. When my own scratch was cleaned and dressed, all my attention was bestowed upon James and others. An hospital was rigged out, and every care humanity could suggest paid to the wounded ; and our otherwise austere captain was as mild and kindly by the side of the victims as a nurse. James lay, for the most part, silent and in deep thought. When he did speak, it was of indifferent subjects ; and, to my frequent inquiries how he felt his wounds, he replied, that they engaged not his thoughts further than that he feared he might recover. ' That I do not wish,' said he. ' It is long since I received the wound that is destined to prove mortal, independently of these disruptions of the flesh, which merely confine me to this sick-bed, and are come rather as a remedy. Elder, think not I am ungrateful for your kindness—I thank you from my heart. There is one favour you must promise to do me, and I feel assured I may trust you.'

" ' Name it,' answered I ; ' and if I should die in the attempt, I shall not fail to do all in my power to accomplish your smallest wish.' He pressed my hand, which was grasped in his.

" ' Enough, Elder,' said he ; ' all I request is easily done ; yet I was not the less anxious to find one whom I could confide in. As soon as this oppressed heart ceases to beat, you must take this locket and ring ;' and he uncovered his bosom, upon which they lay, besmeared with his blood. Smiling, he continued:—' The blood is a proper envelope for them ; and I am only so far happy that I was not killed outright, for then they might have fallen into hands which would have done them no justice. These baubles and I must be forgotten together, whether I die here at sea, or survive until we reach Jamaica. You must, when I am to be consigned to my abode of peace and rest, place them where they lie at present. You will do this for me.'

" I pressed his hand, for words were denied me. My tears fell upon his pale face, as I stooped to kiss his forehead ; a sigh was all that passed between us ; but our eyes told more than our lips could have uttered. I left him alone to enjoy his own reflections, and went upon deck. In a few hours the surgeon's worst fears were realized : tetanus came on, and he died the following morning in my arms. I fulfilled his last request, and his body was launched into the restless ocean on the day before we reached Kingston. His man-of-war's name, as the seamen call it, when one—a different from their real one—is assumed, for any reason that requires concealment, was James Walden, by which he was rated in the ship's books. Next day, when his effects, scanty as they were, were put up for sale, I bought a small prayer-book, which I had often seen him use, for less money than I have seen a few needles and a little thread bring at the mainmast. Amongst all that he possessed, there was not a single scrap of paper, or anything by which I could be led to guess who he was. On a blank page of the prayer-book, there was written, in a small, beautiful female hand, Matilda Everard ; but whether it was written by the individual he had once mentioned in his sleep, or some other, it was impossible to say.

" We had spoke, on our return to Jamaica, several merchant vessels, so that the account of our action with the French frigate was before us. We were, accordingly, received as conquerors—the sailors complimented in the streets, and our officers invited to all entertainments. As for myself, I felt alone, after the loss of my friend, and fretted a little at the news of peace not having been yet received. I had not yet called my father's political sagacity in question. It was now the month of September—our frigate was once more, if possible, in better trim than she was before the action—we had our water on board, and everything ready for sea, to cruise amongst the French islands. All was joy, and hope of prize-money We were to have sailed next morning, when the accounts of Admiral Howe's glorious victory of the first of June arrived, when all became a scene of excitement and exultation. Salutes were fired—every vessel was hung with as many flags as she could muster, along her stays, from the bowsprit to the

taffrail. Kingston was to be illuminated in the evening; and we requested leave, and were allowed, to have an illumination on board of our ship. My spirits recovered in some degree—every one was of opinion that the Republicans of France never could recover the blow they had received—my father's prediction was verified—and I would soon be free, and at home. During the afternoon, which was as lovely as a warm day in Jamaica can be, all was bustle on board, each mess procuring candles, and each striving who could exhibit the greatest number. The ingenuity of one of our number was exercised on some empty barrels, which, with their bottoms pierced, filled with lights, and placed opposite the port-holes, shamed the bottles and candles of the others, and gave us the victory. Just before sundown, all was ready. As soon as all the candles were lit, every port was opened; and our little frigate, and the other ships of war, produced a sight truly beautiful—sitting upon the waters, which reflected the glare like glowing furnaces, and sending all around their so regular and intense beams. Meanwhile, our decks were crowded with dancers, who, footing it away to the music of our fiddles, exhibited, in the strange mixture of white European, and dark Kingston girls, all brought out in full relief by the lights, one of the most extraordinary scenes I had ever seen. At a late hour the lights were douced, and all was as still as death; and the late refulgent vessels floated a number of black masses under the moonbeams.

"Next morning found us under weigh, and the island of Jamaica sinking under our stern. I missed my friend sadly, having formed no new intimacy; for there was not one on board, in my estimation, to supply his place. He had formed my mind for higher enjoyments than could have been relished or shared with me by any of my shipmates; yet we had on board a mass of talent, in all its variety, debased, no doubt, by evil passions and low dissipation. There were, indeed, among us some rough, but honest unsophisticated children of nature; but they were like jewels dug from the mine, placed in a package with flints, and shaken on a rough road, losing by attraction their asperities, but taking no polish. A few too there were, who had, with care, been bred by their parents for higher objects, but had sunk from their station, by vice and folly, even to a lower level than the standard of our crew. I had thus small choice, and fell back on the memory of the pleasures I had enjoyed in the conversation of my friend. We had been out from port about three weeks, without seeing anything save one or two of our merchant ships, and one from Liverpool, bound for New York, with passengers, from the latter of which we impressed six stout young men, who were on their way for the New World. Such are the miseries of war, that liberty is invaded, and all human ties severed by the necessity it engenders. The case of one of these young men was truly hard. He was on his way to New York, to take possession of some property left him by an uncle, who had died there the year before; and his intention was to remain and settle upon his late uncle's farm. A few days before, he had left his native village, in Ayrshire, with a young woman whom he had long loved, and at last married. Their all had been expended in their passage money and outfit; but young hope, love, and joy, were the companions of their voyage, until our boat, under the command of our second lieutenant, appeared, as the demon that was to put these to flight. The crew and passengers were mustered upon the deck, and many forced from their hiding-places, where they had stowed themselves away below among the cargo. George Wilson, (for that was his name,) fearful for his Jane, had remained by her side: he was ordered into the boat; his supplications were as nothing; and the tears and agonies of his young wife, if possible, less. It is a fact worthy of the consideration of the philosopher, that the actions of men, forced to perform an unpleasant duty, are often fretted into greater harshness by appeals to feeling. We were short of hands, and, goaded by necessity and duty, I verily believe that some who seized the youth more sharply when he was attempted to be taken from them by the female, would not have been slow to weep for her in other circumstances. There was another case not less cruel—that of an only son of a family, called Grant who were emigrating, consisting of a father and mother, two sisters, and this young lad, their hope and stay—he too was ordered into the boat. I noticed the two as they came up the ship's side. It is seldom that human nature is exhibited under such circumstances of trial. Description, in such cases, is almost impertinent. It may be doubted if the young men themselves were then conscious of one half of the evil that had befallen them: they were stupid with despair.

"But I did not know what was awaiting myself. Some few days after this event, we were standing under easy sail, listlessly gazing over the immense expanse of waters, with all eyes sharp for a sail of some kind or other, to break the monotony of our listless life. The lookout from the mast head sung out—

"'Sail, ahoy!'

"'Where away?' cried the officer on duty.

"'Nor-west, on our lee-beam.'

"'Can you make her out?'

"'Nay, sir; she is yet hull down; but she appears English rig, as her top-royals rise out of the water.'

"'Stretch every inch of canvass; haul taut,' cried the officer.

"And her bows were crowded by the anxious seamen. There was now an object to engage their attention, while the captain and officers kept their glasses steady in the direction pointed out. In a short time, the points of her masts and sails began to appear above the horizon, like black patches, where the bounding line between the ocean and sky terminates. We continued our progress for several hours, manifestly not making fast on her; yet we could see that her sails rose almost imperceptibly out of the water. She kept her distance so well, that the captain became excited and piqued. The wind blew pretty fresh, and we were both on a wind. She was now made out to be either a privateer or a merchant vessel; but her superior sailing led strongly to the opinion that she was the former. Our deck guns were now run aft to raise our bows, and every effort that skill could put to account was tried. Still we gained but slowly upon her; and the afternoon was far advanced without our being satisfied of more than that she was an enemy; for she must have seen us for some hours, and our ensign was flying at our royal mast head. Now great masses of gorgeously coloured clouds began to gather around the brilliant luminary in the far west. It was close upon sun-down when the darkness almost immediately follows in these twilightless latitudes. The tall masts of the chace were between us and the brilliant scene, like a dark spirit crossing the path of heaven. The captain, striking the bulwarks of the quarterdeck with his hand, said aloud—

"'I'd give a hundred guineas to have her within range of my long eighteens at this moment, or when I shall see your beams again in the morning.' He looked to the broad disk of the sun, which was just sinking in the dense mass of resplendent clouds, while his last rays shot like long broad ribbons over the edge of the clouds, and undulated upon the long swell that was raised by the breeze, which covered their tops with masses of white foam, resembling flocks at play in an immense meadow.

"Anxious to obtain the last glance of this magnificent panorama, I had got upon the nettings in which the hammocks are stowed, and stood so long holding on by the mizen-rattlings absorbed in pleasing dreamy thoughts, not

unmixed with regret, that it was quite dark before I was conscious of the change. My mind had again turned in upon itself, and the lovely harvest-nights of my regretted home came before me, more chastened in their grandeur, but not the less lovely on that account. Wilson and Grant were conversing in whispers near the spot where I stood, talking of their blighted hopes, as if they felt that nature, in the grand aspect she now exhibited, looked lovely in mockery of their woes. We still held on as we had done through the afternoon—the surges rising and sprinkling our fore-deck as we passed swiftly through the waters, urged on by an increasing gale. Weary of my position, I was in the act of descending to the deck, when, by some accident, I lost my hold, and fell overboard, striking against the dead eyes, and wounding my tongue so severely in my fall that it was bit through. When I rose to the surface, stunned and confused, the water was hissing in my ears, and my mouth full of blood. I attempted to call out for help; but my efforts were vain. My tongue was unfit for its office; I only uttered unintelligible sounds, not to be distinguished amidst the noise of the waves. Still hope was strong in me, for I could hear the cries on deck—'A man overboard!' though I could distinguish no object in the darkness. The sounds became faint and more faint. The vessel's way was so great, she shot from the spot like a bird; and I could, at intervals, see the lights that they had hung out as I rose to the top of the waves, which I buffeted with all my energies. The frigate had evidently laid too. I strove to make for the lights. I saw, far astern, a boat had been lowered, and hope again braced my nerves. Could I have called out, I had been saved; for I heard their voices shouting for me, and even the splash of their oars; but I was dumb. My tongue had almost instantly swelled so as to fill my mouth; yet still I struggled amidst the waves to reach the source of the sounds. At that moment, they could not have been many yards distant from me, if I could have judged from the distinctness with which I heard them call. At last, they ceased for a few minutes, as if in consultation. Moment of horrid agony! I was in the grasp of inevitable death, and those who were anxious for my rescue were within hail, and that hail I could not utter. The struggle for life is not easily terminated, and my exertions were almost superhuman. A flash, and the report of a gun now fell on my ears, and it came as my doom: it was a signal for the boats to return. I felt as if my arms had become powerless. My heart failed, and I was sinking, when again the stroke of the oars revived me. Again I attempted to shout—vain effort! 'Poor Elder!' I heard uttered by my shipmates, amidst the sweltering of the waves that were about to engulf me. The oar-dip gradually died away—and where was I?

"Tired and exhausted, and almost suffocated by the water and blood that flowed from my tongue, I turned upon my back, but sunk deep in the water from the weight of my jacket and trousers, and thus floated at the will of the swell, that often almost turned me over. I attempted to pray, but could not collect my thoughts. All I could say was—'Lord be merciful to me—a sinner!' I almost felt as if already dead; for all energy had fled, both mental and bodily; and the little I did to place me on my back, when the surge turned me over, seemed the involuntary efforts of sinking nature. In this state I was aroused from my stupor by my coming in contact with a hard body. I stretched forth one of my hands, which had been crossed upon my breast, and grasped it with the energy of despair. It was a large hen-coop, which had been thrown over in the hope that I might reach it until the boat arrived. New life began to revive in my heart. I got upon it; and, taking my silk neckerchief from my neck, which I fortunately had on when I fell, lashed myself to it. My thoughts now became, in some degree, collected, and a slight beam cheered the gloom of that fearful night, as I floated, a miserable speck of human nature, on that boundless, unfathomable waste of troubled waters. I thought that I was not forgot by my Creator, who had, in his mercy, sent me this assurance in my last extremity, frail as it was, to be the means of my deliverance. It was now that my whole soul poured forth in prayer; and tears, not of anguish, but of love and gratitude, flowed from my eyes, as I was drifted along before the wind, and tossed by the waves. Through that long and dreadful night, nothing but this pious feeling could have sustained me; for my limbs were benumbed and cramped; my tongue still almost filled my mouth, and pained me.

"Day at length dawned; but it did not bring with it renewed hope. I had prayed and longed for it, in the expectation that I might be seen and picked up by some vessel; but my heart did not rise in my bosom as the beams of the sun shot over the waters around me. No sight met my eyes but the sky, bounded at a short distance around by my low position in the water. The breeze had considerably abated, the sea was much smoother, and the fears of a lingering death by hunger and thirst began to assail me. As the morning advanced, my faith in my deliverance began to fail, and terrible thoughts crowded upon my mind. I tremble yet when I revert to them. It seemed as if the great tempter of mankind had been with me in this hour of trial, and whispered in my ears thoughts foreign to my nature. I even began to doubt the mercy and goodness of God; despair was again busy with me, and my clasp-knife suggested a short and ready remedy for my misery. I clutched it in my hand, and opened it; but my hand was stayed; my feelings had again undergone a revolution. I dropped the instrument, and wept. I now thought I heard a rushing sound in the air, and looked up. An immense albatros, with his huge extended wings, was suspended in the air, attracted by the strange sight I exhibited. In any other situation, would I have been alarmed at the sight of a bird? Now, my heart sunk when I saw the creature circling high above my head. I thought he was examining the object previous to his pouncing upon it. I thought he might strike my head, and my woes would be ended: he might alight, and tear me piece by piece with his strong hooked bill. The terror of the waters was merged in that of my new enemy; and such is man, that, though I had reconciled myself to the one, I felt my courage and resolution rise within me when I saw a visible and tangible enemy to grapple with. His circles round me became more and more narrow; and, as he descended, I seized my open knife. This precaution was, doubtless, unnecessary. The bird, probably, only wanted to ascertain what strange inhabitant of the waters now appeared to it. Still, however, it kept up its surveillance, receding now by large circles, and again approaching me, only again to betake itself to a greater distance, and again to renew its approach. I cannot tell how long this continued; but a full hour, at least, must have passed—during all which time I remained under the unaccountable apprehension that I would, unless I defended myself, fall a victim to this gigantic bird of prey. At length he took a long sweep, and I saw him sailing away on his solitary journey, as if he despised the poor object he had left alone on the waste of waters.

"From the scorching rays upon the exposed part of my body, I began to suffer much, and my thirst became excessive, my strength gradually declined, and, by the time the sun reached his meridian, I had again made up my mind to my fate, commending my soul to its Maker, through my Redeemer. I closed my eyes, as I thought, for ever upon all earthly things. I had lain thus only a short time, when, raising myself up as far as I could upon my raft, and gazing around upon what I thought was to be my tomb, an

involuntary cry of joy burst from me. There was a vessel in sight; my weakness and misery were forgot. I saw them lower a boat; and from that moment my mind became a tumult of thoughts and sensations, which I have often since attempted in vain to annalize. The horrors of my late situation were still upon me, and I could with difficulty persuade myself that my delivery was real.

"So exquisitely soothing was the feeling that now possessed me, that I feared to open my eyes or move, lest I might break the spell that was upon me, and awaken in the misery I had so lately endured. But I even tired of enjoyment, for my position became irksome. I attempted to turn, but the effort was so painful that a groan escaped me. A gentle hand wiped the perspiration from my brow, and inquired if I wished to be turned. The sound of that voice was like a beam of light upon my bewildered mind. I opened my eyes, and saw a young female in widow's weeds standing by the side of my cot.

"'Generous being,' I said, 'is it to you that I owe my deliverance?'

"A sad smile passed over her face, as she gazed at me, and said—

"'I am happy to see you restored to recollection; but you must not speak.' And she gently withdrew from the side of the cot.

"I wished much to make inquiries; but felt so weak that I did not persist, but sunk again into the same dreamy state. It is of no use detailing the events of the few days that were passed in this helpless state. By the kind nursing of the female, and the kindness of the captain, I slowly recovered, and learned that, by the merest accident, I had been discovered by them as I floated upon the waves; and that, had I not been seen to move when I had raised myself up, they would have passed me; and that I was now on board the *Betsy and Ann* of Leith, bound from Quebec to that port. My heart overflowed with love and gratitude to that merciful God who had delivered me; for what the kind captain called accident, I felt in my heart was his loving-kindness; for I firmly believe there is no such thing as what men call chance or accident. We are taught by Scripture that all things are ordered and directed by the Creator of the universe, from the fall of a sparrow to the fall of an empire; and, in the eye of Omnipotence, nothing is great or small, all being directed to one great end.

"I was now able to leave my cot for a short time, but not the cabin. The young widow was ever by my side, to minister to my wants. I felt much for her sorrows, which she bore with pious resignation; but I had no power to minister to her comforts as my gratitude prompted me, when I observed her, as I lay in my cot, weeping in silence, when she thought me asleep. It was the third day after I was picked up, as I sat in the cabin, and felt myself much recovered, that I gave her an account of my leaving home, and my adventures since. She sat and listened with interest, and seemed much affected by my account of my friend, James Walden. She sighed heavily as I proceeded, and her tears fell fast. When I mentioned his untimely death, she uttered a piercing cry, and fell insensible upon the floor. I cried loudly for help; and her servant, and the captain, who were on deck, came quickly to my aid. After some time she recovered, but was so ill that she was forced to be put to bed by her maid. Her mind seemed quite unsettled by what I had said of my friend's death; for she spoke strangely and incoherently, unconsious of what she uttered; often repeating—'James, I shall never see you more. How could I hope? I wished, but dared not hope, humbled as I was—yet frown not on me so; I am more to be pitied than hated.' Thus she continued during the greater part of the day.

"Towards evening, she became more composed, but was so ill that she could not leave the state-room without the support of her servant, which she did contrary to the remonstrances of the captain; only replying—

"'What is life now to me but a dreary blank? O that I were at rest under these rolling waves! O Mr Elder! have you strength to tell me all you know of James before my heart bursts?'

"I could myself have wept; but her eyes were dry, yet heavy and languid; her face pale as marble, with a ghastly composure upon it, more heart-moving than clamarous grief. Again I went over every circumstance, and concluded by regretting the prayer-book, as the only article I valued left on board. She heard me the second time without altering a muscle of her face. When I finished, she said:—

"'I was Matilda Everard; these fingers wrote the name upon the prayer-book, which I gave to James Everard, my cousin. Walden was the name of his mother: he was an orphan, the ward of my father; I an only daughter. We were brought up together. I was my father's only child—an heiress; he had little more than his own abilities to depend upon. I was a spoiled child, thoughtless, and volatile. I loved him then as a brother. He was some years older than I: he loved me as never man loved woman. I sported with his misery; for I knew not love. My father discovered his passion, and banished him the house. I regretted him as a brother—no, not as a brother—as a playmate. His feelings of honour were so high, he took no covert means to meet me again; but I saw him often at church, and elsewhere. I used to kiss my hand to him; but we never exchanged words. Urged by my father, I married a rich merchant. He was much older than I. The cold, haughty, and money-making habits of my husband first turned my thoughts to James. I contrasted the joy that used to beam in his eyes, when I smiled upon him, with the indifference of my husband; and my love, once that of a sister, became all that James could have desired, had I been still a maid. Upon my marriage, James disappeared. Neither my father nor any one else knew where he had gone. It is now three years—long, long years—since then. Circumstances called my husband to Quebec, that, if not looked after, might involve him in ruin. Jealous and morose, he took me with him. Months of misery I dragged on there. My husband sickened and died. I am now on my way to my father; but I feel we shall never meet. My heart, I feel, is broken, and life ebbs fast. Farewell! and may you be blessed for your kindness to James. Bury me in the waves; I long to sleep by his side.'

"Having taken farewell of the captain, she retired, and we never saw her again in life. Next evening, agreeable to her request, she slept with James under the waves of the Atlantic. For some days, I was much affected by the melancholy event; but my spirits, with my health, gradually returned. A few weeks more would bring me to my father's house, and I resolved never again to trust any political prognosticator, even my own father, for I had never known him so much deceived before. I had been eighteen months away, and the war, so far from being over, was, if possible, fiercer than ever; and the Democrats of France were carrying murder and desolation wherever their armies went.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS.

AND OF SCOTLAND.

CLARA DOUGLAS.

"The maid that loves,
Goes out to sea upon a shattered plank,
And puts her trust in miracles for safety."—*Old Play.*

I AM a peripatetic genius—a wanderer by profession—a sort of Salathiel Secundus, "doomed for a term," like the ghost of Hamlet's papa, "to walk the earth" whether I will or not. Here, however, the simile stops; for his aforesaid ghostship could traverse, if he chose, amid climes far away, while the circuit of my peregrinations are, have for sometime been, and must, for some short time more, necessarily be, confined to the northern extremity of "our tight little island"—*vulgo vocato*—Scotland. In my day I have seen many strange sights, and met with many strange faces—made several hairbreadth 'scapes, and undergone innumerable perils by flood and field. On the wings of the wind—that is, on the top of a stage-coach—I have passed through many known and unknown towns and villages; have visited, on foot and on horseback, for my own special edification and amusement, various ancient ruins, foaming cataracts, interesting rocks, and dismal-looking caves, celebrated in Scottish story. But better far than that, and dearer to my soul, my foot has trod the floors of, I may say, all the haberdashers shops north of the Tweed: in short, most patient reader, I am a travelling bagman.

In this capacity I have, for years, perambulated among the chief towns of Scotland, taking orders from those who were inclined to give them to me, and giving orders to those who were not inclined to take them from me, unless with a *douceur* in perspective—viz, coachmen, waiters, bar-maids, *et hoc genus omne.* From those of the third class, many are the witching smiles lighting up pretty faces—many the indignant glances shot from deep love-darting eyes, when their under neighbours, the lips, were invaded without consent of parties—which have saluted me everywhere; for the same varied feelings, the same sudden and unaccountable likings and dislikings, have place in the breasts of bar-maids as in those of other women. As is the case too with the rest of their sex, there are among them the clumsy and the handsome, the plain and the pretty, the scraggy and the plump, the old and the young; but of all the bar-maids I ever met with, none charmed me more than did Mary of the Black Swan, at Altonby. In my eyes she inherited all the good qualities I have here enumerated—that is to say, she was handsome, pretty, plump, and young, with a form neither too tall nor too short; but just the indescribable happy size between, set off by a manner peculiarly graceful.

It was on a delightful evening in the early spring, that I found myself seated, for the first time, in a comfortable little parlour pertaining to the Black Swan, and Mary attending on me—she being the chief, nay, almost the only person in the establishment who could serve a table. I was struck with her transcendant loveliness, I was captivated with her engaging manner, and I, who had for thirty years defied the artifices of blind Cupid, now felt myself all at once over head and ears in love with this village beauty. Although placed in so low a sphere as that in which I then beheld her, there was a something about her that proclaimed her to be of gentle birth. Whoever looked upon her countenance, felt conscious that there was a respect due to her which it is far from customary to extend to girls in waiting at an inn. Her's were

"Eyes so pure, that from their ray
Dark vice would turn abashed away."

Her feet were small and fairy-like, from which, if her voice, redolent of musical softness—that thing so desirable in woman—had not already informed me, I should have set her down as being of English extraction.

* * * * *

Several months elapsed ere it was again in my power to visit Altonby. During all that time, my vagrant thoughts had been of Mary—sleeping or waking, her form was ever present to my fancy. On entering the Black Swan, it was Mary who bounded forward to welcome me with a delighted smile. She seemed gratified at my return; and I was no less so at the cordiality of my reception. The month was July, and the evening particularly fine; so, not having business of much consequence to transact in the place, and Mary having to attend to the comforts of others, beside myself, then sojourning at the Black Swan, I sallied forth alone—

"To take my evening's walk of meditation."

When one happens to be left *per se* in a provincial town, where he is alike unknowing and unknown—where there is no theatre or other place of amusement in which to spend the evening—it almost invariably happens that he pays a visit to the churchyard, and delights himself, for an hour or so, with deciphering the tombstones—a recreation extremely healthful to the body, and soothing to the mind. It was to the churchyard on that evening I bent my steps, thinking, as I went along, seriously of Mary.

"What is she to me?" I involuntarily exclaimed; "I have no time to waste upon women: I am a wanderer, with no great portion of worldly gear. In my present circumstances it is impossible I can marry her; and to think of her in any other light were villanous. No, no! I will no longer cherish a dream which can never be realized."

And I determined that, on the morrow, I should fly the fatal spot for ever. Who or what Mary's relations had been, she seemed to feel great reluctance in disclosing to me. All I could glean from her was, that she was an orphan—that she had had a sister who had formed an unfortunate attachment, and broken their mother's heart—that all of her kindred that now remained was a brother, and he was in a foreign land.

The sun was resting above the summits of the far-off mountains, and the yew trees were flinging their dusky shadows over the graves, as I entered the burial-place of Altonby. The old church was roofless and in ruins; and within its walls were many tombstones over the ashes of those who, having left more than the wherewithal to bury them, had been laid there by their heirs, as if in token of respect. In a distant corner, I observed one little mound over which no stone had been placed to indicate who lay beneath: It was evidently the grave of a stranger, and seemed to have been placed in that spot more for the purpose of being out of the way than for any other. At a

short distance from it was another mound, overtopped with grass of a fresher kind. As I stood leaning over a marble tombstone, gazing around me, a figure slowly entered at the farther end of the aisle, and, with folded arms and downcast eyes, passed on to those two graves. It was that of a young man of perhaps five-and-twenty, though a settled melancholy, which overspread his countenance, made him look five years older. I crouched behind the stone on which I had been leaning, fearful of disturbing him with my presence, or rousing his attention by my attempting o leave the place.

After gazing with a vacant eye for a few moments upon the graves, he knelt down between them. His lips began to move, but I heard not what he said. I thought he was praying for the souls of the departed; and I was confirmed in this by hearing him at last say, with an audible voice:—

"May all good angels guard thee, Clara Douglas, and thou, my mother!"

As he uttered these last words, he turned his eyes to the newer grave. I thought he was about to continue his prayer; but, as if the sight of the grave had awakened other feelings, he suddenly started up, and, raising his hands to heaven, invoked curses on the head of one whom he termed their "murderer!" That done, he rushed madly from the church. All this was very strange to me; and I determined, if possible, to ascertain whose remains those graves entombed.

On leaving the churchyard, I was fortunate enough to forgather with an old man, from whom I learned the melancholy story of her who occupied the older-looking grave. She was young and beautiful. Accident had deprived her father of that wealth which a long life of untiring industry had enabled him to lay past for his children; and he did not long survive its loss. Fearful of being a burden to her mother, who had a son and another daughter besides herself to provide for out of the slender pittance which remained to her on her husband's death, Clara Douglas accepted a situation as a governess, and sought to earn an honourable independence by those talents and accomplishments which had once been cultivated for mere amusement. The brother of Clara, shortly afterwards, obtained an appointment in the island of Madeira. Unfortunately for Clara, a young officer, a relative of the family in which she resided, saw her, and was smitten with her charms. He loved and was beloved again. The footing of intimacy on which he was in the house, procured him many interviews with Clara. Suddenly his regiment was ordered to the Continent; and when the young ensign told the sorrowful tidings to Clara, he elicited from her a confession of her love.

Months passed away—Waterloo was fought and won—and Ensign Malcolm was among those who fell.

When the death-list reached Scotland, many were the hearts it overpowered with grief; but Clara Douglas had more than one grief to mourn: sorrow and shame were too much to bear together, and she fled from the house where she had first met *him* who was the cause of all. None could tell whither she had gone. Her mother and sister were agonized, when the news of her disappearance reached them. Every search was made, but without effect. A year all but two weeks passed away, and still no tidings of her, till that very day, two boys seeking for pheasant's nests upon the top of a hillock overgrown with furze—which the old man pointed out to me at a short distance from the place where we stood—accidently stumbled upon an object beneath a fir-tree. It was the remains of a female in a kneeling posture. Beneath her garments, by which she was recognised as Clara Douglas, not a vestige of flesh remained. There was still some upon her hands, which had been tightly clasped together; and upon her face, which leant upon them. Seemingly she had died in great agony. It was supposed by some that she had taken poison.

"If your time will permit," added the old man, as he wiped away a tear, "I will willingly shew you the place where her remains were found. It is but a short distance. Come."

I followed the old man in silence. He led the way into a field. We climbed over some loose stones thrown together, to serve as a wall of division at the farther extremity of it, and slowly began to ascend the grassy acclivity, which was on both sides bordered by a thick hedge, placed apart, at the distance of about thirty feet. When half way up, I could not resist the inclination I felt to turn and look upon the scene. It was an evening as fair as I had ever gazed on. The wheat was springing in the field through which we had just passed, covering it, as it were, with a rich green carpet. Trees and hills bounded the view, behind which the sun was on the point of sinking, and the red streaks upon the western sky "gave promise of a goodly day to-morrow."

If, thought I, the hour on which Clara Douglas ascended this hill was as lovely as this evening, she must indeed have been deeply bent upon her own destruction, to look upon the world so beautifully fair, and not wish to return to it again. We continued our ascent, passing among thick tangled underwood, in whose kindly grasp the light flowing garments of Clara Douglas must have been ever and anon caught as she wended on her way. Yet had she disregarded the friendly interposition. Along the margin of an old stone quarry we now proceeded, where the pathway was so narrow that we were occasionally compelled to catch at the furze bushes which edged it, to prevent ourselves from falling over into the gulf beneath. And Clara Douglas, thought I, must have passed along here, and must have been exposed to the same danger of toppling headlong over the cliff, yet she had exerted herself to pass the fatal spot unharmed, to save a life which she knew would almost the instant afterwards be taken by her own hand. Such is the inconsistency of human nature.

Our course lay once more through the midst of underwood, so thickly grown that one would have supposed no female foot would dare to enter it.

"Here," cried the old man, stopping beside a dwarfish fir tree "here is the spot where were found the mortal remains of Clara Douglas."

I pressed forward, and, to my surprise, beheld one other being than my old guide looking on the place. It was the same I had noticed at the grave of Clara Douglas, within the walls of the ruined church of Altonby.

* * * * * *

Summer passed away, winter and spring succeeded, and summer came again, and with it came the wish to see Mary once more. However much I had before doubted the truth of the axiom, that "absence makes the heart grow fonder," I now felt the full force of its truth. My affection for Mary was, day after day, becoming stronger; and, in spite of the dictates of prudence, my determination never to see her again began to falter; and one evening I unconsciously found myself in the yard of the Black Swan. Well, since I had come there at any rate, it would be exceedingly foolish to go away again without speaking to Mary; so I called to the stable boy to put up my horse. The boy knew me, for I had once given him a sixpence for running a message, and he came briskly forward at my first call, no doubt with some indistinct idea of receiving another sixpence at some no very distant date.

"Eh! Mr Moir," said the boy, while I was dismounting in answer to my question, "What news in the village?" "Ye'll no guess what's gaun to happen? Our Mary, the folk say is gaun to be married!"

Our Mary! thought I, can *our* Mary be *my* Mary? and, to ascertain whether they were one and the same personage, I inquired of the boy who our Mary was.

"Ou!" replied he, "she's just bar-maid at the inn here."

I started, now that this disclosure had unhinged my doubts; and subduing, as well as I was able, my rising emotion, I boldly asked who was "the happy man."

"They ca' him a captain!" said the boy, innocently; "but whether he's a sea captain, an offisher in the army, or a captain o' police, I'm no that sure. At ony rate, he aye gangs aboot in plain claes. He's been staying for a month here, an' he gangs oot but seldom, an' that only in the gloamin."

After thanking the boy, and placing the expected silver roin in his hand, I turned the corner of the house in my way towards the entrance, determined, with my own eyes and ears, to ascertain the truth of the boy's statement. The pace at which I was proceeding was so rapid, that, ere I was aware of the vicinity of any one, I came bump against the person of a gentleman, whom, to my surprise, I instantly recognised as the mysterious visitant to the grave of Clara Douglas, and to the spot where her relics were found. He seemed to regard me with a suspicious eye; for he shuffled past without uttering a word. His air was disordered, his step irregular, and his whole appearance was that of a man with whom care, and pain, and sorrow had long been familiar.

Can this be the captain? was the thought which first suggested itself to me. It was a question I could not answer; yet I entered the Black Swan, half persuaded that it was.

"Ah! Mr Moir," cried Mary, coming forward to welcome me in her usual way, the moment she heard my voice, "you have been long a stranger. I fancied that, somehow or other, I was the cause of it, for you went away last time without bidding me good-by." I held her hand in mine, I saw her eyes sparkle, and the blush diffuse her cheek, and I muttered a confused apology. "Well! I am so glad to see you," she continued. "It was but yesterday I spoke of you to the captain?"

"The captain," I repeated, while the pangs of jealousy, which had, during the last five minutes, been gradually lulled over to sleep, suddenly roused themselves. "Who is the captain, Mary?"

'Oh! I'm sure you will like him when you become acquainted with him," said she, blushing. "There is something so prepossessing about him, that really I defy any one not to like him." The animation with which she gave utterance to these words made me miserable, and I cursed the captain in my heart.

The next day passed over without my being able to obtain a sight of my rival; and, when I walked out in the afternoon, he had not yet risen. Mary's assigned reason for this was, that he was an invalid; but his was more the disease of the mind than of the body. In his memory there was implanted a deep sorrow, which time could never root out. In my walk, the churchyard and the venerable ruins of the church were visited—I stood again beside the grave of the hapless Clara Douglas, and her melancholy story afforded me a theme for sad reflection, which for a while banished Mary and all jealous fears from my mind.

It was evening when I reached "mine inn." On passing the parlour window, a sight met my eye which brought the colour to my cheeks. A tall, noble-looking man lay extended upon the sofa, while Mary leant over him in kindly solicitude, and, with marked assiduity, placed cushions for his head, and arranged his military cloak. This, then, must be the captain, and he and my mysterious friend were not the same. That was some consolation, however.

Thus as he lay, he held Mary's hand in his. My breast was racked with agony intense; for

> "Oh! what a host of killing doubts and fears,
> Of melancholy musings, deep perplexities,
> Must the fond heart that yields itself to love,
> Struggle with and endure."

Once I determined on flying from the scene, and leaving my rival in undisputed possession of the village beauty; but, having been resolved that no woman should ever have it in her power to say she made me wretched, I screwed my courage to the sticking place, and, on seeing Mary leave the parlour, I shortly afterwards entered it.

The stranger scarcely noticed my entrance, so intently was his attention fixed upon the perusal of a newspaper which he held in his hand. I sat down at the window, and, for want of something better to do, gazed with a scrutinizing eye upon the gambols of the ducks and geese outside.

After some time Mary came in to ask the captain what he would have for supper.

"This is the gentleman I spoke of," she said, directing her expressive glance towards me.

"Mr Moir must pardon my inattention!" said the stranger, laying down the paper; "I was not aware that my pretty Mary's friend was in the room."

His urbane manner, his soft winning voice, made me feel an irresistible impulse to meet his advances. He proposed that we should sup together, and I sat down at the table with very different feelings to those which had been mine on entering the parlour that evening. I felt inclined to encourage an intimacy with the man whom, but a short while before, I had looked upon with aversion.

As the night wore on, I became more and more captivated with the stranger. His conversation was brilliant and intellectual; and, when we parted for the night, I began to find fault with myself for having for a moment harboured dislike towards so perfect a gentleman. I resolved to stay a few days longer at Altonby, for the purpose of improving our acquaintance. The stranger—or, as he was called at the inn, "the captain"—expressed delight when he was informed of my resolution; and, although he seldom rose before the afternoon, we spent many pleasant hours together.

On the evening of the third day of my sojourn, he expressed a wish that I would accompany him in a short walk. Notwithstanding his erect and easy carriage, there was a feebleness in his gait, which he strove in vain to contend against; and it was but too evident that a broken spirit, added to a shattered constitution, would speedily bring him to his grave.

Leading the way into the churchyard, to my surprise he stopped at the restingplace of the ill-starred lady, the story of whose untimely end I had so patiently listened to the last time I visited Altonby.

"I am exceedingly fortunate," said the captain, "in having met with one so kind as you, to cheer the last moments of my earthly pilgrimage. You smile—nay, I can assure you that I feel I am not long for this world. The object of my visit to this spot, to-night, is to ask you to do me the favour, when I am dead, of seeing my remains laid here—here, beside this grave, o'er which the grass grows longer than on those around;" and he pointed to the grave of Clara Douglas. After a moment, he continued:—"Unlike other men, you have never annoyed me by seeking to inquire of me, who or what I am; and, believe me, I feel grateful for it. I would not wish that you should ever know the history of the being who stands before you. When the earth closes over my coffin, think of him no more."

Although the captain had done me the honour of calling me unlike other men—a distinction most folks are so exceedingly desirous of obtaining—I must own that I had

hitherto felt no common degree of curiosity concerning him; and now that there was no prospect of it being gratified, its desire increased tenfold, and I would now have given worlds, if I had had them, to have learned something of the birth, parentage, and education of the captain.

"And now," he added, "I beseech you, leave me for a short time—I would be alone."

In silence I complied, sauntering outside the ruins, and seeking to find, in my old avocation of perusing the tombstones, the wherewithal to kill the time during which the captain held communion with the dead; for I could not help thinking that it was for such a cause he had desired to be left to himself.

Ten—twenty minutes passed, and the captain did not appear. I retraced my steps, and again entered the ruins, by the farther end. The gloom which prevailed around—the monuments which intervened—and, above all, the distance at which I then was from the grave of Clara Douglas—prevented me from descrying the captain. I had advanced a few paces when I heard voices in high altercation. I stopped; and, as I did so, one of the speakers, in whose clear intonation I could recognise the captain, said—"On my word, I returned here the instant my wounds were healed—I returned to marry her—and my grief could not be equalled by your's when I heard of her melancholy fate."

"Liar!" exclaimed the other; "you ne'er intended such. My sister's wrongs call out aloud for vengeance; and here—here, between her grave and that of our sainted mother—your blood shall be offered up in atonement."

This was instantly followed by the report of a pistol. I rushed forward, and beheld, O horror! the captain stretched upon the ground, and the blood streaming from a wound in his breast. I caught a glimpse of his assassin, as he fled from the church; it was the stranger whom I had seen, on a former visit, at the grave of Clara Douglas, and beside the fir-tree where her remains had been found. I made a motion to follow him, but the captain waved me back—"Let him go," said he; "I forgive him. I have no wish that he should die upon the scaffold." So saying, he fell back exhausted; and, in my haste to procure assistance for him, I quite forgot the assassin, until it was too late.

The captain was conveyed to the Black Swan, where, with Mary to attend his every want, he was, no doubt, as comfortable as if he had had a home to go to, and a beloved wife to smooth his dying pillow. Mary bestowed more than ordinary care and attention upon him, which, although she had declared to me that she could never love the captain so well as to marry him, should he ever condescend to make the offer, brought back occasionally a pang of jealousy to my heart. I could not exactly understand the extent of her regard for the captain.

Having business to transact at a neighbouring town, I left Altonby the next day, with a determination to return, ere the lapse of a week, to see the captain, I feared for the last time. I had been but two days gone, when I received a note from Mary, informing me that he was daily becoming worse, and that it was the fear of his medical attendant that he could not live four-and-twenty hours. With the utmost speed I, therefore, hastened back to the Black Swan, where, indeed, I saw that the surgeon had had quite sufficient reason for his prediction—the captain was greatly altered since I last saw him. Wan and emaciated, he lay in resignation upon his couch, calmly waiting the approach of death. He seemed quite composed.

Taking my hand in his, he reminded me of his wish regarding his burial-place. I assured him that it should strictly be complied with. A smile lighted up his pale countenance for an instant, as I pledged myself to this. He then drew from under his pillow a parcel of letters, tied together with a faded ribbon and desired me to consign them, one by one, to the flames. With an eager eye, and a countenance full of excitement, did he watch them as they consumed away. I did not dare to examine minutely the address on the letters, but, from the glance I had of them, I could see they were all written in an elegant female hand. When all were gone—"And this," said he, "is like to human life—a blaze but for an instant, and then all is ashes." He paused, and then continued, as he held a small packet in his hand, more in soliloquy than if he were addressing me—"Here is the last sad relic I possess—shall I?—Yes! yes! it shall go as the others have gone. How soon may I follow it?" He stretched forth his hand towards me. I took the packet. Instantly, as if the last tie which bound him to the earth had been hastily snapped asunder, the captain fell backwards upon his couch. I thrust the packet into my bosom, and ran to afford him assistance. He was beyond human help—he was dead!

The grief of Mary knew no bounds when the dismal tidings were conveyed to her; she was like one distracted. Mine was more chastened and subdued.

The remains of the captain were duly consigned to that spot of earth he had pointed out to me. After his death, there was found a conveyance of all his property, which was pretty considerable, to Mary, accompanied with a wish that I would marry her. To this arrangement Mary was quite agreeable; and, accordingly, our nuptials were solemnized in about six months after the death of the captain. It was then that Mary confided to me that she was the sister of Clara Douglas; but when I made inquiry at her concerning the nature of her attachment to the captain, she always avoided answering, and seemed not to wish that his name should be mentioned in her hearing.

Several years passed, and I had forgotten all about the packet which the captain on his death-bed had placed in my hand; till one day, in looking for something else, which, of course, I could not find—(no one ever finds what he wants)—I accidentally stumbled upon the packet. Curiosity induced me to open it. A lock of black hair, tied with a piece of light-blue ribbon, and a letter, were its contents. Part of the letter ran thus:—"Enclosed is some of my hair—I don't expect you to keep it, for I have heard you say you did not like to have any such thing in your possession. I will not *ask* you, lest I might be refused; but if you give me some, I'll get it put into one of my rings, and shall never, never part with it." This letter bore the signature of Clara Douglas!

Here, then, was a solution of all the mystery. The captain was the lover of Clara, and this had been the cause of Mary's intimacy with him.

Of the fate of the brother I afterwards heard. He was killed in a street brawl one night in Paris, and Mary never knew that he was the assassin of the captain.

THE FATHER;
OR,
A LIGHT FROM OTHER DAYS.

"A light from other days comes rushing on me;—
That voice—Yes! yes!—I cannot be deceived."—MATURIN.

It was as delightful a summer's morning as one could wish to see—so mild, so calm, so gentle; while the odours of a thousand flowers, rising up from the scented earth, added a new charm to the scenery around the castle of Glenavin. It was the anniversary of the birthday of Margaret Maxwell, the heiress of Glenavin's towers and wide domains; and, ere the sun was well-nigh risen, she was on her way to the cottage of Dame Mandeville, with a present of a bouquet plucked from her father's garden. But it was not for the dame herself that the present was intended.

The dame had a son, named Walter, who had been, from childhood, the playmate of Margaret; and now that he had reached the age of eighteen, Margaret still continued their acquaintance, for the simple reason that she saw no harm in it. How could she—having received her education at home—having seen nothing of the world—and, above all, being now only sixteen, with no one but her old governess to control her?

The nosegay was presented to Walter, accompanied by what to him was now become more precious—a kindly glance from Margaret's lustre-flashing eyes.

"Dame, I have such news to tell you!" said she to the dame—"My father, whom I have not seen from infancy, is about to return home. A friend accompanies him from France—the Count de Baisseaux!"

At the mention of that name, Dame Mandeville uttered a sudden shriek, and clasped her hands in agony before her face. Her son and Margaret endeavoured to soothe her, but she declined their proffered aid, and, begging to be excused for an instant, retired to another apartment.

"She started at the name of the Count," said Walter, rather addressing the question to himself than any one else—"How strange! Can she know him?"

"That is very improbable," observed Margaret. "For eighteen years she has not left this valley, and the Count never visited this country till now."

"Yet it is strange. What is the Count's age?"

"Nearly the same as my father's. He has been described to me as an excellent man, but unfortunate—he lost a wife, in the bloom of youthful beauty, to whom he was tenderly attached; and, shortly afterwards, his only child was drowned, by accident, in the Arno."

After a short time, spent in professions of regard for each other, during which Margaret declared that, come what would, her affections should ever remain with her first love, Walter Mandeville. The entrance of Margaret's governess, who came in search of her, was the signal for their separation.

Margaret was scarcely gone, when Dame Mandeville returned to the apartment she had just left. With a sudden action, she asked Walter if he was "prepared to quit the valley, and accompany her to a distant country."

"What is my danger? Whom must I shun?" said he, energetically.

"The Count de Baisseaux!" replied his mother. "This night we must leave the valley."

"But shall we not return?" said he.

"Never! while De Baisseaux remains at Glenavin Castle."

"Has he then injured you so deeply?"

"He is my bane," exclaimed Dame Mandeville, with energetic violence—"My curse! my horror! He steeped my early youth in tears of bitterness; and now, in riper age, his fatal agency pursues me still."

"And for those tears," said Walter, seeing his mother weep, "may the oppressor's life-drops flow! May all"——

"Forbear, rash boy! Though all mankind conspire to curse his name, still be your lips silent! De Baisseaux must not be arraigned by you;—no—no—never by you!"

In vain did Walter Mandeville beseech his mother to tell him more of De Baisseaux—in vain did he beseech her to tell him more concerning himself. All that she had ever told him was, that his father had died while he was yet an infant; but more than that she never would reveal. Some dreadful mystery was woven with his fate, and he was denied all clue to it.

* * * * *

Each vassal's heart leapt high with joy as he cheered Sir Hubert Maxwell on his return to Glenavin. The wild minstrelsy of the north was echoed far and wide as the portals of his castle were thrown open to receive him. What happiness was his, when his lovely daughter came forth to welcome him, and embraced him with tears of joy! Nor was the Count de Baisseaux forgotten; but if she welcomed him in as kindly a manner, it was only for her father's sake. His friends were ever dear to her.

The period of Sir Hubert's absence from Glenavin extended over a space of not less than fourteen years. It was grief for the loss of a beloved wife that caused him to visit the Continent; and there, having formed new friendships, he felt that to return to Glenavin was but to go again into a foreign land; and, from day to day, and from year to year, he had, on this account, delayed his departure. The advancing years of his daughter had, however, urged him to visit Glenavin. She was of a marriageable age now, he thought, and it was but right and proper that he should secure a husband for her—one who would not be a disgrace to the name of Maxwell. On looking round him, he found no one who suited so well with his ideas of an eligible match as his friend the Count de Baisseaux. 'Tis true he was upwards of forty, and a widower to boot. Both of these, however, weighed as considerations with Sir Hubert Maxwell; for thus he reasoned:—"Who so fit to take care of a girl of sixteen as a man of forty? or who so well able to understand the comforts of a wife as a widower?" Perhaps, in both cases, this was false reasoning. Be that, however, as it may, Sir Hubert was resolved that his daughter should wed the Count de Baisseaux. What was his astonishment, therefore, when, shortly after his return to Glenavin, Margaret's governess informed him that the young lady still "kept company" with Walter Mandeville, who was but a child when he went to the Continent, and that they had a "partiality" for each other? He worked himself into a tolerably decent passion, and was on the point of seeking Margaret upon the subject, when the Count de Baisseaux entered the apartment.

The Count confessed that the scenery around the castle, that the castle itself, and everything in it, were beautiful; "but nothing," said he, "seems so lovely to me as Margaret Maxwell."

"In love already?" cried Sir Hubert.

"Do not mistake me," replied the Count. "I admire Margaret; and, as my wife, shall cherish and respect her. In love I can never be. Once I felt its sway—felt it in all its fatal, mad excess. I was its dupe—its slave—its victim!" After a short pause, he added—"My deceased wife was not the object of my love; neither is she now the cause of my regret."

Upon being pressed by Sir Hubert to inform him who was the inamorata he so bewailed, he confessed that, at the age of twenty-two, when we are libertines rather through constitution than from vice, he became enamoured of a lovely girl. She was an orphan of a good family, but slender fortune; her person was exquisite, and her age sixteen. He vowed, and was forsworn; she trusted, and was deceived. A child—a nameless child was born, amidst its mother's tears and blushes. He still continued to promise reparation, and still delayed it; when a marriage with one of the richest heiresses in France was proposed to him by his family. At first, conscience started, and he refused to comply; but his relatives insisted—nay, threatened disinheritance; and, at the altar of an insulted Deity, he pledged to another those vows which were the rightful attributes of her he had betrayed. Immediately on his union with the heiress, he offered independence, nay affluence, as an atonement for her wrongs; but she spurned his offer with scorn; and, unknown to all, with her infant in her arms, she suddenly quitted her abode. Although twenty years had now rolled past since then, he had been unable to learn any tidings either of her or the child. Shortly after her flight, death prematurely robbed

him of his Countess; and her son, the only issue of their marriage, while yet an infant, perished in the Arno: his floating garments only were recovered from the stream.

Such was the story of the earlier years of the Count de Baisseaux. His reason for again wishing to enter the matrimonial state was, that his proud name and vast possessions might not sink with him into oblivious dust unclaimed. He wished his own blood to inherit them.

Acting upon the information he had received from the governess regarding Margaret's partiality for Walter Mandeville, Sir Hubert's first step was to forbid that young lady from visiting in future the cottage of Dame Mandeville, or holding any intercourse with her or her family. Ere Margaret had well nigh recovered from the state of astonishment and vexation into which such a command had thrown her, a hastily-written note was put into her hands. She knew the handwriting at once; and, speedily unfolding it, she read the following:—

"Pardon, dear Margaret, the strange abruptness of this note. 'Tis traced by a trembling hand, and dictated by a distracted heart. In a few hours, I am destined to leave the valley, you, and everything my soul prizes. I am forbidden to visit the castle; but madness will be my fate, unless I see you before my departure. Come to me, then, but for a moment. In half-an-hour, I shall be at the old oak tree. Yours,

"WALTER MANDEVILLE."

Margaret had not power to resist. The letter was no sooner read than her course was determined on. Despite of prudence, and all the fathers in the world, she must see Walter ere his departure. Yet, although in this she acted contrary to Sir Hubert's command, be it not for a moment supposed that Margaret Maxwell would, in any other thing, have disobeyed her father. She loved Walter Mandeville—ay, loved him more than her parent; and what will not woman adventure in the service of her affections?

True to his tryst, Walter Mandeville was at the old oak tree fully ten minutes before the appointed time. Straining his eyes in the direction of Glenavin Castle, to endeavour to obtain the first view of Margaret as she entered on the scene, his attention was arrested by a horse, and its rider, galloping along the brow of a hill at a short distance from where he stood—the extremity of which, he knew, hung over a deep ravine. Of this the rider seemed to be quite unconscious; for he held on his way without exhibiting any signs of an intention to deviate from a straightforward course. With the speed of lightning, Walter Mandeville sprung forward, and caught the horse by the rein—a moment later, and horse and rider would have been dashed to pieces over the precipice.

The gratitude of the horseman, when he was made aware of the danger he had escaped, knew no bounds.

"Whatever be your rank," said he to Walter, "from this moment I take your fortunes under my own especial care; nor shall you blush to own the patron you have chosen. It is the Count de Baisseaux who stands before you."

No sooner had these words passed the Count's lips, ere Walter tore away his hand, which the Count still warmly pressed, exclaiming—

"Broken be our bond of friendship before the breath dries that was its seal. You are known but to be shunned for ever. You are the enemy of my mother and of myself."

So saying, he rushed from the presence of the Count, leaving him in the greatest astonishment. Of a peasant, who happened to pass at the moment, the Count learned who Walter was, and his place of abode, and he instantly bent his steps to the cottage of Dame Mandeville, to ascertain, if possible, the meaning of her son's mysterious conduct. She, however, hearing and recognising the voice of the Count, as he was inquiring of some one without which was her cottage, and fearing to meet him, rushed out by a back door; so that, when he entered, he found the cottage empty.

Walter and Margaret met. Theirs was a colloquy of love and vows of unalterable affection. Walter, fearful lest Margaret might, in his absence, be forced by her father to become the wife of Count de Baisseaux, urged her to accompany him and his mother in their flight. The high-born girl shrunk at first from such a proposition; but when she pictured to herself her Walter absent, no protection near, a suitor resolute, and a father stern, she hastily consented.

"Two hours hence," said Walter, enraptured at the thought of wedding Margaret Maxwell; "two hours hence, beyond the ruined watch-tower, love will expect its boon."

"Doubt not my coming," replied the lady. "Soon as the rosy star of evening gilds the western skies, and gray mists float o'er stream and dale, shall Margaret redeem her pledge."

It was evening; Walter stood alone by the ruined watch-tower. A moment afterwards, he clasped Margaret Max well to his breast. They were about to depart together, when a band of dependants from Glenavin Castle, headed by Sir Hubert, surrounded and forced them from each other. Walter vainly strove against a host of foes; his weapon was beaten from his grasp, and he was manacled and dragged away to a dungeon in Glenavin Castle. Patiently did his mother wait for his home coming, until it was dark night; and then, when she found he came not, she went forth to seek him. She had not proceeded far, ere she learned his melancholy fate. To Glenavin Castle were her steps then turned.

It was with considerable difficulty that she forced herself into the presence of Sir Hubert, for he had given positive orders that no one should be admitted. He sat alone in his own chamber, debating with himself as to what course he ought to pursue with his daughter. The dame, on being shewn in, advanced with an unsteady step, and bent with humility before him.

"Well, madam," said he, looking sternly at her, "your high and mighty pleasure is complied with: you *do* see me; and now for the business that has brought you hither. What have you to say?"

"One word—*mercy!*"

"I expunged that word from my vocabulary, when a villain's hand blotted the page where *honour* was inscribed."

"Sir Hubert Maxwell, you are a parent."

"Ay, madam, a wretched one; your son has rendered me such. I thank you for the recollection."

"Is there no hope?" exclaimed the mother, tearfully; "are you resolved on his destruction?"

"Not so. Your son shall receive justice, and only justice. If the injured man demands no more, how shall he who commits the wrong expect indulgence."

"Ah, sir, do not send me from you thus!" cried Dame Mandeville in agony, and casting herself on her knees before Sir Hubert. "Release my boy! restore him to those widowed arms, and to the globe's remotest corner will we fly, never even by our name to wound your peace again."

"Away! away! I am deaf to all entreaty," said Sir Hubert, resolutely. At that instant the voice of the Count was heard upon the stairs, and Dame Mandeville had only time to rise from her kneeling posture, and draw her veil over her face, when he entered the chamber.

"Sir Hubert, I come to ask a favour of you," he said with gaiety; "will you promise to grant it?"

"I do indeed," replied Sir Hubert, ere I know its purport.

"I take you at your word," said the Count, joyfully; and, returning to the door, he led in Walter Mandeville. "Behold the boon I claim. 'Tis the restoration of an only son to the arms of a widowed mother. This youth once preserved my life, and now I redeem his from equal peril."

Mother and son were instantly locked in each other's arms, while Sir Hubert stood by, in nowise pleased at himself for having so rashly granted what the Count requested.

After embracing her son, Dame Mandeville, without uttering a word, feebly disengaged herself from his arms, and, tottering towards the Count, sunk upon her knees and kissed his hand, while she could not suppress the tears that flowed in gratitude.

"No thanks," said the Count; "but if you were once my enemy, only say that I have atoned to you, and that I am now forgiven."

"All *is* forgiven!" exclaimed the dame, drawing aside her veil and gazing on him, pale and trembling. "All *shall* be atoned!"

Seeing, as he supposed, the lineaments of one he had known in days gone by, the Count started back in amazement.

"Speak but one word," cried he. "You are"——

"Matilda!" and, as she uttered this, she fell prostrate at his feet.

"The wronged, betrayed, and still adored Matilda!" He raised her in his arms. "Look on me, Matilda, and bless me with your pardon." But she turned from him, overcome with emotion.

"Matilda!" resumed the Count. "Our son! speak. Is Walter that son? Dare I call him *ours?*"

"*Ours!*" she said with bitterness. "Would De Baisseaux acknowledge, then, Matilda's nameless boy?"

"Rack me not with such doubts. I know—I see—nature irresistibly declares herself. Walter Mandeville, come to a father's arms!"

He rushed forward to embrace Walter; but Matilda interposed, and, to his horror, cried—

"Hold!—Walter is *not* my son!"

"Matilda, you would deceive me. A child once blessed our love. Say, in pity, say, where is that child now?"

"Dead! Count—dead! dead!—dust in the grave. Listen to my story. Twenty years since, sorrowing and blushing with wrongs, I left the gaudy mansion of my shame, and sought, in distant shades, an humble refuge with my child. Desolate as I was, when I pressed my baby to my heart, I still felt comforted. I began again to dream of peace, when, suddenly, a malignant fever seized upon my blooming infant. For three days and nights I watched by its bed incessantly; and Heaven knows how fervent were my prayers. But watch and prayer were vain; and the angel of death tore from my weak arms the only solace I retained on earth. A direful dreary blank succeeded; my wits wandered; and, for many months, I became a helpless lunatic. Suddenly, recollection visited me again—'twas at the dead hour of the night. I had escaped from the kind peasants who tended me, and was sitting in the churchyard where my baby lay buried. As from a dream my senses seemed to start and wake. No human shape or sound was near; but the cold breeze of midnight played freshly on my temples, and I heard the fallen leaf rustle as it passed me. I felt I was alone, and slowly I gazed around. The moon at its cloudless zenith, and the silent march of the stars were above me; and at my feet a new-made grave, which my unconscious hand had been strewing o'er with flowers. I looked, and I knew it for my baby's. I could not weep—fire had dried up the source of tears; but a new spirit, fierce and fiend-like, rose within my breast. I knelt down amidst the moonlight dews, and, calling on my infant's injured shade, pronounced a dreadful oath of vengeance—'twas on the father of my child I swore to be avenged. Both day and night I travelled on my wild design. At last, the towers of Baisseaux rose proudly on my sight—a thick bower concealed me, and I watched the spot, unsettled in my aim, but fixed upon revenge! The castle gates unfolded, and a child, a lovely child, came tripping o'er the lawn, plucking the flowers, and weaving them in playful wreaths. He approached the ambush where I stood concealed. I gazed upon his features, and I knew their stamp. 'Twas your son, De Baisseaux, your *legitimate* son, whom I beheld. 'Revenge!' I cried; and as the fearless infant gambolled near the bower, sudden and unseen I snatched him in my arms. The waters of the Arno murmured near. Swift to the river's brink I flew, and bore my victim with me. Nay, start not, De Baisseaux! I did not kill him! I cast his hat and mantle on the wave, but held the infant closely nestled to my heart. My cruel fraud succeeded—the clothes were found, the wearer's death believed, and, unpursued, I bore De Baisseaux's heir to distant realms. Hither I fled; and here, in peasant's weeds, I hid a noble's form, and reared him as my own. My race of crime at last is run. Walter Mandeville, *I* lose my child for ever; but you, in the Count de Baisseaux, rejoice a *father*."

At this announcement, the Count de Baisseaux enfolded his long-lost boy within his arms.

"Matilda," said the Count, "our offences have been mutual—let our expiation be the same: one son is lost to us, yet another still is our's."

All was joy—all was gladness. Erelong, the sorrowing Matilda found comfort for all past griefs in a fond husband's arms; and on that day on which the Count de Baisseaux led her to the altar, Walter Mandeville and Margaret Maxwell obtained the blessing and consent of their parents to their nuptials, which were shortly afterwards duly solemnized, amid the rejoicings of the vassals of Glenavin.

A TALE OF VENGEANCE.

> "I will have such revenges on you both,
> That all the world shall—I will do such things.
> What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth."
>
> SHAKSPEARE'S *King Lear*.

"To you, Edward, I bequeath my daughter. Be kind to her, for an old man's sake. Remember this was my dying request. And now, God bless you, my children!"

So saying, he placed his daughter's hand in that of Edward Mayfield, and sunk back upon his pillow. In a few moments, the old man was no more.

Edward Mayfield was a young man of five-and-twenty years of age. Sober and industrious—kind and gentle—beloved by all who knew him, it is not to be wondered at that he gained the heart of Mary Leslie, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. When her father died she was just nineteen, and the following year saw her the wife of Edward Mayfield.

The father of Edward was a man not overburdened with worldly gear; and when, upon his marriage, Edward took a farm upon his own account, he had only his own industry to look to for the provision of his rent against quarter-day. For some time, matters went on pretty smoothly, Edward being always able to meet the demands of his landlord, until the third year of his lease, when a bad season threw him rather back in the world. However, the sudden death of Mr Meldrum, his landlord, and the estate, in the absence of Mr Meldrum's son, falling into the charge of an adjoining proprietor—one of the most

humane men in existence—Edward was not called upon for any rent. The following season was an equally bad one, so that Edward was still unable to make a payment. For this he was heartily sorry; but Mary always kept up his spirits by bidding him hope, as there was little doubt that matters would soon mend, and the next year would furnish him with the means of retrieving his losses and settling all his arrears.

Things were in this state when, one evening in "dark December," a stranger alighted at the village inn. He was a coarse, hard-featured man, with a villanous scowl upon his countenance, and an impudent swagger in his gait. Entering the principal apartment, in which were seated all those of the village who had little to do at home, reading the news, and settling their neighbours' affairs to their own contentment, he called for supper. During the progress of his meal, which was made up of the choicest viands the house could afford, he was looked on with an envious eye by a lean gentleman in a threadbare surtout, who sat at an adjoining table discussing a pint of small beer, and one of those apologies for Finnan haddocks yclept "speldings."

"Do you know me," said the stranger, "that you gaze at me so intently?"

"Hem—no!" said the lean gentleman, who was no other than Mr Horatio Skinygauge, the apothecary—"that is, I don't know exactly."

"Perhaps you do know me—no matter. 'Tis ten years since I have been in this village. Tell me, how do affairs get on?—How is old Meldrum of the Mains?"

"Meldrum of the Mains!" echoed the apothecary. "Why, man, you must be a stranger, indeed, not to know that he has been dead these two years."

"Ah! indeed!" said the stranger, with as joyous a look as he could put on; for the news seemed to delight him. "And perhaps," he continued, after a pause—"perhaps you can tell me something of Mary Leslie?"

"That I can, sir—she's been married these four years."

"Married! to whom?"

"Edward Mayfield."

"Curses light upon him!" cried the stranger, half rising from his seat, and striking his clenched fist upon the table. "Married, and to him! What, has she given to a base-born churl all that she denied me? Oh! how I hate her for that act. But vengeance shall yet be mine!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr Skinygauge, with the voice and aspect of one who has suddenly lighted on a mare's nest. "I know who you are now: you are Mr Ralph Meldrum."

And Mr Skinygauge was right. It was, indeed, the absent son of Edward's landlord. Self-willed and ill-tempered, Ralph had, ten years before, made love to Mary Leslie; but she, in her heart despising him, would not consent to become his wife. He did not offer her marriage; but Mary, unskilled in a base world's ways, never dreamed but that he meant to do so, and she rejected all his overtures and shunned him. Shortly after this, Ralph, at the village fair, struck a man a severe blow upon the temples from the mere spirit of mischief. The man died, and Ralph fled. During all the period of his absence, he had been cruizing about in a privateer, and now returned to his native village no richer than when he left it. The news of his father's death was pleasing to him, and he instantly took possession of the lands which were rightfully his. Great was his joy on discovering that Edward Mayfield was two years behind in the payment of his rent. He gave instant orders for a seizure; and Edward, with his sorrowing family, were turned out of house and hall. From house to house they wandered, till at length Edward was fortunate enough to procure employment as a farm-servant, a short distance from his native village. Luckily, a half-ruined cottage near the farm was unoccupied. Thither did Edward and his family repair.

Early one morning Mary was aroused from her slumbers by a loud knocking at the door. She wakened Edward, who arose, and drew back the bolt. To his astonishment, Ralph Meldrum, followed by a fellow named Waterston, whom he had lately appointed as his factor, entered the cottage.

"Edward Mayfield!" said Ralph, "I come upon an unpleasant business. My house was last night entered, and silver-plate to a large amount was carried off! The whole village point at you as the perpetrator of this act."

To this Edward only replied by a look of honest indignation.

"Let us search the house, master," cried Waterston, officiously—"we won't get satisfaction otherwise."

Accordingly, they proceeded in their search; and, to the surprise and horror of Mayfield and his wife, a silver tankard and some spoons were found beneath a sack in the outhouse, and a couple of skeleton keys on the ledge of one of the windows.

"'Tis but too evident, Edward Mayfield," said Ralph, when he saw those articles; "and no alternative remains for me but to send you to prison."

Waterston was, accordingly, despatched for two constables, and in due time Edward Mayfield was deposited in the county jail.

Mary had witnessed all this with an aching heart; but it was vain to waste the time in unavailing grief. Deprived of her natural protector, she sought employment, and obtained it from Edward's master, by which means she earned a scanty pittance, which was barely sufficient to keep herself and her two infants in life.

The time of her husband's trial was drawing near; and, as she sat one night in her hut, by the dying embers of a wood fire, she was startled by the entrance of a person—for she had omitted to fasten the door. It proved to be Waterston, Ralph's factor.

"You are aware," said he, "that I am one of the only two witnesses against your husband. Meldrum and I have quarrelled, and to-morrow sees me on my way to Australia. Ere I go, however, I must confess to you that the robbery was all a trick—that the alleged stolen articles were placed, where we found them, by Ralph Meldrum, and that he has sworn eternal vengeance against you."

Mary thanked him, with tears in her eyes, for what he had told her, and Waterston departed.

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The day of trial came on. The court was crowded to excess, for every one had known the prisoner. Edward Mayfield was placed at the bar. The first witness was called, but no Waterston answered to the summons. Ralph Meldrum was next desired to step forward to give his evidence. His hand was laid upon the sacred volume, and he was about to take the oath, when a female pressed through the crowd, and, confronting him, cried—"Forbear! Ralph Meldrum—give not your soul to utter perdition."

"Fool!" cried Ralph; "what I am about to speak is nought but truth."

"Liar!" exclaimed the woman. The sound of a pistol-shot reverberated through the court-house—a scream of agony, and Ralph Meldrum fell to the ground a corpse.

Edward Mayfield was liberated; but his young and faithful Mary met her death upon the scaffold. *She* was the murderess of Ralph Meldrum.

THE FOUNDLING AT SEA.

About the year 1708 or 1710, the good ship *Isabella*, Captain Hardy, sailed from the port of Greenock for Bombay, being chartered by the East India Company to carry out a quantity of arms and ammunition for the use of the Company's forces.

The *Isabella* carried out with her several passengers; amongst whom were a lady, her child—a girl about three years of age—and a servant maid. This lady, whose name was Elderslie, was the wife of a lieutenant in the British army, who was then with his regiment at Calcutta, whither she was about to follow him; he having written home that, as he had been fortunate enough to obtain some semi-civil appointments in addition to his military services, he would, in all probability, be a residenter there for many years. The lieutenant added that, under these circumstances, he wished his "dear Betsy, and their darling little Julia, to join him as soon as possible." And this, he said, he had the less hesitation in requiring, that the appointments he alluded to would render their situation easy and comfortable. It was then in obedience to this invitation that Mrs Elderslie and her child were now passengers on board the *Isabella*.

For about six weeks the gallant ship pursued her way prosperously—that whole period being marked only by alternatives of temporary calms and fair winds. The vessel was now off the coast of Guinea; and here an inscrutable Providence had decreed that her ill-fated voyage—for it was destined to be so, flattering as had been its outset—should terminate. A storm arose—a dreadful storm—one of those wild bursts of elemental fury which mocks the might of man, and hoarsely laughs at his puny and feeble efforts to resist its destructive powers. For two days and nights the vessel, stript of every inch of canvass, drove wildly before the wind; and, on the morning of the third day, struck furiously on a reef of rocks, at about half a mile's distance from the shore. On the ship striking, the crew—not doubting that she would immediately go to pieces, for a dreadful sea was beating over her, and she was, besides, every now and then, surging heavily against the rock on which she now lay—instantly took to their boats, accompanied by the passengers. All the passengers? No, not all. There was one amissing. It was Mrs Elderslie. About ten minutes before the ship struck, that unfortunate lady, together with two men and a boy, were swept from the deck by a huge sea that broke over the stern; sending, with irresistible fury, a rushing deluge of water, of many feet in depth, over the entire length of the ship. Neither Mrs Elderslie nor any of the unhappy participators in her dismal fate were seen again.

In the hurry and confusion of taking to the boats, none recollected that there was still a child on board—the child of the unfortunate lady who had just perished; or, if any did recollect this, none chose to run the risk of missing the opportunity of escape presented by the boats, by going in search of the hapless child, who was at that moment below in the cabin. In the meantime, the overloaded boats—for they were much too small to carry the numbers who were now crowded into them, especially in such a sea as was then raging—had pushed off, and were labouring to gain the shore. It was a destination they were doomed never to reach. Before they had got half way, both boats were swamped—the one immediately after the other—and all on board perished, after a brief struggle with the roaring and tumbling waves that were bellowing around them.

From this moment, the storm, as if now satisfied with the mischief it had wrought, began to abate. In half an hour it had altogether subsided; and the waves, though still rolling heavily, had lost the violence and energy of their former motion. They seemed worn out and exhausted by their late fury.

The crew of the unfortunate vessel had left her, as we have said, in the expectation that she would shortly go to pieces; but it would have been better for them had they had more confidence in her strength, and remained by her; for, strange to tell, she withstood the fury of the elements, and, though sorely battered and shaken, her dark hull still rested securely on the rock on which she had struck. The wreck of the *Isabella* had been witnessed from the shore by a crowd of the natives, who had assembled directly opposite the fatal reef on which she had struck. They would fain have gone out in their canoes to the unfortunate vessel when she first struck, as was made evident by some unsuccessful attempts they made to paddle towards her; but whether with a friendly or hostile purpose, cannot be known. On the storm subsiding, however, they renewed their attempts. A score of canoes started for the wreck, reached it, and, in an instant after, the deck of the unfortunate vessel was covered with wild Indians. Whooping and yelling in the savage excitement occasioned by the novelty of everything around, they flew madly about the decks, scrambled down into the hold, tore open bales and packages, and possessed themselves of whatever most attracted their whimsical and capricious fancies. While some were thus occupied in the hold, others were ransacking the cabin. It was here, and at this moment, that a scene of extraordinary interest took place. A huge savage, who was peering curiously into one of the cabin beds, suddenly uttered a yell, so piercing and unusual, that it attracted the notice of all his wild companions; then plunging his hand into the bed, drew forth, and held up to the wondering gaze of the latter, a beauteous little girl of about three years old. It was the daughter of the unfortunate Mrs Elderslie. The unconscious child had slept during the whole of the catastrophe, which had deprived her, first of her parent, and subsequently of her protectors, and had only awoke with the shout of the savage who now held her in his powerful, but not unfriendly grasp; for he seemed delighted with his prize. He hugged the infant in his bosom, looked at it, laughed over it, and performed a thousand antics expressive of his admiration and affection for the fair and blooming child of which he had thus strangely become possessed. The child, for some time, expressed great terror of her new protector and his sable companions, calling loudly on her mother; but the anxious and eager endearments of the former, gradually calmed her fears and quieted her cries.

In the meantime, the plunder of the vessel was going on

vigorously in all directions—above and below, in the cabin and forecastle, till, at length, as much was collected as the savages thought their canoes would safely carry. These, therefore, were now loaded with the booty; and the whole fleet, shortly after, made for the shore.

In one of these canoes was little Julia Elderslie and her new protector, who, by still maintaining his friendly charge over her, shewed that he meant to appropriate her as a part of his share of the plunder.

On reaching the shore, the kind-hearted savage, as his whole conduct in this affair shewed him to be, consigned his little protegée to the care of a female—one of the group of women who were on the beach awaiting the arrival of the canoes, and who appeared to be his wife.

The woman received the child with similar expressions of surprise and delight with those which had marked her husband's conduct on his first finding her. She turned her gently round and round, examined her with a delighted curiosity, patted her cheeks, felt her legs and arms, and, in short, handled her as if she had been some strange toy, or as if she wished to be assured that she was really a thing of flesh and blood.

For two days the natives continued their plunder of the wreck. By the third, the vessel had been cleared of every article of any value that could be carried away; and on this being ascertained, a general division of the spoil, accumulated on the shore, took place.

It was a scene of dreadful confusion and uproar, and more than once threatened to terminate in bloodshed; but it eventually closed without any such catastrophe. The partition was effected, the encampment was broken up, and the whole band—men, women, and children, all loaded with plunder—commenced their march into the interior; the little Julia forming part of the burden of the man who had first appropriated her; a labour in which he was from time to time relieved by his wife.

From three to four years after the occurrence of the events just related, a Scotch merchant ship, the *Dolphin* of Ayr, Captain Clydesdale, bound for the Cape of Good Hope, while prosecuting her voyage, unexpectedly run short of water, in consequence of the bursting of a tank, when off the Gold Coast of Africa.

On being informed of the accident, the captain determined on running for the land for the purpose of endeavouring to procure a further supply of the indispensable necessary of which he had just sustained so serious a loss.

The vessel was, accordingly, directed towards the coast, which she neared in a few hours; and, finally, entered a small bay which seemed likely to afford at once the article wanted and a safe anchorage for the ship while she waited for its reception.

By a curious chance, the bay which the *Dolphin* now entered was the same in which the *Isabella* had been wrecked upwards of three years before. But of that ill-fated vessel there was now no trace; a succession of storms, similar to that which had first hurled her on the rocks, had at length accomplished her entire destruction: she had, in time, been beaten to pieces, and had now wholly disappeared.

There was then no appearance of any kind, no memorial nor vestige by which those on board the *Dolphin* might learn, or at all suspect that the locality they were now in had been the scene of so deep a tragedy as that recorded in the early part of our tale.

All unconscious of this, the *Dolphin* came to within pistol shot not only of the reef, but of the identical spot on which the *Isabella* had been wrecked.

Having come to anchor, a boat, filled with empty water-casks, was dispatched from the ship for the shore. In this boat was the captain, first mate, and a pretty numerous party of men, all well armed, in case of any interruption from the natives.

On landing, Captain Clydesdale, the mate, and two men, leaving the others in the boat, set out in quest of water. The search was not a tedious one. When they had walked about a quarter of a mile inland, the gratifying noise of a waterfall struck upon their ears. Following the delightful sound, they quickly reached a rocky dell into which a crystal sheet of water, of considerable breadth, was falling from a height of about fifteen feet; and after sportively circling about for a moment in a deep but clear pool below, sought the channel which conducted to the sea, found it, and glided noiselessly away.

Delighted with this opportune discovery, Captain Clydesdale dispatched one of the men who was along with him to the boat, to order the others up with the water casks.

Having seen the people commence the task of filling the latter, the captain and mate, each armed with a musket, cutlass, and brace of pistols, started for a walk a little farther inland, in order to obtain a view of the country. For nearly an hour they wandered on, now scaling heights, and now forcing their way through patches of tangled brushwood, without meeting with any adventure, or seeing anything at all extraordinary. They had now gained the banks of the stream which, lower down, formed the cascade at which the water casks were filling; and this they proposed to trace downwards, as its banks presented a clear and open route, till they should reach the point whence they had started.

While jogging leisurely along this route, the adventurers, by turning a projecting rock, suddenly opened a small light or hollow, sheltered on all sides, except towards the river, by the high grounds around it. In the centre of this little glen was an Indian encampment! Alarmed at this unexpected sight, the captain and mate abruptly halted, and would have again retreated behind the projecting rock or knoll which had first concealed them, and taken another route, but they perceived they were seen by a group of male natives who were lolling on the grass in front of the wigwams. On seeing the white men—who now stood fast, aware that it was useless to attempt to retreat—the Indians sprang to their feet with a loud yell, and rushed towards them. The captain and mate instinctively brought down their muskets; for reason would have shewn them that resistance was equally useless with flight. The hostile attitude, however, which they had assumed, had the effect of checking the advance of the natives, who suddenly halted, and, to the great relief of the captain and mate, made friendly signs of welcome to them.

Confiding in and returning these signs, the latter raised their muskets and advanced towards the party, who now also resumed their advance towards the strangers. They met, when, after some attempts at conversation, conducted on the part of the natives with great good-humour, but, on both sides, altogether in vain, one of the former suddenly ran off at full speed towards the wigwams, into one of which he plunged, and instantly reappeared, leading a female child of six or seven years of age by the hand. As he advanced towards the captain and mate, he kept pointing to the child's face, then to his own, then towards those of the strangers, and laughing loudly the while.

With an amazement which they would have found it difficult to express, Clydesdale and his companion perceived that the child, now produced, was fair, of regular features, smooth hair, and without any trace of African origin. Exposure to a tropical sun had deeply embrowned her little cheeks; but enough of bloom still remained, as, when coupled with other characteristics, left no doubt on the minds of the captain and his mate that the child, however it had come into its present situation, was of European parentage.

His curiosity greatly excited by this extraordinary circumstance, Mr Clydesdale now endeavoured to obtain some account of the child from the natives; but he could make little or nothing of the attempted conference on this subject. From what, however, he did gather, he came to the conclusion—a very accurate one, as the reader may guess—that a shipwreck had taken place on the coast, and that the child had been saved by the natives.

Believing this to be the case, Captain Clydesdale now became anxious to know whether any others had escaped; but could not make himself understood. At length one of the savages, of more apt comprehension than the others, seemed to have obtained a glimmering of the import of the captain's queries, and fell upon an ingenious mode of replying to them. Grasping Mr Clydesdale by the arm, he conducted him to a small pool of water that was hard by. He then took a piece of bark that was lying on the ground, placed about a dozen small pebbles on it, and launched it into the pool. Then stooping down, he edged it over, till the stones slid, one after the other, into the water, until one only remained. Allowing the piece of bark now to right itself, and to float on the water, he pointed to the single stone it carried, and then to the child; thus intimating, as Mr Clydesdale understood it, and as it was evidently meant to signify, that all had perished excepting the little girl.

While this primitive mode of communication was going on, the man who had brought the child to Captain Clydesdale had returned to his wigwam, and now reappeared carrying several articles in his hand, which he held up to the former. Mr Clydesdale took them in his hand, and found them to consist of fragments of a child's dress, made, as he thought, after the fashion of those in use in Scotland. On the corner of what appeared to be the remains of a little shift he discovered the initials, J. E. But the most interesting relic produced on this occasion was a small locket, containing some rich black hair on one side, and on the other the miniature of a young man in a military uniform, with the same initials, J. E., engraven on the rim. This locket, the man who brought it gave Captain Clydesdale to understand, had been found hanging around the neck of the child when first discovered.

Satisfied now, beyond all doubt, of the child's European descent, Mr Clydesdale approached her, took her kindly by the hand, and, hoping to make something of her own testimony, began to put some few questions to her; but, to his great disappointment, found that she did not understand him, although he spoke to her both in French and English. The little girl, in truth, he soon discovered, neither understood nor spoke any language but that of the tribe in whose hands she was.

It appeared, however, sufficiently clear to Captain Clydesdale, that a shipwreck had taken place on the coast, and that at no very great distance of time, and that the child before him had been on board of the unfortunate vessel. Various circumstances, too, led him to the belief that the ship had been a British one; and in this opinion he was joined by the mate.

The result of the captain's reflections on these points, was a determination to take the child to Scotland with him, if he could prevail upon her present possessors to part with her, and to take his chance of making some discovery regarding her on his return home.

Having come to this resolution, he hastened to make known to the natives his wish to have the little girl; and was well pleased to perceive that the proposal, which they seemed at once to comprehend, was not received with any surprise, far less indignation. Encouraged by this reception of his overture, Captain Clydesdale now addressed himself particularly to the man who appeared to be the guardian, or, perhaps, proprietor of the child, and unbuckling his cutlass from his side, presented it to him — making him, at the same time, to understand that he offered it as the price of the little girl. The man demurred. Captain Clydesdale pulled a clasp-knife out of his pocket, and made signs that he would give that also, provided the locket and fragment of shift, with the initials on it, were given along with the child. This addition to the first offer had the desired effect. The cutlass and knife were accepted, the locket and shift given in exchange, and the little hand of the girl placed in Captain Clydesdale's, to signify that she was now his property. After some further interchange of civilities with the natives, the captain, his mate, and the little Julia Elderslie—for, we presume, the reader has been all along perfectly aware that the child in question was no other than that unfortunate little personage—proceeded on their way towards the place where the watering party had been left. This spot they reached in safety, after about an hour's walking, and found the men waiting their return—the casks having been already all filled and shipped.

In half an hour after the boat was alongside the *Dolphin*, and little Julia was handed upon deck; and in less than another hour the ship was under weigh, and prosecuting her voyage to the Cape, where she ultimately arrived in safety. During this time Captain Clydesdale had discovered in his Ponakonta—the name given to little Julia by the Africans, and by which he delighted to call her—a disposition so docile and affectionate, and a manner so gentle and unobtrusive, that he already loved her with all the tenderness of a parent, and already had secretly resolved that he would adopt her as his own, and as such bring her up and educate her, if no one possessed of a better right to discharge this duty to her should ever appear.

In about six months after the occurrence of the events just related, the good ship *Dolphin* arrived safely at the harbour of Ayr, all well; and the little demi-savage, Ponakonta, in high spirits, and already beginning to jabber very passable English—an acquisition which still more endeared her to her kind-hearted protector, who took great delight in listening to her prattle, and in questioning her regarding her life amongst the Africans—of which she was now able to give a tolerably intelligible account. She had, however, no recollection whatever of the shipwreck, nor of any incident connected with it. Some dreamy reminiscences, indeed, she had of her mother; but, as might have been expected, considering how very young she was when that catastrophe happened which had deprived her of her parent, they were too vague and indefinite to be of the slightest avail towards throwing any light on her parentage.

On arriving at Ayr, Captain Clydesdale's first step, with regard to his little charge, was to avail himself of every means he could think of to make her singular history, with all its particulars, publicly known, in the hope that it might bring some one forward who stood in some relationship to her. The worthy man, however, took this step merely as one that was right and proper in the case, and not, by any means, from any desire to get rid of his little protegée. On the contrary, if truth be told, he would have been sadly disappointed had any one appeared to claim her. Nothing of this kind occurring, after a lapse of several weeks, Captain Clydesdale — who, although pretty far advanced in years, was unmarried, and had no domestic establishment of his own, being almost constantly at sea—placed little Julia under the charge of some female relatives, with instructions to give her every sort of education befitting her years; for all of which — boarding, clothing, and tuition—he came under an obligation to pay quarterly—giving a handsome sum, in the meantime, to account. Having thus disposed of his protegée, and satis-

fied that he had placed her in good hands, which was indeed the case, Captain Clydesdale went again to sea—his destination, on this occasion, being South America.

The worthy man, however, did not go away before having a parting interview with his little Ponakonta, whom he kissed a thousand times, nor before he had entreated for her every kindness and attention, during his absence, at the hands of those whom he had now constituted her guardians. It was upwards of two years before Captain Clydesdale returned from this voyage; for it included several trading trips between foreign ports; and thus was his absence prolonged.

Great was the good man's delight with the improvement which he found had taken place on his little charge since his departure. She now spoke English fluently; had made rapid progress in her education; and gave promise of being more than ordinarily beautiful. Captain Clydesdale had the further satisfaction of learning that she was a universal favourite—her gentle manners and affectionate disposition having endeared her to all.

On first casting eyes on her protector, after his return from South America, little Julia at once recognised him, flew towards him, flung her arms about his neck, and wept for joy—calling him, in muttered sounds, her father, her dear father. Deeply affected by the warmth of the grateful child's regard, Captain Clydesdale, with streaming eyes, took her up in his arms, hugged her to his bosom, and kissed her with all the fervour of parental love. Soon after, Captain Clydesdale again went to sea; and, by and by, again returned. Voyage after voyage followed, of various lengths; and, with the termination of each, the worthy man found his interesting protegée still advancing in the way of improvement, and still strengthening her hold on the affections of those around her.

Time thus passed on, until a period of nine years had slipped away; and when it had, Julia Elderslie—who now bore, and had all along, since her arrival in Scotland, borne, the name of Maria Clydesdale—was a blooming and highly accomplished girl of sixteen.

It was about this period that Captain Clydesdale began to think of retiring from the sea, and of settling at home for the remainder of his life. He was now upwards of sixty years of age, and found himself fast getting incompetent to the arduous duties of his profession. Fortunately, the worthy man was in a condition, as regarded circumstances, to enable him to effect the retirement he meditated. He was by no means rich; but, having never married, he had accumulated sufficient to live upon, for the few remaining years that might be vouchsafed him.

Part of Captain Clydesdale's little plan, on this occasion, was to rent or purchase a small house in the neighbourhood of the village of Fernlee, his native place, in the west of Scotland; to furnish it, and to take his adopted daughter to live with him as his housekeeper. All this was accordingly done; a house, a very pretty little cottage, with garden behind, and flower plot in front, was taken, furnished, and occupied by Mr Clydesdale and his protegée. Here, for two years, they enjoyed all the happiness of which their position and circumstances were capable—and it was a happiness of a very enviable kind. No daughter, however deep her love, could have conducted herself towards her parent with more tenderness, or with more anxious solicitude for his ease and comfort, than did Maria Clydesdale towards her protector. Nor could any parent more sensibly feel, or more gratefully mark the affectionate attentions of a child, than did Captain Clydesdale those of his Maria.

He doated on her, and to such a degree, that he never felt happy when she was out of his sight.

More than satisfied with her lot, Maria sought no other scenes of enjoyment than those of her humble home; and coveted no other happiness than what she found in contributing to that of her benefactor.

Thus happily, then, flew two delightful years over the old man and his adopted child; and, wrapt up in their felicity, they dreamt not of reverses. But reverses came; Misfortune found her way even into their lonely retirement. Within one week, Captain Clydesdale received intelligence of the total loss of two vessels of which he was the principal owner, and in which nearly all that he was worth was invested. The blow was a severe and unexpected one, and affected the old man deeply. Not on his own account, as he told his Maria, with a tear standing in his eye, but on hers. "I had hoped," he said, "to leave you in independence—an humble one indeed, but more than sufficient to place you far beyond the reach of want. But now"—— And the old man wrung his hands in exquisite agony of grief.

Infinitely more distressed by the sight of her benefactor's unhappiness than by the misfortune which occasioned it, Maria flung her arms about his neck, and said everything she could think of to assuage his grief and to reconcile him to what had happened. Amongst other things, she told him that the accomplishments which his generosity had put her in possession were more than sufficient to secure her an independence, or, at least, the means of living comfortably; and that she would immediately make them available for their common support.

"There are a number of wealthy families around us, my dear father," she said, "from which I have no doubt of obtaining ample employment. I can teach music, drawing, French, sewing, &c.; and will instantly make application to the various quarters where I am likely to succeed in turning them to account. Besides, father," she continued, "it is probable that we shall soon have some great family in Park House; and, in such case, I might calculate on obtaining some employment there—perhaps enough of itself to occupy all my time."

To all this the old man made no reply—he could make none. He merely took the amiable girl in his arms, embraced her, and bade God bless her.

Although the mention by Miss Clydesdale of the particular residence above named, appears a merely incidental circumstance, and one, seemingly, of no great importance, it is yet one, as the sequel will shew, so connected with our story, that a particular or two regarding it may not be deemed superfluous.

Park House was a large, a magnificent mansion, with a splendid estate attached, both of which were, at this moment, in the market. The house was within a quarter of a mile of Captain Clydesdale's cottage, and the reference in the advertisements to those who wished to see the house and grounds, was made to the captain, who, with his usual readiness to oblige, had undertaken this duty—a duty which he had already discharged towards several visiters—none of whom, however, had become purchasers. It was about a week after the period last referred to—namely, that marked by the circumstance of Mr Clydesdale's losses—that a gentleman's carriage drove up to the little gate which conducted to that worthy man's residence. From this carriage descended a tall military-looking man, of apparently about sixty years of age, who immediately advanced towards the house. Captain Clydesdale, who saw him approaching, hastened out to meet him. The latter, on seeing the captain, bowed politely, and said—

"Captain Clydesdale, I presume, sir?"

"The same, at your service, sir," replied the honest seaman.

"You are referred to, sir, I think, as the person to whom those wishing to see Park House and grounds should apply."

"I am," replied Mr Clydesdale; "and will be happy to shew them to you, sir."

"Thank you," said the visiter. "It is precisely for that

purpose I have taken the liberty of calling on you. I have some idea of purchasing the estate, if I find it to answer my expectations."

"Will you have the goodness to step into the house, sir, for a few moments, and I will then be at your service?" said Captain Clydesdale.

The gentleman bowed acquiescence, and, conducted by the former, walked into the house, and was ushered into a little front parlour, in which Miss Clydesdale was at the moment engaged in sewing. On the entrance of the visiter, she rose, in some confusion, and was about to retire, when the latter, entreating that he might not be the cause of driving her away, she resumed her seat and her work. Having also seated himself, the stranger now made some remarks of an ordinary character, by way of filling up the interval occasioned by the absence of Captain Clydesdale. Many words, however, had he not spoken, nor long had he looked on the fair countenance of his companion, when he seemed struck by something in her appearance which appeared at once to interest and perplex him. From the moment that this feeling took possession of the stranger, he spoke no more, but continued gazing earnestly at the downcast countenance of Maria Clydesdale; who, conscious of, and abashed by the gaze, kept her face close over the work in which she was engaged. From this awkward situation, however, she was quickly relieved by the entrance of Captain Clydesdale, who came to say that he was now ready to accompany his visiter to Park House. The latter rose, wished Miss Clydesdale a good morning; accompanying the expressions, however, with another of those looks of interest and perplexity with which he had been from time to time contemplating her for the last five or ten minutes, and followed the captain out of the apartment.

"That interesting and very beautiful young lady whom I saw at your house is your daughter, sir, I presume?" said the stranger to Captain Clydesdale, as they proceeded together towards Park House.

"Yes, sir, she is: that is, I may *say* she is; for I have brought her up since she was a child; and she has never, at least not since she was five or six years of age, had any other protector than myself. She never knew her parents."

"Ah! a foundling," said the gentleman.

"Yes, but under rather extraordinary circumstances. I found her amongst the savages of the coast of Guinea."

"On the coast of Guinea!" exclaimed the stranger, in much amazement. "Very extraordinary, indeed. What are the circumstances, if I may inquire?"

Captain Clydesdale related them as they are already before the reader; not omitting to mention the fragment of shift, with the initials on it, and the locket with hair and miniature, which he still carefully kept.

On Captain Clydesdale concluding, the stranger suddenly stopped short, and, looking at the former with a countenance pale with emotion, said—"Good God, sir, what is this? I am bewildered, confounded. I know not what to think. It is possible. Yet it cannot be. My name sir, is Elderslie, General Elderslie. I have just returned from the East Indies, where I have been for the last seventeen years. Shortly after my going out, my wife and child, a daughter, embarked on board the *Isabella* from Greenock, to join me at Calcutta. The ship never reached her destination; she was never more heard of; but there was a report that she was seen, if not bespoken off the Gold Coast; and from there being no trace of her afterwards, it is more than probable that she was wrecked on these shores; and, O God! it is probable also, although I dare not allow myself to believe it, that this girl is—is my child! Let us return, let us return instantly," he added, with increasing agitation, and now grasping Captain Clydesdale by the arm, "that I may see this locket you speak of. I gave such a trinket to my beloved, my unfortunate wife. The initials you mention correspond exactly. My child's name was Julia Elderslie; my own Christian name is James; and the same initials are thus also on the rim of the locket."

"It is precisely so!" said Captain Clydesdale, with a degree of surprise and emotion not less intense than those of the general's. "There *are* the initials of J. E. also on the locket; and now that my attention is called to the circumstance, there is a strong resemblance between the miniature it encloses, and the person now before me."

"Let us hasten to the house, for God's sake! captain," said the general, with breathless eagerness, "and have this matter cleared up, if possible."

They returned to the house. Captain Clydesdale put the locket and the fragment of the little shift, which bore the initials J. E., into the hands of the general. He glanced at the latter, examined the former for an instant with trembling hands, staggered backwards a pace or two, and sank into a chair. It was the identical locket which, some twenty years before, he had given to his wife. The miniature it contained, introduced into the trinket at a subsequent period, was his own likeness.

"Bring me my child, Captain Clydesdale," said the general, on recovering his composure; "for I can no longer doubt that your adopted daughter is, indeed, my Julia."

Captain Clydesdale left the apartment, and in a moment returned leading in Julia Elderslie, who had hitherto been kept in ignorance of what was passing. On her entrance the general rushed towards her, took her by the left hand, gently pushed the sleeve of her gown a little way up the wrist, saw that the latter exhibited a small brown mole, and exclaiming—"The proof is complete; you are—you are my daughter, the image of your darling but ill-fated mother," took her in his arms in a transport of joy.

The feelings of Julia Elderslie, on this extraordinary occasion, we need not describe, they will readily be conceived. Neither need we detain the reader with any further detail; seeing that, with the incident just mentioned, the interest of our story terminates.

It will be enough now, then, to say, that General Elderslie, who had amassed a princely fortune, bought the estate and mansion of Park House. That he took every opportunity, and adopted every means he could think of, of shewing his gratitude to Captain Clydesdale, for the generous part he had acted towards his daughter. That this daughter ultimately inherited his entire fortune; the general having never married a second time; and that she finally married into a family of high rank and extensive influence in the west of Scotland.

THE ASSASSIN.

At a late hour of an evening in the beginning of the year 1569, mine host of the Stag and Hounds—the principal hostelry of Linlithgow at the period referred to—was suddenly called from his liquor—the which liquor he was at the moment enjoying with a few select friends who were assembled in the public room of the house—to receive a traveller who had just ridden up to the door.

Much as Andrew Nimmo—for such was the name of mine host—much, we say, as Andrew loved custom, it was not without reluctance that he rose to leave his party to attend the duties of his calling on the present occasion. He would rather he had not been disturbed; for he was in the middle of an exceedingly interesting story, when the summons reached him, and was very unwilling to leave it unfinished. But business must be attended to; its demands are imperative; and no man, after all, could be more

sensible of this than mine host of the Stag and Hounds. So, however reluctant, from his seat he rose, and, telling his friends he would rejoin them presently, hastened out of the apartment.

On reaching the door, Andrew found the traveller had dismounted. He was standing by the head of his horse—a powerful black charger—and seemingly waiting for some one to relieve him of the animal.

This duty Andrew now performed; he took hold of the bridle, after a word or two of welcome to his guest, and asked whether he should put up the horse and supper him?

"What else have I come here for?" replied the stranger, gruffly. "Surely put him up; but I must see myself to his being properly suppered and tended. If we expect a horse to do his duty, we must do our duty by him. So lead the way, friend!"

Damped by the uncourteous manner of the traveller, Andrew made no further reply than a muttered acquiescence in the justice of the remark just made, but instantly led the horse away towards the stable; calling out, as he went, on John Ramsay, the ostler, to come out with the buet—*i. e.* lantern; for it was pitch dark, and a light, of course, indispensable.

With the scrutinizing habits of his calling, mine host of the Stag and Hounds had been secretly but anxiously endeavouring to make out his customer; to arrive at some idea of his rank and profession, if he had any; but the darkness of the night had prevented him from noting more than that he was a man of tall stature, and, he thought, of a singularly stern aspect.

When Ramsay had brought the light, however, mine host obtained farther and better opportunities of pursuing his study of the stranger; and, besides having his former remarks confirmed, now discovered that he had the appearance of a person of some consideration, his dress being that of a gentleman.

"Fine beast that, sir!" adventured mine host, after a silence of some time, during which the latter and his guest had been standing together overlooking the operation of John Ramsay as he fed and littered the animal, whose noble proportions had elicited the remark. "Poorfu' beast, sir," continued Mr Nimmo. "I think I hae never seen a better."

"Not often, friend, I daresay," replied the stranger, who was standing erect, with folded arms, and carefully marking every proceeding of the ostler. "For a long run and a swift, he is the animal for a man to trust his life to."

Mine host was startled a little by the turn given to this remark: it smelt somewhat, he thought, of the highway; or, at any rate, seemed to carry with it a somewhat suspicious sort of reference. He was, however, much too prudent a man to exhibit any indication of an opinion so injurious to the character of his guest, and, therefore, merely said, laughingly—

"That he weel believed that if a man war in sic jeopardy as required his trusting to horse legs for his life, he wad be safe aneuch on sic a beast as that, especially if he got onything o' a reasonable start."

"Yes, give him ten minutes of a start, and there's not a witch that ever rode over North Berwick Law on a broomstick that'll throw salt on his tail, let alone a horse and rider of flesh and blood!" replied the stranger, with a grim smile. "*I'll* trust my life to him," he added, emphatically, "and have no fears for the result."

The tendance on the much prized animal which was the subject of these remarks having now been completed, mine host and his guest left the stable, and proceeded to the house, which having entered, the former ushered the latter into the public room, being the best in the house, and the only one fit for the reception, as our worthy landlord deemed it, of a personage of the stranger's apparent quality.

The latter at first shewed some reluctance to enter an apartment in which there was already so many people assembled; for it was still occupied by the company formerly alluded to; but, on being told by mine host that he should have a table to himself, in a distant part of the room, if he did not wish for society, he expressed himself reconciled to the arrangement, and, walking into the apartment, took his place at its upper end; then throwing himself down in a chair, having previously laid aside his hat, cloak, and sword, he commenced a vigilant but silent scrutiny of the party by which the table that occupied the centre of the apartment was surrounded. While he was thus employed, the landlord, who had gone for a moment about some household business, approached him to receive his orders regarding his night's entertainment. The result of the conference on this subject, was an order for supper, and for a measure of wine to be brought in, in the meantime, until the former should be prepared. The landlord bowed, and retired to execute his commissions. In a minute after, a pewter measure of claret, with a tall drinking glass, stood before the stranger. He filled up the latter from the former, drank it off, and again set himself to the task of scrutinizing the company before him—a task to which he now added that of listening to their conversation, which seemed to be of a nature to interest him much, if one might judge from the earnest intensity of his look, and the varying but strongly marked expression of countenance with which he listened to the various sentiments of the various speakers. The subject of the conversation was the Regent Murray—his proceedings, government, and character.

"Aweel, folk may say what they like o' the Regent," said one of the speakers, "but I think he's managing matters very weel on the whole, and I wish we may never hae a waur in his place. He's no a man to be trifled wi'; and if he keeps a tight rein hand, he doesna o'erride the strength o' his steed. He's a strict, justice-loving man; that I'll say o' him."

"Then ye say mair o' him than I wad, deacon," said another of the party. "His strictness I grant ye; but as to his justice, there was unco little o't, I think, in his treatment o' his sister: his conduct to that poor woman has been most unnatural, most savage, selfish, and unfeelin. That's my opinion o't, and it's the opinion o' mony a ane besides me."

"Weel, weel; every ane has his ain mind o' thae things, Mr Clinkscales," replied the first speaker; "but, for my part, I'll ay ride the ford as I find it; that's my creed."

"Has ony o' ye heard," here interposed another of the party, "o' that cruel case o' Hamilton's o' Bothwellhaugh? Ane o' the Queen's Hamiltons," added the querist.

Some said they had, others that they had not. For the benefit of the latter, the speaker explained. He said that Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh was one of those who had been forfeited for the part he took at the battle of Langside. That the person to whom his property was given by the Regent, had turned Hamilton's wife out of her home, unclothed, and in a wild and stormy night; and that the poor woman had died in consequence of this cruel treatment.

"An' what's Hamilton sayin to that?" inquired one of the party.

"They say he's in an awfu takin about it," replied the first speaker, "an' threatenin vengeance, richt an' left; particularly against the Regent."

"I think little wonder o't," said another of the party. "It's a shamefu business, and aneuch to mak ony man desperate."

"But is't true?" here inquired another.

The reply to this question came from a very unexpected quarter: it came from the stranger, who starting fiercely to his feet, and stretching towards the company with a look and gesture of great excitement, exclaimed—

"Yes, gentlemen, true it is—true as God is in heaven—true in every particular. An eternal monument to the justice and clemency of the tyrant, Murray. The wife of Bothwellhaugh was turned naked out of her own house in a cold and bitter night, and died of bodily suffering and a broken heart. She did—she did. But"—and the stranger ground his teeth and clenched his fist as he pronounced the word—"there will be a day of count and reckoning. The vengeance, the deadly vengeance of a ruined, deeply injured, and desperate man, will yet overtake the ruthless, remorseless tyrant."

Having thus delivered himself, the stranger again retired to his former place, reseated himself, and relapsed into his former silence; although the deep and laboured respiration of recent excitement, which he could not subdue, might still be distinctly heard even from the farthest end of the apartment.

It was some time after the stranger had retired to his place before the company felt disposed to resume their conversation. The incident which had just occurred, the energy with which the stranger had spoken, and the extreme excitement he had evinced, had had the effect of throwing them all into that silent and reflective mood which the sudden display of anything surprising or interesting is so apt to produce even in our merriest and most thoughtless moments.

At length, however, the chill gradually wore off; the conversation was resumed, at first in an under tone, and by fits and starts; by and by it became more continuous; and, finally, began to flow with all its original volume and freedom. No more allusion, however, was made by any of the party to the case of Bothwellhaugh. This was a subject to which, after what had taken place, none seemed to care about returning. Neither did the stranger evince any desire to hold farther correspondence with the revellers; but, on the contrary, appeared anxious to avoid it; nay, one might almost have supposed that he regretted having obtruded himself upon them at all, and that he could have wished that what he had uttered in an unguarded moment had remained unsaid. Be this as it may, however, he sought no farther intercourse with the party, but having hastily dispatched the supper which was placed before him, and finished his measure of wine, he glided unobserved out of the apartment, and, conducted by his host, retired to the sleeping chamber which had been appointed for him.

On the following morning, the stranger, who was sojourning at the Stag and Hounds, went out to transact, as he told his landlord, some business in the town; saying, besides, that he would not probably return till evening.

Strongly impressed by the manner and appearance of his guest, and not a little awed by his grim and fierce aspect, he of the Stag and Hounds could not help following him to the door, when he departed, and furtively looking after him as he stalked down the main street of the town; and much, as he looked at him, did he marvel what sort of business it could be he was going about. This, however, was a point on which the worthy man had no means of enlightening himself, and he was therefore obliged to be content with the privilege of muttering some expressions of the wonder he felt.

In the meantime, the stranger had turned an angle of the street, and disappeared—at least from the view of the landlord of the Stag and Hounds. Not from ours; for we shall follow and keep sight of him, and endeavour to make out what he was so curious to know.

Having passed about half-way down the main street of the town, the former suddenly halted before a large unoccupied house, with a balcony in front. It was a residence of the Archbishop of St Andrew's. Standing in front of this house, the stranger seemed to scan it with earnest scrutiny. He looked from window to window with the most cautious and deliberate vigilance, and appeared to be noting carefully their various heights and positions. While pursuing this inquiry, he might also have been frequently observed glancing, from time to time, on either side, as if to see that no one was marking the earnestness of his examination of the building.

Having apparently completed his survey of the front of the house, the stranger passed round to the back part of the building, and proceeded to the gate of the garden, which lay behind, and through which only was the house accessible on that side. On reaching the gate, the stranger paused, looked cautiously around him for a few seconds, when, observing no one in sight, he hastily plunged his hand beneath his cloak, drew out a key, applied it to the lock, opened the gate, passed quickly in, and closed the door cautiously behind him.

With hurried step the intruder now proceeded to the house, drew forth another key, inserted it into the lock of the main door, turned it round, applied his foot to the latter, pushed it open, and entered the building; having previously, as in the former instance, secured the door behind him. Ascending the stair in the inside of the house, the mysterious visitant now commenced a careful examination of the various apartments on the second floor; and at length adopting one—a small room, with one window to the front—made it the scene of his future operations. These were, the laying on the floor a straw mattrass, which he dragged from another apartment, and hanging a piece of black cloth—which he also found in the lumber-room, from whence he had taken the mattrass—against the wall of the apartment opposite the window.

Having completed these preparations, the secret workman went up to the window, knelt down on the mattrass, and levelling a stick, or staff, which he found in the apartment, as if it had been a musket, seemed to be trying where he might be best situated for firing at an object without. This experiment he tried repeatedly; shifting his position from place to place, until he appeared to have hit upon one that promised to suit his purpose.

This ascertained, he rose from his knees; threw down the staff; glanced around the apartment, as if to see that all was right; descended the stair; came out of the house, locking the door after him; crossed the garden, and passed out at the gate, locking that also before he left, and with the same precaution that he had used at entering; that is, looking around him to see that no one marked his proceedings.

The guest of the Stag and Hounds now returned to his inn, from which he had been absent about two hours. At the door he was met by mine host, who, touching his cap, asked if "his honour intended dining at his house, as it was now about one of the clock," the general dinner hour of the period.

Without noticing the inquiry of his landlord—

"Be there any armourers in this town of yours, friend?" he said, "where I could fit me with some weapons I want."

"Yes, indeed, there be one, and a main good one he is," replied the other. "Tom Wilson, I warrant me, will fit your honour with any weapon you can desire, from a pistolet to a culverin; from a two-handed sword of six feet long, to a dagger like a bodkin. And as for armour, you may have anything, everything from head-piece to leg-splent; all of the best material, and first-rate workmanship."

"Where is this man Wilson's shop?" inquired the stranger.

"See you, sir," replied the other; "see you yonder projecting corner, beyond the palace entrance?"

"I do."

"Well, sir, three doors beyond that, you will find Wilson's shop; and, if your honour chooses, you may use my

name with him, and he will not serve you the worse, or the less reasonably, I warrant me. It is always a recommendation to Tom to be a guest at the Stag and Hounds.

Without saying whether or not he would avail himself of the privilege offered him of using his name, the mysterious stranger hastened away in the direction pointed out to him, and, in half a minute after, he was in the workshop of Wilson the armourer.

"Your pleasure, sir," said that person, advancing towards his customer from an inner apartment.

"Have you a good store of fire-arms, friend?" inquired the latter.

"Pretty fair, sir; pretty fair," replied the armourer. "What description may you want?"

"Why, I want a carbine, friend—something of a sure piece—that will carry its ball well to the mark. None of your bungling articles, that first hang fire, and then throw their shot in every direction but the right one. I would have a piece of good and certain execution."

"Here, then, sir, here is your commodity," said the armourer, disengaging a short and heavy gun from an arms'-rack that occupied one side of the shop. "Here is a piece that I can recommend. It will be the fault of the hand or the eye when this barker misses its mark, I warrant ye. I'd take in hand myself to smash an egg with it, with single ball, at fifty yards distance. I have done it before now with a worse gun."

"I will not require any such feat from the piece as that, friend," said Wilson's customer, drily; and having taken the gun in his hand, he began to examine the lock, and to see that the piece was otherwise in serviceable condition. Being satisfied that it was, he demanded the price. It was named. The money was tendered, and accepted, and the stranger departed with his purchase; having, however, previously received from the armourer, in lieu of luck's-penny, although he offered to pay for them, half a dozen balls, and a few charges of powder, to put the capability of the gun to immediate trial. This, however, its new proprietor did not think necessary; but, instead, returned to the archbishop's house with it; and, after loading and priming it, placed it in a corner of the apartment, which we have described him as having put into so strange a state of preparation.

Leaving the house with the same cautious and stealthy step as before, the stranger again returned to his inn; but it was now to leave it no more for the night.

"What news stirring, friend?" said he to the landlord.

"Naething, sir," replied he, as he laid the cloth for his dinner; "only that the Regent will pass through the town tomorrow. I hear he'll be this way about twelve o'clock. The magistrates, I understand, hae gotten notice to that effect."

"So," replied the stranger. "Then we shall have a sight."

"A brave sight, sir; for he is to be accompanied by a gallant cavalcade, and the trades of the town are to turn out with banners and music to do him honour. It will be a stirring day, sir, and I trust a good one for my poor house here; for such doings make people as thirsty as so many dry sponges."

To these remarks the guest made no reply, but proceeded with his dinner; the materials for which having, in the meantime, been brought in, and placed on the table by another attendant.

On the following morning, the little town of Linlithgow exhibited a scene of unusual bustle. Hosts of idlers were seen gathered here and there, along the whole line of the main street; and persons carrying trades' banners—as yet, however, carefully rolled up—might be seen hurrying in all directions to the various mustering-places of their crafts. An occasional discharge of a culverin too; and, as the morning advanced, a merry peal of bells heightened the promise of some impending event of unusual occurrence. By and by, these symptoms of public rejoicing became more and more marked: the groups of idlers increased; the banners were unfurled; the firing of the culverins became more frequent; and the bells either really did ring, or appeared to ring more furiously.

It was when matters thus bespoke the near approach of a crisis—which crisis, we may as well say at once, was the advent of the Regent—that the mysterious lodger at the Stag and Hounds ordered his horse to be brought to the door. The horse was brought; the stranger settled his bill; and, saying to his landlord that he would witness the sight from horseback more advantageously than on foot, mounted, and rode off in the direction of the approaching cavalcade. In this direction, however, he did not ride far; for, on gaining the eastern extremity of the town, he suddenly wheeled round, and rode back in rear of the line of street, until he reached the gate of the garden behind the mansion of the Archbishop of St Andrew's, in which the mysterious preparations before described had been made.

Having arrived at the gate, he dismounted, opened it, led in his horse, and fastened him to a tree close by. This done, he removed the lintel, or cross bar, over the gate. The latter, contrary to his practice on former occasions, he now left wide open, and proceeded towards the house, into which he disappeared.

In less than a quarter of an hour after, the Regent had entered the town. He was on horseback, surrounded by a number of friends, also mounted, and followed by a numerous party of armed retainers.

As the cavalcade penetrated into the town, the crowd, which the occasion had assembled, gradually became more and more dense, and the progress of the Regent and his party consequently more slow; until, at length, they were so packed in the narrow street, with the human wedges that were forcing themselves around them, that it was with great difficulty they could make any forward progress at all.

Becoming impatient with the delay thus occasioned, although carefully concealing this impatience, the Regent, who was now directly opposite the house of the Archbishop of St Andrew's, kept waving his hand to the crowd, as if entreating them not to press so closely, that he might pass on with more speed. The crowd endeavoured to comply with the wishes of the Regent, but their efforts only added to the confusion, without mending the matter in other respects. It was at this moment that all eyes were suddenly directed towards the house of the Archbishop of St Andrew's, in consequence of a shot being fired from one of the windows. When these eyes looked an instant after again towards the Regent, he was not to be seen; he had fallen from his horse, mortally wounded: a ball had passed through his body. It was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh who had fired the fatal shot.

The friends and retainers of the Regent, seconded by the town's people, flew to the house of the archbishop, and endeavoured to force the door, in order to get at the murderer; but it had been barricaded by the wily assassin, and resisted their efforts long enough to allow of his escaping from the house, mounting his horse, and darting through the garden gate at the top of his utmost speed. He was pursued; but, thanks to his good steed, pursued in vain, and subsequently escaped to France; having done a deed which the moralist must condemn, but which cannot be looked upon as altogether without palliation.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE THREE BRETHREN

"Together such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell."

The unity of the three brethren, about whom I am going to speak, is complete; some are united in heart and soul, but these are united in body and frame: closer than the Siamese twins did their union abide, till, in an evil hour, the winds smote them, and they were no more—"*Sed stat nominis umbra.*" They have left behind them a name and a record which will not soon perish. They might have said—had speaking been at all their fort—with Horace, "*Non omnis moriar.*" They shall live in the recollection of the present, and in the records of future times—at least it will not be from want of will, if the pages of the "Tales of the Borders" do not transmit their memorial to late posterity. The three brethren! you exclaim, quite naturally enough. What! were they brothers by blood or by marriage—brothers in profession—or, like Simeon and Levi, in iniquity. We should like to see the mist cleared away, and the subject made tangible. Well, listen!

The three brethren are three trees, or rather divisions of one tree—as like each other as one pea is to another—which once stood in the middle of the high road from Glasgow to Dumfries, upon the banks of the Nith. People had it that their similarity was so great that it reached the details of their branches, and even leaves, and that they were in every—even in the minutest—respect copies or fac-similes of each other. Nobody living—and far less any one dead—can tell their age. They saw Oliver Cromwell and his saintly crew march into Scotland; and beheld, in later times, the Highland host, in the year '45, pass along. They might have given an old chronicle of ancient times and manners, had it not been that they probably did not outlive the age of Methuselah. But

"Improvisa vis lethi rapuit
Rapietque gentes."

Destruction came in the shape of a nor'wester, and they are now in the act of being converted into snuff-boxes, writing-desks, and dressing-cases, for their old and attached acquaintances and friends. Every one seems more anxious than another to obtain a relic of the immortal triumvirate—and they are more likely to be remembered with pleasurable feelings than even were the Triumvirates of ancient Rome. But now that they have bowed their heads, and given up their roots, it is proper that some effort should be made to perpetuate their memory; and who so fit as an old Closeburn man to execute this bold but praiseworthy task.

The explanation, however, requires a glance at the race of gipsies, one of whom thus characterises the race:—

"My bonny lass, I work in brass—
A tinkler is my station—
I've travelled round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.

"I've ta'en the gold—I've been enrolled
In many a noble squadron—
In vain they searched when off I marched
To go and clout the caldron."

The gipsies have now disappeared entirely from the north of Scotland; even in Fife, the former residence of the gipsy clan Jamphrey, no such variety of the species is to be found. Their chief residence is now on the Borders, where, in the village of Yetholm, and in Langtown, they still maintain a separate clanship. They still are, and have always been extremely jealous of the marriage of any of their daughters, in particular, out of the tribe. Hence the fact, that almost every third person amongst them labours under some mental peculiarity or defect. Their male youths enjoy greater latitude; yet, on their alliance with the Philistine fair, they are usually looked down upon, and regarded as a kind of amphibious race, who, like the "Proselytes of the Gate" amongst the Jews, were not admitted into equal communion. Their children are brought up (at least, were so till of late) in the most religious contempt of the alphabet. Nor are any moral principles inculcated beyond successful thieving—that is, downright knavery, and dexterity of execution as workmen, whether it be in forming a ram's horn into a cutty spoon, or in appropriating the fattest hens from the farmer's bauks. Their women, too, are expert fortune-tellers, and have husbands ready made for sixpence. They are a fearful, fearless race, wandering about, in former times, almost during the whole year, and pitching their tents—in other words, setting their asses to graze, and themselves to forage—wherever solitude or the tolerance of the laird or farmer will permit their presence. When Scotland in general, and Dumfriesshire in particular, from Criff Fell to Corsincon were densely covered with natural wood, these people divided the woodland with the fox, the boar, and the wolf, and were extremely expert in noozing hares, rabbits, and polecats. Theirs was the bow, and ultimately the long-barreled gun, for securing the fowls of heaven; and the set line, liester, and fishing-rod, for the tenants of the water.

As was the case with the Roman of old—"*Patres ad insignem deformitatem puerum cito necaverunt;*" in other words and in a different tongue, they put their diseased and deformed offspring to death; and more than one-half of those which were permitted to survive, were killed, in a year or two, by harsh usage, cold, and imperfect clothing. Thus their youth which did survive these manifold trials and risks, rose up into man and womanhood—proud, hardy, strong, well-seasoned plants, exhibiting much muscular power and symmetry in the male, and occasionally uncommon beauty and figure in the female form.

The "wild gazelle exulting" and bounding on the hills of Judah, was not more elastic in its motion, nor penetrating and fascinating in its glance, than were many of the fairer wives and daughters of these hordes of part mendicant, part predatory, and part artist wanderers. Their chief resorts, in ancient times, were to the banks of the Hermitage and Slitterick, near Hawick—to the banks of the Dee, near Kirkcudbright—and, above and beyond all, to the woods of Colliston, and the linns of Balachun on the Nith, in Dumfriesshire: and it is to this last locality that the following narrative particularly refers.

It was about the middle of the month of October, that a packman or pedlar, with an enormous chest, laid transverse his shoulders, was seen wending his way up the banks

of the Nith, from Manchester to Glasgow. He had hoped to have reached Thornhill, then an exceedingly small village, before dusk; but this being his first migration in this direction, he found himself so surrounded and obstructed by the river Nith on the one hand, the linns of Balachun on the other, and an almost impenetrable wood in front, that night came upon him, dark and moonless, whilst still pushing his way through brambles, thorns, and every species of tangling and perplexing underwood. At last, despairing of extricating himself, and terrified, at the same time, by the roaring of waters, howling of wild beasts, and hooting of owls, he extricated his shoulders from the pack-bands, and, selecting as dry and soft an apartment as circumstances permitted, he set himself down on the grassy turf, with a birch branch for his canopy, and the old stump of a tree for his lean. In a little time he was alarmed by the cries of what appeared to be a child in the act of being cruelly murdered. Mungo Clark (for such was the packman's name) rose, and, advancing a few steps in the direction of the now faintly emitted sounds, found a hare in the act of expiring of strangulation by means of a nooze or girn, formed of strong wire, and placed so as to intercept a little footpath made by the feet of the wild animals of the forest. Mungo was in the act of disengaging the dead creature from its executioner the noose, when he heard the rustling, as if of a lion on the spring, very near him, and all at once he found himself in the iron gripe of a customer with whom he had no wish, on this occasion at least, to deal.

"And wha are ye," (were the sounds which, in a hollow and harsh tone, first greeted his ears,)—"and wha are ye, man, wha hae made yer bed this dark night wi' the howlets and the wull-cats; ye wha middle wi' what naething concerns ye, and burn yer fingers in ither folk's kail pats? Speak, man, and dinna keep me blethering here, for I hae got ither fish to fry, I trow, than standing here palavering wi' sic as you—come speak, body, or I'll send ye, pack an' a', sixty yards lower into the humling pool o' Balachun Linn."

Mungo Clark was neither soldier nor belted knight, nor was he armed for any deadly conflict; but he was not accustomed to submit without resentment to such rough usage.

"Unhand me, rascal," was the packman's reply, and making, at the same time, a lateral jerk, he twisted himself fairly out of the assailant's grasp. A whistle was immediately set up, and, in an instant, our traveller was surrounded with four strong able-bodied men, who immediately flashed the light side of a dark lantern full in his face.

"Oh, ho!" said one of the newly assembled assailants; "this is neither the deil nor the factor, nor the wood-keeper, nor the old boy, Colliston himself, but just plain Mungo Clark, Widow Clark o' Penpont's son, who has been at Manchester feathering his pack, for the first time, wi' all manner o' varieties—such as Bibles, Psalm-books, ribbons, shawls, and waistcoat pieces. Why, by the flesh-pots of Yetholm—and that's a terrible oath—we'll adopt brother Clark into our number, and teach him how to snare game and spear salmon, instead of drivling away his time and strength under the pressure of a load (trying to raise the pack) which would break the back-bone of an elephant.

The matter appeared to Mungo to be settled without any consent of his, asked or obtained; so, knowing somewhat of the character and habits of this wandering and peculiar race, he was compelled to make a virtue of necessity, and, raising his pack again on his shoulders, to descend with them into the very lowest depths of the linns of Balachun. Even at noonday, on the 23d of June, the Pass, as it is called, is dreary, dark, and dreadful; but now, under the cover of night, and with no other guidance than a small lantern, which scarcely made darkness visible, Mungo hesitated ere he would commit himself to the crossing of a fearful gully, and the walking along the face of a rock or scaur, scarcely eight inches wide, and overhanging a fearful pool, well-known by the terrible appellation of "Hell's Caldron." The party at last arrived at a small grassy plot, encircled on the one side by the roaring stream called Clauchry Burn, and on the other by an amphitheatre of steep, high, and overhanging rocks, fringed and darkened in with brushwood and furze, and guarded, at the upper and lower extremities, by the rocks which, after receding a little to make room for this grassy retreat, closed in again upon the current, and prevented all *easy* entrance or escape. Soon after Mungo's arrival, he discovered a large kettle, boiling and bubbling, in a crevice of the cliff, suspended from a transverse beam; and beheld around it, now that a parcel of sticks and dry leaves were kindled, a most picturesque and motley group—women, children, men, boys, and lasses, of all hues, aspects, and sizes, were scattered about in profusion; and, as the flame flashed back from the red sandstone of the linn, their faces glared on Mungo with a demoniac expression. It seemed the very picture of Pandemonium; and yet the hearty laugh, the bold oath, and the occasional inquiry, bespoke the inhabitants to be, at least, one remove from devils. Mungo was desired to rest him and his pack on the apron of the rock, and compelled, without a nay-say, to unstrap his pack, and expose his goods, not (seemingly) for sale but for plunder. This was not the way, assuredly, to turn the penny to advantage, but what can one say—"*durum telum necessitas;*"—there was no avoiding the spoliation. To be sure, the King, or leader of the gipsy tribe, amounting probably to not less than forty or fifty persons, hinted in his ear that he should not be a loser at last; but, in the meantime, to his no small mortification, he saw his shawls, napkins, stockings, and waistcoat pieces, making the round of the company without ceremony, and forgetting, like the dove from the ark, to return whence they had fled. The pack having been thus ransacked, and the pot having given audible intimation for some time of its preparatory doings, the King—for such he was—the notorious Donald Faa, with his three sons, Duncan, Cuthbert, and *Donnert* Davie, together with the King's fair daughter, Helen Yetholm Faa, squatted down on the grass, and, without the help of forks, made a hearty meal on hares, chickens, turkeys, geese, and half-a-dozen brace of partridges, which might have rejoiced the heart even of a Dominie Sampson. The other members of the community seemed to acknowledge the deputed authority of a young man of good features, and an athletic and genteel appearance, who went by the name of the Squire. After *eating* had had its fair share of devoted and unremitted attention, a barrel, of considerable dimensions, began to make its way downward from amidst the recesses of this water-worn and excavated rock; and a tub being hurled sideways into the service, boiling water was procured, and sugar in no ordinary quantity commingled; and, by the help of a ladle and several chopin decanters, the whole mass of Egyptian humanity was stirred up into song, laugh, scream, inebriety, quarrel, battle, stupor, and insensibility. Our friend Mungo had no objections whatever to the feast, nor to the means by which it was prolonged. He was afterwards notorious for his drinking habits, in so much that his observation on this occasion is still repeated in the neighbourhood of the place of his nativity. When questioned by the King respecting the size of his native village, Penpont, his reply was—"It is an exceeding great city." This being questioned, his proof was equally ingenious and descriptive of his habits—"Why, Nineveh took Jonah three days to travel through it, whereas Penpont generally takes me *seven*." He referred manifestly to his habit of stopping and drinking at every petty inn and public-house in the village! The jest told exceedingly in his favour.

Mungo, however, in spite of his losses and crosses, had a noble night of it, as he afterwards said, with the gipsies, and awakened next morning from his grassy couch to cool his aiking temples in the stream, and restore his stomach by a hair of the dog that had bit him. He then observed that the two sons, Duncan and Cuthbert, but not Davie, (yclept Donnert, from his peculiarity of mental constitution,) were absent, and that their father not only exhibited no surprise respecting his sons' absence, but refused to give any account to his guest of the cause of it. Meanwhile, Mungo had an opportunity of marking the appearances of the various objects around them somewhat more distinctly than he had been able to do on the preceding evening. Blankets, supported by forked poles, old clothes and rags of every description, formed a kind of nightly shelter for the common herd; whilst the royal head reposed, in the midst of his male progeny, on the lap of a projecting rock, with a few hare skins for his pillow, and a corn sack for his coverlet. His fair daughter's bed-chamber was somewhat more removed beyond a projecting corner of the winding linn, and she was protected from observation by the branches of the overhanging trees being drawn closely down over her, and by what had once, in all probability, been a soldier's tent, but which was now miserably rent, and unweather-worthy. It was manifest that this child was the darling and care of a fond father; for she was not only provided in a superior manner, but, by the position of his own sleeping apartment, she was protected from all intercourse with the other members of the tribe. Honest Nature! thou art too many, even for a gipsy life; and even here parental affection, hallowed and refined what was unseemly and revolting. I say revolting; for, in an obscure corner, and under the shelter of a hazel-bush, lay a figure, emaciated with disease, and probably with dissipation and crime, groaning in agony, and regarded with no more sympathy by the great mass of the tribe than if he had been a strangled hare or a mangled horse. There was something indeed terrible in this sight. True Helen Faa did all that she was permitted, but that was but little, to alleviate his sufferings; but death was in his eye and in his throat—he made one great effort to rise, grasped a branch convulsively, and ceased to live. Mungo would willingly have retired, even with the losses he had sustained, but he was not permitted—probably because old David conjectured that information would be immediately lodged against him, and he would be compelled to relinquish one of his strongest holds in the south of Scotland. Meantime Mungo had an opportunity of beholding more closely the female portion of this society; and was exceedingly struck—for he was yet a young man and unmarried—with the really handsome faces and well-formed persons which characterised the whole; but far and away above all the rest shone Miss Helen Yetholm Faa—for thus was she designated by the clan—in the pride of health, youth, and black, or rather brown eyes—those weapons of female onset which are sharper than a two-edged sword, as Mungo used to sing or say afterwards, in a song which he composed on the occasion:—

> 'They were jet, jet black, and like a hawk,
> And wadna let a body be."

All this seemed to be fully appreciated by the Squire, who evidently paid the young princess particular attention, and seemed, at the same time, sufficiently jealous of any foreign interference with the object of his attention. Donnert Davie was a stout, ill-made, squint-eyed being, who stammered in his speech, and seemed particularly useful in carrying on the culinary operations, under the direction of Helen, in the retreat. He felled wood for the fire, carried water to the kettle, heated cow and sheep horns in the flame; brought round about and close to the operator old pots, pans, and trenchers, which had been obtained to be clouted, clasped, and mended. He was, in short, a kind of gipsy factotum; and when "the house affairs did not call him thence," he would associate with the stranger, stammering out such incoherent inquiries as—"Whare been!—What do!—What do!—Mother dead!—Mother dead!—Yes—yes—yes—true—true—true"—muttering to himself, and repeating the same monosyllable half-a-dozen times. His sister Helen was manifestly kind to him, and would not permit any of the company to insult or ill-use him.

Night arrived, but with it not Duncan or Cuthbert; and it was not till late on the following evening that they made their appearance, and with them came silver and gold in abundance: consequently Mungo Clark's claims were satisfied; and he was informed that, next morning, as they were all about to decamp, he might pursue his journey homewards; but about the following dawn, an authoritative voice from the top of the precipice summoned the whole party to a surrender. One figure stood prominently forward, looking over the rock; and Donnert Davie, whose blunderbuss always lay charged beside him, immediately fired, and the figure came tumbling down headlong, and sunk in the yawning abyss of boiling water. In a word, the whole party, after a most determined resistance, were taken prisoners by a military party obtained from Dumfries; and it being proved against Duncan and Donald Faa that they had stolen some cattle from Dalswinton Mains, and sold them on the sands of Dumfries—as also against Donnert Davie, that he had shot the sergeant who commanded on the occasion—the whole three brothers were tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed, *in terrorem*, near the spot where their depredations had been committed. As there were three persons to execute, and the famous tree already referred to had three branches, they appeared to the Sheriff to be destined for each other; and accordingly all the three were hung at the same time on the same tree, which has ever since retained the appellation of "The Three Brethren."

Old David, his fair daughter, Mungo Clark, Squire Cockburn, and the rest, were set at liberty; but the gipsies were conveyed by a military escort across the Borders; and I have been given to understand that the Squire, who was the young Laird of Glenae, after considerable opposition from the old father, was married to fair Helen Yetholm Faa; and that he was the happy husband of the fair dame who used afterwards to go about the country in disguise, attending in gipsy garb at weddings, kirns, and merry meetings, and giving origin to the well-known reel—"Auld Glenae."

THE MISTAKE RECTIFIED

"Now," said the traveller, as he wandered up one of those retired Highland glens, which characterise and beautify the Grampian range, "I shall once more visit my dear father and mother; and my sister, now woman grown; and, what is more, my sweet Helen M'Donald, who used to gather the mountain berries along with me, and pursue the little kids and lambs. Ah, Helen was only about thirteen years old when I left; she will now be eighteen; a full grown beautiful woman, I have no doubt. I wonder if old Andrew, her grandfather, be still living; he used to tell me such tales of Prince Charlie, and Prestonpans, and Culloden, that my hair yet almost stands erect at the recollection of them. And then there was Euphemia M'Gregor, his son's wife, the mother of my dear Helen; and Oscar and Fingal, my father's faithful attendants and servants: and we had such fun during the long winter nights, when the sheep were in a place of safety, and the door was barred, and the peat-fire was burning clear, and the very cat and kitten enjoyed the cheery fireside—such

questions and commands, such guessing and forfeiting, and riding round the fire on a besom, and holding one's mouth full of water to discharge on the person's face who should first laugh at our grotesque gestures and looks: but night is approaching whilst I linger by the way—my whole heart heaves to behold once more the sweet home of my youth and innocence."

Thus said, or thought aloud, a young man, seemingly about twenty-two years of age, as he ascended Glen —— and approached the thatched sheiling which stood on the margin of a small mountain stream, which wended its mazes along the tortuous glen. He had been five years, come the time, absent from his mountain home, and had, during that period, endured and encountered a variety of fortune. He sung as he went along—

"A light heart and thin pair of breeches,
Goes through the world, brave boys!"

switching the bent and heather bells with his cane, and treading with a step as elastic as was his bosom. At last, just as the sun was tinging with his departing ray the top of the highest mountain in the neighbourhood, he turned the corner of a projecting rock, and came at once into full and distinct view of his home. It was then gray twilight, and objects began to assume an indistinct appearance. Walking by the side of the stream, as if meditating, there appeared a figure wrapped up in a Highland plaid. It immediately struck the young sailor that this was his sister; and in order to give her what is called an agreeable surprise, he stepped aside unperceived by her, and stood concealed behind a projecting cliff, which the stream had stripped bare of soil in its passing current. The figure came nearer and nearer, and then, sighing deeply, uttered some sound, which his ear could not catch. At last, tears and sobs followed, and he heard the words most distinctly pronounced—"Alas, I can never truly love him! I shall be the most wretched of women! But he whom I loved as angels love—Oh, he, my own dear William M'Pherson, is dead and gone, and I can never see him more."

"But you can though, my own dear Helen;" and in an instant he held her lifeless and motionless in his arms. She had uttered just one awful scream, which was re-echoed by the surrounding cliffs, and had ceased to feel or know anything connected with the living world. Alas! she was dead, and he was distracted. He ran to the house calling aloud for help; but every one of its inmates, even the mother who bore him, fled from his presence, uttering ejaculations, intimating the greatest terror at his presence. In vain did he protest with tears—I am your son and no other—I am Willie M'Pherson, your lost boy! His words bore no conviction along with them. Avaunt, foul fiend! Avaunt, in the name of God and the Holy Trinity—trouble me not—trouble me not; my dear child is in heaven; and thou, foul spirit, art permitted for a time to assume his shape. His sister too was equally incredulous, and his father had not yet returned from the hill. What was to be done; Helen M'Donald was in all probability dead, or dying helpless and alone, and yet no one would come to her assistance. At last, Oscar and Fingal made their appearance in advance of his father; and though they barked at first upon his naming them, they immediately ran up to him and jumped up upon his back, his neck, his head, his whole person. They seemed in as much danger of expressing of joy as poor Helen had been of dying of fearful surprise.

"Stand back," said the delighted and believing father to his wife, who absolutely clung to his knees to prevent his advance—"Stand back, woman; d'ye think Fingal and Oscar would caress the foul fiend in that manner? Na—na—na. Ha! ha! ha!" And he fell upon his son's shoulders, weeping and crying convulsively.

"My father—my dear, dear father."

"My son—my lost, my only, my restored son," was the response.

But Helen, in an instant, brought the whole party, consisting of father, mother, sister, and son, to her aid: a light was procured and held over her face; her bosom was bared, and rubbed; her forehead had water plentifully poured upon it from the stream; and, at last, symptoms of returning life appeared. Oscar and Fingal, in the meantime, had licked Helen's face, and neck, and shoulders, all over; and whether from any virtue in the peculiar touch of their tongues, or from the natural expiry of the trance, Helen breathed heavily—her bosom heaved; William looked on her cheeks, and they were flushed with red. In a moment he had her in his arms. Helen, for some time, suffered exquisite bodily torture; but was at last capable of having the truth made gradually known to her. She said surely she had been dreaming, as she had often done, and that she was still surely asleep, and that she would waken, at last, as she had done before, to a dreadful perception of the reality. William M'Pherson still continued to clasp and assure Helen of his personal identity. But even when convinced of the reality of William's presence, Helen did not evince that degree of happiness which might have been expected; she sat stupified and passive, and seemingly insensible to everything around her; her mind was evidently wandering to a disagreeable subject. However, she was prevailed upon to return with the family into the house, and, worn out and fatigued, she was soon after put to rest in an adjoining apartment.

In the meantime, the young sailor was questioned minutely respecting the reason of his re-appearance after he had been so long reported and believed by everybody to be dead.

Without repeating his answer in his own words, which were interlarded with sea-phrases, we may state, in general, that it was to the following purpose:—He had gone to Dundee, with the view of making some small purchases for the household, when he accidentally fell in with a recruiting party, who were beating up for marines for the fleet, then just returned from the capture of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. Inexperienced as he was, he was enticed into a public-house on the shore, and awakened, after a stupor of some hours, on board a British man-of-war. In a few hours, he was conveyed out to sea, along with several others, and was conveyed immediately to Spithead. Having it ultimately put to his choice whether he would stand by a gun, or handle a musket and a sabre, he chose the former, and was regularly entered as an able-bodied seaman on board his Majesty's ship the *Victory*. In her, along with Admiral Nelson, he sailed for the West Indies, and then crossed the Atlantic, back to the shores of France. The enemy still eluding the eagle-eye of Lord Nelson, he sailed for the Mediterranean, and, after various landings and inquiries, came upon the French fleet, moored closely inland on the coast of Egypt, at the mouth of the Nile. He was in the dreadful battle of the Nile, and assisted in rescuing several who were blown up, but not killed, in the *L'Orient*. After the battle, he had promotion, and ultimately prize-money, on account of his brave and humane conduct, and sailed again for Naples, and latterly in quest of the Spanish fleet on the coast of Spain. He was close by Nelson when he was shot by a rifleman from the mast of the ship with which he had grappled, and saw the fellow who did the deed drop on the deck, being shot through the heart by a marine on board of Lord Nelson's ship. After the battle, he was returned to Plymouth, having been wounded in the leg—a musket-ball had passed through the flesh, and somewhat, but not greatly, injured the bone. He spent some months in the hospital, and was then dispatched to the coast of France on board the *Spitfire*. There he had distinguished himself in cutting out and burning several of the enemy's craft at Havre; and be-

ing again wounded, though slightly, in the arm, he was put upon the pension-list, and allowed to dispose of himself till his country should again require his services. In these circumstances he began to think of his home, and, with some hundreds of pounds in the bank, and a pension order of about two shillings and sixpence a-day in his pocket, he arrived at Dundee in a sailing vessel, and was on his way to his *native glen* when the reader first became acquainted with him. When this narrative was finished, his father retired for an instant, and then appeared with some papers, which he had extracted from his private depositories. He first read a letter, which purported to come from a King's officer, who signed himself William Wilson, and who informed his afflicted father that his son had been induced to go on board a King's ship, to see the arrangements which it exhibited; but that, in passing from the small boat to the deck, he had missed a foot, and been drowned. The letter was dated on board the *Spitfire;* and mentioned, likewise, that the ship was under sailing orders for the general rendezvous at Spithead. The poor distracted parent had come to Dundee, but could obtain no information of his son—only, about three months after, he heard that a dead body, severely mutilated, had been thrown out upon the sands of St Andrew's; and, on account of the state of its decomposition, had immediately been interred in Christian burial-ground. A second pilgrimage to St Andrew's was undertaken by the father and daughter; but nothing satisfactory was discovered, except that the corpse exhibited marks of having been dressed in a blue and white striped waistcoat, which answered to that in which he had left Denhead, his home in the Highlands. After this last discovery, all further inquiry ceased, and the afflicted family fulfilled the period of their sincere mourning, and things returned nearly to their usual bearing. But when father, and mother, and sister had seemingly got over the worst of their grief, Helen M'Donald still pined in silence over the recollections of her early companion; and as she expanded into womanhood, her grief seemed to grow " with her growth;" and her father became extremely anxious to have Helen properly and creditably disposed of in marriage.

The son of a small proprietor in the neighbourhood had lately become laird himsel'; and, though far exceeding Helen in years, having had frequent opportunities of seeing her, particularly at church, on Sabbath, he had become enamoured of so much beauty and innocence. Proposals had been made to the father, which were immediately accepted; and the young lady had been dealt with, as young ladies in such situations generally are, by arguments of interest and worldly comfort, and even grandeur. First impressions are deep—oh, how deep!—and Helen could not yet entirely exclude the image of her beloved William from her recollection. Laird M'Wharry was urgent in his suit—her father, whom she affectionately loved, was troubled and anxious—her mother, too, pressed home upon her attention prudential considerations—so, after long delays and many internal struggles, Helen at last consented to become, but not till some months afterwards, Mrs or Lady M'Wharry, as the peasantry styled the laird's wife. It was during her visit (previous to her marriage) to M'Wharry, that the incident took place which thus connects our narrative, and brings us up to the point of time when William M'Pherson arrived at Denhead.

William, learning from Helen, as well as from his father and mother, how matters were situated, suddenly disappeared, and left no means of tracing the place of his retreat. Days, and even weeks passed, but no letter arrived, and no message came. In the meantime, the day appointed for the marriage approached, and Helen seemed to have made up her mind to submit to necessity—at least, she tried to look cheerful, and put as good a face upon it as many tears, shed in private, would permit.

Laird M'Wharry was a true Highlander—he had much of that clannish feeling which is peculiar to the Celt. He was, besides, exceedingly passionate, and had more than once got into trouble from having used hasty and unguarded expressions. Nay, he had once been prosecuted in the Court of Session, and damages had been obtained to a considerable amount, by one of his servants, or rather slaves, whom he had beat most unmercifully. In attending a Perth market, he had occasion to ride homewards, after dark, with a brother proprietor, who had lately bought an estate in his neighbourhood. This proprietor could not boast a Celtic name or origin. He was plain Mr Monnipenny, from the town of Kirkaldy, in Fife. They had both been drinking during the course of the day, and were, therefore, more liable to get into some dispute or quarrel. M'Wharry began by deprecating Mr Monnipenny's horse, whose character the master supported with some warmth: so, to settle the matter, they both set off at the gallop, and the fire flashed from the horses' heels as they passed through Dunkeld. Unfortunately for Laird M'Wharry, however, about a mile beyond the above town, the saddle-girth gave way, and he came to the ground head foremost. He was dead when Mr Monnipenny came up with him. He had suffered a concussion of the brain; and, notwithstanding that medical aid was immediately obtained from Dunkeld, nothing could be done.

Poor Helen M'Pherson really mourned his fate; for though she had no love for him, she had brought herself to think that it was her duty to fulfil her promise. But where was he whom her young heart held in its core? No one knew—no one could tell. Helen had inwardly resolved to live single on his account, even if no further accounts were received of William M'Pherson. But her father, in the meantime, died of a fever; and her mother was compelled to remove from the farm to the village of Dunkeld, where, in order to support herself and her lovely daughter, she set up a little shop with a small sum which her husband and she had saved, and was highly respected by all who knew her. In the meantime, the parish schoolmaster, an excise officer, and a wealthy sheep-farmer, all solicited Helen's hand; but she lent a deaf ear to all these offers, still thinking, and speaking, and dreaming, about her William.

One day, when she was standing at the shop door, she observed a crowd gathered about a horse and gig, out of which a person had just been thrown, and was taken up, as was feared, lifeless. Helen, from motives of humanity, rushed into the crowd to make inquiries, and saw the person carried into an adjoining apothecary's shop; there he was immediately bled, and, to the infinite satisfaction of all, had begun to recover. The fact turned out to be, that he had been stunned by the fall on his head, but no concussion or fracture had taken place. The gentleman, she learned, had been put to bed, but was mighty unruly, as he insisted upon pursuing his journey that very evening into the Highlands; and a post-chaise, with two horses, and a steady driver, had been brought to the apothecary's door, and the traveller was passing into it with his head and arm tied up, when all at once Helen uttered a scream, and stood trembling betwixt him and the conveyance. It was her own William, returned from sea—to which he had again fled—and making all despatch to reach Denhead, as he had learned, on his way towards the Highlands, the fate that had overtaken the bridegroom, Laird M'Wharry. Now, reader, you and I part—I can do no more for you; for, if you cannot far better conceive, than I can describe what followed, you can be no reader of mine—you will never have perused the story at all. William was now comfortably circumstanced, pensioned, and dismissed the service; and the last time I had a week's fishing at Amalrie, I spent my evenings and nights under his roof. He is now, like myself, a grandfather; and Helen though not quite so young as she

was some thirty or forty years ago, is still in my mind a perfect beauty, and has blessed her husband, during a pretty long life, with all that kind husbands can expect or obtain by marriage. She has made him a happy father and a fond, foolish, indulgent grandpapa.

DURA DEN; OR, SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

I took my way, a few days ago, fishing-rod in hand, from Cupar in Fife, by Dura Den, up towards the healthy and sequestered village of Ceres. Dura Den was once romantic and secluded. Its brawling stream, which empties the waters of the upper bason into the Eden, leapt and tumbled over igneous, and penetrated its way through aqueous formations, till it mingled into rejoicing union with the lovely Eden immediately under the old towers of Spottiswood, and the fine Gothic church of Dairsie. This deep and beautifully winding ravine was covered from rock to rock, on each successively sunny side, by trees of various name and leaf, from the scented sloe and hawthorn up to the hazel, the birch, and the oak. It was a perfect aviary during the spring months. A few wild deer browsed amidst recesses, and various love-smitten maids and men repaired to this retreat, to talk of many things which were only interesting to themselves. The soft projecting sandstone rocks had been water-run into caves and recesses; and in some of these, report had fixed the residence, for a night at least, of the famous Balfour of Burley, after the affair of Magnus Muir.* It is not, however, to this, but to a more recent occurrence, that I am now about to solicit your attention, after, however, premising the change which has now been wrought upon this once rural, secluded, romantic, lovely spot. At the very entrance, there stands a bone mill, grinding, with grating activity and horrible crunch, into powder the mingled bones of man and beast. You have scarcely escaped from the horrible jarring sound of the modern ogre, than you come full plump upon a spinning-mill, with as many windows as there are days in the year. There it stands bestriding the valley like a colossus, and commanding all the collected energies of the once pure and solitary stream. Bless me! how it thunders: the very rocks seem to shake under the whirl of the tremendous machinery; whilst at every open window out flies in clouds the imprisoned dust and stour. A single door opens, and the sound maddens on your ear into a screwing torture. It shuts again. You are greatly relieved by the compressed and imprisoned horror. A little further up this once delighted den, a pillar of smoke shoots out on the eye, like an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. This is an evidence that (as in the formation of this globe) fire has been called upon to assist water. Again and again, another and another hulking dirty erection fixes its hideous trail in the lovely localities, till the landscape still onwards opens upon green fields, all covered and whitened over, *not* with daisies, but with *yarn*, which has just been removed from the vitriolic vat. I had essayed here and there to fish, but had not even a nibble. A little factory urchin, who saw my mistake, immediately accosted me with—

"Ye needna fish here about, sir, for the fish are a' dead."

"What has *deaded* them," said I.

"Oh!" I dinna ken, "except maybe it is the vitriol—they dinna tak wi' the vitriol ava."

"No wonder," thought I. "I suspect neither you nor I would tak weel with such a beverage." So I at once rolled in my line, put up my rod, and was on the eve of returning, somewhat disappointed, from my forenoon's ramble, when my attention was attracted by an old though fresh looking man *in his "cruda viridisque senectus,"* who was sitting on a bench in the sunshine, betwixt the door and the window of one of those very neat and cleanly cottages, which have been erected for the convenience and accommodation of the mill spinners, and which, from the name of the spirited proprietor, has been called "Yoolfield."

"James," said the old man; "come here, James, and tell me what's that ye waur saying to the gentleman."

"Ou, I was only telling him, there waur nae trouts except *stane anes** here."

In the meantime, I had approached the old man's seat, and thinking that he motioned me to be seated, I at once took my place, as if I had been an old acquaintance, by his side. It turned out that he was the grandfather of this urchin, who, in a few minutes, reappeared with a face of great comfort and vigorous health; "*causa erat in aperto*"—he had dined.

"Ye'll be a stranger here aboots, I mak nae doubt?" said the old man.

I replied that I had been so for sometime past; that I had stopped, on my way north, a day in Cupar, in order to revisit this romantic retreat; but that it was now sadly changed, and I had not the heart to pursue my walk any further. I miss, added I, everything which I expected to see; the solitude, the green banks, the trees, the pure waters, the yellow trouts, the all of innocence and nature by which this den was marked, ere these vile spinning-jennies had entered, with noise, confusion, and defilement in their train.

"And so," said the aged Nestor, ye are up in arms against the late erections, because ye canna get an hour or twa's fishing, nor pursue your own fancies about solitude, and innocence, and that! I will tell ye, my good sir—for yere but a bairn in comparison wi' me—that had ye experienced what I hae experienced, ye wad hae blessed the day which converted this solitary and useless den into a source of comfortable living to hundreds of families, who might otherwise be starving at home, or banished from all that they hold dear, into a foreign land.

"Grandfather," hereupon said a fine rosy girl about fourteen, "dinner's ready; will ye come in, or will I bring it out to you."

"I think," said the ancient patriarch, "I'll just rest whar I am; it's a bonny sunny day, and the den is a' loun and sheltered; just bring out the broth and the wee bit Irish stew here, and maybe this gentleman, now tired wi' nae fishing, will no scorn to tak a spoonfu' and a bit alang side o' a puir auld body."

I immediately assured my kind host that I had provisions in my basket, which I soon disengaged, together with a flask containing a sufficiency of old Nantz. To it, therefore, we set, exchanging viands; I partaking of the excellent and savoury stew, and he of a wee drap, only a very wee drap o' the brandy. Like Sir Walter Scott's minstrel, the soul of the old yet vigorous Trojan waxed strong within him; and after having duly returned thanks to the Giver of all Good, he drew me close to his elbow, and proceeded thus:—"Indeed, sir, I'm now considerably upwards of eighty years—the period at which the psalmist says the strength of man is but grief and labour; but I hae nae found it sae, for all my griefs and labours were confined to the earlier part of my life, and no to the latter day—his name be praised for the same. I instinctively answered "Amen;" and partly encouraged by this, and partly by an additional pull at the brandy flask, the old man pursued his egotism.

"Well, ye see, ye are against spinning-jennies and large

* A sword has lately been discovered in one of the caves, rusted and broken—probably once the sword of Burley!—19th Oct. 1839.

* Vide recent discoveries of extinct species of fish found in this den. "Fife Illustrated."—Glasgow, Joseph Swan.

manufactures, ye say; but they are the friends o' the poor, sir —the blessed supporters of thousands and millions in these lands.* You shall hear; for, as you seem to have time on your hands, I will, for your father's sake, (I had made him acquainted with my descent from a worthy clergyman in the north,) unfold to you my whole history, and that of my children up to this hour:—

"My name, sir, is Donald Sutherland. I belong originally to the county of that name; and I was bred a farmer on the estates of the Duchess of Sutherland. But there was neither Duke nor Duchess then, oh dear!"—(Hereupon the old man absolutely cried; having, however, checked himself by observing that he was an old fool—he again proceeded:)—"I had, as I said, a small sheep-farm, of about one thousand acres, in the western district of that county. I see, sir, you are surprised at my saying *small;* but, sir, when land is let at a shilling an acre, as it was in my day, such a farm is but small—a thousand shillings, ye ken, is just fifty pounds o' yearly rent; and that was my rent at *Edderachills*, near hy Loch Assynt. I am now, as ye see, an auld man and a gray; but I was ance young, and stout, and foolish, too, nae doobt. I thought naething wad war me, sae I just married whan I was a young inexperienced callan about nineteen; and, having got a brother of my puir father's to be security, (ye see my puir father was only a hind on the estate o' Sutherland, and had neither money nor credit,) I took my dear Jenny M'Roy home to no that ill a bigging—wi' a hantel o' blankets, a peat-fire, a herd callan, and twa as canny and sensible dogs as ever followed a herd or turned a hirsel. Aweel, ye ken, Helen and me war very happy, for we loved each other dearly; we had been acquainted frae the time we could climb a brae or eat a cranberry; and things went on so that ill ava. We had twa bairns in the course o' twal years, a lassie and a fine lad, wha was drowned, as ye shall hear; but, oh, my heart is sair yet whan I think o't. It was one awful night in the month of January. A vessel had stranded in Loch Assynt. The men were seen, through a stormy moonshine, hanging to the topmast, which, however, went from side to side, with a fearful swing. At every turn or jerk another and another human being was plunged into the roaring foam. My son Archibald, my shepherd, and I, pushed from the shore in a fishing-boat, which was lying high and dry—we heard the fearful screams of perishing men—we rowed off at all hazards, but had not neared the vessel when our boat fairly swamped. We were still, however, within wading depth, and with difficulty regained our feet and the boat. We again pushed hard from land, and at last came under the lee of the wreck. My son was young, active, and daring; and, in order to ascertain how matters were, or what remained of the deck, he caught a rope, and leapt on board. In an instant, a young man, a passenger, with his wife and child, were slung, as it were, miraculously on board our little boat. The waves went up in spouting foam betwixt the wreck and the boat, and then subsiding, heaved us with a tremendous crash against the side of the vessel; and I remember no more, till I awoke to misery, in a kelp hut by the sea-shore. I found that my son, with the woman and child, had perished; but that the husband, my shepherd, and myself, had been cast ashore, and with difficulty resuscitated. My grief and his mother's grief were loud and severe. But 'what cannot be cured must be endured.' The stranger was a native of Fife, who had been to America on a mercantile speculation, and having married at New York, and become a father, was on his way towards Kirkaldy, his native place, when this dreadful accident took place. He had lost all his effects, and some money in the wreck, and was content to take part of my humble dwelling for a season. In the meantime, my lease expired, and another proprietor had arisen, who knew not Donald Sutherland. The rent offered by my next and more wealthy neighbour, was far above what I would think of promising, so I behoved to leave sweet Edderachills, with all its heath, and moss, and muir, for a sea-shore appointment in the manufacturing of kelp from sea-weed—at that time a very flourishing employment in the West Highlands in particular. The stranger about this time took his departure, but not without many promises of returning again to visit the grave of his wife and child, and to renew his acquaintance with my wife, my daughter, and myself. For a time the kelp concern did pretty well; we had good and regular payment for the article, and an increasing demand; and we contrived to live at least as comfortably as we had done as sheep-farmers. But man is always finding out inventions—a method was devised of dispensing—by means of a chemical discovery—with our kelp entirely; and we were suddenly and entirely ruined. It was at this period that I, in a manner, *cursed*, like you, the spirit of discovery and invention. I was disgusted by the change which the progress of science had made, and I did not know how to turn myself for a bare subsistence. In this situation of affairs, my daughter Nelly within there (pointing to the door) was courted by a neighbouring sheep-farmer's son, of a somewhat disreputable character, but of considerable reputed wealth. This was a sad trial to us all; for, though the marriage might have benefited us somewhat in a worldly point of view, we did not like to see our blooming and virtuous child sacrificed, it might be, to the momentary feelings of a known deceiver. Nelly could not bear the thoughts of such a union; and, one night, she told her lover as much. In consequence of this unfortunate affair, we were very soon after turned out of house and hold—the old farmer having contracted with the proprietor for the huts and steadings which had once been peopled with busy and prosperous hands, but which now were nearly empty. Baser proposals than before were made by the degraded and vindictive young man; and we set off, one moonlight night, across the hills, for the town of Dornoch. We were three wanderers in the wilderness—my wife Helen, my daughter Nelly, and myself. I was still comparatively strong, and was determined to work, but could find no employment. For days we slept (for the weather was fine) on the heath, and lived on what little of our means which yet remained. I was resolved, come what might, that I would not beg. My wife and daughter bore up amazingly; for we trusted that our God—the God of the hills as well as of the valleys—of the poor and the outcast as well as of the rich and provided—would not forget us. I found temporary work, at last, in a stone quarry, and occupied a hut close upon the sea-shore. This, to us all, was luxury; for it was independence. Contentment *kitchened* labour, and we slept soundly in our poverty and innocence. But this, I saw, could not long continue; my strength was not equal to this severe labour, to which I was unaccustomed; so I persuaded, not without difficulty, my wife and daughter to accompany me to Canada, to which the Countess of Sutherland was then offering a free passage from Cromarty Frith, in the good ship *Aurora*. I should, however, have mentioned that, whilst residing at Dornoch, I had observed the son of a neighbouring proprietor—a somewhat smart-looking gentleman—frequently passing our door, and sometimes conversing with my wife and daughter; but I took no notice of the affair, as I felt secure in the virtue and prudence of both parties. No proposals, honourable or otherwise, were made to my daughter, and I conceived the matter to be at an end. On the day of the ship's sailing, we were all on the quay, and ready to embark. My wife and I had entered the boat, and were waiting for my daughter, who had been sent by us on a message to a shop. She did not

* Very different this deliverance from that of Mrs Trollope in her Factory Boy."

return in time for the boat in which we were conveyed to the *Aurora;* but we were told by the sailors that she would probably arrive in the next. One boat, however, arrived, but our dear Nelly was not in it; another came, but with it no daughter. Meantime, the ship was under sail, and the captain said he would not lose the favourable breeze for all the girls in Scotland. My dear wife was inconsolable, and I petitioned hard to be let out, even on one of the western isles; but the weather was exceeding stormy, and we kept as far as possible from land. 'God,' said I to my grieving partner, 'will protect Nelly; for she is good and virtuous. God can be father and mother, and more than all that, to those who fear and obey him.' We landed at Quebec, and maintained ourselves for some time—I acting as a kind of shore-porter, and my wife assisting in assorting furs in a great warehouse. But our means were but small; so we bethought us of removing more inland. So we arrived ultimately at Montreal, where I had the good fortune to meet with a distant relation in pretty good circumstances. He had long been engaged in a mercantile house, and had now obtained a considerable and a profitable share in it. He immediately found employment for me as a warehouse-servant, whilst my wife washed and dressed for himself and a few friends. Year after year passed by, and many a letter did we write to Edderachills and Dornoch; but we received no answer. At last, it pleased God to remove my dear Helen by death; and my friend having resolved to remove to Kirkaldy, his native place, I took shipping with him in the ship *St John*, and we arrived off the Land's End in safety. But it came on to blow dreadfully from the north and the east, as we rounded the island; and, one dark night in the month of November, we struck upon a rock in the neighbourhood of Ely. The ship fired signals of distress, and a boat came out, which saved the passengers and crew; but the ship and cargo were lost. What was my surprise, upon arriving at the inn, to find, in the person of one of the boatmen, the shipwrecked stranger, Sam Rogers, who had lodged so long with us at Edderachills. He insisted upon my immediately repairing to his cabin, as he termed it, on the shore, with the view of introducing me to his wife and a large family of children.

"'Have you ever heard,' continued he, after we were seated, 'anything of your daughter Nelly?'

"'Not a word,' said I, eagerly. 'Have you?'

"'Would you know her,' continued he, 'if you were again to see her?'

"'Know her,' said I; 'to be sure I would—her image is ever before me. I see her, at this moment, as plainly as if she were still alive. Oh! what—horrible!—stand off!—stand off! Do these old eyes deceive me, or art thou indeed my own darling, lost child?' said I; whilst Nelly—the real flesh and blood Nelly—clasped me to her arms, and burst into a flood of tears.'

"'My father!—my father!' she exclaimed, whilst the young ones gathered around us in stupid amazement; and my son-in-law, Sam Rogers, rubbed his hands and flapped his arms in perfect delight. It was indeed my dear Nelly, in the person of Helen Rogers, the still handsome mother of seven children.

"But, Helen, I say—Helen, set down the bairn a wee bit, and tell this honest gentleman the Dornoch story, ye ken.

"'Hout,' said Helen, 'I hae nae time, faither, to enter into a' the outs an' ins o' thae lang-syne tales; besides, I see Sam waving me up to the mill—I'm wanted, faither, an' ye maun look after the bairn till I come back again.'"

Being foiled in his wish to set his daughter's tongue a-going to the tune of her own adventures, the old man placed the child on the greensward in front of the cottage, and, after once more paying his respects to my brandy flask, proceeded as follows:—

"Weel, the lassie disna like to hear me tell the story; I ken, she aye blushes at bits o't; but now that she's awa, I may just as weel finish by letting ye know that the scamp wha had seen, and fallen in love, as he called it, with her at Dornoch, had watched her down to the heach, and having hired some accomplice in the person of one of the sailors, had her misdirected in the first place, and lifted off her feet in the second, and placed beside the well-known gentleman in a post-chaise, which drove off immediately in an inland direction. In vain were all her struggles and entreaties. The young blackguard immediately proceeded to inform her that her struggles and her shouts were of no avail; that he could not promise her marriage, as he was already engaged to please his mother; but he would give her love in abundance, and a cottage residence, which he had provided for her on his father's property, at no great distance. It was in vain for her to resist; but she had resolved rather to die than to yield to his wishes; so, when they had arrived at the centre of an extensive plantation, he caused her to alight, and dismissing, as it was now nearly dark, the chaise and driver, proceeded to conduct her, as he said, on foot, to the cottage which he had provided. He half dragged her a few paces from the road, or rather track through the wood, and, unveiling all at once the fiend within him, proceeded to open and undisguised violence. But, sir," said the old man, with emphasis, "he thought himself alone, but he was not alone—God saw him, and had marked his proceedings; and God sent a deliverer, in the person of him owre by yonder, (pointing to the mills.) God sent Sam Rogers, with a guid oak plank, to free the captive, and make the captor flee for his life: in short, sir—for I fear I have tired ye wi' my lang-winded story—Sam, by the mercy of God, had just landed at Dornoch as we sailed from it; and being on his way to Edderachills, for the very purpose of asking my Nelly in marriage, he had pushed on, meaning to travel all night across the country, when the providential occurrence took place. Weel, we were now to Ely, where we remained for a time—old grannie, that is, myself, my son, and his family; but times became tight there, and the family kept still increasing; so, at last, we got acquainted with the worthy gentleman, Mr Yool, to whom all these great works and these neat cottages belong, and he brought us up here, and set us down comfortably, where, not only my son-in-law, but every wean, male and female, above seven years of age, can earn its own clothes and subsistence. We are now, sir, in comparative affluence; and all this, sir, is owing to these improvements in machinery and in chemistry, which, at one time, drove me from my native land. 'SECOND THOUGHTS, THEY SAY, ARE BEST;' at least so it has been with me, as I sit here in my old age in comparative ease and comfort, and see my grandchildren growing up in domestic affection and public usefulness around me. Here is no scattering of the young family—one going east and one west, never to meet again; but here, every night, all congregate around *one hearth*, whilst a psalm is sung, a chapter is read, and a prayer said by grannie himsel!"

I shall never regret the loss of my old and favourite amusement, whilst I can recollect this old man's narrative, and the many happy and comfortable homes which now occupy the once solitary holms of *Dura Den*.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

MORTLAKE.—A LEGEND OF MERTON.

"Pray, sir, will you condescend to inform me by what title you presume to set your foot on my grounds? Have I not already warned you; and if I use you now severely, the blame must rest with yourself."

These words were addressed by Sir Thomas Bruce Vavasour, in an evident state of excitement, to a young lad apparently of about nineteen, but in reality not much above sixteen, whom he met traversing the grounds of Merton. Tom Vallance did not condescend to inform his interrogator why he had presumed to intrude where his presence seemed far from welcome, or explain why, on the present occasion, he happened to have in his hand a gun, which suspicious folks might be apt to suppose was intended to create some little confusion among the game on this well-preserved estate. He returned no very distinct answer; but some inarticulate sounds issued from his mouth, which, no doubt, were intended to deprecate the rage of the hasty and irritable baronet; but which seemed to have the effect only of heightening his ire, as he turned round to his keeper, who, with one of the servants, was at his back, and bade them secure the fowling-piece with which the youth was furnished—a command which was instantly obeyed; and the lad, not prepared for the sudden attack, was without difficulty disarmed.

"Now, my lad," quoth Sir Thomas, "you had better be off, unless you wish me to use violence; for I will not allow my property to be trespassed upon, and my game destroyed, by you and the like of you."

Tom stood firm, scowling on the baronet. At length he gained nerve enough to say—

"Give me back my gun. You have no right to rob me, nor shall you."

"But you shall submit, my little cock sparrow. Don't suppose I want to keep your twopenny-halfpenny pop gun. Here, John, just take Master Tom by the shoulders, and turn him off my grounds; and you, Peter, carry this rubbishy thing to Mrs Vallance, and tell her it would better become her to keep her son behind the counter of her shop, to serve her customers with farthing candles and brown soap, than allow him to vagabondize about the country poaching. If he does not mend his manners, I've a pretty good guess that some of those days he'll either take a voyage at the expense of his country, or get his neck thrust into a noose."

This was certainly impertinent. It was, moreover, unjust and uncalled for; as whatever might be laid to the charge of Tom Vallance, on account of his predilection for field sports, no impeachment lay otherwise to his moral character. But Sir Thomas was in a passion; and, like all persons in that state, spoke without reflection. Naturally of a hasty and irritable temper, he had received a letter that morning which excited his ire excessively, and as, upon issuing from the mansion, the lad Vallance crossed his path, the first burst of his wrath fell on his devoted head. Tom felt deeply the insult. He had been accustomed to a shake of the head, and sometimes a sharp word; but Sir Thomas, upon the whole, used him well enough; for, as his mother had been housekeeper in the family during the lifetime of Sir Marmaduke Vavasour, who had married the heiress of Merton, the lad was looked upon, or rather he looked upon himself, as a sort of licensed person on the grounds. To be deprived of his gun was bad, but to insinuate moral turpitude was worse; and, forgetful of the rank of his tormentor, he exclaimed—

"I am no thief—I am as honest as yourself, Sir Thomas; and bitterly, bitterly shall you rue this day. When I set my foot next time on your grounds, it will be for no good to you."

Saying this he turned on his heel, and extricating himself suddenly from the hands of the servants, cleared a ditch which opposed his retreat, and was speedily out of reach.

The passion of Sir Thomas was not lessened by this unexpected reply, followed as it was by the speedy evasion of the speaker; and, as Tom was out of his reach, he transferred his wrath to the attendants, who were scolded, in the most exemplary style, for not knocking the young rascal down. After indulging some time in this agreeable relaxation, he returned to the house, looking all the while, as his men said, "like a bear wi' a sair head."

Sir Thomas Bruce Vavasour was the third son of an English baronet of ancient lineage, who, by intermarriage with Isabella, daughter, and afterwards sole heiress of Reginald Bruce of Merton, in the county of Roxburgh, eventually carried that estate into his family. He had three brothers, two elder and one younger than himself. By the marriage contract, the English estate, which was considerable, was destined to the elder son, the Scotch one to the second son. Thomas got a commission, went abroad, and, after much battling about, attained the rank of General, when, by the death of his brother William, he succeeded to Merton; and, a few years afterwards, the demise of the eldest brother, who broke his neck whilst fox-hunting, gave him the extensive manor of Vavasour Castle, and the title of a baronet. The younger brother married an heiress, by whom he had one son, who, after his demise, he left under the guardianship of Sir Thomas—excluding Mrs Vavasour from all control. The uncle carefully superintended the education of his ward—became much attached to him—and, during the holidays, frequently took him to Merton, to the infinite displeasure of Mrs Richard Vavasour, who cordially hated her brother-in-law. When he grew up, those visits were discontinued, partly as he was studying for the bar, and partly to please his mother, whom he considered he was in duty bound to propitiate as much as he could—rather a difficult task, as she was a capricious fine lady, with violent and vindictive feelings. Edward was about four-and-twenty, and had formed an attachment to a lady—his equal in birth and fortune—but who did not meet with the mother's approbation. She demanded that the match should be broken off—Edward remonstrated—she persisted; and, after a war of words, matters remained precisely as they originally were, he avowing a fixed determination to make himself happy, notwithstanding Mrs Vavasour's threats of vengeance. This he accordingly did, and his mother, bursting a bloodvessel, soon afterwards died, leaving a sealed letter to be sent, after her demise, to Sir Thomas, whom she hated.

Three weeks had elapsed from the date of this interview, when, one evening early in the month of September, a party of farmers—for it was market day—were sitting, after dinner, in the public inn of the county town, when the landlord suddenly entered, exclaiming—

"Gracious!—a dreadful murder has just been committed. The laird of Merton has been killed in his own house!"

This announcement was received with equal astonishment and horror by those assembled; and the intruder had every possible question to answer as to the time, place, and person, that the half-muddled brains of those present could devise; and, such a babel of voices arose in sweet discord, that a gentleman, who sat in the parlour alone, and who had arrived by that day's mail, was so much disturbed as to ring violently to know why his meditations were thus so unharmoniously interrupted.

"Waiter!" said he, "why this disturbance? Cannot your farmers dine here without kicking up a riot?"

"O sir!—it's the murder!"

"What murder?"

"The General, sir, who lives at Merton, sir, found stabbed in his own sitting-room, sir!"

"Stabbed! do you say? It cannot be!"

"Quite true, sir, as I'm a waiter! And they have got the murderer in custody."

"Murderer!—impossible! What mean you?" exclaimed the traveller, hastily.

"Why, sir, the fellow that killed Sir Thomas is taken redhand, I think they call it."

"Who is he?"

"Just Tom Vallance, sir—an idle fellow to be sure, but the last person that I would have thought would do such a thing."

"What! the son of the old housekeeper?"

"Yes—do you know him, sir?"

"Not I—but I've heard of his mother. What inducement could he have to commit so dreadful a crime?"

"Revenge, sir!—The General, some two or three weeks since, seized his gun, and, poor gentleman, abused Tom fearfully, for he was in one of his terrifics; and Tom told him the next time he was on his grounds he would do for him—at least so it is said."

"Dreadful!—and what was this Tom Vallance, as I think you call him?"

"Nothing, sir! His mother is an industrious woman; and the lad was not that bad fellow, neither—but dreadfully idle. He had a good education; but his father dying two years since, Tom left school; and his mother, in place of sending him back, kept him at home: she was so fond of him that she let him do whatever he liked."

"How can she afford to maintain him?"

"She is very industrious, sir; and, as she was daft fond of him, every penny she could scrape together went into his pockets."

"Where is the accused?"

"Tom, sir, do you mean?—Why, before the sheriff, making his declaration."

"Who succeeds the late baronet?"

"His nephew—a very nice chap. He was often at Merton when a lad; but he has not been here for many years. He'll be better liked than his uncle, though the old fellow was not so bad neither. But I must go, sir, for I hear the bell ringing in the travellers' room." So saying he whipped his napkin under his arm, and withdrew with praiseworthy celerity.

The unknown traveller paced slowly up and down the room, apparently very much perplexed in his mind. He muttered—"Strange!—very strange!—caught in the room—a previous threat—all concurs." Shortly afterwards he again rang the bell, ordered in and paid his bill; and, taking a post-chaise to the next town, waited there only until the mail from Edinburgh to London stopped to change horses, and, having procured a seat, arrived in due time in the metropolis.

The investigation of facts connected with the death of Sir Thomas proceeded, and a strong case was made out against the accused. The two servants swore to the threat; and, although not giving exactly the waiter's version of it, made it pretty nearly as bad; for, not having heard the precise words, they supplied the defect in hearing by generalizing. "He threatened," they said, "to be revenged, and that he would come to the grounds for that purpose;" or used some such words, shewing a determined resolution of getting "*amends*" of their master. That the General met his death by a stab in the heart, was plain enough; and that the servants found Tom beside him grasping a bloody knife, was equally so. Presumptions were therefore, strongly against him; nor did his declaration nor judicial statement help him much; for he admitted, after some little hesitation, that he had slipped into the grounds to redeem his threat of revenge by carrying off some very fine peaches, of which the General was very proud, and which he intended as a present to a neighbouring nobleman. Knowing that Sir Thomas was accustomed to take his *siesta* immediately after dinner, which was usually at five—for he followed a fashion of his own in this respect, which has, since his time, become popular—and that the gardener left at six, he lurked about the grounds till after that period, and then, easily getting into the garden, thought it prudent to see how the land lay before he proceeded to his labour of love.

The house of Merton was an old-fashioned building, or rather series of buildings erected at different times; and the present possessor, who had a fancy for horticulture, had added an apartment, which opened by a glass door, upon a terrace from which, by descending a few steps, he entered the garden. This room was, necessarily, remote from the rest of the mansion, and here Sir Thomas uniformly dined, summer and winter. After dinner was removed, and the dessert and wine placed on the table, the servants withdrew, and were forbidden to enter till seven o'clock, when coffee was served. Of all this Tom was perfectly cognizant.

Now Tom asserted that, as a precautionary measure, he resolved to peep into the room in question, to ascertain whether Sir Thomas was asleep before he took his boyish revenge; and seeing the glass door which led into the garden open, he proceeded, cautiously and slowly, till he got there, when, looking in, he observed his old enemy lying on the floor on his face. Astonished at this, and forgetting all sense of personal risk, he advanced to raise the baronet, when he discovered that he was dead, and a knife lying beside the body, which he picked up. Fear tied up his tongue for some few seconds, and he had barely time to give utterance to an exclamation of horror, when, the door opening, the servant gave the alarm, and before he had time to collect his scattered senses he was a prisoner All this might have been true, and perhaps the story would have been treated with more consideration than it obtained, had it not been for the *previous threat*, which naturally induced a strong suspicion against Tom. The result was that, after the ordinary form had been gone through, the unhappy youth was fully committed to take his trial for the murder of Sir Thomas Vavasour Bruce Vavasour of Vavasour and Merton, Baronet.

The heir, at this eventful period, was in England, whither the body was transmitted, and deposited in the Vavasour mausoleum.

Meanwhile, Tom remained for some weeks in the county jail in a condition far from enviable. All attempts to induce a confession of guilt were abortive; he persisted in his declaration of innocence; but, as parties accused are not

usually in the habit of confessing their crimes, these protestations were not considered worth much. Indeed, the only person he could convince was his poor mother, who gave implicit confidence to his assertions.

A change, and one for the better, had come over the accused in prison. How bitterly did he regret his former idle moments—how deeply did he lament the burden he had been on his mother. Many a vow did he make, that if he could get quit of this charge, he would eschew his former course of life, and be all a fond parent could ask. About the tenth day before the approaching sittings, Tom was visited by a gentleman, who proffered his assistance as his adviser. He had heard, he said, of the case; and was anxious, on his mother's account, to afford his aid; but he required a full and ample statement, without any concealment. Tom answered he had nothing to conceal; and he recapitulated everything he had formerly stated.

The stranger listened attentively; and, after his client had concluded, shook his head. "Tom! you may be innocent—there is the impress of truth in what you state, and I can hardly doubt you; but still the evidence against you is so strong, that if you go to trial, I am fearful—very fearful of the result."

Tom's face, which had brightened as the stranger commenced, became clouded ere the remarks were finished; and, when they terminated, he burst into tears. "O sir!" he sobbed, "have pity on a poor misguided lad, who never meant evil to any one—who is as innocent of the crime of which he is accused as you are. Save me, sir! O save me! if not on my own account, at least on that of my poor mother, who will break her heart if I am condemned."

"I would willingly save you, if I could," was the rejoinder; "but I cannot influence juries—I cannot sway the Court."

"And must I die, then? Must I, before my time, go down to my grave dishonoured and disgraced? O sir! if it had pleased Heaven to visit me with a deadly sickness I would have left the world without one sigh except for my mother. But to be degraded as a felon—to be branded as a murderer—it is too—too much." He became so agitated that grief choked his utterance.

The stranger, obviously affected, took his hand. "Tom, have you firmness? There is a way, perhaps."

"How!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly.

"This room is only one story from the ground, and escape is possible."

"Escape! No! no! The windows are barred with iron; besides, if I escape, it looks like guilt, and I cannot bear that."

"But, will staying behind prove your innocence? Will your suffering the last penalty of the law convince the world that you did not commit the murder?"

"True—very true! If I live, my innocence may yet be proved—but how to get through the window."

"That can be easily managed, if you will act like a man. It is now early. I will be with you again before the prison shuts. Remember! not one word to your mother. You may console her by saying that your agent—for such I am—has given you hopes. Nothing more. Remember!" So saying, he departed.

* * * * * * *

It was rather late when the stranger, who called himself Mortlake, returned. Tom had kept his promise; and, by affording his mother hopes of an acquittal, contrived to infuse a happiness, to which her bosom had been for many a week a stranger.

"Now, Tom!" said Mr Mortlake, in a low tone, "attend to me. I have brought you a file, some aquafortis, and a silken ladder. Apply the liquid to the bars, and it will gradually eat into the iron—then use your file, and the first impediment to your flight will be removed. Next fix the silken ladder firmly, and your descent is easy. Do not begin your operations until the inmates of the jail are asleep. You may get everything ready by the evening of the day after the morrow. As the clock strikes twelve, assistance will be at hand, and descend with the first stroke, if all is right. Some one will be waiting for you. He will whisper into your ear 'follow,' and you must follow as speedily as possible. But, again, I caution you to keep this a secret from your mother. Buoy her up with hopes; talk confidently of your acquittal; that you are to have a learned barrister from Edinburgh. This will get wind, and prevent any suspicion of your intended escape. Once safe, your mother will receive due notice; and be assured she shall not be allowed to suffer one moment more of suspense than is absolutely necessary. You will not see me again in prison, I hope."

Tom's feelings were overcome. He seized Mortlake's hand, and pressed it to his lips, while tears flowed in torrents from his eyes. He could not speak.

Mortlake was affected. "And yet, poor kind-hearted boy," he said, "people could deem you guilty of a murder—how little did they know you. But away with tears. Be a man. You have a difficult part before you. See you flinch not!" Then changing his tone, and speaking loudly, "Well! I'm off to Edinburgh, where I shall see Andrew Crosbie. I have great faith in him; and, as he is not a greedy man, I dare say, Tom, I may get him to come here."

At this moment the jailor entered, saying it was time to leave; and Mortlake, pressing Tom's hand, bade him farewell, until his return from Edinburgh.

Tom treasured every word in his heart—not one syllable escaped his lips, that might induce the most suspicious person to imagine he contemplated flight. He spoke sensibly of his case; inducing his mother, and one or two persons, whom curiosity had prompted to visit him, to suppose that he was very sanguine of acquittal; and, as the fame of Andrew Crosbie extended over Scotland as a shrewd man and an able lawyer, this result was not thought by any means chimerical.

When the evening came, Tom commenced operations. He applied the liquid as directed, which soon corroded the iron at the bottom. The sides and top were more difficult, but their partial destruction was in time accomplished; and, when the eventful evening came, he had little difficulty in removing the grating. It was, of course, only injured at the ends; and, as the window was oblong, by altering the position of the grating, he obtained a substance sufficiently strong to which he attached the rope-ladder. Getting up to the window, he placed the grating reversed in the inside, and threw the ladder on the outside. To soften the fall of the iron after he had descended, he placed his mattrass and bed-clothes below; and, having thus made every preliminary arrangement, with the first stroke of twelve he commenced his descent; and, ere the last had died upon the breeze, the ground was reached in safety.

A figure, enveloped in a cloak, approached hurriedly, and whispered "follow!" He tossed a bundle to the fugitive, then turned to the left. The order was obeyed; and, after the lapse of an hour and a-half, Tom found himself in a wood, and the stranger opening a dark lantern—sliding shades at the side of which had previously been pulled down—disclosed to the eyes of Vallance the features of his agent, Mortlake.

The bundle was untied, and Tom found it to contain a capacious wrapper, a shawl, and bonnet with a veil. Those Tom was required to put on, and this matter being accomplished, the journey was resumed, and in about two hours they arrived at a small hamlet or village, where they found a gig waiting for them. Mortlake then addressed his companion:—"My dear Emily! be more composed—

never mind your father—I will write to him, and all will yet be put to rights."

Tom, who had been previously instructed, spoke "small like a woman;" and, after some affected coyness, entered the carriage, when the parties drove off, leaving the man who had taken charge of the vehicle under the evident conviction that the strange man was a sad blackguard, and that the veiled lady was some unfortunate young woman who had been deluded away by his devices.

The news of Tom's escape excited universal astonishment, and no means were left untried to trace his footsteps; but every exertion was in vain, and his pursuers were completely at fault. It was universally admitted that some one must have furnished him with the implements that had procured his liberation; and his mother was, as a matter of course, the first one on whom suspicion lighted. The poor old woman, when the fact was announced, was equally amazed and pleased; but she could furnish no clue. Tom had seen a few people in prison, yet it was evident they had nothing to do with the escape. It was at last resolved that the agent was the accessory; but here the good people were at fault again, for no one, except the jailer, remembered having seen him, and he could give but a very imperfect description of him. He might be tall or so—rather think he was, but not sure—wore powder, and had, he believes, a black coat, but did not think he would know him again. This was all that could be elicited.

A reward of fifty pounds was offered by the magistrates for the capture of Tom; and Sir Edward Bruce Vavasour increased it to one hundred and fifty, expressing, at same time, his anxiety that the accused should be retaken.

Whilst all were in a state of excitement, fresh fuel was added to the flame by the following letter, bearing the Liverpool post-mark, which Mrs Vallance received from her son:—

"Dearest Mother,—I am well, and as happy as one unjustly accused can be. Though fate has sundered us, you are ever in my thoughts. I have found a protector—fear not for me. You shall regularly hear from

"Your affectionate son," &c.

Beneath was written:—"Your son will yet be a blessing to you. Accept this trifle." And a twenty pound note was found enclosed.

"What a fool!" said the wise ones, "only to think of letting us know where he is." And, upon the hint, away trotted the officers with a criminal warrant, to be backed, as it is termed, by an English Justice in Liverpool, where, to their great vexation, he was not to be found.

Meanwhile, the object of their pursuit was out of all danger. His friend and he at last found themselves on the road to Wooler.

"Tom!" said Mortlake, when they alighted at the inn, "you must pass for my wife. I have everything provided for that purpose in my portmanteau; meanwhile, keep down your veil, and wrap your cloak about you."

He then took out a complete suit of female apparel, and speedily his protegée was metamorphosed into a tall and handsome, although somewhat masculine, female. We need not tire our readers with a detail of the subsequent journey southward, and may only mention that Mortlake left the horse and gig at Wooler, where, obtaining a seat for himself and his companion in the mail, they arrived in safety at Barnet. Here Tom resumed his sex; and, in a new suit of clothes, appeared, as he really was, a good and intelligent looking young man.

From Barnet, the travellers proceeded in a chaise to London, where Mortlake took lodgings, and, after the lapse of a few days, disclosed to the youth his ulterior purposes.

"Mr Vallance!" said he.

"Do not call me 'Mr'—if you do, I shall think I have offended you."

"Well, Tom, then. Listen to what I have to say. You have been my companion now for nearly three weeks. During that time I have studied you, and the opinion I have formed is favourable. You possess good qualities and excellent talents: these have been obscured but not extinguished by your recent follies, not to give them a harsher name. By giving way to passion and using threats, which, from you, were ill-judged and ill-timed, you have barely escaped an ignominious death. Far be it from me to say that the late owner of Merton was justified in the intemperate language he used; but you know that at times he had no control over himself, and you should have made allowances for what was really a disease. Of your innocence I have not the slightest doubt, otherwise I would never have aided your escape from jail. I think the lesson you have had is one you can never forget; and I prophecy that Thomas Vallance may yet assume that position in society which good conduct and perseverance ever secure."

Tom heard this eulogium, qualified as it was, with great delight. "Try me! O try me, my best friend!—give me an opportunity of evincing, by the propriety of my conduct how much I feel your benevolence. To please you shall be the study of my future life."

"Well, Tom, you shall have a trial; but you must leave me, and cross the seas. It is not safe for either of us that you remain here.

Tom's countenance fell. 'And must I leave *you*—the only being in the world, save my mother, whom I love; but your commands are to me as laws, and they shall be obeyed."

'Well, then—the family with which I am connected have large possessions in Antigua, and there is a wealthy mercantile establishment over which I have no inconsiderable control—so much so, that any recommendation from me or mine will meet with immediate attention. I shall place you there as a clerk; and if you discharge the duties of the office satisfactorily, means shall be afforded of advancing you: in one word, everything shall be made to depend upon your good behaviour. Preparations have already been making for your departure, and I have procured from the senior partner of Mortlake, Tresham, & Co., an order for your appointment, with a letter of recommendation to Mr Tresham, the resident partner, whose good graces I sincerely wish you may acquire."

"Mortlake!—is he a relation of yours?"

"Yes! but you must ask no questions—seek to know nothing beyond what I choose to disclose. You must renounce your name. You will therefore, in future, be known as Thomas Mortlake, the son of a distant relation of mine. Such is the legend that must be circulated. Now, write to your mother. Would to heavens! I could permit an interview, but that cannot be. Give me the letter, sealed if you choose, as I have a particular mode of transmitting it to her; and I wish it to appear, as the former one did, that it came from Liverpool. Be cautious and guarded in what you communicate, but mention that, in future, she shall have such an allowance as will make her easy for life. Now, farewell for a few hours, and be sure to have your letter ready when I return."

Tom was left to his own reflections. The letter to Mrs Vallance was written; and, by the time that Mortlake returned, Tom was sufficiently composed to veil his feelings, and meet him as of old.

"Everything is arranged," said Mortlake; "in a few days you sail from the Thames by the brig Tresham. You will have every accommodation afforded that a gentleman can require: a suitable wardrobe is preparing: in short, my dear young friend, you shall appear to these West Indians as their equal, and in such guise as suits the proud

name of Mortlake. One thing more, and I have done. The present Baronet of Vavasour has, through his mother, property in Antigua, and is distantly related to the elder partner of the firm. You will, therefore, seem as if you knew him not; and, even in regard to myself, I wish little or nothing said. That curiosity will be excited, I doubt not, but I leave you to baffle it.

Time passed with unusual rapidity—so, at least, Mr Thomas Mortlake opined; and the day of his departure having at length arrived, he was not a little startled when his friend made a very early appearance, accompanied by a young lady. Advancing towards him, she said—"Mr Mortlake! I am happy to have had this opportunity of seeing you previous to your departure, and of personally wishing you every success in the calling in which you are about to engage. Your friend has no secrets from me, and I am acquainted with every particular of your singular history."

"Yes!" exclaimed his protector; "I conceal nothing from this lady, and she feels as much interest in you as I do myself. We propose to accompany you to the ship."

Tom felt somewhat confused by this unexpected introduction; but that natural sense of propriety which is inherent in some minds, and which others vainly endeavour to obtain, enabled him to acquit himself in a manner that gave equal satisfaction to both visitors. The party then proceeded to the vessel, where Mortlake and the lady satisfied themselves that due provision had been made for the accommodation of their protegée.

"Mr Mortlake!" said the lady at parting, "I have used the freedom of an old friend, and placed in your cabin a small collection of books, which, I have no doubt, will materially help to deprive your voyage of half its tedium; and, when you arrive at the place of your destination, if you could devote any leisure hours to their study, be assured the benefit will be incalculable."

"Believe me," he answered, "my kind patrons, whatever may be my fate, I never can forget the wondrous acts of kindness that have been lavished on me. If an anxious desire to discharge the duties of my office—if a determination to surmount difficulties, coupled with a firm resolution to act fairly and honourably by my neighbours—can be taken as an earnest of my anxiety to please, on this you may rely; and, if my exertions be crowned with success, the pleasure will be doubled when I remember it is all owing to you."

"Tom," said Mr Mortlake, "you are eloquent; but time flies, and we must part."

"I have but one request more—no doubt it is needless. Be kind! O be kind to my poor mother!"

"On that," replied the lady, "you may depend. And now, farewell!"

Tom took her hand, and pressed it respectfully to his lips; then, turning to his friend, tried to give utterance to "farewell!" The word would not pass his lips; forgetting all difference of rank, he threw his arms around Mortlake's neck, and wept. In a moment, as if ashamed of his freedom, or want of manliness, he hastily withdrew from his embrace.

Mortlake was moved. He pressed the lad affectionately to his breast—"God bless you, my dear fellow; in me you have ever a steady friend. And now, farewell!"

They separated; and years elapsed ere Mortlake and his friend again met.

* * * * *

Young Mortlake—for so he must in future be termed—suffered the usual inconveniences of a sea-voyage; and, if ever his boyish inclination, influenced by a perusal of the fascinating fiction of "Robinson Crusoe," had given him a fancy for the pleasures of a seafaring life, they yielded speedily to the irresistible effects of sea-sickness.

The vessel reached the island in about six weeks, and Tom presented his credentials to Mr Tresham, from whom he met a favourable reception. He had an apartment assigned to him in the house, and was treated as one of the family. To the duties of the counting-house, irksome in the outset, he became soon reconciled. His anxiety to please was not overlooked by his master, who, finding him able and apt, gradually raised both his rank and his salary. Before five years had elapsed, he was head clerk in the establishment. Favourites are not much liked; but Tom bore his honours so meekly, and was so obliging, without being obsequious, that his rise neither excited envy nor surprise—indeed, it was looked upon as a matter of course; and the astonishment would have been, not that he had risen, but that he had *not* risen in the establishment.

When he first arrived, he was pestered with questions as to birth, parentage, and education. These ordinary, but impertinent queries, he parried with equal good humour and tact. All that could be extracted from him was, that he was protected by Mr Mortlake, and that that was his own name. Mr Tresham, however, put no questions. Sir Edward Vavasour was rarely mentioned. Little was known of him, excepting that several thousands a-year were annually remitted to England as the produce of his estates. Latterly, Tom observed that these returns were made to account of Lord Mortlake. This puzzled him; and, upon a question to Tresham being hazarded he coldly answered—

"The possessions of Sir Edward Vavasour belong now to Lord Mortlake; but remember the request of your benefactor—to ask no questions."

Other matters of more importance now occupied our hero's mind, and he gave himself no farther thoughts on the subject. The first fruits of his labour were piously remitted to his mother, through his English correspondent. From her he (through the same channel) learned that Sir Edward Vavasour had given her a nice little cottage and garden, on the Vavasour estate, in England, rent-free, and that she had sold off everything in Merton, as the recollections there were unpleasant—the reason assigned being her former services, as housekeeper, in the family. No attempt had been made by him to elicit a confession of her son's residence. She farther stated, that she regularly received twenty pounds every half-year from some unknown person; and that she was, therefore, as happy as she could be in the absence of her son.

The letters from his patron were warm and affectionate. Some little presents Tom had ventured to make; and a few of those lovely tropical shells, transmitted to the unknown young lady, were cordially accepted, not so much for their value as for the indications they afforded of the unabated regard of the giver. Tom devoted a certain portion of each day to study. His early education had been, so far as it went, good; and he was enabled, by severe application, to master the Roman authors, and enjoy their beauties.

The death of his mother, during the fourth year of his residence in the tropics, was a heavy blow to him. He had lived in hopes of coming back to Britain with a fortune sufficient to support her in affluence; but his pious intention was frustrated. One consolation he had, that the kind lady who, with his patron, took such an especial interest in his affairs, had watched over her dying moments, and afforded her every comfort.

In the tenth year of his sojourn, a great revolution in his fortunes took place. One morning, Mr Tresham called him into his private room.

"Mortlake," said he, "you have been now ten years in our service; and, during that time, I have never had cause to find the slightest fault with you. The demise of the senior partner compels me to visit England. Your patron has written me urgently to admit you as a partner: now, although his recommendation must have

weight with me, I can assure you that I need no solicitation to do an act of justice. I rejoice by adding your name to the firm, to shew you how much I esteem you, and what unbounded confidence I have in you."

Tom justly felt gratified by this communication. He was grateful for the never-slumbering care of his English patron, and equally so for the personal regard of Tresham, who, having thus removed a considerable portion of the burdens of commerce upon his younger partner, left the island, and safely arrived in London, where, for several months, he was engaged in adjusting the company's accounts, and effecting a settlement with the representatives of the deceased. The business, meanwhile, went on under the name of Tresham, Mortlake, & Co., and was managed with as much prudence and profit by the junior partner as it had previously been by the senior one.

Tresham having realized a fortune, at the age of fifty resolved to return to England to enjoy it. Upon this occasion, his nephew, who had come out some time after Tom, became a partner; and, just twenty years from the period of his advent, did Thomas Mortlake, Esq., resolve, at the age of thirty-six, to return to his native land, leaving the affairs of the company to be exclusively managed by young Tresham, who was fully adequate to the task.

He embarked in a vessel of the company's; and having had a fair wind, in a few weeks beheld the chalky cliffs of Old Albion. He found his patron and Tresham awaiting his landing, and a carriage ready to bear him away. The meeting was cordial. Twenty years had not affected his patron much. He was about forty-five years of age, but looked perhaps a little younger. There was a dignity about his manner which Tom had never previously remarked; but there was no lack of kindness; on the contrary, it was obvious at a glance that his return was most acceptable to his friend. Nor was Tresham less friendly.

As Tom stepped into the carriage, he was thunderstruck to observe a coat of arms on the pannels, with a *baron's* coronet.

"Bless me, Mr Tresham, have you been raised to the Peerage?"

Tresham smilingly replied—

"Not yet. We don't know, however, what may happen. Irish peerages may be had cheap. The carriage is not mine: it belongs to one of our best customers, Lord Mortlake."

"Bless me!—how kind in his lordship!" was the rejoinder. "Is he, sir, a friend of yours?" turning to his patron.

"I think," was the answer, "I should know him better than most people; but come, tell me how affairs are going on in Antigua."

A desultory conversation followed, which lasted nearly the whole period of their journey. At last the vehicle approached a magnificent baronial seat, through a long avenue of lime trees, then in full blossom.

"Here we are!" said the older Mortlake. Upon leaving the carriage, Tom and his companions entered a spacious hall of the olden time, the proprieties of which had been carefully preserved, and which was pretty much in the same state as it had been during the reign of Elizabeth. Taking Tom by the hand, his friend welcomed him to his family residence, and told him that a lady up stairs—an old friend of his—was waiting to receive him. "But," added he, "you will perhaps require to go to your apartments."

Tom having put himself to rights, was led by Mortlake to the drawing-room, where he beheld his mysterious female visitant and a young lady of about nineteen, who, from her resemblance, it was not difficult to discover was the daughter of his host. Two fine-looking aristocratic lads, the one aged perhaps sixteen, and the other nearly eighteen were standing beside their sister, chatting and laughing with Mr Tresham.

The lady rose to receive her guest, when Tresham interposing, exclaimed:—

"Allow me—Lady Mortlake, Mr Mortlake; Mr Mortlake, Lady Mortlake."

Tom was confused, certainly; but his good manners did not forsake him, and he expressed his gratification at again beholding the lady, in appropriate and feeling terms.

"Mr Mortlake," said she, "I am happy—very happy—to receive you at Vavasour, which, I trust, you will consider as your home." Turning to her daughter—"Emily, my love, this is Mr Mortlake, whom you have heard your father and myself talk of so frequently." He was next introduced to the sons, by whom he was received with equal kindness. His patron then took Tom aside.

"The mystery," said he, "will soon be explained; in me you behold Lord Mortlake; but, on that account, not less your sincere friend. No one, not even Tresham, but believes you to be a relation of the family, except Lady Mortlake and myself; so, be collected, and assume a character which, some day or other, I confidently hope may be yours legally."

The latter words sounded strangely in our hero's ears; but this was a day of wonders, and when they were to end he could not conjecture.

"Sir Edward Vavasour?" he whispered.

"Is no more!" was the reply.

A week passed happily, and Mortlake, in the society he esteemed and respected, was superlatively blessed. One morning after breakfast, Lord Mortlake took him into the library; and, locking the door, bade him be seated.

"Mortlake," said his lordship, "the time for explanation is at hand; it ought not any longer to be delayed: but, before disclosing much that may astonish you, be assured that I make the disclosure without seeking any pledge of secrecy from you. I shall leave it entirely to yourself, when you have heard all, to take what course you may judge expedient."

"My lord! do not think so meanly of the creature of your bounty as to suppose that, whatever may be the nature of your communication, I shall ever use it to your prejudice."

"Make no rash promises, Mr Mortlake. Hear me, and decide. I told you Sir Edward Vavasour was no more; and yet he is only so in one sense—his title is merged in a higher one: he is now Lord Mortlake!"

"Gracious Providence! Sir Edward Vavasour Lord Mortlake? Can it be possible?"

"It *is* possible; Lord Mortlake is before you. But hear me out. You are probably aware that the late Sir Thomas Vavasour had a younger brother, Richard; and it has perhaps come to your knowledge that he was married to Miss Mortlake, a lady of birth and fortune, the daughter of an extensive proprietor in Antigua. Mrs Vavousar was a Creole by birth, and a woman of violent passions. Her husband led a very unenviable life—but let me pass that over. Of that marriage I was the sole offspring, and was named heir by my grandfather to his large estates, after the demise of my parents. This equitable arrangement of his property created a prejudice in my mother's mind against me, as she could not brook the idea of being interfered with in the use of that which she thought she was entitled to enjoy without control. When my father died, I was placed under the superintendence of my uncle, Sir Thomas, who, himself a proud and passionate man, had a great contempt for his equally-proud and passionate sister-in-law; hence a new seed of enmity was sown.

"My mother wished to make a fine gentleman of me: my uncle detested the whole tribe of 'puppies, and de-

termined to make a man of me. He carefully provided for my education; and, at the proper time, placed me in the temple, where I studied jurisprudence, for a few years, with considerable success. The heir of a large estate, my uncle never wished me to do more than acquire habits of industry and application. My mother did all she could to unsettle me—but in vain. I had a will of my own, and was by no means disposed to become her vassal.

"She was descended, through the intermarriage of one of the Mortlakes with a co-heiress, of the ancient Barons de Mortuo, or Malo Lacu, who figured during the reign of the Edwards. This Mortlake was heir-male of the last Baron de Malo Lacu; but his stock had come off before the family were ennobled. Now, Mrs Vavasour had a very intense desire to become Baroness de Malo Lacu, or Mortlake; and, as she had a legal claim, as the undoubted representative of a co-heiress, it required political influence only to accomplish her object. My uncle could have effected this; but he gave the most decided opposition. He had no idea that the Vavasour name should be entombed, even in the sepulchre of the peerage. In his estimation, the Vavasours, who had fought with Cœur de Lion in the Holy Land, who had perished by dozens in the wars of the roses, who had bled with Richmond at Bosworth, and who had taken up arms against the omnipotent Cromwell, were worth all the Mortlakes that ever breathed.

"For this opposition, my uncle was never forgiven by Mrs Vavasour. She vowed vengeance, and she kept her vow. She presented a petition to the King, which was referred to the Peers; and, after incurring enormous expense in proving her pedigree, she succeeded in obtaining a decision finding the barony in abeyance amongst the co-heirs of the last Lord Mortlake, and that she was the representative of the eldest co-heir. Thus far she got, but not one step farther. The desired writ of summons was withheld. Meanwhile, she got entangled in pecuniary difficulties. In this situation, she, to my surprise, applied to Sir Thomas for a loan. The result of this application may be anticipated; for, while refusing her request, my uncle took the opportunity of reading her a severe lecture upon her extravagance and ambition. She was in a towering rage upon receipt of his answer; but, as I was of age, I thought it my duty, especially as the Peerage proceedings were to my ultimate advantage, to raise a sum of money upon my eventual interest, by which means her debts were paid off. The consequence of this was that, whilst I propitiated my mother on the one hand, I offended my uncle on the other.

"I was at this time in love with the present Lady Mortlake. She was well connected, had fortune, and was sufficiently accomplished; but she did not come within my mother's list of advantageous wives. She was neither fashionable, nor cared about fashion; and could not disguise her contempt of idle and silly women of quality. My mother placed her interdict upon my nuptials. I remonstrated, but to no purpose; and, although under no obligation to consult my relatives, I wished at least to have the countenance of Sir Thomas, and I took the bold step of writing to him. To my gratification and surprise, I received a gracious answer; and, I presume, my mother's opposition was itself, in the estimation of my uncle, a sufficient recommendation. Acting upon his consent and approbation, I married; but the result was fatal to Mrs Vavasour, who, upon learning what had taken place, got into one of her tremendous passions, and burst a bloodvessel. After lingering a few weeks, she died, leaving behind her a letter, which was fated to be the cause of both our troubles. A few days after its transmission, I received an epistle from him, which, from its incoherency, indicated, as I supposed, positive insanity. I resolved to lose no time in visiting him; but, as I wished my intended journey to be kept quiet, I gave out that I was merely going to Liverpool for a few days, where my wife had some relations. I arrived at Jedburgh; and, as Merton was not far off, I resolved to walk there; and I calculated that I should arrive about the time that my uncle was taking his evening *siesta*. Leaving my portmanteau at the inn, I proceeded on my way; and, as I was familiar with every inch of ground, took a by-path, which led into the policy, and which terminated in a door that opened into the garden. This door was kept open until the gardeners left their work, when it was locked for the night. I passed through, towards the stairs which descended from the terrace into the garden; and, in a few minutes, found myself in the presence of Sir Thomas.

"My uncle was not a little startled at my unexpected appearance. He had apparently partaken freely of wine—at least, was in a state of excitement.

"'By what right do you come here?' was the first inquiry.

"'Why, my dear uncle, I was surprised at your late letter, and came personally to ascertain what you meant.'

"'Mean! and do you pretend, sir, to be ignorant of my meaning?'

"'Indeed, uncle, I am.'

"'Uncle—don't uncle me, sir—I am no uncle of yours.'

"I now thought his insanity undoubted.

"'Be composed, my dear sir,' I rejoined; 'do you not know Edward Vavasour, your attached nephew?'

"He rose—his eyes had a peculiar expression—one I had never witnessed before: naturally of a dark-gray, they seemed to take the hue of a fiery red, and they glared fearfully.

"'The house of Vavasour is doomed—its last hour has come;' and, saying these words, he drew from his pocket book a letter, which he threw towards me. I seized it; and judge of my horror when I perceived this paper."

Lord Mortlake then took from his escritoire the following letter:—

"Sir Thomas,—You have had your triumph—my triumph comes now—the despised Mortlake rejoices in the extinction of the proud Vavasour. Know, haughty man, Edward is not the son of your brother!"

"It is not possible to describe my feelings, Tom, at this instant—my head turned round. That the statement was false, I doubted not; for I knew better than Sir Thomas the deep feeling of hatred my mother could entertain, and did entertain against us both.

"'Uncle, this letter is the legacy of an enemy—allow me to retain it, and I will bring positive evidence to disprove the assertion it contains.'

"My uncle was too much excited to listen to me. In a hoarse and angry voice, he muttered—

"'Give me the letter, you villain!'

"I endeavoured to pacify him, but without success; when, suddenly rising, he seized a knife, and, rushing forward, made a thrust at me with it. I avoided the blow, and retreated. He, incautiously advancing, lost his footing, and fell with the knife underneath. I hastily stepped forward to raise him, but had not strength to do so; for, by one of those strange and unaccountable accidents, which not unfrequently give the air of romance to real life, the point of the knife had been turned towards his body, and, passing between his ribs, had pierced his heart. He died in an instant. I endeavoured again to raise the body, but in vain. I drew out the knife, and blood then came with it. To describe my situation at this terrible moment is impossible: my uncle dead at my feet—no one to witness how the accident happened—I might be dragged as a felon to trial for his supposed murder. My grief for his unhappy

end was soon absorbed in fears for my own safety—for, here was I, the apparent heir, discovered with the man to whom I was to succeed, a bleeding corpse beside me; then the quarrel between us—the stigma thrown upon me by my vindictive parent, which, for aught I knew, Sir Thomas might have bruited abroad—all this made me tremble. Even if acquitted, still the suspicious circumstances of the case would be greedily seized upon by the public, which never judges favourably, and a stain would have been cast upon the family name, never to be effaced. My uncle was past all human assistance, and my remaining could not aid him. I therefore fled, unobserved by any one; and barely three hours had elapsed, from my leaving the inn, until I was again its inmate. At a late hour I heard a noise of voices, which accorded ill with my morbid state of feeling. I rang to know the cause; and the answer to my inquiry was, the announcement that a dreadful murder had been committed upon Sir Thomas Vavasour, and that you, Tom, had been taken into custody, under such circumstances as warranted the strongest presumptions of your guilt.

"My astonishment could only be equalled by the horror I felt at having caused an innocent fellow-creature to be placed in hazard of his life. However, I was sufficiently collected; and, having learned that you could not be brought to trial for some time, I left the place with the firm resolution that, be the consequences what they might, not one hair of your head should be injured.

"I had no secrets from my wife, and to her I disclosed everything. After some deliberation, we agreed that it was best, if possible, to procure your escape from the prison; as, if that could be accomplished, there would be no necessity for any disclosures to gratify the inquisitive and malicious. I resolved to act by myself, without the assistance of any one. My first view was to prevent any interference with yourself by any of the country agents; and I managed to create an impression that it would be highly offensive to me if they took up your cause. Thus you were deprived of legal advice, which, after all, was no very great loss. I should have regretted your imprisonment, had I not been informed that you were a *mauvais sujet*, and that the restraint would do you no harm, as it might induce you to reflect.

"With my wife's assistance, I procured a female dress, bonnet, and cloak. I also bought a file, a rope-ladder, and some aquafortis, as I thought it would be no very difficult matter to help you out of an old Scotch county jail. Lady Mortlake had an uncle resident a mile or two from Liverpool. This fact presented an ostensible object for a trip, and we set off together. I left her with her relative; and, crossing the country, I got to Jedburgh in good time. I was quite unknown, as, prior to my last eventful visit, many years had passed by since I had been in the county of Roxburgh. I gave myself out to be an Edinburgh writer, which was believed.

I thus got free access to you, and the result I need not repeat. The gig I bought for the purpose as well as the horse. I had them in readiness at a village at some distance, having given the landlord of the inn to believe that it was merely an ordinary case of elopement. In order to mystify the folks of Jedburgh, your letter was enclosed under cover to my wife, who herself drove to the post-office, and put it in the box, in this way destroying every possibility of detection. At Wooler I made you pass as my wife—because, as I was well-known in England, ugly rumours might have got into circulation, had I been seen with a young and buxom female; but, as it was known I was travelling with my wife, even had we been seen my steps to London; and I got there almost as soon as the letter announcing the death of Sir Thomas arrived. It did not suit me to appear in Scotland as chief mourner; and I, therefore, ordered the body to be transmitted to England. Our travels made me intimately acquaintec with you, and I found you had talent, tolerable acquirements, and an affectionate heart; and I was determined to aid you if you would be but true to yourself. Your vices were the result of idleness, and the foolish indulgence of a fond mother. Do not think me harsh when I say so; but, Tom, had you not been removed from her you would have been lost. Oh! what have parents to answer for, by allowing their children to take their own way. From my connection with Antigua, I had no difficulty in providing for you. My cousin, Mr Edward Mortlake, managed my East India estates—a source of revenue to the company of which he was senior partner. I had merely to signify my wishes to place a young friend in his counting-house, and it was granted. Neither he nor Tresham knew your real history—they both thought you some offshoot of the Mortlakes. The latter was expressly desired to conceal my name, and to avoid notice of the Vavasour family as much as possible. And he kept the secret well. My accession to the Vavasour estates, brought without any trouble that which my misguided mother so much coveted; for, as my political support was not to be despised, ministers induced the King to terminate the abeyance, and I received my summons as Baron Mortlake. The story imposed upon my poor uncle by Mrs Vavasour was, as I was from the first assured, a malicious fiction of her own; for, luckily, I was able to trace out the whole circumstances connected with my birth; and the testimony of the nurse and medical man, which I obtained in a quiet way, were perfectly conclusive. Indeed, legally my mother's declaration availed nothing; but I was anxious, morally, to satisfy myself as far as I could, that I was the son of her marriage with Mr Richard Vavasour. I have now told you all. As I was the accidental cause of your perilous situation and loss of character, it was but common justice to assist you as far as lay in my power. You have raised yourself to respectability and affluence, partly by my recommendation, but principally by your own exertions. You owe me, therefore, nothing; and, on the contrary, I am still considerably your debtor. If, after reflection, you think a disclosure necessary to clear the reputation of Tom Vallance, you have my full permission to make it."

"Never, my dear lord, or, if you will allow me to term you, my dear friend, shall I make the slightest use of your confidence. You have, from a worthless and idle vagabond, metamorphosed me into a reputable and honest man. Tom Vallance has ceased to exist; but the heart of Tom Mortlake is too deeply attached to his benefactor, ever to do anything that could cause him the slightest pain."

"You are a noble fellow, Tom, and well deserve your fortune."

Several months after this conversation, the public journals announced that "Thomas Mortlake, Esq., of the firm of Tresham, Mortlake & Tresham, was married, by special license, at Vavasour, to Emily, eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Edward Lord Mortlake." If an accomplished and sweet-tempered wife, a fine family, an attached friend, good health, and a competent fortune, could make any one happy, then Tom Mortlake was superlatively blessed.

WILSON'S
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AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

I HAD been preserved, through divine mercy, from one of the most lingering and fearful deaths. I was rescued, I scarce knew how, after the grim king of terror held me in his embrace, and all hope had fled. As consciousness returned, my heart thrilled at the recollection of the miseries I had endured while floating, a helpless being, on the bosom of the ocean.* I shuddered to think, while I lay feeble as an infant in the cabin of the vessel which was bearing me to my home, and whose humane crew had been the means of my deliverance, that I was still at the mercy of the winds and waves; but kind nursing, aided by youth and a good constitution, quickly brought strength; and I was enabled, after a few days, to come upon deck. On my first attempt, when my head rose above the deck as I ascended the companion-ladder, and my eyes fell upon the boundless waste of waters, a chill of horror shot through my frame. Like a lone traveller who had suddenly met a lion in his path, I stood paralyzed; every nerve and muscle refused to act. I must have fallen back into the cabin, had not my hand instinctively clung to their hold for a few seconds. I could not withdraw my fixed gaze, while all I had suffered rushed upon me like a hideous dream. Slowly my faculties returned, when I ascended the deck, where I sat for a few hours. Each day after this brought additional strength; so that, before we made soundings, I was as strong and cheerful as I had ever been in my life. The weather was squally, and I assisted the crew as much as in my power; and, when not so occupied, lay listlessly looking over the ship's bows that bravely dashed aside the waves that rolled between me and the home I now longed to reach, or walked the deck musing upon the joy my return would impart to my over-indulgent parents.

As we neared the shores of Scotland, a circumstance occurred that both greatly surprised and alarmed me. This was a sudden change in the manners and temper of the crew. Care and anxiety took the place of their wonted cheerfulness; the joyous laugh, or snatch of song, no longer broke the monotonous hissing of the waves that rippled along the sides of the vessel, or the dull whistle of the wind through the rigging. At the first appearance of every sail that hove in sight, I could perceive every eye turned to it with a look of alarm until she was made out. Fearful of giving offence to my benefactors, I made no remark on the subject for some time, although I felt disappointed at what I saw—attributing it to cowardice; yet they were all stout, young, resolute looking fellows at other times. This scene of alarm, and appearance of a wish to skulk below or conceal themselves, had occurred twice in the course of the forenoon. After the last ship we encountered was made out to be a merchant-brig, I could no longer refrain from delivering my sentiments of the greater number of the crew, but, addressing the mate, said—

"Mr Ross, it is fortunate for us that these strange sails have turned out to be British merchantmen. Had they proved to be French privateers, we should have made but a poor stand, I fear, notwithstanding our eight carronades."

"What makes you think so?" said he.

"Why, there is not a vessel that heaves in sight," said I, "but the men look as if they wished themselves anywhere but where they are."

"Avast there, my man!" said he. "What! do you mean to say that they would not stand by their guns while there was a chance? Yes, they would, and long after; and, if you think otherwise, all I say is, you form opinions and talk of what you know nothing about."

Casting an angry look at me—the only one he ever gave—he squirted his quid over the bulwarks, and was walking away, when I stopped him.

"If I have given you offence, Mr Ross, nothing was farther from my intention. I cannot but observe the alarm caused by every sail that heaves in sight until she is made out to be a friend. Now, the little time I was at sea, before I fell overboard and was saved by you, every sail that hove in sight made the hearts of all on board leap for joy."

"Ho! ho!" and he laughed aloud. "Are you on that tack, my messmate? You are quite out in your reckoning, and becalmed in a fog; but I shall soon blow it away. There is not a man on board with whom I would not go into action with the fullest reliance upon his courage; and, were we to meet a French privateer, you would quickly see such a change as would satisfy you that my confidence is not misplaced. Every face, that the moment before expressed anxiety and alarm, would brighten up with joy; every man would stand to his gun as cheerfully as to the helm. It is their liberty the poor fellows are afraid of being deprived of by our own men-of-war—the liberty to toil for their parents or wives where they can get better wages than the Government allows. Danger, in any form they meet undaunted when duty calls; it is for their countrymen they quail. Were the smallest sloop-of-war in the British navy to heave in sight, and a boat put off from her with a boy of a midshipman and eight or ten men, every one on board, who had not a protection, would shake in his shoes at her approach; yet, against an enemy, every man would stand to his gun until his ship was blown out of the water."

A new and painful feeling came over me as he spoke. I was myself an entered seaman, and, of course, liable to impressment; but the idea of being taken had never occurred to me. I wondered that it had not, after the scenes I had witnessed in the frigate; but my longing for home had entirely engrossed my mind. I was, indeed, home-sick, and weary of the sea. From this moment, no one on board felt more alarm than I did at the sight of a top-royal rising out of the distant waters. My feelings were near akin to those of a felon in concealment.

At length we reached the Murray Frith, in the evening, and arrangements were made for as many of the crew as could be spared to be landed at Cromarty, where the vessel was to put in. This was to avoid the danger of impressment in the Frith of Forth. I gave the captain an order upon my father for my passage, and the expense he had been at on my account, as I was to leave with the

* See No. 261.

others in the boat, as soon as we were off the town, which we hoped to reach in the morning. My anxiety was so great that I had kept the deck since nightfall. It was intensely dark; nothing broke the gloom but the flashes of light that gleamed for a moment upon the waves, as they rippled along the sides of the vessel, and the dull rays of the binnacle-lamp before the man at the helm. Bell after bell was struck, still I stood at the bows, leaning upon the bowsprit, unmindful of the chill wind from under the fore-sail, anxiously watching for the first tints of dawn. Tediously as the night wore on, I thought, when morning dawned, it had fled far too fast.

The dark clouds began at length to melt away in the east, and the distant mountain-tops to rise like gray clouds above the darkness that still hid the shores from our view. Gradually the whole face of nature began to emerge from the morning mists. We were just off the Sutors of Cromarty. My heart leaped for joy at the near prospect of being once more on firm ground, and so near home. Several of the crew had now joined me, and all eyes were directed to the entrance of the bay. Only a few minutes had elapsed in this pleasing hope—for it was still dullish on the horizon—when the report of a gun from seaward of us, so near that I thought it was alongside, made us start and look round. Each of us seemed as if we had been turned into stone by the alarming sound; while, so sudden was the revulsion of feeling, in my own case, that my heart almost ceased to beat. There, not half-a-league to windward of us, lay a frigate, with her sails shaking in the wind, and a boat, well-manned, with an officer in her stern, putting off from her.

So completely were we overcome by the sudden appearance of this dreaded object, which seemed to emerge from darkness, as the sun's first rays fell upon and whitened her sails, that we stood incapable of thought or action. The well-manned barge was carried, by the faint breeze and impetus of her oars, almost as swift as a gull on the wing. The report of the gun brought the captain and mate upon deck before we had recovered from our stupor.

"Bear a hand, men!" cried Ross, as he sprung upon deck. "Man the tacklefalls! clear the boat! and give them a run for it at least."

Roused by his voice, every nerve was strained, the boat lowered, and we in her, ready to push off, when the captain called over the side—

"My lads, do as you think for the best; but it is of no use to try. The frigate's boat will be under our stern ere you can gain way."

I stood in the act of pushing off, when the object we were going to strain every nerve to avoid swept round the stern, and grappled us. We hopelessly threw our oars upon the thwarts, and prepared to reascend the vessel, to settle with the captain, and bring away our chests. As for myself, I had no call to leave the boat. All I possessed in the world was upon my person, and half-a-guinea given me by the captain to carry me home. The other three were getting their bags and chests ready to lower into the boat, having got their wages from the captain, when he called me to come on deck. I obeyed; when he said to the midshipman in command of the boat—

"Sir, to prevent any unpleasant consequences arising to this poor fellow, Elder, here, I shall let you know how he came on board of us. He belonged to the *Latona*, and is no deserter, I assure you. Ross, bring here our log-book, and satisfy the gentleman if he wishes. Ross obeyed; and having examined it, the captain told the wretched state in which I had been picked up, and the way in which I had accounted to him for the accident. During the recital, he looked hard at me, no muscle of his face indicating either pity or surprise. When the captain ceased to speak, he only said—

"Well, my lad, you have for once had a narrow escape—you must hold better on in future. I shall report to the captain, and get the D from before your name. Tumble into the boat, my lads. Good day, captain." And, in a few minutes afterwards, I was on board the *Edgar*, seventy-four, and standing westwards for the Frith of Forth.

It was strange the change that came over the impressed men, when there was no longer any hope of escape. Like true seamen, they bent to the circumstance they could not remedy, and were, as soon as they got on board, as much at home, and more cheerful, than they had been for many days before. As for myself, I took it much to heart, and was very melancholy when we entered the Frith and stood up to the roadstead. I could hardly restrain my feelings when the city of Edinburgh came in sight, and when I thought of the short distance in miles that divided me from my parents and home—that home I had left so foolishly in the hopes of being back at the conclusion of the war, which I now found was raging more furiously, if possible, than when I left, and with much less prospect of its termination. I would stand for hours gazing upon the White Craig, the eastern extremity of the Pentland Hills, and wish I was upon it, until my eyes became suffused with tears. I begged hard for the first lieutenant to give me leave to go on shore, if only for eight-and-forty hours, to visit my parents; but he refused my request, fearful of my not returning. Several of the hands on board, natives of Edinburgh, who had been long in the *Edgar*, obtained leave. With one of them I sent a letter to my father, who came the following day. It was a meeting of sorrow, not unmixed with upbraidings, on his part, for what I had done; but we parted with regret—he to do what he could to obtain my discharge, I under promise not to act so precipitately in future, if I was once more a free agent. What steps were taken I know not, for next morning we received orders to sail for the Nore. We had many faces on board that looked as long as my own, for there were still several who had obtained promise of leave whose turn had not come round. Wallace, one of the mess I was in, had not been in his native city for ten years, having been all that time voluntarily on board of men-of-war, either at home or on foreign stations. He was to have had two days' leave the very morning we sailed, and had doomed ten gold guineas, which he had long kept for such purpose, to be expended in a blow-out in Edinburgh, among his relations and friends. When the boatswain piped to weigh anchor, Wallace, who was captain of the fore-top, ran to his berth, opened his chest, took out his long-hoarded store, and came on deck with it in his hand. His looks bespoke rage and disappointment, bordering upon insanity. He gazed upon the distant city that shone upon the gently swelling hills glancing back the sun's rays, then at the purse of gold in his hand. He seemed incapable of speech. A bitter smile curled his lip, bespeaking the most intense scorn. I looked on, wondering what he meant to do. It was but the scene of a minute. Suddenly raising his hand, he threw the purse and gold over the side with all his force, exclaiming:—"Go, vile trash! what use have I for you now? The first action may lay me low!" Then, as if relieved from some oppressive load, he mounted the rattlings to his duty with a smile of satisfaction; and we bore away for the Nore, where I was draughted on board the *Repulse*, sixty-four, and departed upon a cruise along the coast of Brittany; at times lying off Brest harbour, and at others, standing along the coast in search of the enemy. Employed in this monotonous duty, month followed month, and year after year passed away.

It was now the year 1799. The century was drawing to a close; but the interminable war seemed only commencing. I had become almost callous to my fate. We were standing along, under a steady breeze, as close in

shore as we could with safety to the vessel. It was the Dog-watch; and I had only been a short time turned in when our good ship struck upon some sunken rocks with such force that I thought she had gone to pieces. Every one in a moment turned out. The night was as dark as pitch, and the sea breaking over us, while we lay hard and fast. Everything was done to lighten her in vain. She was making water very fast, in spite of all our exertions at the pumps. Still there was not the smallest confusion on board. Our discipline was as strict, and our officers as promptly obeyed, as they were before our accident. As the tide rose, the wind shifted, and blew a gale right upon the shore, causing the ship to beat violently. Day at length dawned, and there, not one hundred fathoms from our deck, lay a rocky and desolate-looking shore. We had been forced over a reef of sunken rocks that were not in our charts; and, during the darkness, as was supposed, had been carried in-shore by some current; but, however it had happened, there we were, in a serious scrape, the sea breaking over our decks, and our hold full of water.

Soon after daybreak we could perceive the peasantry crowding down to the water's edge. Everything had been done that skill and resolution could accomplish, to save the vessel, but in vain. We had nothing before our eyes but instant death. The sea ran so high that no boat could live for a moment in the broken water between us and the shore. The French peasantry were making no effort for our safety, but running about and looking on our deplorable situation, with apparently no other feeling than that of curiosity. At this time, James Paterson, an Edinburgh lad, volunteered to make the attempt to swim to the shore with a log-line, and fearlessly let himself over the side. It was, to all appearance, a hopeless attempt; for every one felt assured that he would be beat to death against the rocks that lined the beach, on which the waves were breaking with great fury.

It was a period of fearful suspense; yet, dreadful as our situation was, there was not the least unnecessary noise on board. All was prompt attention and obedience. The weather was extremely cold, and the sea, at times, making a complete breach over the ship, which we expected every moment to go to pieces. As for myself, I meant to stow below and perish with her, rather than to float about, bruised and maimed, and drown at last. One half of the crew were only dressed in their shirts and trousers without shoes or stockings, as they had leaped from their hammocks. When she struck we had no leisure to put on more than our trousers. Thus we stood, holding on by the nettings, or anything we could lay hold of, to prevent our being washed off the decks, with our eyes anxiously watching the progress of the brave Paterson, who swam like an otter, the boatswain and his mates serving out the line to him. We saw him near the rocks, and the people making signs to him. This was the point of greatest danger, but, by the aid of the peasants, he surmounted it.

Those on the beach gave a shout, which we replied to from the deck. A hawser was made fast to the line, and secured on shore. It was not until now that we began to hope; and with this hope arose an anxiety on the part of every one to save what they could. I strove to reach my chest, in which were a pair of new shoes and five guineas, but my efforts, like those of the others, were vain; our under decks were flooded several inches, and everything was loose and knocking about in the most furious manner, from the rolling and pitching of the vessel upon the rocks, so that I was but too happy to reach the decks without being crushed to death. All I regretted was my shoes; the money I cared not for, and do not think I would have taken it, as we expected to be plundered as soon as we got to the beach.

After a great deal of fatigue, we got all safe to land and now the plundering began. There were no regular soldiers on the spot, but a great many of the peasantry had firelocks and bayonets, and stood over us, stripping those of the men, who had them, of their jackets and hats. At first, we were disposed to resist, but soon found it to be of no use. One of the fellows seized the chain of the watch belonging to one of our men, and was in the act of pulling it from the pocket, when the owner, Jack Smith, struck him to the ground with a blow of his fist. The next moment poor Smith lay a lifeless corpse upon the sand, felled by a stroke from the butt end of a musket.

There was no one present who seemed to have or who assumed any authority, to whom our officers might appeal for protection; they were not more respected than the men; all were searched and robbed as soon as they arrived from the wreck. Poor Smith's fate taught us submission, even while our bosoms burned with a desire for vengeance. One of my messmates said aloud—"I would cheerfully stand before the muzzel of one of the old *Repulse's* thirty-twos, were she charged to the mouth with grape well laid, to sweep these French robbers from the face of the earth." As for myself, they took nothing from me. I had twopence in the pocket of my trousers; when I saw what was going on I took it out, and held it in my hand while they searched me. I more than once, thought they were going to strip me of my nether garments, and give me in exchange a pair of their own gun-mouthed rags, which would scarcely have reached my knees; for several of them looked at them as if they felt inclined to make the exchange; but I escaped, and felt thankful.

We stood for several hours shivering upon the beach without food, fire, or water, while the plunderers were busy picking up anything that drifted ashore, but still keeping a strict watch over us; at length, the chief magistrate of a neighbouring small town arrived, and to him our officers complained of the usage we had received. He only shook his head, and shrugged his shoulders, when the body of Smith was pointed out to him. What could we do? A grave was dug for him on the spot where he was murdered, and we were marched off into the interior. It was well on in the afternoon before we reached the place where we were to halt. It was a small poverty-stricken-like town, with an old ruinous church and churchyard, surrounded by high walls, with an iron gate close by. Into this chill desolate place, we were crowded by the soldiers, the gate locked upon us, and sentinels placed around the building. Here we remained until the evening, when there was served out to every man a small loaf, black as mud; yet, black as it was, I never ate a sweeter morsel; for neither I nor any of my companions had tasted any food since the evening before.

But how shall I express the horror we felt when we found we were to remain where we were, in this old ruined charnel house of a church, which could scarcely contain us all, unless we stood close together. To lie down was out of the question; and, although we could, there were neither straw, blankets, nor covering of any kind, to screen us from the cold. We implored in vain to be removed; but these privations, bad as they were, did not annoy us so much as the idea of spending the long dark night in such a miserable place. By far the greater number of us believed as firmly in the reality of ghosts as we did in our own existence; and, of all places in the world, a church and churchyard, from time immemorial, have been their favourite haunts; and the terror of all who believe in their reality—even those who affect to disbelieve in the visits of spirits to this earth—feel sensations which they would not choose to own when in a churchyard, in a dark night, with gravestones and crumbling human bones around them. Of all men seamen are the most superstitious, and give the most ready credence to ghost stories. The unman-

ning feeling of fear, that had not touched a single heart in the extremity of our danger from the storm, was now strongly marked in every face, exaggerated by a horror of we knew not what. Fear is contagious—we huddled together, and peered fearfully around, expecting every moment to see some appalling vision or hear some dreadful sound. Our sense of hearing was painfully acute—the smallest noise made us start; but our feelings were too much racked to remain long at the same intensity—they gradually became more obtuse as the night wore on, until we at length began to entertain each other with fearful stories of ghosts; feeling a strange satisfaction in increasing the gloomy excitement under which we laboured. Had any of us begun a humorous story, with the view of diverting our thoughts from their present bent, and the circumstances we were in, I am certain he would have been silenced in no gentle manner.

We might have been about two hours or less in this state, in the most intense darkness—our own whispers being all we could recognise of each other, even although in contact—when a low pleasant murmur suddenly fell upon our ears: It was the voice of Dick Bates, who, having either been requested, or moved by his present situation, had, of his own accord, commenced singing in an under tone his favourite ballad of "Hazier's Ghost." Now, Dick was the best singer in the whole crew, with a voice like a singing bird, it was at this moment so low that, had it been broad daylight, he would have appeared only to have been breathing hard; yet it was at this time, distinctly heard by all, and made our flesh creep upon our bones, although a strange kind of pleasure was mingled with the feeling We scarcely breathed when he came to the lines—

"With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail—
Heed, O heed my fatal story,
I am Hazier's injured Ghost."

I thought the whole was present before me, and I could see the scene the poet described, and shuddered when he breathed forth—

"See these ghastly spectres sweeping
Mournful o'er this hated wave,
Whose pale cheeks are stained with weeping—
These were English captains brave.

"See these numbers pale and horrid!
These were once my seamen bold.
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead
While his mournful tale is told."

I believe there was not a man in the old church who did not think he saw the ghastly train of spectres flitting before his eyes, and who did not feel every nerve thrill, and every hair of his head stand on end. Many were the tales of superstition and of terror related, until overpowered nature sank into sleep; but I have since often reflected that, of all the accounts of fearful sights I heard, they were all related at second hand, from the authority of others. No one asserted they themselves had ever seen anything out of the ordinary course of nature except Bob Nelson, and his was calculated to lead a more prejudiced observer astray. It was as follows:—

"It was during a voyage I made to New York from Greenock, in the brig *Cochrane*, that I once saw, with my own eyes, a strange sight, such as I hope never to witness again. Our cargo consisted of dry goods, and we had several emigrants as passengers; in particular, a family of six in the cabin, the husband and wife, with four children; they were wealthy and had sold off their farm stock to purchase land, and settle somewhere in America. When they came on board at the quay of Greenock they were accompanied by a great many relations and friends, who took a most affectionate leave of them; in particular one old woman, the mother of the emigrant's wife. Her wailings were most pitiable; she wrung her hands, and stood as if rooted to our decks. I heard her say more than once:—

"'Mary, I feel I shall never see you more, nor these lovely babes. O why will you leave your aged mother to go mourning to her grave?'

Her daughter looked more like one dead than alive, as she lay sobbing upon the breast of her husband, her mother holding one of her hands between both of her's. Poor soul, she looked as if her heart was breaking, but spoke not; at length, the husband said:—

"'O woman, have you no feeling for your daughter?'

"The old woman's grief seemed, all at once, turned into rage: she let her daughter's hand drop, and, raising her hands, cursed him for depriving her of her daughter; concluding with—

"'But, James, remember what I say; dead or alive I shall yet see my Mary.'

"The poor young woman was carried below in a faint, and the old dame was conveyed from the deck by the friends, for we were by this time cast loose, and leaving our berth. For several days I saw nothing of the farmer's family, as they were very sick; but the children had now begun to play about the deck, and their father would leave the cabin for a short time, once or twice a-day, for his wife remained very ill, and confined to her bed. The hag-like appearance of the old woman, in her rage, had made a great impression on me, and had evidently sunk the spirits of the young people; for I often saw, when the husband came on deck, that he was much dejected. I felt it strange that the figure of the old woman often occurred to my mind when I looked at him; and I several times dreamed I saw her in my sleep, as I had seen her in Greenock, but her appearance was more pale and hideous, and had so great an effect upon me, that I always awoke in an agony, and cursed her from my heart.

"About mid-passage we met with westerly gales and rough weather, which caused the passengers to keep below for several days, and retarded our passage much. It was blowing very hard. It was my turn at the wheel. In the midwatch we had occasional showers. The clouds were scudding along in immense bodies over the face of the moon, which was just at the full, so that we had at times, bright moonlight for a minute or two, then gloom; but the night was not dark. I might have been at the wheel half my time or so. My eye was fixed ahead to watch the set of the waves, save when I glanced to the compass. I thought I saw something upon the bowsprit in the gloom that was not there a moment before. I looked aloft to see for a break in the clouds that the moon might shew me more distinctly what it was. I looked ahead again, and there it still was, but nearer the bows of the vessel. Still I could not make out what it was. Soon a burst of moonlight shone forth, and I saw it resembled a human figure, but whether man or woman I could not tell, for the moon was as suddenly obscured as it had shone forth. I felt very queer; being certain it was none of the crew—for the whole watch was aft at the time—and I was sure that all the passengers were below, and no one had come on deck since the watch had been changed. I looked at the spot where I had seen it, and it was gone. I felt the greatest inclination to tell what I had seen; but the fear of being laughed at, made me say nothing of it at this time; I, however, never wished so much for anything in my life as that my spell at the wheel was over, and the watch passed. When, at length, I was released, I crept to the foxa, and tumbled into my hammock, but could not close an eye for thinking of what I had seen.

"Well, my mates, I was then, as I am now, in a pretty mess, and wished myself as heartily out of the *Cochrane* as we all do ourselves out of this old foundered hulk of a church. I was fairly aground with fear, and felt all of a tremble for the nights I must pass on board before we reached New York, where I was determined to leave the

big if I saw any more such sights. For a few days the gale continued, sometimes blowing very hard, at others more moderate, but nothing uncommon occurred. At length it abated, and we had pleasant weather. I began to think I had been deceived, and was glad I had not spoken of what I had seen to any of the crew. It was the afternoon, towards evening. I was again at the wheel. The sun was setting in a bed of clouds, as gaily coloured as a ship rejoicing—the colours of all nations floating aloft, from the point of her bowsprit to the end of her gib-boom. The four children were playing upon deck, laughing and full of joy at being once more relieved from their long confinement in the cabin. I looked at their innocent gambols and at the beautiful sky by turns, as much as my duty would allow, and felt more happy than I had done since we sailed. It was so pleasant to look ahead; for every face on deck wore a pleasing and happy aspect. I looked again at the children's gambols; but I almost dropped at the wheel. My hands and limbs refused to do their office. There, before me, close by the children, stood the exact representation of the old woman—so stern, so unearthly was her look, that I cannot express it; but she was pale as the foam on the crest of a wave. I could not call out. I had no power either to move tongue or limb. The yawing of the vessel called the attention of the mate to me, who sung out to hold her steady. I heard him, but could not obey. My whole faculties were engrossed by the fearful vision. My eyes appeared as if they would have started out of my head. One of the crew seized the wheel. All looked at me with astonishment. I stood rivetted to the spot, pointing to where the spectre stood; but no one saw anything but myself. The captain was below in the cabin, with the farmer and his wife—the latter of whom was known to all the crew to be very ill. As I looked to the unearthly figure, attracted by a power I could not resist, the children continued their play. The features of the old woman, I thought, relaxed, and a sadness came over them, but it was of unearthly expression. The figure glided from the children to the cabin-companion, and disappeared below, when it as suddenly came again upon deck, accompanied by the farmer's wife, pale and wasted. Both gazed upon the children. The young woman appeared to wring her hands in great distress, as I had seen her before she was carried below; but the old woman hurried her over the side of the brig, and I saw no more of them. When they disappeared, my faculties returned. I trembled as if I had been in an ague, and the cold sweat stood in large drops upon my forehead. The mate and crew thought that I had been in a fit, until I told them what I had seen. They looked rather serious, but were much inclined to laugh at me. The mate began to jaw me a little on my fancies. All had passed in a minute or two. Scarce had the mate spoken a dozen of words, when the captain hurried upon deck, much affected, and called to one of the female steerage passengers to go instantly to the cabin and assist, as he feared the farmer's wife was dead. The mate ceased to speak, and the rest of the crew looked as amazed as I did at the strange occurrence. The captain came to us. When he heard my strange story, he shook his head, and only said it was a remarkable occurrence; but I had been deceived by some illusion, and commanded us not to speak of it, for distressing the poor husband. We resolved to obey him, as we were by this time nearly in with the land, and expected to make it next day, which we did; and the poor farmer was helped ashore, almost as death-like as the body of his wife, which was buried in New York. I sailed several trips afterwards in the *Cochrane*, but never saw anything out of the common afterwards in her or anywhere else."

The first rays of the rising sun shone upon us all sound asleep, as quiet and undisturbed as if we had passed the night under the roofs of our father's houses; but I was cold, stiff, and sore when I awoke. I had passed the night upon a flat gravestone outside of the church, for want of room within, without any covering but my shirt and trousers—all I had saved from the wreck. There was not a character engraved on the stone that was not as distinctly marked on my body. It was of no use grumbling or being cast down—we were fairly adrift, and must go with the current. It was now that the buoyancy of a sailor's mind burst forth. The old church and churchyard resounded with shouts and laughter, that made the French sentinels think we had all gone mad. Some were busy at leap frog, others were pursuing each other among the ruins and tombstones—all were in active exertion for the sake of warmth, and to beguile the time; while the French gathered outside, wherever they could obtain a sight of us, and looked on in amazement at our frolics. I am certain they were not without fear for us; for a few of the lads had contrived to clamber to the top of the ruins, and were amusing themselves by antics, at the hazard of their necks, and throwing small pieces of lime at us below. The officer in command called to them to come down; but they knew not what he said. Some of them cried out, in answer to his call—"Speak like a Christian if you want us to understand you, and don't wow like a dog." At this moment, Nick Williams, one of our maintop men, had scaled the highest point of the walls, and had, at the risk of his life, contrived to perch himself upon the crumbling stone, and was huzzaing most vociferously. It was a daring and foolhardy feat. A shout of admiration rose from the outside of the walls, when a real British cheer answered it from within. Whether the officer was enraged at the apparent defiance and disobedience to his commands, I know not, but several muskets were fired through the rails of the gate, and the balls recoiled from the walls. A shout of rage burst from us; and a serious conflict was only prevented by the prudence of the petty officers who were among us; for the enraged seamen had begun to collect stones from the base of the ruined walls to hurl at the dastardly guards, who were shouting, "*Vive la Nation*"—"*Vive la Republique.*" Our boatswain, who was a cool and resolute old tar, seeing that the storm was still on the verge of bursting out—for we looked upon their cries as insulting as their balls—by a happy thought, struck up the national air, "God save the King," which we sung with an enthusiasm and strength of lungs never, I am certain, surpassed before or since. If it had no melody, it had a tone and sound equivalent to both. Many who still held the stones in their hands, which they had lifted to hurl at the guards, struck them together like cymbols, in regular time, to increase the noise. The effect was most exhilarating, and produced the desired effect of turning our angry feeling into good-humour. So pleased were we, that we gave them "Rule Britannia" in the same style, until we forgot, in our enthusiasm, that we were prisoners, hungry, cold, and naked. Scarce had the last loud cadence died away, when the gate was thrown open, and a miserable allowance of the same black bread was served out to us, with plenty of water, and the gate once more shut against us.

It was very strange that, among more than five hundred of us, not one knew a word of French, and there were none of those who entered the enclosure could speak a word of English, so that we knew not what those who had the power over us meant to do. We conjectured that they intended to keep us where we were until we were exchanged; and had already begun to canvass the possibility of breaking out of the hated church and yard, and making a bold push for our liberty, in the following night, by overpowering our guards, seizing their arms, and passing along the coast,

until we reached some of the small ports, and making prizes of all the vessels in it, and setting sail for England. A council was actually deliberating in the church, composed of the petty officers and a few of our picked hands, when our attention was roused by the sound of martial music approaching the churchyard, where it halted, and we were soon after turned out, and numbered to the officer in command.

The party who had just arrived consisted of two companies of soldiers of the line, regularly clothed and armed, as the French troops were; while those under whose charge we had been, were only the armed peasantry of the neighbourhood. We hoped the change would be for our advantage. We saw at once we were going to be conveyed into the interior. Go where we must, we felt we could not be worse fed, lodged, or used than we had been. No harsh word was used to us by the regular troops; and, before we had been a few hours on the road, we understood each other well enough by dumb show, and marched on in good humour. We walking in the middle of them like a drove of bullocks, as frolicsome as children, singing, laughing, and putting practical jokes upon each other, to beguile the way. Scarce had we travelled a couple of miles, until my bare feet became sore from the small stones and bruises; yet I limped on in the best manner I could, and as cheerfully as possible. I was in the front as we were on the point of entering a village; the soldiers in file enclosing us on either side, and bringing up the rear, so that we could not walk faster or slower than they chose. A few hundred yards from the entrance of the village, those in front turned round, and pointing to the fowls of various kinds that were feeding on the highway before us, made signs which we readily understood, and nodded significantly; they then drew to each side of the road, and we behind them, leaving a gap in the middle of the way like the prongs of a fork closed at the base, the ducks, hens, and other fowls became alarmed as we came close upon them, and ran for shelter to the vacant space in the middle, when the front closed, and all were secured by those in the centre; the poor people, their owners, calling in vain for restitution of their property. The soldiers would not allow them to come within their ranks; and, at night, when we stopped, the former procured wood for us to dress the stolen fowls, after having received their proportion. This, I confess, was a species of robbery; but we were starved by the allowance of government, and we were in an enemy's country, who had plundered the ship-wrecked mariner cast upon their shores. We thought therefore, although, of course, the reasoning was wrong, that, in appropriating whatever we could lay hands upon, we were merely making fair and just reprisals for the losses we had sustained at the hands of our captors; but, the truth is, we troubled ourselves very little about the right or wrong of the matter, for we were lodged either in large empty barns, or ruined churches, all the way to Rennes, and could, from hunger, have eaten a jackass when we were allowed to rest for the night. Even yet, I remember the relish a small piece of a roast pig or fowl had, without either bread or salt, at this time, for we were not scrupulous what we lifted that would eat, if we could carry it. In one village, five pigs disappeared in this manner, and only the great weight of the parent prevented her following them. At the time, it had not the appearance of theft; there was so much fun in it that it resembled a great hunt, for every eye was in quest of game, and all was done so quietly and dexterously that there was not the least confusion or noise. We closed so rapidly that the prey had no means of escape, nor room to move until it was dispatched; yet the people, as we passed, were often very kind to us, so far as was in their power, for they appeared to be miserably poor. When we reached Rennes my feet were so sore, swelled, and cut, that I walked with great pain; numbers of us were in the same situation. We did not pass straight through the town, but were halted, for some time, in the market-place, while the inhabitants came in crowds to gaze at the English prisoners; and a miserable sight we were. We might have been here about half an hour, when a beautiful young lady came to where we were, with a young woman behind her carrying a large basket filled with shoes. I thought she had come to sell them, as so many were barefoot. I saw her giving them to the men, and hirpled to the spot, and looked with an anxious eye at the store which was diminishing fast. I had still retained the twopence, and resolved to make an effort to obtain a pair, but felt backward, conscious I had no equivalent to give for them; holding out my coppers, I pointed to a pair which I thought would answer me; I felt ashamed, and looked to the ground; pointing to my feet when I had attracted her attention, for she was looking in another direction; she took the shoes and gave them to me, I proffered my little cash, she gently put my hand aside, and, by a sign, made me know that I was welcome to them. I never saw a female so lovely as this young lady; her clear black eyes were swimming in tears, and her face covered with blushes, her looks were so mild, so benevolent, she looked like an angel sent from heaven to administer to our wants. Never before or since, have I felt the same sensation so intensely. It was delightful; it was painful. I felt a choaking in my throat. I could have wept, and have found relief in it, but I was surrounded by those who would have made sport of my emotion. I retired a few paces, to make way for others, in silence, I dared not utter a sound, least my feelings had overpowered me, but stood and gazed at the lovely creature until she retired. I felt as if everything to be esteemed on earth was concentrated in her person and mind. Had I been an admiral I would have gloried in calling her mine; had it been necessary I could have faced death, or any danger, to free her from trouble or grief, with a feeling of joy and exultation. Many a time has this fair creature been embodied in my mind's eye, as fair and lovely as she was then, but I never saw her again.

Many others of the good inhabitants of Rennes administered to our wants. I got, besides the shoes, a substitute for a jacket, and a straw hat from an old man. Indeed we saw in our route scarce any others except old men, women, and boys. Women were driving the carts, and working in the fields, and doing the work done by the men in Britain. From Rennes we were marched to Perche, our final destination, in the same manner as we had been from the coast, and lodged in prison; but I found it no prison to me—for men were so scarce at this time in France that we were allowed to work out of prison if we chose, and only visited it once a-week to pass muster, and receive our allowance—for I soon found a master, or, more properly, he found me in prison—a cart and plough wright residing a short distance from town.

Citizen Vauquin, in secret, was a staunch Royalist; but, in his common conversation, a Republican. To me he was extremely kind, but our communications were very limited from my want of knowledge of French; but I was picking it up with rapidity, and we soon contrived to understand each other pretty well.

It was now well on in the spring, and the weather warm and agreeable. I was busy at my work, when Vauquin, who was a stout hale old man, came to me, there was something comic in the expression of his countenance, joy and vexation seemed by turns to pass over it, and at times to struggle for mastery, he looked cautiously around least any one might overhear us, then said—

"Ah, France! beautiful France! these cursed Democrats have dimmed your glory, and ruined you! We have lost our fleet in Egypt, and we fly before the Germans. What can we have but defeat, while the best blood in France either

has been shed by her sons, or languishes in obscurity. Could we be freed from the ruffians that tyrannize over us in any way but this. We have suffered much, and must suffer more, before we see the glories of France shine as they once shone in the courts of her kings. Ha! Elder, you sailors are the devils that humble France; from your riches the seas are covered with your ships, and the brave French, plundered by their rulers, have few. What could be done with sixteen ships when fifty were upon them?"

Piqued by his national vanity, I replied—

"Had Nelson had half the number, there would have been no fighting."

"Why no fighting, Monsieur?" said he.

"Because they would have run if they could," replied I; "or struck when they saw no chance—that's all I have to say on the subject. If you please let us change it, my friend."

"By all means," said he, "let us change it. We are a ruined and undone people since we lost our King. The great nation are a people without a head; and, when a house wants the head, all goes wrong."

"You and I are at one on this point," replied I. "But how comes it that you are as democratic as any one in the neighbourhood when politics is the subject of discourse? It is not so in Britain. Every man speaks his mind; yet we have a king and a kingly government. I was led to believe, before I left home, that in France alone there was liberty; for all men were equal—freedom and equality being the law of the land."

"O Monsieur Elder!" exclaimed he, "freedom and equality are the worst tyranny, as I shall shew you by my sad experience. When all men make the law, who is to obey? Better one tyrant than one million; for, when every one thinks he is a law-maker, no one thinks of obeying the law farther than it pleases himself. Listen to me, and you shall hear the truth as I have experienced it, and many thousands in France as well as I:—

"When first the people of France began to give attention to the writers and haranguers against the oppression which we, no doubt, suffered, no one was more enthusiastic than I was for the removal of the abuses; and I thought no sacrifice could be too great to have them removed. I was, at the time, carpenter to the great chateau which you see in the distance. Our old lord, who was a severe master, had died only a few years before, and had not the love of a single peasant in his wide domains; but his son was the reverse of his parent—the friend and benefactor of every one on his estate; but he inherited a fund of animosity which it would have taken years of his kindness and humanity to have obliterated. In this state of matters, the troubles broke out. He was on the side of the people, and aided, as far as in him lay, the cause of improvement in the state, until the factions in Paris—who, ruling the silly multitude, led them to believe that they were ruled by them—struck at the root of all good government by insulting and imprisoning the King. From this time, he took no active part in the commotions, but remained at his chateau. I was his overseer, and managed his affairs. I loved him with all my soul, for he was worthy of my love. My ideas went still farther than his went, and I felt not displeased with anything that had as yet occurred; for I knew the tenacity with which the aristocracy clung to their privileges; but the cunning and designing men who, under the faint shew of obeying the people, ruled them at their will for mischief and disorder, ultimately, by taking the life of the King, took the key-stone out of the arch which sheltered the people, and brought the whole fabric of civil order about their ears. I was confounded at the blindness I had laboured under; and, from that hour, my whole ideas changed. But, alas! it was too late; and even those that had lent a willing hand trembled at the mischief they had done. Benefits are soon forgot; but the remembrance of injuries are indelible. Numbers of needy plunderers had arrived from Paris, and overspread these peaceful plains like evil spirits, rousing the worst spirit of our peasantry into action. As yet, no serious outrage had been committed in this quarter; but I too plainly saw that it would not long be deferred. I requested my dear master to fly, as many others had done; for blood had begun to flow like water in Paris and the provinces—not the blood of the guilty, but the blood of the noble and virtuous; for, alas! France had become the arena in the remorseless war of poverty against property. The whole fabric of social order had been dissolved, and men had returned to their original state of barbarism. Like jackalls or wolves, only banding together when they scented plunder. To be rich or nobly born was a crime of the deepest dye, only to be atoned by blood. I, with extreme pain, saw the storm gathering, and could only deplore it; and what added to my anguish, was, I dared not argue against them; for our old and worthy magistrates had been deposed, and others, more in the spirit of the times, appointed. As yet, no blood had been shed in Perche, but numbers were immured in prison; and, had I given the least cause of suspicion, I would have been placed beyond the power of lending that aid to the distressed which I was resolved to afford them, or perish in the attempt. Several times I had entreated my young lord to fly, and avoid the storm; but my entreaties were in vain. He thought far too well of his fellow-men.

"At length a rumour reached us that two commissioners were on there way to the chateau to sequestrate it for the use of the state: immediately there was a violent commotion amongst the people—fearful of losing their share of the plunder, all marched in a tumultuous manner to assault it. Aware of what might ensue—for blood had begun to flow—I got my young lord disguised as one of my workmen, and set to his bench—that very one at which you work—and joined the crowd as they approached the chateau. To prevent suspicion, no one shouted louder than I, 'Down with the Tyrants!'—'Down with the Aristocrats!'—'*Vive la Nation!*'—'*Vive la Republique!*' We entered the chateau, which was searched in vain for my young lord. It was now that the true spirit of the peasantry shewed itself in all its deformity; everything of value was in a short time carried off or destroyed; while every quarter resounded with execrations and cries for blood—the oppressions of the father were alone remembered. How it occurred I have yet to learn, but the youthful aristocrat was discovered in my shop; this was a severe blow to me, for I was immediately seized by the furious crowd, charged by them with the worst of crimes in their eyes, the concealing from them a victim of their rage. It was a fearful hour. I expected to have been torn to pieces upon the spot. My presence of mind did not forsake me: I begged to be heard before the fatal daggers that were brandished around reached my heart. I stood firm until a pause of the storm, when I appealed to them not for mercy, but for revenge—revenge upon my lord before I died. I have been betrayed by some one. I appeal to yourselves for my former love of my country. Let me die, but let it be for my country, and let me be revenged upon the tyrants. Fire the chateau!—'*Vive la Nation*,' '*A bas le Aristocrates*,' '*Vive la Republique*'—and let me die by the light of the stronghold of tyranny enveloped in flames.

"I now breathed more freely. Shouts rent the air; for like a weathercock is a mob—ever pointing as the last breath of wind blows. '*Vive Vauquin!*' resounded from every lip; the chateau was enveloped in flames; its owner immersed in a dungeon to await his doom, already fixed before the mock forms of justice were gone through. Think not the worse of me for the part I act d; every paper and

article of plate had been concealed for some days before. To save, if possible, his life, no one was louder in denouncing my lord than myself, for his having dared to conceal himself in my shop. At my return, I began seriously to turn over in my mind what steps I was next to pursue for his safety, now rendered difficult, almost beyond my power to overcome. I feared not death, nor any danger to myself, could my object have been attained by it. There was not a moment to be lost; the following day was to have been the day of his trial and death. The commissioners had arrived from Paris, and a fête was resolved to be got up to welcome them. In a state of anxiety I can hardly describe, I bustled about and waited upon the commissioners; but my chief object was to ascertain the exact spot where the aristocrats were confined. My lord was my chiefest care, for however much I had, at the commencement of the revolution, wished for the abused power of the nobles to be reduced, I had no wish for their ruin, far less their murder; judge my horror when I learned that he was in the lower dungeon of the prison, to which there was only one entrance through the guard-room, which was constantly filled by the soldiers on guard. With a heart void of hope I returned to my home. In an agony of mind I threw myself upon my couch, that if possible I might exclude every other thought but the one that I wished to fix my whole attention upon: while I walked about, I felt like one distracted. At length, I was so fortunate as to call to mind having, when a boy, heard my father tell that he had assisted my grandfather in securing a door into the lower dungeon, that led into another even more loathsome, where the Hugonots were wont to be confined in the time of Louis the Fourteenth; this had a door which led into the outer court of the prison, the walls of which were, in the hinder part, ruinous and neglected, as few of the present people in authority knew of such a dungeon; the old door having been long built up. A faint ray of hope shot through my mind; I started from my bed, and, concealing what tools I judged to be necessary, proceeded to the jail without being perceived—this was rendered the more easy as every one was engaged preparing for the fête. I remained under the shelter of the ruined wall until it was quite dark. A voice of mirth and revelry sounded in the front of that prison, whose gloomy walls and strong iron barred windows might, and no doubt did, enclose hearts more sorrowful than mine, but none more anxious. My situation, solitary as it was, was full of peril—I might be missed at the fête, and suspicion roused if I was so fortunate as to succeed; but I allowed no selfish thought to intrude. I was so fortunate as to find the low arched door I had heard my father speak of; after considerable labour it yielded to my efforts, and I entered the low and noisesome vault which had heard and re-echoed the groans of so many victims of tyranny, whose only fault was adhering to the dictates of their consciences against an intolerant priesthood. So baleful was the air I breathed, that I was forced to retire, or I had fallen to the damp floor; again I entered, for I heard the voice of my lord in prayer, and felt a new source of assurance arise in my mind; there was no distinguishing one object from another, so impenetrable was the darkness, the faint sound appeared to come from no particular side of the dungeon. I commenced groping with my hands, from the entrance, along the walls; it was a loathsome task, for they were damp and ropy, and loathsome reptiles ever and anon made me withdraw my fingers, still I groped on. At length I succeeded; the door was forced to yield to my skill and efforts; all that divided me from him I sought was the strong planks and plaster. I struck a sharp single blow upon it and paused—the voice of my master had ceased from the commencement of my work upon the second door. It was a period of intense anxiety, lest he should alarm his guards, or if any of them had been in his dungeon. To my first signal no answer was made: he knew not that he had a friend so near willing to sacrifice everything for his rescue. I struck a second blow, and again listened; I heard him utter a faint exclamation of surprise, and all was again still. The third time I struck, and I heard a movement on the other side, and the plaster was struck, piercing a small hole, we were enabled to communicate, and I found he was alone in his dismal dungeon. It was agreed that I was to return in two hours with a disguise for him, after I had appeared at the fête; and, in the meantime, I loosened the fastening so as he could easily force it away should any thing happen to prevent my return; and, these arrangements being made, I took my departure, in the same stealthy manner in which I had reached him.

"With my heart still anxious but more at ease, I joined the festive throng, and, joining in the dance for a short time, then retired, and got all ready, and returned to relieve my lord from his dungeon, and had the unspeakable pleasure to see him beyond its walls, dressed as a peasant girl. Our parting was brief but sincere, my wishes for his safety were equal to the extent of my love, but I have never heard of him since; whether he went for la Vendee, or joined the allied army I never knew. As soon as I saw him safe out of the town, I returned to the joyous group, and was among the last to leave it. My share in the escape of my noble master was never even suspected; but from this time I have wished the fall of the tyrants that have ruled France with a rode of iron, and for the return of our King and nobility, until which time we can never hope for tranquillity. I am not displeased at what can assist in aiding their overthrow, but I feel, as a true Frenchman, humbled at every defeat our brave forces sustain. I love the beautiful fields of France and all her sons, but I hate the demagogues who at present rule her destinies."

Had I not been an exile against my will, I never had been more happy in my life than I was at this time. I, no doubt, was a prisoner of war; but it was only in name. I never saw my prison but once a-week, when I appeared at the muster to receive my jail allowance, and returned to citizen Vauquin's in a few hours after, or strayed where I chose within the proscribed distance. Our visits to the prison always gave rise to an afternoon of merriment and pleasure—a meeting of friends. Not one of us wished to escape, or desired an exchange.

I was always a fortunate fellow. The four months I was here I improved much in my drawing, and found the instructions of poor Walden of the utmost service to me; and I was much benefited by a relation of Vauquins, who had studied the arts at Paris. It was thus I spent my evenings; but I was never as yet allowed to enjoy my good fortune long. We were ordered to be marched to the coast at Saint Malos, where a cartel was to be in readiness to receive us. I bade adieu to my kind friend, Citizen Vauquin, not without regret, and set out for the coast. There was not a trace of pleasure at our release among us; we had no cause, at least nine tenths of us. For, as Bill Wates had foretold, off Jersey we were brought too by the Ramilles, and crowded on board her. The greater part were draughted to other men-of-war, but in her I remained until she was paid off, at the peace

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND

THE PIRATE.

In the beginning of the year 1705, a large square-rigged vessel was seen beating up the Frith of Forth. She was yet at a considerable distance; but her large size and peculiarity of appearance had excited a good deal of curiosity amongst the idlers, chiefly old seamen, who were sauntering on the pier.

"Can you make her out, Bob?" said one, addressing a neighbour, who was earnestly contemplating the approaching ship through an old spying-glass which he had rested on the bulwark of the pier.

"No, I can't," replied the man to whom the query was put. "She's a total stranger; but there seems to be a good deal of the devil about her. She has a rakish look, that an honest ship shouldn't have. However, she's a smart craft, be she what she may."

In the meantime, the subject of these remarks was rapidly nearing her apparent destination, Leith Roads, where, in less than half an hour after, she came to anchor.

The stranger, after all, however, proved to be only the *Worcester*, Captain Green, an East India trader, on her way to that quarter of the world, and who had put into Leith merely for the purpose of procuring a further supply of water before proceeding on her voyage.

For several years previous to this period, the *Worcester*, which was an English ship, had been employed in trading to and from various parts of the East Indies, but chiefly with the coast of Malabar, from which she had brought several rich and valuable cargoes to England.

Her purpose in coming to Leith Roads being merely to water, it was intended that she should sail again on the following day.

On the following day, accordingly, Captain Green made preparations for getting his ship under weigh, and resuming his voyage; and they were thus employed on board the vessel, when a boat was descried rowing towards them.

She came alongside, when two persons of the appearance of messengers or bailiffs sprung on board, and asked which was the captain.

A stout thickset man, of a dark swarthy complexion, and determined countenance, rolled up in a huge dreadnought coat, with immense horn buttons, answered the query by stepping forward, and saying in a gruff voice—

"I am captain of the ship, my masters; what d'ye want?"

"To inform you, captain," replied one of the messengers, "that we lay this ship under arrest, by virtue of a precept from the Scotch Court of Admiralty, at the instance of the Indian and African Company of Scotland."

"Ay, ay, my hearties," replied Captain Green, turning an enormous quid of tobacco in his mouth. "That's your game, is it? And pray, what do you arrest my ship for?"

"You will learn that shortly, captain," said the first speaker. "In the meantime."——

"Nay, nay," said Green, interrupting him—"I must know it presently."

"Well, I believe then," replied the man, "that it is by way of reprisal for the capture, the other day, of a Scottish ship by an English vessel."

"Umph," exclaimed Green, doggedly; "and I'm to be made the scapegoat of the affair, am I? Why, see ye now, my masters," continued Green, without waiting for any reply, "it would be an easy matter for me, and I have a great mind to do it too, to pitch you both into the sea, and get under weigh in defiance of your precept, as you call it; but, as that might lead to trouble, and as I expect to get swinging damages for detention, I don't mind your clapping a stopper on me for a day or two."

Having thus obtained the captain's consent to their executing their duty—which last they would have found somewhat difficult without the former—the men went through the forms of law which the case demanded, and concluded by intimating to Captain Green that they were instructed to have the vessel conveyed to Burntisland; and thither she was accordingly taken.

In the meantime, and before the vessel arrived at the latter place, Captain Green, after expressing his willingness to submit to the order of the Scotch Court of Admiralty, descended to the cabin, where he found his steward, whose name was Haines, sitting as pale as death, and evidently in a state of dreadful alarm.

On seeing the man in this condition, Green burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming—

"So, I suppose, Haines, you thought we were had, eh? You thought these fellows had come to call us to an account and reckoning for our pranks."

"Is it not so?" said Haines, with a ghastly gravity and sepulchral tone. "O thank God!—thank God! I did think indeed, captain, that our day of retribution was come. What then did these men want?"

Green informed him, adding sternly—

"Now, Haines, no more of this canting of yours; this cowardly trembling and shaking when anything in the slightest degree out of the way occurs. Why, man, who do ye think is to harm us, if we don't harm ourselves? None to be sure. But that infernal face of yours, that gets as white as a newly-bent topsail, when any stranger comes suddenly athwart you, is enough to blow us all."

"O captain, captain!" exclaimed Haines, who seemed to be labouring under some dreadful depression of mind, which the assurance he had just had of the real purpose of their visiters had relieved, but could not entirely remove, "how can I help it? How can a man with such a load of guilt on his conscience as I have, as we all have, be like other men? How can he command himself? How can he conceal the dreadful workings of a tortured soul? O that frightful day, captain! that frightful day! Would to God I had been buried in the ocean, a thousand fathoms deep, before that dreadful day had arisen."

"Bah, you jabbering fool," exclaimed Green, contemptuously; "have you begun your old croaking again? Are you going to preach, you cowardly scoundrel, eh? Haines, I tell you, once more, what it is," said Green, bursting into a sudden fit of passion, and fiercely striking with his huge horny fist a pistol-case that stood on the table, "I tell you once more what it is—if you don't mend your manners—if you don't contrive to get quit of that hang-dog

look of yours, that is enough of itself to bring a dozen better men than yourself to the gallows—may I be blasted if I be not the death of you. Yes, by heavens!" he went on, at the same time tearing open the pistol-case, and drawing forth one of the deadly weapons it contained, and pointing it at the head of his steward, "I'll blow your brains out, as sure as your name is John Haines, and mine is Thomas Green. So look to yourself. I give you fair warning."

Saying this, he replaced the pistol in its case, and re-ascended the deck.

Leaving the *Worcester* in the harbour of Burntisland, under the arrestment of the Scotch Court of Admiralty, we change the scene to Edinburgh, and to the house of one Drummond, a respectable tailor and clothier, who resided in the Lawnmarket.

This person had a son who followed the profession of the sea, and was in command of a brig that sailed from Newcastle to foreign parts.

About two years previous to the commencement of our story, Captain Drummond had sailed for the East Indies; but no tidings of his arrival there had ever reached his owners. Months and months flew away, and still no intelligence of the missing ship could be obtained. The last and only trace of her that had yet come to the knowledge of those interested in her fate was, her having been bespoke off the Cape of Good Hope by a homeward-bound ship.

At that time, all was well on board the *Uxbridge*, the name of Drummond's vessel, and she was pursuing her voyage prosperously. From that moment, however, no more had been heard of her; and fears were, in consequence, beginning to be entertained that she had foundered at sea.

It was while matters were in this painful situation regarding the *Uxbridge*—when all those who had friends on board of her, or who were otherwise interested in her fate, were living in a state of the most harrowing suspense—that information reached Mr Drummond's family in Edinburgh, that there was a vessel in Burntisland that had lately returned from the East Indies; and the person who gave this information advised Mr Drummond to lose no time in seeing the captain, as there was a probability that he might be able to give some intelligence of the *Uxbridge*.

Acting on this advice, although with no very sanguine hopes of learning anything of his son, Mr Drummond, accompanied by another son and a daughter, immediately set out for Burntisland, where they found the *Worcester*, which, we need not say, was the ship alluded to by Drummond's informant.

The party now went on board of the latter. When they did so, Captain Green was standing on the quarter-deck, from which he eyed them with a look of sullen scrutiny, and without attempting any advances of any kind.

Mr Drummond, leaving his son and daughter at the fore part of the vessel, advanced alone towards Green, who sulkily awaited his approach.

"Well, friend," he at length said, "what may be your business on board my ship? Have you got anything to say to me?"

Disconcerted by the gruff uncourteousness of his reception, it was a second or two before Mr Drummond could reply. At length—

"I shall be sorry, sir," he said, "if my coming on board your ship is considered an intrusion; but, I think, you will excuse me when I tell you my errand. I have a son, a sailor like yourself, sir, who left Newcastle some two years ago, on a voyage to the East Indies and"——

"Ah!" exclaimed Green, interrupting him; "and you expect me to be able to tell you all about him, I fancy. Everybody seems to think that I can give every information about every ship that crosses the line. One would think they took the high seas to be a turnpike road, where you can hail every one that passes you."

To this objurgation Mr Drummond made no reply, but proceeded to say that he hoped it would be no offence to ask him if he had met with or heard anything of a vessel called the *Uxbridge*, Captain Drummond of Newcastle.

The question was apparently a simple enough one, yet it was one which seemed to have a very strange effect on him to whom it was addressed. The dark blood rushed to his swarthy forehead, while his lips became pale and tremulous; and it was some seconds before he could make any reply.

At length, clearing his throat, with a short cough or two, from the huskiness which his sudden agitation had caused, "Drummond," he said—"one Captain Drummond. How should I know about Captain Drummond? What do you come to me inquiring about Captain Drummond for?"

Silenced by this brutal treatment, Mr Drummond, without saying another word, left Green, and rejoined his son and daughter, who were waiting in great anxiety the result of their father's interview with the captain of the *Worcester*, on the fore part of the vessel.

To their eager inquiry whether he had heard any tidings of their brother, Mr Drummond replied, that he had got none whatever. That the captain either would not, or could not tell anything at all about the *Uxbridge*; and that his conduct, altogether, was brutal and ferocious.

Disheartened and disappointed by this result of their journey, the trio now left the ship, with the intention of returning immediately to Leith.

On making inquiry, however, they found that no passage boat would cross that night, and that, therefore, they should be obliged to remain in Burntisland until the following day.

It being now well on in the afternoon, the party began to look around them for respectable quarters for the night, and finally fixed on a clean and decent public-house kept by a person of the name of Seaton.

Into this house, then, they accordingly went, and were shewn into a respectably-furnished apartment—a sort of public room—where they had some refreshment. This was served by the landlord himself—a circumstance which afforded Mr Drummond an opportunity of making some inquiries of him regarding the *Worcester* and her captain, the subject naturally uppermost in his mind. Having informed the landlord of the purpose of his visit to Burntisland, and of the reception he had met with from Green, the former shook his head, and said—

"Ay, he's a strange man that Green. I never saw a more dangerous-looking customer. He comes here sometimes; but my people are all afraid of him, he has such a boisterous overbearing way with him. His crew, too, seem to me to be all of the same kidney. They are the most reckless, dare-devil sort of fellows I ever met with."

"Is she a regular trader?" said Mr Drummond—meaning the *Worcester*.

The landlord shook his head, and smiled significantly.

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose she is. But there is something strange about the whole concern—something I don't quite understand. I have overheard such things passing amongst her men, when they were here drinking, that I can't tell what to think of them."

"What do you suspect them of being?" said Mr Drummond.

"Why, it wouldn't be just safe to say that," replied Seaton; "besides, it mightn't be true; and then one might be brought into trouble, you know. That man Green, were I to say anything to his prejudice, would, I believe, cut my throat as fast as he'd eat a biscuit; and I'm convinced, there's not one of his crew but would do the same thing just as readily."

"Ah! I see," replied Drummond, laughingly; "you suspect them of piracy. Don't you, landlord?"

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I do not," said the latter, with a smile.

At this moment, the ringing of a bell called the landlord away, which put an end to the conversation.

It was about an hour after this, that a person having something the appearance of a sailor, yet not having altogether the manner of one, entered the apartment in which were Drummond and his son and daughter. The intruder's look and bearing had something in them odd and peculiar. His eye was restless, and constantly glancing about with an expression of suspicion and alarm. He said not a word on entering; but, with downcast look and stealthy step, slunk into a seat at the further end of the table at which Drummond and his son and daughter were sitting.

Having taken his place, he ordered in a large measure of brandy and water. On its being produced, he mixed it up in a large rummer, and swallowed the whole at one draught with desperate eagerness. He then ordered another measure of liquor to be brought him, which he also tossed off with the same greedy appetite—his object, apparently, being to get drunk as fast as possible. Still he had not spoken a word beyond the necessary orders to the servant who attended; but the scowling and furtive glances he, from time to time, took of the persons at the other end of the table, shewed not only that he was keenly alive to their presence, but that he viewed them with some anxiety and suspicion, although what the latter could refer to none but himself could conjecture.

In a short time, the effects of the liquor which the stranger had swallowed became apparent in his manner, which underwent a sudden but not unpleasant change. From being morose and sullen, he became lively and cheerful; held up his head boldly and frankly, and contemplated his fellow-guests with an open and conciliatory look. The brandy, in short, seemed to have driven out the evil spirit which had hitherto oppressed and borne him down.

"Fine night, master," he now said, addressing the elder Drummond.

"Fine night, sir," repeated the latter. "I dare say you belong to the *Worcester?*"

"Yes I do," said the stranger. "I am steward of her, and my name's Jack Haines all the world over. Known at Porto Rico; known at Juan Fernandez; known at Telicherry; known at Bombay; known at Sumatra; known at every corner of the world. I have gathered cocoa-nuts at Otaheite; hunted alligators on the Mississippi; chased monkeys on the rock of Gibraltar; gathered gold-dust on the coast of Guinea; and heaven knows where all."

"Ay; you have seen a good deal of the world, no doubt," replied Mr Drummond. "Aren't you from the Indian seas lately?" he added.

"Yes—to be sure we are," said Haines, with an air as if suddenly brought on his guard; "and what of that?"

"Oh, nothing—only that I was going to ask you if you could give me any information regarding a ship that went to those seas about two years ago."

"Oh, I know nothing about ships—nothing about any ship but my own," replied Haines, with a contemptuous indifference.

"But, probably, you may have heard something of this ship, nevertheless," persevered Mr Drummond. "The *Uxbridge*, Captain Drummond?"

"The what!" shouted Haines, in a tone where vehemence seemed intended to conceal or distract attention from a sudden trepidation of which the speaker became conscious, and which was also evident to those present.

Mr Drummond repeated the name of the missing vessel and her captain.

Haines instantly relapsed into his former sullenness, hung down his head, and, in a low gruff tone, muttered that he knew nothing of her. From this moment, he seemed again lost in thought, and took no farther notice of the party present. In this musing fit he continued for some time, with his hands thrust into his breeches' pockets, his legs stretched out at full length, and his eyes fixed on the empty drinking vessels that stood before him.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour, however, he again wakened suddenly up; and, gazing on the party at the opposite end of the table with a look in which distraction and intoxication appeared in fearful combination, exclaimed, in a solemn voice—

"The vengeance of heaven shall surely overtake the wicked! the blood of the murdered will rise in judgment against the murderer!" Then, rising from his seat, and advancing towards the elder Drummond, he took him by the arm, and, conducting him to the window, pointed to the *Worcester*, which was lying in the harbour directly opposite the house, and said, in a low whisper—"See you that ship there—that old, black, hell-smoked hulk! Well, there has been a deed done on board that thrice-accursed vessel, during this last voyage, that was enough to have sunk her to the lowest depths of perdition; and, to render it a marvel beyond all comprehension, that, since the sea has not engulfed us, the ground, since we came ashore, has not opened up and swallowed us! Oh! it was a foul deed! We did it with hatchets. We struck them down, one after the other, like bullocks. We clove their skulls, bespattering our bulwarks with their brains, and drenching our decks with their blood. There now," added Haines, throwing off his auditor with some violence—"there's a story for you. But it is a secret; mention it to no one." Then again calling Mr Drummond towards him, he whispered in his ear—"I'll tell you another secret. You will be curious to know who they were whom we butchered with our hatchets? It was"—and here his voice sunk lower still—"It was Captain Drummond and his crew—Captain Drummond of the *Uxbridge*; the very man you were inquiring about. As sure as heaven, he was the man."

Haines here withdrew a pace, and nodded and smiled to Mr Drummond, as if to repeat assurance of the truth of his statement. Believing the man to be either drunk or mad, or both, Mr Drummond did not take that alarm at the wild and incoherent statements which had been just made to him that he would otherwise have done, yet he could not help their making a very painful impression on him; neither, putting everything together that he had seen and heard since he came to Burntisland, could he help thinking that some deed of darkness or other hung over the *Worcester* and her crew. That that deed included the murder of his own son, however, he did not for a moment imagine; for he deemed that Haines had merely made use of the names because he himself had given them.

Mr Drummond's son and daughter had overheard the most of what had passed between their father and Haines, but not the latter's declaration that their brother was one of the murdered victims; and this part of his communication their father thought it as well, for the present, to conceal from them. In the meantime, Haines had left the apartment, and they saw no more of him.

On the following day, Mr Drummond and his son and daughter returned to Edinburgh. It was the former's intention, at first, to take no farther notice of what had occurred at Burntisland; but the more he thought of the strange conduct of both the captain and steward of the *Worcester*, and of the dreadful language of the latter, the more alarmed and uneasy he became.

Urged by this feeling and the painful state of his mind, he at length determined, without mentioning the matter to any one else, on seeking a personal interview with the

Lord Advocate, and of stating to him all that had occurred. This he accordingly did. The Lord Advocate was struck with the relation, and at once gave it as his opinion that an atrocious crime of some kind or another had been committed, and that the matter ought instantly to be inquired into.

Acting on this opinion, such inquiries were immediately set on foot, and a case of strong suspicion of piracy and murder was made out. The consequence was, that a strong party of men, accompanied by several criminal officers, were immediately dispatched to Burntisland; when Captain Green, his steward, Haines, and the whole crew of the *Worcester*, amounting to thirteen in number, were apprehended and brought over prisoners to Edinburgh.

On the following 5th March, 1705, they were brought to trial; when it was proven against them, that they had attacked and captured, on the coast of Malabar, a Scotch vessel called the *Uxbridge*, Captain Drummond. That, having taken this vessel, they carried her crew aboard the *Worcester*, where they murdered them one by one with hatchets, and threw their bodies into the sea; and that, thereafter, they carried the *Uxbridge* into a port on the coast of Malabar, and sold the vessel and cargo to a native merchant there.

These charges being proven, the whole were condemned to death; but three of the number only were subsequently executed—namely, Captain Green, his first mate, and the gunner, who were hung on Leith Sands on the 4th April, 1705. The remainder of the crew, including Haines—the chief instrument in bringing this atrocious case to light—were respited from time to time, in consideration of certain extenuating circumstances, and finally pardoned.

THE LAIRD OF BALLACHIE.

The gentleman—we give him the title by way of courtesy—whose designation heads our story, was one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in the north of Scotland. His possessions were extensive, and included some of the most valuable land, as well as finest scenery of which the Highlands can boast.

In person, the Laird of Ballachie was extremely handsome. He stood about six feet high, was well made, and possessed great physical strength. His countenance was manly, and pleasing in its expression, and his manner singularly fascinating—frank, free, and open. Unfortunately, however, the character and disposition of Ballachie but little corresponded with those agreeable qualities: he was an immoral and wild living man; in the worst sense of the word, a profligate; and so notorious for his libertinism, that he was considered, by the neighbouring gentlemen, as by no means a fit person to associate with their wives or daughters, or to be admitted as a guest at their tables.

Ballachie, at the time we take up his story, was about thirty-five or forty years of age. He was unmarried, and kept Bachelor Hall at a place called Monygarvin, his family residence—a fine old mansion, delightfully situated on the brow of a hill that overlooked the sea. The housekeeping of the laird was rude and boisterous in the last degree. Huge eating and deep drinking closed each uproarious day; and never were there wanting guests enow to keep the master of the feast in countenance in his wildest debaucheries. These flocked around him in dozens, as vultures congregate around the carrion of the battle-field; and no day passed that the Laird of Ballachie's dinner table was not thronged with a crowd of guests, as reckless and as dissipated as himself.

At this period, there lived on the estate of the laird a tenant of the name of Murdoch Morrison, a man generally reputed of rather weak intellect, but of a simple, harmless, and inoffensive disposition. In person Murdoch was the very opposite of his landlord: he was of low stature, and of a slender, weakly frame. Notwithstanding all this, Murdoch had wooed and won—by what sort of necromancy we cannot tell—one of the prettiest girls in the parish. This girl became his wife. People wondered much at the marriage; they wondered that so handsome a young woman should have married so wretched a looking being as Murdoch Morrison—a man so contemptible as regarded both mind and body. But Murdoch made a good husband—kind, affectionate, and indulgent; and it would have been well had his wife more fully appreciated his worth in these respects, and looked with a more lenient eye than she did on his deficiencies in others.

It was not until the lapse of many months after his marriage, and until he had found the Laird of Ballachie a very frequent visiter at his house, on occasions when he himself was absent, that vague, indefinite suspicions of the purpose of the laird's visits began to glimmer on the mind of Murdoch Morrison. It was not until he had marked these visits throughout a series of months, and had noted many other circumstances of an equivocal nature, that Murdoch began to suspect the fidelity of his wife. For a long time the simple and unsuspecting man had deemed the laird's visits an honour. His dull intellect and unsuspicious nature were long impervious to impressions from circumstances which would have pierced another to the quick, like the stings of so many adders. But their constant recurrence at length aroused his sluggish perceptions, and awakened in him a sense of the injury inflicted on him. Yet might this never have happened, had not the guilty pair themselves presumed too far on the simplicity and stupidity of the injured husband; and, treating him with utter contempt, neglected the most ordinary measures of circumspection.

Excepting, however, in a slight unwonted reservedness of manner, Murdoch exhibited no indication of the discovery he had made. He said nothing to his wife on the subject; and to the laird, his manner, with the exception above referred to, was unaltered. But Murdoch was secretly brooding over his wrongs, and slowly but steadily working up his mind to revenge.

It was while matters were in this state, that the Laird of Ballachie gave a splendid entertainment to a number of his friends, if such term will apply to the companions of such a man. The number of guests assembled on this occasion was unusual, and many of them were from a considerable distance. It was midsummer, and the day of the feast, as it might be called, extremely sultry. To obviate the inconvenience of the weather, of which all present complained, the windows of the banqueting hall were thrown open; and, thus refreshed by the breeze from without, the uproarious party went joyously on celebrating the orgies of the night. The laird was at the head of his own table, and had just risen with the goblet of wine in his hand to propose some crack toast, when, the window by which he sat being open, his eye fell on the figure of old Archie Downie wending his way towards the house.

Downie was a very old man—nearly eighty years of age. In his youth he had been a soldier in the Highland Watch, and still drew a small pension from the government he had served; but his chief resource was in the benevolence of the inhabitants of his native district, with whom he was a great favourite.

The principal of those qualifications which recommended Archie to public patronage, was a knack of story-telling, and the gift of the second sight, which he was believed to possess in great perfection, besides great skill in divining the future by various other modes and means.

On seeing the old man approaching, the Laird of Bal-

lachie announced the circumstance to his company, all of whom knew Downie well, with a shout of hilarity, and proposed that he should be introduced, to amuse them with some specimens of his skill in the art of divination. The proposal was hailed by an unanimous shout of applause; and, in the next minute, the old man, hat in hand, with his long flaxen hair streaming down his back, and led by a serving-man, entered the banqueting apartment. He was received with noisy demonstrations of welcome, which he acknowledged by two or three simple obeisances, but without uttering a word.

The laird now beckoned Archie towards him. The old man moved up quietly to the upper end of the table. The former ordered a chair to be placed for him beside himself; and, on Archie taking his seat, presented him with a tumbler of wine. The latter rose to his feet, drank to the health of the company, and resumed his chair.

"Now, Archie," said the Laird of Ballachie, "will you favour the gentlemen here present, and I, with a specimen of your second sight. Select your man, and see if you can foretell anything with regard to him. You may begin with myself if you like."

The old man smiled, but seemed rather reluctant to put his art in practice on the present occasion. On being pressed, however, Downie said that, if the shoulder-blade of a sheep were brought him, he would see what he could do.

The article he named—and which, it is well known, was in great use in the Highlands as an instrument of divination—was immediately brought, when the old man, wiping it clean with the skirt of his old tattered greatcoat, held it up between him and the light, and looked steadily through the semi-transparent bone for several minutes, carefully noting the dark spots and lines which it exhibited—the company, meanwhile, waiting with silent curiosity for the result.

Becoming, at length, impatient with the delay, Ballachie began urging the old man to hasten his proceedings. The latter, however, was too intent on the investigation in which he was engaged, to pay any attention to the laird's importunities. He still continued to hold up the bone between him and the light, and to peer into it with an apparently deep and anxious interest.

At length, however, the old man dropped the hand which held the shoulder-blade, but no word followed the proceeding. He did not, as was expected, begin to inform the company of what he had seen.

Marking this, "Archie," said the laird, with a slight smile of derision, "have ye nothing to tell us, man? No deaths, no marriages—eh?"

"Perhaps more of the first than the last!" replied the old man, with evident reluctance to speak on the subject.

"Well, well, come tell us all about it, Archie, man," cried the laird. "Tell us all that ye have seen. You see the gentlemen are curious to hear."

"It doesn't signify. I had rather not. I have seen things that I did not expect to see, and am very sorry for!" replied the old man, gravely.

"What have ye seen; what have ye seen, Archie?" shouted one after another of the half-inebriated party.

"It doesn't matter," again replied Archie. "I've seen the strong overcome by the weak. I have seen the deer destroyed by the fumart. I have seen the jutting crags of the precipice dabbled with blood, and the mangled corpse rebounding from point to point as it went down, down into the depths below."*

"What means all this, Archie?" said the Laird of Ballachie, in a husky voice, yet affecting to laugh at the mysterious language of the old soothsayer. "Who point ye at?" continued the laird. "Which of us is to meet the dismal fate to which you allude?"

"I will not say, Laird of Ballachie," replied the old man, which of you is to dree the doom I have foretold, although I have seen his face, and know him well. But this I will say: if there be one of you who has an enemy whom you despise for his weakness, whom you contemn for his feebleness; one whom you have injured deeply, yet, whose resentment you fear as little as that of the worm on which you have trod; I say, beware of that enemy, for his vengeance will be sure and fatal. A moment of power will be given him, of which he will avail himself to the destruction of the man who has injured him. I will say no more."

"Very good, Archie," exclaimed Ballachie, with a loud but affected laugh. "So, I fancy, we are to fear the weak and despise the strong, eh?"

"As you please, laird," replied the old man, coolly. "I have said my say, and have done."

Although there were but few of those present on this occasion who put much faith in such divinations as Archie Downie's, and none who despised them more than Ballachie himself, yet could none of them stay the influence of a certain unpleasant feeling which the old man's prognostications had given rise to. All felt it; and, notwithstanding his contempt for such things, none more strongly than the laird.

Some further attempts were made to induce Archie to point out the individual to whom his mysterious divinations referred, but to no purpose. This particular, the old man would on no account disclose. Shortly after he left the apartment, being despatched by the laird to the kitchen to get some refreshment.

For some time after the departure of old Archie Downie, the damp, which his prophetic warning had thrown on the spirits of the company, continued to operate, and to suggest some grave remarks on the subject of divination. It also produced some very curious and some very appalling anecdotes of the realization of such prognostications.

During this time, every one present was busy running over in his mind the list of his real or supposed enemies, to see if there was one amongst them who answered the description given by Downie; but none, excepting one, could recollect of any particularly despicable person with whom they stood in a hostile relation. This one, this exception, was the Laird of Ballachie; and he immediately thought of Murdoch Morrison; but, it was only to laugh at the idea of that person's ever being able to do him an injury.

In the meantime, the spirits of the company gradually returned, and, ere another half-hour had passed away, Archie Downie and his shoulder-blade were forgotten, and the uproarious hilarity which they had temporarily interrupted, again rung through the banqueting hall of Monygarvin.

The party sat late, and drank deep; but before they separated for the night, the laird proposed that they should devote the following day to a hunting match. The proposal was acceeded to with shouts of applause; and soon after the debauchees, one after another, began to reel off to bed; it having been previously arranged that they should all remain where they were for the night.

A noisy and joyous crew they were who surrounded the Laird of Ballachie's breakfast table on the following morning; but, merry as they all were, there was none half so merry as the laird himself. He was in high spirits; and his loud voice, boisterous laugh, and rough jest, rose above all the similar efforts of his guests.

It was a delightful day and everything seemed favour-

* The perfect fulfilment of this prophecy, which the sequel of the tale exhibits, will naturally suggest to the enlightened reader the reflection that such coincidence must either have been the result of pure accident, as exemplified in many similar cases, or, what is equally likely, and has equally often happened, have proceeded from previous knowledge. In all probability, the soothsayer, in the present case, was aware of the injury done to Morrison, and knew that he was meditating vengeance.—E.

able for the most perfect enjoyment of the noble sport, hunting the red deer, in which the party were about to be engaged.

A number of the sportsmen armed themselves with rifles; and two couple of huge shaggy stag hounds, which were led out to the front of the house by the laird's forester, completed the means of destruction intended to be employed against the mountain deer.

In high glee the party soon after started for the hills. The distance they had to go, before reaching the usual haunts of the deer, was considerable, and included several wild and dangerous passes.

It was while winding their way through one of these, that the Laird of Ballachie happening to look up to the dizzy heights above, saw the figure of a man perched on the summit of one of the highest cliffs, and apparently contemplating with great earnestness the party below.

"Who is that, Duncan?" said the laird, turning to his forester, who was beside him at the moment, not being able, from the distance, to recognise the person who occupied the height.

Duncan looked for some time at the figure; but, at length, said he thought it was Murdoch Morrison.

"I half thought so too," replied Ballachie, "but was not sure. What brings the fool idling here, in place of being at the plough tail, as he ought to be, on such a day as this?"

The laird said no more on the subject, but passed on with his party; and Murdoch Morrison was soon lost sight of.

For another hour, the sportsmen held on their way over hills and through valleys, without anything worthy of notice occurring. At the end of about this time, however, the attention of the Laird of Ballachie was again attracted, by the appearance of a human figure outlined on the sky, as it stood on the extreme ridge of a hill at the distance of a mile or two.

"That fellow Morrison, again," exclaimed the laird in some surprise, as his eye fell on the little atom of humanity that appeared upon the height. "What does the idiot mean by hanging on our skirts this way? He is evidently dogging us. Is it the love of the sport that brings the stupid ass away from his business?"

"Very likely," said the laird's forester, to whom this query was, although indirectly, put. "Very likely," he said, "although I never knew Murdoch come so far before after a deer hunt. He never used to care anything at all about them."

Again the party went on, and again Murdoch was lost sight of and forgotten.

The sportsmen had now nearly reached the ground which the deer usually frequented. On doing so, there was a general halt, and a loading of rifles. The dogs were placed in the slips, and every thing put in readiness for the appearance of the quarry.

The party now advanced slowly, cautiously, and quietly along a deep hollow, at the upper extremity of which they expected to find two or three "hearts of grease." They were thus proceeding along, when, just as they opened a small ravine on their left, they came suddenly upon Murdoch Morrison. He was crouching behind a rock—a situation which he had evidently chosen as a place of concealment; for he seemed taken by surprise when the party discovered him.

On perceiving that he was seen, however, he rose from the ground on which he had been extended at full length, and, advancing towards the laird, touched his bonnet respectfully, but without saying a word. There was something at the moment peculiar in the man's look: it was sullen and ferocious. In his eye too there was an unwonted wildness of expression, which did not escape the laird.

"Come to see the sport, Murdoch," said the latter, in his usual frank manner.

"With your leave," replied Murdoch, morosely; and at the same time scanning the others of the party with a sinister look.

"Oh, surely, surely," said Ballachie; "but why didn't you join us at once, man, instead of running round us as you have been doing for the last two hours; appearing here and disappearing there like a spunkie."

To this piece of jocularity, Morrison made no reply, nor did it move a muscle of his countenance beyond what produced a very faint and equivocal smile.

The laird and his party now moved on; and Murdoch dropped behind and attached himself to the forester who was following with the dogs.

"I never knew you take any interest in the chase before Murdoch," said the former, on Murdoch's placing himself beside him.

"Perhaps there's a reason for my doing it now, Duncan, replied the latter.

"Oh, no doubt, Murdoch, no doubt," said the forester. "I hope, however, we shall have good sport."

"We'll have more sport this day, Duncan, than some here are aware of," said Murdoch, emphatically.

"The more the better," replied the forester, gaily.

His companion smiled grimly, but said no more.

A cry from some of the foremost of the party, at this moment, announced that a deer had been discovered. The forester, leaving Murdoch, hurried forward to the front with his dogs, when

> "The antlered monarch of the waste,
> Sprung from his heathery couch in haste;
> But, ere his first career he took,
> The dew drops from his flanks he shook—
> Like crested leader proud and high,
> "ossed his beamed frontlet to the sky;
> A moment gazed adown the dale,
> A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
> A moment listened to the cry,
> That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
> Then as the headmost foes appeared,
> With one brave bound the copse he cleared;
> And, stretching forward, free and far,
> Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."

Such was the scene that now took place. The deer was off; the dogs slipped and in full career after him over hill and dale.

All was now confusion and excitement. The sportsmen were whooping and yelling, and running in all directions to gain such eminences as might enable them to keep the chase in view. The party were thus dispersed in every way, and in several instances widely separated.

When this dispersion took place, however, it was observed, but without exciting any attention, that Murdoch Morrison hastened in the direction the laird had taken, and afterwards closely followed him wherever he went. The latter, too much engrossed by the sport to notice the circumstance, or, if he had, to think anything of it, held on his way to gain the ridge of a range of cliff, called Craig More—a tremendous precipice of many hundred feet of perpendicular rock, and the summit of which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The ascent to the summit of Craig More was gradual on one side, and of easy accomplishment. Yet so sudden was the plunge of the precipice in which it terminated, that the mountain wanderer came upon it unawares, and, unless previously acquainted with the locality, never dreamed of the frightful gulf he was approaching until he stood upon its very edge. It was then that his step was arrested in terror. Then, when he suddenly found himself on the brink of this appalling abyss, adown which a foot farther, and he had been inevitably precipitated. Then, when he found himself on the edge of this dizzy height and

looked on the sheer gray wall of rock that dropped below him to a depth that rendered all objects, at the base, faint and indistinct to the eye.

It was for the summit of this precipice, then, that the Laird of Ballachie now made, heedless of everything but the chase in which his whole soul—for he was a keen sportsman—was wrapped up. He had, at the moment, neither eyes nor ears for anything else. Had he had the former even, he would have been struck, if not alarmed, at the stealthy, yet eager pace with which he was followed by Murdoch Morrison, who kept at the distance of eight or ten paces behind him; and still more would he have been alarmed, had he marked the wild and distracted look with which that person kept his eye constantly fixed on him.

The laird, however, marked none of these things, but held on his way until he had gained the extreme edge of Craig More. Here, gratified by a sight of the chase, which was at the moment sweeping the strath below, he stood intently gazing on the interesting scene, and shouting aloud in the excitationof his feelings.

At this moment, Murdoch Morrison was about two or three yards behind him. He had suddenly stopped short on the laird's reaching the edge of the precipice, and had unconsciously thrown himself into an attitude somewhat resembling that of a tiger when about to spring on his prey.

In this attitude he remained for several seconds, his glaring eyes fixed with a deadly stare upon his ill-fated landlord. He seemed to be watching the proper moment for some desperate deed. That moment came and the deed was done.

Morrison made a sudden rush on the laird, who was still gazing intently over the edge of the cliff, planted his two extended hands full and forcibly on his back, and hurled him headlong over the precipice. Down, down went the body of the unfortunate man with frightful rapidity into the depths below, bounding from crag to crag in its horrible descent, until it reached the bottom a torn and mangled mass, in which scarce a trace of humanity remained.

On the edge of the cliff, with his hands still extended at their full stretch over the abyss, as when they had perpetrated the appalling deed just recorded, stood Murdoch Morrison, marking, with savage eagerness and exultation, the descent of the body of the unhappy Laird of Ballachie; and thus he stood for some minutes, even after the body had reached the bottom of the precipice, as if gloating over the mangled carcass of his victim.

From this position, however, he at length suddenly withdrew, and bounding down the hill with the speed of the deer, of whose flight he had so lately been a witness, was never more seen in that part of the country.

It was said, and we believe truly, that after committing the murder, Morrison made directly for the low country, proceeded to Greenock, and there embarked for America.

From this tale, we think, both the libertine and the knave, who would injure the weak because they are so, may read a lesson not unworthy of their most serious consideration.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The following instance of that enviable peculiarity of mind alluded to in the title of this little sketch, will be appreciated by the reader, although he, with ourselves, will think it matter of regret that the occasion on which it was exhibited had not been more worthy.

One day, early in the beginning of the present century, a person, having a very gentlemanly appearance and address, arrived at the King's Arms, Glasgow by the London mail. He was a stranger, and apparently an Englishman. His name—at least the name he gave himself—was Edgecomb.

The stranger took up his quarters at the inn above named, and there remained for several weeks, puzzling the waiters sadly to conjecture who or what he could be; for he did no business; seemed to have no acquaintance in the town; and no apparent object or aim in making it a place of sojournment. He, however, paid his way handsomely, was quiet and gentlemanly in his manners, and regular in his habits—circumstances which went far to reconcile the good people of the King's Arms—master, mistress, and servants—to their unknown guest, notwithstanding the mystery in which his history, and the purpose of his visit, was involved.

The manners of the stranger, as already remarked, were quiet and composed; but there was an expression of determination, of cool, calm resolution in his countenance, that gave assurance of his being a man of strong mind and unshrinking nerve.

The sequel will shew that he was so. Mr Edgecomb, as we shall call him, seeing that he so called himself, had been about or nearly a month a guest in the King's Arms, when two men called one night, shortly after dark, and desired to see the landlord.

They were ushered into a private room, where was the person they desired to see.

"Have you an English gentleman lodging in the house just now?" said one of the men.

"We have," replied the landlord of the King's Arms.

"Has he been here for some time?" inquired the former.

"For about a month, I think," said the latter.

"A tall man?" said the first speaker, looking on a piece of paper which he held in his hand.

"Yes."

"Dark hair, and large black whiskers."

"Yes. I think so."

"Light gray eyes?"

"Yes."

"Roman nose?"

"Yes; exactly."

"Gentlemanly appearance and manner?"

"Both!" replied the landlord of the King's Arms.

"Our man, Bob," said the first speaker, winking to his companion.

"Have you any notion who this person is, whence he came, or what he is doing here?" continued the former, addressing the landlord.

"Know nothing about him," replied the latter; "only that he pays his way and conducts himself in all respects like a gentleman."

"Is he one though, think you?" said the former, with an equivocal smile.

"Can't say," replied the landlord. "Take every man to be a gentleman who conducts himself like one."

"Not a bad rule, but, like every other, it has exceptions," said the spokesman of the two visiters, "and this is one."

"Now, sir," he continued, "you don't know who this man is. We'll tell you; and expect that you will aid us, if need be, in the discharge of our duty. He is a notorious swindler and forger, on whom the police of every city in the kingdom have long had their eye, but have hitherto been unable to convict in any one of the numerous charges brought against him, so dexterously and cautiously does he manage his proceedings. We think we have him now, however, in a case of forgery. The bill is now lying in the Council Chambers, and we have come here with a warrant to apprehend him. We'll thank you, then, to shew us the gentleman's apartment."

The men, who were criminal officers, were shewn, though with no great alacrity, the room occupied by Mr Edge-

comb. They entered it, and found that person sitting before the fire reading a newspaper, with a decanter of wine on the table beside him.

Without moving a muscle, or exhibiting the slightest discomposure, although he must have guessed the purpose of his unceremonious visiters, Edgecomb awaited their approach, looking steadily at them as they advanced.

One of the men came up to him, and, touching him on the shoulder, said, "You are my prisoner, sir."

"Indeed," said Edgecomb, coolly—nay, smiling, and without rising from his seat, or betraying the smallest emotion. "Pray, sir, for what?"

On a charge of forgery, sir," replied the officer. "Here is my warrant; and you'll oblige me by coming along with us."

"Forgery, ha!" exclaimed Edgecomb, with a contemptuous smile. "What sort of forgery is this I am charged with, my man, eh? On whom am I said to have forged?" he added, with the air of a man who, conscious of innocence, sports with both his accusers and their accusation.

"The Fiscal will tell you all about that," replied the officer. "In the meantime, you will come along with us, if you please."

"Oh, certainly; by all means," said Edgecomb. "I'll accompany you wherever you choose. Forgery, ha! a good jest truly. But no matter, we'll see the end of this odd affair. Take a glass of wine, gentlemen?" he said, seizing the decanter, filling up a glass, and pushing it towards the officers.

One of them took it up and drank it off. Edgecomb filled up another, and presented it to his companion, who, nothing loth, did by it as his neighbour had done.

Their entertainer now poured out another glass to himself, and drinking to the healths of his visiters, tossed it off.

"Come, gentlemen," he now said, looking at the decanter which was about third full, "we may as well finish it. There's not much in it, and I don't like my wine to get flat, which this might probably do before I got back. Sit down then a moment, if you please, gentlemen."

The sitting down the officers declined; but the proposal to finish the bottle they readily closed with.

On the latter being emptied, and not before, Edgecomb rose from his seat, and, after coolly adjusting himself before the looking-glass over the mantle-piece, intimated his readiness to attend the officers. The party—the latter and their prisoner—left the apartment, and were about to ouit the house, when they met the landlord.

"Extraordinary affair this," exclaimed Edgecomb addressing the latter smilingly. "Charge of forgery!—ha! ha! Odd affair, indeed. I don't understand it. However, we shall see what it means by and by. In the meantime, keep my apartment for me, if you please—for this matter must, of course, be speedily put to rights—when I shall return to you."

Confounded, after what he had heard, by the unconcerned manner of his guest, the landlord could only bow a reply. Edgecomb smiled, and nodded in return, and, accompanied by his escort, quitted the house.

During all this time the conduct of Edgecomb had been so guarded, his manner so composed and so entirely free from anything like conscious guilt—and he had, moreover, met the charge against him with such calm indifference—that the officers themselves began to fear there was some mistake in the matter: either that they had taken the wrong man, or that the charge against him was unfounded. They, however, proceeded with their prisoner to the jail, where they secured him for the night.

On the following morning, Edgecomb was conducted into the presence of the Procurator Fiscal, whose chambers were within the jail buildings.

The case having taken wind, and having excited considerable interest, on account of the gentlemanly appearance and manner of the accused, the apartment of the public functionary, before whom he was now brought, was crowded with the professional acquaintance of the latter, curious to witness the progress, and learn the result of the prisoner's precognition.

On entering the apartment, and finding it filled with respectable people, Edgecomb raised his hat politely and bowed with an easy graceful air to those around him.

His manner and elegant exterior—for he was an uncommonly fine-looking man, and dressed in the extremity of the fashion, although in perfect good taste—made a strong impression in his favour—so strong, that several of those present acknowledged his courtesy by raising their hats also. Even the Fiscal himself shared in the same sentiment, as was evident by the way in which he addressed him.

"Mr Edgecomb," he said, in an unusually civil, if not respectful tone, "here is a charge of forgery against you."

Edgecomb smiled and bowed.

"So I understand, sir," he replied, in his usual calm and gentlemanly way. "Very strange affair, indeed. Pray, sir, what sort of forgery is it I am accused of? Is it a bill, bond, draft, or what is it, pray?"

"Why, sir, it's a bill," said the Fiscal, stretching out his hand, and taking from the top of his desk a slip of paper. "A bill, sir, for £250, professing to be drawn upon and accepted by Messrs Broomley, Kennilworth & Broomley. Discounted in the Royal Bank."

"So, so," said Edgecomb. "Ha! very good, indeed. A bill for £250 accepted by. Whom do you call the people, again?"

"Broomley, Kennilworth & Broomley," repeated the Fiscal.

"Ah, just so. Pray favour me with a sight of this extraordinary document, if you please?"

Thrown of his guard by the polite and easy manner o the accused, and the apparently undesigning way in which the request was made, the Fiscal, simply enough, handed Edgecomb, who was standing on the outside of a small railing by which the desk was enclosed, the bill.

On getting possession of the fatal paper, the latter, without saying a word, walked up deliberately to a blazing fire that was immediately behind him, threw the bill on it, and with the heel of his boot, thrust it into the heart of the burning coals, where it was, of course, instantly consumed.

On accomplishing this feat, which, though done with the utmost composure, was yet too quickly performed for any one present to interfere, Edgecomb turned round to the Fiscal, and, making him a low and polite bow, said—"That, sir, will save both you and I a vast deal of trouble. I wish you, sir, and you gentlemen, a very good morning." Saying which, he again bowed, and, with the most entire self-possession and deliberation, walked out of the office; there being, as he well knew, now that the bill was destroyed, no ground for his further detention.

We need scarcely add that the case was one of life and death; for, seeing the severity with which the law was in those days, executed, Edgecomb would, beyond all manner of doubt, have been hanged, had he not, by this prompt and bold proceeding, succeeded in destroying the evidence of his guilt.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

MARRY FOR LOVE, AND WORK FOR MONEY.

"The tale that I relate
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."
COWPER.

At some distance from the sea, on the eastern coast of Scotland, and on the southward slope of a moderately high hill, between thirty and forty years ago, stood two old-fashioned farm-steads, called, respectively, *Sunnyside* and *Dockenbank*. These places, in most respects, afforded a perfect contrast; and, for this reason, if there was not another, I must entreat the reader's forbearance while I attempt to describe them as they occur in the course of the following story. Sunnyside seemed to have derived its name from its situation: it stood upon a projecting part of the slope; and, whether in summer or winter, it was greeted by the first rays of the rising sun; while in the evening, when he had "journeyed far to the west," his last beams seemed to linger there for a season after he had forsaken the landscape below, as if he were still loath to bid the world "good-night." The dwelling-house—which was long and narrow, and consisted of a kitchen in the middle, with a room on each end of it—formed the northern, and consequently the upper side of a quadrangle, which was open to the south. On the east and west sides of this square stood the barn, stable, poultry-house, cow-houses, &c., the whole of which were only one story in height; and, according to the universal custom which then prevailed, roofed with thatch. The place was a perfect paradise of cleanliness and comfort when compared with hundreds of farms at the time referred to. On either side of the door—left untrodden, as it appeared, from the inconveniency of turning at right angles—a semicircular patch of grass kept green throughout the season; and there, under the shelter of the wall and the projecting eves, the mountain daisy might have been seen spreading its bosom to the sun, in the middle of December; but beyond these, all was as hard and smooth as if it had been paved. Neither *midden* nor *midden-dub* had been allowed to deform the area in front of the house. On the very spot where these appurtenances of the ancient homestead were usually to be found, the hens, ducks, and turkeys, assembled every morning to look for their breakfast, which was as regularly dealt out to them in the shape of a few handfuls of *light corn*. Nor did this at all detract from the appearance of the place; for, with the aid of the sparrows and other auxiliaries, they, in general, contrived to make the ground as clean as if it had been swept with a besom before they left it. Behind the house was the garden—then known only as the *kail-yard*—which, though small, was cultivated with rather more care than was common in those days. It had, indeed, nothing about it which could be called ornamental: walks there were none, and of flowers only a few; but the ground was laid out in a regular manner, and kept perfectly free from weeds; some rows of gooseberry and currant bushes greatly improved its appearance; and about half-a-dozen swarms of bees, constantly going from and returning to their "straw-built citadels," gave life and cheerfulness to the whole. Rich fields of waving corn lay below and on either side; while higher up, a sheep walk of considerable extent, interspersed with rocks, heath, ferns, wild flowers, and furze bushes, stretched away to the horizon.

A little above the homestead, which, when compared with the surrounding country, occupied rather an elevated situation, and sheltered from the wind by a projecting crag, stood a single cottage, with an earthen chimney, white-washed walls, and a thatch roof. Before the door was a small but neat garden, the soil of which consisted partly of those particles of earth which had been washed from the neighbouring rocks by the rains of a thousand years, and partly of what horticulturists call *vegetable mould*—or, to speak more plainly, of the remains of those grasses which, luxuriating in the little hollow through the summers of unnumbered ages, had every winter fallen down, and, in their decay, added to the depth and the fertility of the soil which produced them. The little spot thus fertilized by the hand of Nature, was partly walled in by rude masonry, and partly by native rocks, over the gray and weather-worn faces of which, some plants of ivy had been trained, or rather had trained themselves, concealing from the eye whatever of deformity or barrenness was there. Near the base of this natural fence, bright tufts of different coloured mosses might have been seen mingling with the smooth glossy leaves, and pale stems of the creeping shrub; while above the long tendrils, hanging in gay festoons from every angle and projection of the rock, gave the whole a green and romantic appearance; and below, the humble crops of potatoes, cabbages, and that never-failing favourite of our forefathers, *green kail*, shot up their luxuriant stems in sheltered security.

The place seemed to have been chosen, from its proximity to that line which separated the agricultural from the pastoral part of the farm—that extreme boundary beyond which the ploughshare might not pass—and thus well suited for the habitation of the shepherd, whose business led him principally to the more elevated portion of the hill. Such it had accordingly been, and such it was. The present shepherd, David Ross, had lived in it from the period of his marriage. Skilful in the management of his "fleecy charge," they prospered under him: his master was pleased with his services, and he had no farther care. Secluded from the world, in a great measure, by his solitary calling, and satisfied with his lot, in this romantic retreat, his time had passed in peace; and there too his children had been born and had grown up around him, like so many suckers around the parent tree. But as the reader, who has perhaps little relish for rustic manners and rural scenery, may be getting tired of this dissertation on days gone by; and as it is, moreover, high time that he were introduced to the hero—if hero it has—of the following story, I must desist.

Charles Ross, the shepherd's oldest son, was now a man. When young he had often assisted his father at *lamming-time*, and during the stormy days of winter, when the flock required to be tended with more than ordinary care; and at these seasons, as well as when the family was assembled around the evening fire, that father had been careful to teach him the responsibility of rational creatures

—to instruct him in the means to be used, and the course to be adopted, for obtaining, not only eternal, but also temporal happiness—and to instill into his youthful mind a belief that Providence, even in the affairs of this life, governs the world, not by caprice—giving to one man unearned wealth, with that long train of comforts and enjoyments supposed to be attendant on an easy fortune, and to another poverty and disgrace, without any respect to their merits and moral conduct—but by a system in which the most discriminating justice and the most impartial rewards may often be discerned. He never failed to make a proper allowance for individuals among those who possessed hereditary riches being wicked, and for wicked men growing rich by unjust means; but with him, in such cases, the solution was easy. Though they were rich they were not happy; for it was an infallible maxim of his, that happiness could only be associated with integrity and virtue. Though evil-doers might seem to prosper for a season, by watching the progress of events, he had often seen poverty, wretchedness, and shame, overtaking the profligate in his wicked career; and Justice, with an outstretched arm, hurling the oppressor and the unjust dealer to the dust, and burying them in the ruins of their own nefarious schemes. When he heard people saying that this or that "had been in their lot, and they could not get past it," he could often see that they had been, in some way or other, instrumental in making that lot for themselves. When he heard others affirming that such and such misfortunes "had been ordained by Providence," he could frequently discover that their own inclinations and predominating passions had been the means of bringing these misfortunes upon them, and that, unless Providence had interposed a miraculous check, they must inevitably have arrived at the same result. He had never seen any one *dragged* by an irresistible fatality to his fate, and he was averse to crediting any theory which would free men from the responsibility of their own actions. While he at once admitted that there were accidents and occurrences over which man had no control—that the Maker of all must be acquainted with all, and that he must foresee the coming of every event, and foreknow the consequences of every action—he also deemed it most consistent with the wisdom and justice of the Great Creator, to believe that he intended his rational creatures to use that understanding which he had bestowed on them for working out their temporal happiness, and that in this life they would, for the most part, be comfortable or wretched, in proportion as they acted consistently, or the reverse.

In that simple philosophy, of which the foregoing is an outline, the shepherd, as has been said, had endeavoured to instruct his son; and, from being often repeated, and uniformly supported by his own example, it had sunk deep into the heart of the boy. That boy, after having passed through several other situations in which he distinguished himself by his prudence and general good conduct, had at last gone to follow his father's occupation as shepherd upon the neighbouring farm of Dockenbank; and there he continued to enjoy all that happiness of which youth is susceptible, till love came to mar his peace.

Short as was the distance between Sunnyside and Dockenbank, the places were as dissimilar as any two places could possibly be. To this dissimilarity the situation contributed a part; but still, a large share of it had been produced by human agency. Upon the last mentioned farm, which lay to the westward, and within a little of the bottom of the hill, a modern house, roofed with blue slate, had been erected; and a piece of ground in front, enclosed with a substantial wall, for a garden. These gave it rather an imposing appearance when seen from a distance; but, on a nearer approach, the charm was completely dissipated. The offices did not form a square, as in the other case, but a street, the lower end of which, with the exception of a narrow passage on each side, was blocked up by the house. At the distance of only a few yards from the kitchen door a large puddle, composed of the drippings of the dunghill, &c., afforded a favourite place of resort for the ducks and ducklings. And there it was quite common to see them, at all hours, amusing themselves by splashing about its rotten waters with their wings in every direction, to the infinite annoyance of the unwary passenger who, "with all his bravery on," chanced to come under the influence of the shower. What was called "the front door" of the house looked into the garden, and was approached by three steps of a stone stair, on either side of which a few lilies, some patches of monkshood, and a rose bush, kept up a unavailing contention with nettles, docks, hemlocks, and other tall-growing weeds. An attempt had also been made at training two cherry trees to the wall; but it had soon been abandoned; and, like true children of Nature, they were now throwing their branches abroad in all directions. The garden itself had once been laid out with gravel walks box edgings, and flower borders. The flowers, however, with the exception of those already noticed, had long since disappeared; the box had been allowed to grow in its natural state; no breaches had been filled up; the shears had never been applied; and what remained presented the appearance of so many detached shrubs; while the walks —so powerful are the efforts of Nature to obliterate the works of man—were completely concealed by chickweed, and other creeping plants. *Slovenliness* seemed to be the deity of the place, and over master and servant she held sway.

In a half-ruinous looking cottage, close to the side of the road which led to the farm, lived Robert Nicolson, who had long been what was called "the foreman." The walls of his dwelling, instead of being whitewashed, were daubed over with mud, thrown up by the carts in passing, to such a degree that it would have been difficult to tell of what materials they were composed. The small windows, from the same cause, aided by the smoke and dust which had long been accumulating on the inside, were so dim that they scarcely admitted the sun's meridian splendour; and it was utterly in vain to try to distinguish any object through them. A small garden, as is still common in rural districts, was attached to the cottage; but, from long neglect, the green walk which intersected it had been allowed to increase in breadth, till it occupied nearly half its extent. The nettles too, from having been at first confined to some irregularities in the foundation of the rude fence, had gradually extended their domain to more than a yard all round; and, after making these deductions, what remained of the little area produced only a small quantity of *misthriven* early potatoes, and a few stunted *kailstocks*.

From this sketch let no one suppose that Robert Nicolson was a bad man. The secret of all this negligence in both master and servant was to be found in their poverty. When a man grows poor he naturally becomes negligent, and negligence rarely fails to make him poorer. Robert Nicolson was in truth an honest man, and one who had long struggled with the world to maintain his honesty. But, like thousands of his class, he had "married for love" when very young. A wife, in no way remarkable for her system of management, and the wants of a large family, had conspired to keep him "under the world," as it has been aptly phrased; and he had now lost the taste and, in a great measure, the desire for those enjoyments, from which he had been so long debarred. If he could get a morsel of the coarsest sort when hungry, and rest when fatigued with labour, he seldom interfered with his domestic concerns, and his wife never thought of providing anything more. Yet there was ambition in her nature; but, whenever it appeared, vanity took the lead, and led it astray

Such were the individuals, and such their fortune, to whose eldest daughter Charles Ross had become attached. Notwithstanding the poverty in which she had been bred, Peggy Nicolson had many personal attractions. With these, in the opening blush of womanhood, kind-hearted, and ready to participate in the feelings of others, there was nothing at all wonderful in her captivating the affections of an inexperienced youth. On his part, he felt at first merely pleased with her appearance; and, while he looked on her with a sort of interest when she was present, he seldom thought of her when she was absent. This feeling, however, soon began to gather strength. When a man or a woman happens to be particularly pleased with anything, they naturally try to discover all its pleasing qualities, that they may derive as much pleasure from it as possible; and it was exactly thus with him. On a nearer acquaintance, he fancied that he could discover in her character and disposition those elements of virtue from which, when cultivated by his own care, and matured by time, he promised himself a whole heaven of earthly enjoyment. In this, though he no doubt overrated the result, he was not so very far mistaken as to the means by which it was to be obtained; for, in the midst of evident disarray, she possessed a large share of those amiable qualities which he had attributed to her; and, under more favourable auspices, she had certainly exhibited them to still greater advantage. That, however, which gave her the principal, and perhaps the finishing charm in his eye, was the circumstance of her soon returning his affection with all the warmth of which youth is susceptible. But, alas! love in every rank of society is a delicate plant, and scarcely more so in the palace than in the peasant's hut. Through the severest storms and trials it can sometimes live, and thrive the better for opposition; but—fickle and jealous, fond and capricious by turns—it often inflicts a deadly wound upon itself, when no real enemy is near—destroying, in a reckless moment, all those hopes which were destined for its support, and leaving nothing but desolation where the fairest flowers were expected to bloom.

The next term brought a lad called Bob Langrigs to Dockenbank. This individual soon became a secret admirer of Peggy. It was, however, the first year in which he had been promoted to the work and the wages of a man; he seemed to feel that he was in no condition to enter into the married state; and this, added to the natural shyness of youth, made him silent on the subject of love. It is even probable that the feeling, unfed, might have passed harmlessly away, and never exceeded the bounds of mere admiration. But though he seldom spoke, and made no professions to the maiden herself, her mother had penetration enough to discover his *liking;* and when she spoke of the circumstance to her gossipping neighbours, they immediately pretended to see that this was a most favourable opportunity for bringing forward a marriage with the young shepherd, of whom she had sometimes boasted as her daughter's future husband, and they forthwith advised her on no account to let it slip.

If one might judge from common occurrences, and the general tone of conversation, *match-making* seems to be considered, not only a lawful, but a laudable occupation by both sexes, and all classes; but, while the men—more especially if they have no concern with the parties—are almost always willing to lend a hand, it must be acknowledged that it appears to be still more congenial to the disposition of women. No matter what may be their age or station, or what difficulties may be in the way; when their enthusiasm is awakened, they feel a pleasure in overcoming obstacles and conquering difficulties; and, without taking time to consider what may be the consequences, they frequently set to work with a zeal and a disinterestedness which can scarcely be imagined. Even the ancient dame—whose feelings in most other respects seem to have departed with her life's departed summer—should she chance to hear of anything of the kind being in the wind, her eye will brighten up with an indescribable interest, and she may perhaps be seen soon after gathering up her crutch, and adjusting her head-gear, and searching for her *bauchels*, previous to making what would otherwise be, to her, a most painful pilgrimage to a neighbour's house, for the purpose of consulting and arranging matters to facilitate a wedding. All this may proceed from the most benevolent motives: it is at least perfectly disinterested; but, if all the good which ever resulted from it, were fairly balanced against all the mischief which it has produced, it is much to be feared that the whole would be found little better than a benevolent mistake. Not unfrequently the very means which are considered best adapted for forwarding the object in view, destroy all prospect of its ever being accomplished; and even where they succeed, from a little observation it may be evident, that by hurrying on a marriage prematurely, they too often plunge the very individuals, whose happiness they intended to advance, into a state of privation and suffering from which they can never afterwards escape. How far these observations were destined to be verified in the experience of the individuals already brought under the reader's notice, will be seen in the sequel.

The result of the consultation formerly held soon began to be manifest in the proceedings which followed. Accidental occurrences, and, perhaps more than all, his own inclination to be in the society of a secretly admired object, brought the lately arrived young man occasionally to Mrs Nicolson's; and, at such seasons, his future visits were encouraged by the greatest kindness. The thing took: the poor fellow, as is common in these cases, soon began to make trifling errands, and to find excuses for stepping over on a winter's evening; and, as the second part of the plot, it was now deemed time to give Charles Ross some hints of his rival. Here, however, the scheme was less successful than had been anticipated: upon him, young, inexperienced, and warmly attached as he was, his father's precepts and his father's example had not been thrown away; he had been taught to believe that listening to the voice of unbridled passion, and a want of due consideration as to future consequences, are the fruitful springs of more than half the misery which mankind must endure; and he had wisely resolved to act a different part. The very circumstances in which he had found the object of his affection, the discomforts and inconveniences to which he had frequently seen her subjected, and the history of her parents, were with him a sufficient reason for delaying his marriage till he could see a fair prospect of being able to remove her to a more comfortable home. He therefore took no notice of the above-mentioned hints; but the conclave who had already taken up the case, and who now considered their reputations as staked upon the issue, were not to be thus baffled, and other means were soon resorted to.

From the very common mistake of supposing that *dress* constitutes the chief charm of woman, it was next concluded that Peggy should get a new gown; and that the gown, if possible, should be a silk one. Were she thus adorned, no doubt was entertained of her soon drawing a declaration of love, accompanied by an offer of marriage, from her second suitor; and, if such an offer were once made, it was supposed that the mother might make what terms she pleased with the other, and stipulate for the marriage-day being next week if she thought proper. To be present at this grand event, and to have the pleasure of being so as soon as possible, was the great object of their ambition; and in their ardour for the accomplishment of

those wishes, by which they supposed all parties were to be made superlatively happy, they at once believed that "poor Charles" would lose his reason if he were to lose his expected bride; and thus they calculated on the success of their scheme, with a degree of certainty in which it is seldom safe to indulge.

Mrs Nicolson, however, could not endure the idea of seeing her daughter better dressed than herself. Her husband seldom interfered in these matters; Peggy, who knew but little of the mystery, was in general a passive instrument in her hands; she therefore determined on having two silk gowns instead of one; and so full was she of the pleasing ideas which this vision inspired, that she could not refrain from telling her expected son-in-law of the intended purchase the first time she saw him. Though these things are quite common now, they were then so expensive that very few in the humble walks of life ever thought of wearing them. The whole scheme, moreover, savoured so much of extravagance and vanity, and was so utterly repugnant to his ideas of propriety, that he could not help expressing his disapprobation. The good dame was thrown off her guard by this unexpected turn of affairs, and she retorted warmly by inquiring what right he had to interfere with her concerns. At first he endeavoured to answer her calmly; but, an irritated woman is, perhaps, of all things on earth, the most irritating: she continued her teasing and impertinent remarks; he lost his good-humour; and high words on both sides followed. Forgetting the importance of the part she had undertaken to play, she upbraided him with worldly-mindedness, and entertaining the most mercenary views toward her daughter. He denied the charge, and, as was natural, retaliated, by pointing out, in rather sarcastic terms, the folly of her own conduct, in proposing to make such a purchase. She repudiated his opinions with utter scorn, repeated her former allegation—said that, were she Peggy, she would not marry him though he had an earldom, and concluded by affirming that she did not believe her daughter cared a fig for him. The altercation was thus kept up for a time, and then terminated by the young man leaving her, completely disgusted.

Maltreated as he had been by her mother, he still comforted himself with the idea that Peggy entertained other feelings toward him; and, on the following day, when he chanced to pass near the place where she was employed, along with several others, in planting a field of potatoes, as his time did not admit of leaving the road to go and speak to her, he made one of those signals of recognition with his hand, which, on former occasions, she had always noticed and returned; but, to his utter disappointment, she treated it with neglect, and did not, as he thought, seem to wish to have any farther communication with him. He felt alarmed, he knew not how—relaxed his pace for a few minutes—watched her till her head was turned in such a direction as to warrant the belief that she *must* observe him—and then repeated the signal by again raising his hand; but again she resumed her work without seeming to notice him. The truth was, she had heard such an edition as her mother thought proper to give of what had happened on the previous day. Young and easily agitated, her mind was too much occupied with the disquieting subject, to allow her eye to rove in search of distant objects; though her head was turned, it was either to conceal some passing emotion, or to rectify some slight mistake in her work; her eye, the while, was fixed on the ground, and she saw him not. For this, however, the lover made no allowance: the circumstance seemed to corroborate what her mother had said; and, fancying that this neglect must proceed either from a wish to make him acquainted with what had been her *real* sentiments, or from some sudden and irrevocable change of sentiment toward him, he resumed his former quick pace, feeling at first vexed beyond measure, then irritated, then indignant; and, last of all, pride stepped in to magnify the whole into a mighty offence; and, without knowing what he did, he resolved to repay her coldness with a coldness if possible still more cold.

Any attempt to account for such violent and sudden changes in the hearts of lovers, were alike superfluous and vain; they seem to be among those inexplicable and inevitable evils with which the human family are destined to torment themselves. Nature, however, has not left them without palliatives, which, it would appear, may sometimes go far to counterbalance the misery which they occasion. When no ulterior agency is used to aggravate or prolong disagreements of this kind, they seldom last beyond a very limited period. It has been said that happiness can only be appreciated and enjoyed by contrast; and then the pleasure of a reconciliation, and all the endearing tenderness which usually follows such an event, are immeasurably increased by the poignancy of what has been previously endured. But to this natural consummation the present misunderstanding was not allowed to come. Charles Ross did not return to acknowledge his fault; and Peggy's mother, who, when offended, had something vindictive in her temper, could now think of nothing but revenge. Her system of tactics was therefore completely changed. Instead of using Peggy's second suitor as a *spur* in the side of the first, she soon determined on bringing him forward as the favoured individual; and, seconding his pretensions by throwing all her own influence into the scale, her first step was to lead him on by sympathetic allusions and other devices to intrust her with the state of his affections; this was no difficult task, and she succeeded in it on the evening of the very day on which the shepherd had supposed himself slighted. Her next business was to make Peggy acquainted with the important secret; and, while she was doing so, she dwelt emphatically on every little circumstance which might have a tendency to interest her heart; making, at the same time, many comparisons in favour of her new, and to the discredit of her old lover. The very poverty of the former, and his willingness to make her his wife, with nothing save his year's wages and the clothes on his back—the last of which were unpaid—was represented as the purest disinterestedness, and an unquestionable evidence of the strongest attachment; while the delays of the latter were spoken of as coldness, heartlessness, a token of indifference, and a certain proof of his being too deeply in love with the world to have any love to spare for the woman who should be so unfortunate as to become his wife. Mrs Nicolson's female neighbours, who saw only "one side of the picture," and heard only that edition of the story with which she was pleased to favour them, immediately seemed to catch a portion of her own spirit; and, as a natural consequence, adopted her views of the matter. Some of them had *daughters* of their own old enough to be married, and they believed that "it was an *ill* wind that would blow *good* to nobody;" others sorely disliked the lectures upon economical management which the young shepherd had sometimes bestowed on them; and they all joined in fancying that it was, somehow or other, their duty, and for their own interest as well as for his happiness, to have Peggy Nicolson married to Bob Langrigs instead of Charles Ross. "Marry for love, and work for money" was their maxim; and they now repeated it to the poor girl wherever they met her.

"What signifies a well-furnished house, and a well-filled purse, without love?" said one.

"Though he is poor, you are both young and stout; and if you are willing to work, you may soon grow rich," said another.

"Take the wind when it is in the barn door, Peggy, my

woman, or you may chance to want it when it is somewhere else," said a third.

"The shepherd does not care a snuff for you, or he could never live so near you for three days on end without speaking," said a fourth.

"Ay, but Bob could give his life for you, and would never leave you for an instant were it not for his work," said a fifth. And then—"Marry for love, and work for money!" said they all at once.

The only individual who ventured to dissent from the general cry, and to advise Peggy to await the return of her former lover's affection, was Mary Fletcher; but Mary was herself preparing for her marriage, which was to take place the week following, and was too busy for having much time to spare to advise any one.

Peggy was not false-hearted, but her heart was not made of adamant, to resist those arguments and insinuations with which she was constantly plied. "Marry for love, and work for money" was everlastingly rung in her ears. For the last eight days Charles Ross had not spoken to her, though she had sometimes seen him at a distance—she even fancied that he wished to avoid coming near her. Bob Langrigs, urged on by the clamorous advice of others, was unceasing in his importunities; and what could she do? It was some time before the young shepherd, who at first really believed himself forgotten, could think of renewing the correspondence, or even of exchanging common civilities with the supposed false fair one. He was as yet too young, and had seen too little of the world, to be able to command that carelessness of look and manner by which the strongest emotions may be concealed. His heart had been too deeply interested to admit of looking upon the affair with indifference; he knew that a first meeting, under existing circumstances, would be a severe trial for his fortitude; he was, moreover, proud—proud people are always averse from shewing any symptom of weakness or extreme emotion; and, till he could subdue these unquiet feelings he was in a manner, forced to absent himself as much as possible from those places where he had a chance of meeting her. For this he possessed several facilities. His occupation by day, which kept him abroad till it was almost dark, lay at a considerable distance from the farm; and the places were so near that, after folding his flock, he frequently went over to his father's cottage, and did not return till next morning. Things continued in this state for nearly ten days, when he at last began to think that there might be some mistake, and that it was at least his duty to inquire at Peggy herself as to her real sentiments. In an accidental, and, as may be easily supposed, an unsatisfactory interview which followed, she gave him a brief account of the whole story, with a feigned fortitude which rather surprised him, pleading, at the same time, as her only excuse, the circumstance of his having "forsaken her." During the last four or five days, preparations for her marriage had been hurrying on with the greatest precipitation; and she now assured him that matters were too far advanced to admit of their intimacy ever being renewed upon any other footing than that of *friendship!* That word went to his heart like a dagger; but there was a something in her manner, feigned as it was, which forbade him to interfere with the arrangements already made; pride once more stepped in, and he turned away with affected coldness; while she, though she had behaved with admirable calmness when his eye was on her, burst into a flood of bitter tears. On the following Sabbath he heard their names and intentions proclaimed in the church. On Friday of the same week they were "married—*for love;*" perhaps though in one of the parties it certainly could not be strong, and as neither of them had a shilling, it was evident that if they did not "work for money," they could never have it.

When this ceremony was over, and the excitement to which it gave rise began to subside, Charles Ross found the scene of his disappointment more painful than he had at first anticipated, and, indeed, too painful to be easily endured. To escape from these distressing reflections against which his better judgment told him it was now his duty to contend, he immediately gave up his situation as shepherd, and travelled to Glasgow, where he had some distant relations. From this place he afterwards proceeded to Greenock, and finally embarked for America, whither most of his brothers and sisters followed him as they grew up.

When he arrived in the New World, he soon found that idle musing had a strong tendency to throw him back into his former gloom, while unremitting activity contributed materially to his peace of mind. Of having committed a sad mistake in rashly absenting himself from the society of one who love him, he stood convicted, and he had already suffered for his rashness; but from the charge of inconstancy or falsehood, his conscience acquitted him. That heart which is not depressed by guilt, can seldom be permanently depressed by any other cause. He soon began to consider it his duty to be active; and activity, well directed, was in time followed by that success which is its natural reward.

Twenty years had passed over him, during the greater part of which he had enjoyed as much comfort and peace of mind as mortals can reasonably expect to enjoy. His father and mother were gone to their last sleep; he had been successful beyond his most sanguine expectations; his brothers and sisters were all married and well established in the world; and now he began to feel a longing desire once more to visit the land of his nativity, and to see the graves of his parents.

To satisfy this desire, he crossed the Atlantic, and, as he was now rich, determined on gratifying his curiosity by a sort of leisurely tour over a part of Scotland. In pursuance of this determination, he was proceeding, sometimes on foot—that he might have leisure for contemplating the scenery—and sometimes taking advantage of the stage-coach for a few miles, where the country was uninteresting, when, as a fine summer day was settling down into one of those serene evenings which sometimes characterise the latter part of the month of June, his attention was attracted by a female beggar wrapped in a tattered brown cloak, who was sitting under a hedge by the road-side, and muttering to herself. Humanity drew him to her side: he already entertained the intention of relieving her most pressing wants, and, if it were in his power, placing her in more comfortable circumstances; but, on inquiring as to the cause of her poverty, he almost immediately discovered that she was insane.

"They burned my house," she said, in a quick irritable tone, "and my pretty infant; and then they took me away to a prison because I said they were cruel villains; and they burned my husband, too; but I deserved that for allowing myself to be married to please my mother."

As she uttered these words, she gazed wildly and wistfully in his face, then burst into a maniac laugh, and then a deep shade of melancholy passed over her pale and almost haggard countenance; her eyes slowly closed, and her head gradually declined towards her knee; she rested her cheek for a few seconds upon her hand, while the exhausted powers of nature seemed struggling to retain their hold, and then fell over upon her side in a state of utter insensibility. As she lay thus, he looked intently upon her pale cheek, compressed lips, and deeply furrowed forehead, as if he had been trying to recognise some long-forgotten friend; but after a hurried scrutiny he could discover nothing in the face and figure before him which bore the slightest resemblance to any one he had formerly known. Still there were cadences of her voice which had sounded

in his ears as something strangely familiar; but when or where he had heard them, or whether it was only an illusion, he could not determine; and the present was no time for indulging in such inquiries. With the assistance of a labourer, who, in returning from his day's work, chanced to pass the spot where she was lying, he had her removed to the nearest house, where, with the exception of that weakness which commonly continues for a time after suspended animation, she soon recovered her ordinary health. The evening being now far advanced, he began to inquire for an inn where he might pass the night. Nothing of the kind, however, was to be found within several miles; but the mistress of the house, whose husband chanced to be from home, after viewing him with some care, as if to ascertain his character, and the likelihood of his being "an honest man," gently hinted that she had a room and a bed to spare, and that he might have the use of them if he pleased.

"I never tak in gangrels," she continued; "but last winter it afforded shelter to a gentleman who was benighted in a storm: he was weel pleased with the accommodation; and sae, as I said, if ye think ye can be comfortable here, ye are welcome to it."

This offer was accepted; and though the good woman did not "take in *gangrels*," by which the reader must understand beggars, at the stranger's request she agreed to accommodate the maniac also for a night—he becoming bound to indemnify her for whatever damage she might sustain.

The night passed quietly away: the poor wanderer, wearied out with travelling, and still farther exhausted by what she had suffered in the evening, slept profoundly; and, when she awoke next morning, refreshed by a night of undisturbed and comfortable repose, she seemed both to enjoy better health, and to feel more composed than she had formerly done. The highest spring tide always follows the lowest ebb, and it is highly probable that those who are *touched* may never feel more collected or speak with a greater show of reason than shortly after the wildest wanderings. Whatever may be the cause of what is called "lucid intervals," they do certainly occur; and, in the present instance, after recovering from the crisis of the preceding evening, the poor woman spoke with so much calmness, and wandered so little in her conversation, that Charles—now *Mr* Ross—who heard every word distinctly through the thin partition and slender door which separated the apartments, almost fancied she had recovered her reason. When she was about to depart, she bestowed her blessing upon the house and its inhabitants, with an earnestness and a fervour which contrasted pleasingly with her former wild ravings; and when the hostess' daughter—a girl of about seventeen or eighteen years of age—came in, though she seemed anxious to be gone, she stopped short and turned an intense gaze upon her countenance. The searching earnestness of that look seemed at last to melt; she bent a hasty glance upon the mother, as if to assure herself of their relationship, and then broke a silence which had already lasted several minutes.

"May God bless you, my bonny lass," she said, in a tone of great solemnity; "and send you a faithful lover; and when you are married, keep him and you from the trials of debt and poverty, and the misfortunes which follow in their train."

"Marry for love, and work for money!" said the girl, with a lightness of accent and a carelessness of manner which shewed that she attached little meaning to what she was saying.

Her words, however, seemed to fall like fire upon the ears, or rather the heart of the demented woman. For a few moments she appeared to writhe under the influence of some strong and unutterable emotion, then broke forth in a wild laugh, which seemed common to her after every season of agitation, and then sat down, bowed her head, as on the former occasion, buried her face in her hands, and appeared about to swoon.

When this fearful excitement, and those alarming symptoms which it occasioned, began to abate—

"Draw near," she said, "and I will tell you the meaning of the words you used. When I was young they told me to 'marry for love, and work for money,' till I was almost sick of listening to them; and to please them I was married to one who, they said, loved me, but for whom I then cared little. He did love me; and in time I loved him too, and believed that we should live happy enough together. We were both young and healthy, and we pleased ourselves with the idea of being able to live upon little, and endure a great deal. But the year after our marriage I was made a mother, and my sweet little infant prevented me from earning anything. Next year provisions were dear, we were in debt, and instead of getting out of it, we got farther in. The hard times made people eager for their money; every week we were tormented with them sending letters and calling on us for payment. Sometimes they threatened to put us in prison, and sometimes they threatened to sell our beds and bedclothes; and, that we might save something to satisfy them with, we took a house, which we got cheap, because it was so cold and damp that nobody else would live in it. But my husband was soon seized with rheumatism and lost his health; we were so poor that we did not like to send for a doctor; and to strengthen him, as they said, the neighbours advised him to take a dram. I neglected my child, wrought night and day, and sold everything we could spare to get the means of restoring him to health; but, before he got better, my poor baby, who had been running half-naked through the winter, was taken ill. For three weeks he lay upon my knee, and grew worse and worse; and one night, as I sat with him alone, he grew white and cold, and his eyes, which were turned up to my face, looked glassy, and did not move when I spoke to him. And when I took his little hands in mine, they were cold and heavy; and though I thrust them into my bosom to warm them, and wrapped his father's ragged coat, and nearly the whole of my own clothes around him, and threw the last coals we had upon the fire to kindle it up into a blaze, he grew colder and colder. And, next morning, when the neighbours came in and found me still sitting with him on my knee, they said he was dead, and tried to get him from me; but how could I part with my infant? And then they whispered to each other, and shook their heads at the door, and came back and said—what was it they said about him again?—oh, yes, I have it now. They said he had gone to heaven, where he would have plenty of meat, and plenty of clothes, and a warm fire on the cold winter nights; and that he was better now than when he was with me. And then they looked at each other and shook their heads again, and thought to wheedle him from me—ha! ha! ha!"

Here she again burst forth in her wonted wild laugh; and for a time every trace of the story she had been telling seemed to have escaped her. She murmured indistinctly to herself, sung snatches of melancholy songs, and wandered from one subject to another, in a manner wholly unintelligible: then, after what appeared to be a number of fruitless efforts to recall her fugitive ideas, she seemed to catch once more at some detached portions of her story.

"But I was going to tell you something about myself," she resumed; "but what was it?—really I have forgotten! Was it about selling the bedclothes to pay the rent of the house? or was it about taking away my poor boy to prison for stealing when he was hungry? But he did not steal: he only took two or three pears from one of Mr Griptast's

trees one day when he had got no breakfast. Or was it about my husband's drunkenness? I cannot tell—I have forgotten everything about it. But I shall never forget the bad treatment he gave me when he was drunk. See there," she continued, "there is the mark on my arm where I was burned when he pushed me upon the red-hot bars, for venturing to reprove him after he had stayed out a whole night."

As she spoke, she uncovered the fleshy part of her arm and shewed a scar, which, from its extent, and the hollow which it still retained plainly indicated some severe injury; and, after pausing for a space to give them time to look at it, she again proceeded with her story:—

"Well, I shall tell you all about that," she said. "My poor husband acquired a liking for drams during his illness, and after he got better, when he saw everything going wrong, and people constantly craving him for money, which he had not to give, he lost heart, grew careless of his character and appearance, and took to drinking, from which nothing could reclaim him. So we lived a long time I cannot tell how, only I was miserable; and our family increased. There was Boby, and Betsy, and Johnny, and Nancy, and poor little Mary—only they said Boby had gone to heaven; but they lied, for they took him away to the churchyard and buried him. Well, it was only about eight days after Mary was born, and there was nothing in the house, that the minister's wife had given us a half-crown, and my husband said he would go and get some meal; but he did not return when it was late, and I was weak and weary, and when I could watch no longer, I put some coals on the fire to warm him when he came home, and went to bed, and soon fell asleep, with the sweet infant in my bosom. But that night I dreamed a horrible dream. I thought some one was shocking me with brimstone, and that the very air around me was so hot that it was burning my lips. I tried to cough for relief, but my throat seemed closed with something which would not stir; and, while I was gasping for breath, some one laid hold of me by the feet and dragged me out into the cold dark night, naked as I was; but they left my sweet little Mary behind them. And then I saw the red red flames bursting from the roof of the house, and burning up through the black smoke. But when I screamed for my infant, and would have rushed through the fire to save her, they held me back; and a man, with his head wrapped up in a greatcoat, tried to go in, but he soon returned without her, and fell down—dead, I suppose—the moment he reached the door. And then they told me to be calm, as if I had not been a mother; and said that my husband had come home drunk, and had either fallen into the fire or fallen asleep upon the hearthstone, and the fire, falling down, had kindled his clothes, and his clothes had kindled the bed which stood nearest the fire, and the bed had kindled the house. But they lied about that too; for they had kindled the house themselves, and burned him and my poor infant to death—horrid monsters that they were! And, because I maintained in their faces that they had done so, they were offended, and brought two ill-looking men with a chaise, and took me far away to some great town, and put me in a prison. But I escaped from the wretches at last; and since then they have never either seen or heard of me. I served them right, did I not? But I have never been like myself since then: my hair, which was as black as jet, grew gray while they confined me; and since I began to wander about the country, deep wrinkles have gathered on my brow; and—though I never meant to tell you that—I am so altered now, that even Mary Fletcher does not know Peggy Nicolson." Here she made a short pause, then added in a tone half derisive and half triumphant—"How you stare! but it is true enough;" and then her wild laugh again rung through the house.

The hostess, who was no other than Mary Fletcher, did indeed stare and look surprised. Sorry, pity, and some degree of apprehension, mingled on her countenance; but not a shade of doubt was there; for her own senses, when set upon the proper track, confirmed the truth of what she had heard. The stranger had also listened with the deepest attention to the poor maniac, whose words he heard almost as distinctly as if he had been beside her. Imperfect and unconnected as her narrative was, he had taken a strange interest in it from the beginning; and, when he heard her name, as may be easily supposed, that interest was unspeakably increased. As soon as she had done speaking, he rose from his seat, took two or three turns across the apartment, and then, throwing open the door, hastened to have his eyes confirmed as well as his ears. But so great was the change which had passed over her, that without some information, such as that which she had herself communicated, he could never have discovered that she was the same Peggy whom he had once so ardently admired. With her it was otherwise: she now seemed to be in the mood of making everything known; the moment she saw him she stilled her wild laugh, looked on him intently for a few seconds, and then exclaimed—

"Ha! Charles Ross here too—but I had forgotten, he thought I would not know him in that fine coat; but I knew him yesternight as well as I did that afternoon when he left me for the first time without saying *good night*."

When one part of a secret is *out*, the rest must necessarily follow. Peggy Nicolson had once been a wife and mother: she was a mother still, but she had now been a widow and a maniac for nearly three years. The cause of these calamities, of which the last was certainly the worst, may be gleaned from her own account of it; and what remains of her story may be soon told. Though she could give no account of her children, and indeed did not seem to know whether they were dead or alive, two girls were at last discovered in factories or *spinning-mills*, as they are commonly called, whither they had been sent by the managers of the parish funds, shortly after their mother had gone distracted. One of her boys had been tried, and sentenced either to pay a considerable fine or lie three months in prison, for some petty theft of which he had been guilty: and being alike destitute of money and credit, he had been forced upon the last alternative. But, instead of being reclaimed by punishment, when the period of his confinement expired, he was turned loose upon society an initiated villain.

Opportunities of trying his ingenuity, and proving how much he had profited by the lessons he had received, were not long awanting. He was detected in one or two burglaries, and a number of petty thefts, for which, however, as the amount of property abstracted was inconsiderable, he was allowed to pass unpunished. But at last he was suspected of having been engaged in a rather extensive sheep-stealing concern: this involved serious consequences, and he was eagerly sought for, seized, and imprisoned, to stand his trial at the approaching circuit. It was clearly proven that he had been absent from the house in which he usually lodged, on the night on which the sheep were amissing; while his conduct, in other respects, had been so disorderly, and the evidence against him, in a number of lesser crimes, was so clear, that little doubt was entertained of his being convicted, and either hanged or transported for life. His own account of the story was, that he had gone to succour an individual of the name of Brogwort, who was an acquaintance, and who, he knew, was then in great distress; but, not finding him at home, he had returned without speaking to anybody else. Brogwort was called and examined; but he disclaimed all knowledge of the matter; he even denied having had any previous acquaintance of the supposed culprit.

As soon as Mr Ross knew how matters stood, he lost no time in exerting himself to clear up the mystery. He had money; and whether the guilty are to be punished, or the innocent set free, money is always of some importance. Through his influence new agents were employed, and other witnesses summoned; and, after a most laborious and expensive investigation, it appeared that Brogwort was really the guilty person. Both were tried for the same crime, and he was sentenced to transportation for life, while Langridge was acquitted. From this little incident, the reader must be left to draw his own conclusions as to how far the *seeds* of crime may be sown in the hearts of children by even the *poverty* of their parents.

Of the other members of Mrs Langridge's family, no trace could be found; and, as soon as Mr Ross had succeeded in rescuing the unhappy children from those dens of poverty, wretchedness, and crime into which they had been thrown, he exerted himself to procure for them a proper moral and religious education; and it was only by his interference, perhaps, that they were snatched from the downward road to ruin. Their mother was immediately sent to an asylum, famous for the number of individuals who had been dismissed from it perfectly cured of that most fearful of all diseases—madness. Here she was kept for somewhat more than an year, as a patient of the best class, at his expense; and strange as it may seem, under the treatment which she now received, she gradually recovered her reason; and at the end of this period she too was dismissed perfectly cured. As the scene of her former wanderings and sufferings must have been painful, she was easily persuaded to accompany Mr Ross, with the remains of her family, back to America, where she had the satisfaction of soon seeing her children settled in the world, with a fair prospect of prosperity and happiness. She herself continued to reside with Mr Ross in the capacity of a female friend, to whom the management of his domestic concerns were entrusted. The parties themselves, however, seemed to be of opinion that it was too late in life to think of any nearer connection; but even if it had not, it must at once occur to our reader that some of the circumstances already noticed, might have had a tendency to make a connection of this kind less agreeable than such connections should always be; and for this reason perhaps as much as for any other it was never spoken of.

The story of these individuals may now be considered as at a close; at least, what remains of it is of that quiet and orderly description which, though certainly most to be desired by all who value their own tranquillity, makes but a very indifferent figure in a narrative; and therefore it may be here dropped. I cannot conclude, however, without attempting to draw the reader's attention to the important moral which it seems to convey. To "marry for love, and work for money," sounds well, and, in the abstract, may be perfectly correct; but, as matters now stand, when practically followed out, it often produces the most ruinous consequences. Upon such causes and the long train of evils which they produce, too many still seem determined to shut their eyes, and to exculpate themselves from all blame, by attributing the whole to Providence. This can only be the result of sheer negligence, and a total want of reflection; for it does very often appear, that Providence governs the world by rewards and punishments; and "in the present state," as Bishop Butler wisely observes, "all we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, *is put in our own power;* and, by prudence and care, we may, for the most part, pass our days in tolerable ease and comfort; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please." In nothing does "rashness" and imprudence seem to prevail to a greater extent than in contracting those connections which, unlike all other connections, must last for life; and nowhere do men seem more inclined to trust their fortune, and their happiness to chance, than in matrimonial concerns: yet, it were as vain to expect that the man and the woman, whatever be their station, who come together in the midst of poverty, and bring a family of children into the world, for whose comfort they are unable to provide—it were as vain to expect that they can be happy, as it would be to imagine that the laws of Nature will be reversed to save the life of an individual who, in a fit of madness, throws himself from a precipice, with jagged rocks at its base, or into the boiling ocean. Those who cannot, or will not "marry for love," certainly should not marry for any other consideration; but of those who, acting up to the letter of the adage, despise all prudential considerations in taking this most important step, it is painful to see how many, with the warmest feelings, the most amiable dispositions, and even the most industrious habits, awake from this romantic dream of bliss, and find that, instead of the "money," and the long array of domestic comforts for which they flattered themselves they were to "work," they must work hard for a miserable existence and the privilege of wearing rags, and being pestered with creditors through life. It is true, indeed, that an extraordinary occurrence may sometimes lift those who have "married for love" from the depths of misery, and place them in easy, or even affluent circumstances; and it is quite common for story-tellers to represent this as being always the case; but, alas! in real life, how seldom does such things happen. Out of every hundred who incur this responsibility, it may be safely affirmed that ninety-nine must abide by the consequences of their own conduct and their own choice through life, and enjoy or suffer exactly in proportion as that conduct and that choice has been prudent or otherwise. Many have found, to their sad experience, that "when *want* comes in at the door, *love* flies out at the window;" and it were certainly better that people should only say—"marry for love, as soon as you can get as much money as will keep it alive," than to cry out upon every occasion—"Marry for Love, and work for money."

The author must now apologize for having surpassed the limits of his subject, and detained the reader so long with what may appear a string of trite observations. But while others, with greater abilities, may tell more interesting stories, he, in his humble capacity, would wish to be of some use. Without trusting much to his powers of amusing, or setting any high value upon them, he would not willingly omit such an opportunity as even the writing of a tale may afford for exposing any error, or bringing before his countrymen any simple truth upon which their happiness may seem to depend. For the young—that most interesting portion of the community—he cannot help feeling some solicitude in these matters. Not that he would wish to make them cynics, or to blast any generous feeling of their nature, but to warn them against suffering themselves to be deceived by a common saying, which, as it is often applied, is certainly more sounding than sensible; and to put them upon considering the means by which that happiness, which all would enjoy, can be most certainly obtained, has been his aim; and for the present attempt he can only hope to be pardoned.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

JAMES KINCARDINE.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

At the distance of about twelve miles, in a westerly direction, from where the thriving town of Marionville, in the United States of America, now stands, there is a singularly beautiful and romantic valley, known by the name of the Lover's Dell,

At the period of which we write, namely, some eight or ten years previous to the breaking out of the first American war, this glen or ravine stood in the centre of one of those mighty primeval forests which, even yet, bury almost half the New World beneath their solemn gloom. Then the bustling town of Marionville was not. Its site was far within the verge of the lonely forest; and where the sounds of civilized life now prevail—the rattling car, the hammer of the artisan—was then heard only the whoop of the savage, or the howling of the wild beasts of the forest.

The scene is now a very different one. The forest is cleared away for many miles; and the Lover's Dell, if not even yet entirely thrown open to "mortal ken"—to the light and sunshine of the garish day—is of comparatively easy access; and he who seeks it need not fear, as he well might in days bygone, that he should lose his way.

Even at the period of which we speak, however, the particular spot to which we allude—we mean the Dell itself—was not involved in the gloom of the forest. It was an open space, although of very limited extent; carpeted with the smoothest and brightest verdure—an oasis in the desert. To increase the romantic beauty of this spot, there rushed past, in the depths of a lower ravine, close by, a swift, deep, and dark river, whose waters were broken, at intervals, into sheety cascades; and whose voice, thus excited, was heard far in the recesses of the surrounding forest.

It was at the close of a sultry day in July, in the year 1757 or 1758, that a young man, whose complexion bespoke him a European, and whose dress and appointments gave intimation of his being a hunter, suddenly found himself at the edge of the open space which we have been attempting to describe. He had been, for hours before, roving through the depths of the interminable forest, and had not expected to find any spot relieved from its all pervading gloom, until he should have reached its natural boundary, which he knew well where to find, in one direction at any rate.

Surprised and delighted with the discovery of this breathing-place, as it might be called, in the deep forest—as it was filled with the free air and bright light of heaven; neither of which penetrated, or, if the latter did, it was but faintly, the solemn sombre woods around—the young man, slinging his rifle across his back, entered the little green area, and began gazing around him with a look of curiosity and inquiry.

Two or three times had his eye wandered round the boundaries of the open space without perceiving that it contained or exhibited anything remarkable. A continued and more vigilant survey, however, discovered an object which he did not contemplate without alarm. This was an Indian—whether male or female he could not, from the distance of his position, tell—stretched beneath a solitary tree, which stood in the natural opening that led down to the river of which we have already spoken.

The savage seemed to be sound asleep, or, it might be, dead, as no motion indicated that he or she was aware of the presence of the intruder, which could scarcely have been the case had the individual been, at the moment, in a state of consciousness. Impressed with this opinion, and observing no trace of other Indians being near, the young man, having first unslung his rifle and put it on full cock, advanced cautiously towards the recumbent savage. Still the latter moved not. The hunter advanced—he drew nearer and nearer—he was within a few yards of the Indian—he had raised his rifle to his shoulder; for he had been taught, being yet himself but comparatively a stranger in the country, to shew no mercy to the unfortunate native who should ever fall within his power. He had done this, we say, when up started, with a bound, the awakened and sharp-eared, as well as sharp-sighted, savage; and, for a moment, there stood before the astonished hunter an Indian maid of peerless form and feature, arrayed in a short tunic, reaching from her waist to her knees, and wearing on her head a fanciful but not inelegant cap, ornamented with red feathers.

It was but for a moment, however, that the beauteous savage awaited the entranced gaze of the young hunter. Darting an alarmed glance at him with wild gazelle eyes, she bounded down the slope that conducted to the river, with the speed of the wind.

The young hunter, abandoning all thoughts of doing injury to a creature so fair, and a woman, hastened to the summit of the rising ground which intervened between him and the route she had taken, to mark, as a matter of curiosity, her headlong flight. In this he was so far gratified. He saw her gain the bank of the river. He saw her plunge fearlessly into it, and strike gallantly for the opposite side; for she swam with ease and grace. He saw all this; but he saw also that, expert swimmer as she was, she was unable to cope with the strength and force of the current, which was rapidly bearing her away; and that if she did not increase the vigour of her exertions, she must inevitably perish.

Assured of this, and inspired with a feeling in behalf of the Indian maiden, which he could neither define nor account for, the young huntsman, on perceiving her danger, instantly flew to her rescue. He dashed down his rifle; rushed to the bank of the river; threw off his cap, coat, and shoes, and plunged into the stream, at a point a little below the spot where the fair savage was struggling with its strength.

Being powerful of arm, and a first-rate swimmer, the young huntsman quickly gained the middle of the stream, without losing an inch of ground; and had so well calculated his distances, and the rapidity of the current, that the next instant brought the exhausted maiden, who was now merely floating with the stream, directly and gently into his arms.

Throwing now his left arm around her, and striking out with his right, partly, at the same time yielding to the

current, and partly urging his way to one side, he eventually succeeded in bringing his nearly senseless burden in safety to the shore. This reached, he carried her, carefully and tenderly, towards a smooth plat of turf at a little distance, seated her on it, and, gently reclining her head backwards till it rested on a grassy bank behind, awaited her return to that consciousness of which she now seemed to be altogether deprived. But this interval was not unmarked by other tendernesses. The cap of the Indian girl had been lost in the stream, and her long raven hair, drenched and dishevelled, was hanging over her pallid countenance This the young huntsman carefully removed, gathering it behind, and stroking it down to free it from the wet.

He was thus employed, when his fair charge suddenly opened her large dark eyes, and gazed upon him for an instant with a bewildered and alarmed look. It was but for an instant, however. Her rapidly returning reason corrected the one, and the expression of kindness and sympathy in the countenance of the young huntsman quickly altered the character of the other. The Indian maiden, untutored as she was, excepting by nature, saw at once that she had no evil to fear at the hands of him who stood beside her, notwithstanding that he was of a race whom she had been taught to look upon as the most cruel and implacable of all the enemies of her tribe. She was aware, besides, that to him she owed her life; and these circumstances combined, gave rise to feelings and sensations in the bosom of the simple Indian girl, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, and which now that they were felt, she did not understand.

Deep, however, was the blush that overspread her dark cheek, and gentle the smile that disclosed her pearly teeth, when the young huntsman endeavoured, but vainly, to open a communication with her through the medium of speech. He spoke English and English alone, and she understood no language but her native tongue.

In reply to what he addressed to her, therefore, she merely shook her head, and, again the dark red blood mounted to her swarthy but clear-skinned brow and cheek, and again the gentle smile played around her beautifully formed mouth.

There was a language, however, which both understood. The language of the eye and of the heart; and in this language, the conversation of an instant shewed to the young huntsman and the Indian girl, that love—strange mysterious power that could thus exhibit its influence under circumstances so extraordinary—that could thus exercise its sway over two beings so oddly situated with regard to each other—was busy with the thoughts and feelings of both, and already had them under his wayward guidance and control.

The two lovers—for such we must now consider them—had sat together about half an-hour, or, probably, somewhat less, the young huntsman having the dark, but delicately and beautifully formed hand of the Indian girl clasped in his, and, anon, looking in her face averted with an expression that scarcely needed the aid of language to interpret, when they were alarmed by the loud whooping and yelling of a party of Indians. The latter were still invisible, but the distinctness of their cries indicated that they were close at hand.

On first hearing these dreadful sounds—dreadful at least to one of the party—the lovers started to their feet. The young huntsman flew to his rifle; while the Indian girl, pale and agitated, endeavoured, by the most anxious and violent gestures, to induce him to conceal himself. For this, however, even had he been so disposed, there was no time. In an instant they were surrounded by a dozen howling and grinning savages, all armed with rifles, tomahawks and scalping knives. Of the number of this party, who were of the Irraquois tribe, was the father and two brothers of the fair Indian. The rest were her countrymen, and she was the object of which they had been in quest.

Unaware of all that had taken place between the two lovers, and adding the worst construction—on the circumstance of finding the young huntsman in the society of their countrywoman—to their natural hatred of the "pale faces," the Indians instantly seized on the former; wrested his rifle from him; and dragging him aside, all of which was the work of but half a second, were about to despatch him with their tomahawks—half-a-dozen of which were already uplifted for that purpose—when the Indian girl rushed towards her lover; flung her arms around him with the most frantic cries and gestures; and thus, placing herself between him and his intended executioners, arrested the death strokes which had been about to descend.

Furious at this unexpected interruption of their savage vengeance, the father and brothers of the devoted girl—the former of whom, from the distinctive ornaments he wore being apparently a chief of note—fiercely seized her, and endeavoured to separate her from her lover; but their united strength was unequal to the task. She held on with a grasp more tenacious than that of the drowning wretch who is about to sink into a watery grave.

Thus resisted in his efforts to loosen his daughter's hold, the chief paused, and for the first time listened to, or rather could not avoid hearing, some communication which she had hitherto vainly attempted to force on the notice and attention of her father and his party. That communication she now delivered with great energy and violence of gesture; pointing alternately to the river and to the young huntsman as she spoke, and making it thus evident that she was at once explaining the service he had done her, and urging that service as a plea for sparing his life. Nor did she urge it in vain. Long before she had ceased speaking, every uplifted tomahawk was lowered to the ground—an involuntary but expressive sign that they were not to fulfil the murderous purpose for which they had been upraised.

When his daughter had concluded, the chief, who had hitherto listened to her with the most solemn gravity of countenance, threw down his scalping knife, which he had drawn and held bared in his hand, and advanced, with extended arms, towards the young huntsman, who was already freed from the grasp of the others, and embraced him. Having done so, he retired a pace or two with great dignity of manner, and thus addressed him, in broken English—a language which was already making some progress amongst the meanest tribes of the children of the forest—

"White man not the friend of Indian. White man burn the cabin of poor Indian, and drive him from the hunting-grounds of his fathers. Indian, therefore, cannot love white man. Indian revenge the wrongs put upon him by the white man. Indian knows how to revenge; but he knows, too, how to be grateful for kindness, even to white man.

"You, white man, have saved life of daughter of Indian, and he grateful. Ponahonta grateful for save the life of Meguilong. If white man go with Ponahonta, he will give him wife, and make him chief, and will hunt for him. If he will not go, let him remember that Indian is his friend; let him take this"—presenting a wampum belt which he loosened from his waist—"let him wear it, and when he meet Indian, Indian will know that it is Ponahonta's and Indian will be the friend of the white man.

Having said this, the chief ceased speaking; folded his arms across his breast, and awaited, in majestic silence, the reply of the young huntsman. This reply was brief. He thanked the chief for his kind invitation to become one of them, and for the tempting offers with which it was accompanied but said that circumstances compelled him to de-

cline it. The wampum belt, however, he said he gladly accepted; and would always wear it when he went a-hunting, and always, too, think with kindly feelings of the donor."

To this the chief—observing the taciturnity for which the American Indians are so remarkable—made no other reply than by merely giving a nod of acquiescence.

While this was passing, Meguilong might have been seen, with a look and manner of the deepest anxiety and interest, eagerly and earnestly entreating one of her brothers to translate to her the conference which had just taken place between her father and the young huntsman. This was done for her, though somewhat impatiently; and it was curious to mark the varying expression of countenance with which she listened to its various leading points. At her father's proposal to the young huntsman to go along with him, her bright eye sparkled with delight. At the offer of furnishing him with a helpmate, the dark red blood rushed into her clear brown cheek. But downcast and dejected was her look, when the reply of the latter, declining these favours, was communicated to her.

Without saying more, the Indians now began to move off with Ponahonta at their head, and already the last man was just about to disappear in the forest, when Megnilong, who had lingered in the rear, suddenly ran back towards the young huntsman, who was standing gazing after her in mute and motionless abstraction.

On coming within a few paces of him, she stopped short, and, raising one of her hands aloft, pointed, with her forefinger, to the east; then slowly describing an arch, as if tracing the sun's course, brought it down to the west. This she repeated three times, stopping, however, on the third time, with her finger pointing to the zenith. In this position she held it for a second or two, then suddenly, and without completing the semicircle, pointed to the tree under which the young huntsman had first descried her.

Having performed these mystic signs, the Indian maiden, after saluting her lover with a smile, and an inclination of the head, that would have become the foremost beauty of Almack's, flew, with the speed of the fawn, after her father and his party, and was lost, in an instant, in the gloom of the forest.

It was some time before the young huntsman could make out the purpose or meaning of the signs of the Indian girl; but a little reflection, aided by a naturally shrewd intellect, ultimately led him to the desired result. He conjectured them to mean, that when the sun had twice performed his course, and half completed his third—in other words, that at mid-day, on the third day thereafter, Meguiling would meet him again at the spot where he had first seen her. Thus he translated the signs alluded to, and he determined on keeping the appointment such construction implied; for the Indian maid had won the heart of the young huntsman, and irremediably involved him in the toils of love. Henceforth, the image of that simple maiden was to be ever uppermost in his thoughts, and to exercise an influence over his feelings, which no daughter of his own race and kind had ever been able to attain.

The young huntsman, leaving the scene of his late adventure, now also plunged into the forest; pursuing, however, an opposite direction to that which the Indians had taken, and began to thread his way towards its eastern skirt, which he well knew where to find.

Leaving him thus employed, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity which it affords us of digressing a little, to say who and what the person was whom we have hitherto, and perhaps too long distinguished by the name of his profession only.

The history of this person, previous to the period at which we have introduced him to the reader, however necessary to be told, is yet but a brief, and not particularly interesting one.

The young man, whose name was James Kincardine, was a native of Scotland. He had been originally bred a gardener, but having a greater fancy for the fowlingpiece than the spade, latterly betook himself to the profession of a forester or gamekeeper, in which capacity he was employed by the Earl of Winterton.

Of a naturally bold and active disposition, Kincardine, who was, besides, an honest, intelligent, and very handsome young man, made an admirable gamekeeper, and was, as such, esteemed by his noble employer, who entertained a strong partiality for him.

Along with his good qualities, however, and these were many, Kincardine possessed a very irascible temper. He was easily roused to anger; and when so roused, apt to take severe and summary vengeance on those by whom his wrath was excited.

Several instances of this had occurred while Kincardine was in the service of the Earl of Winterton; and some of these having come to the knowledge of the latter, he had more than once cautioned him against giving way to the violence of his temper, and enjoined him, not without adding some reproof, to be more guarded in his conduct.

Kincardine promised amendment in the particular in which he was so much wanting; and on the very next day discharged his piece at a suspected poacher whom he found on the Earl's grounds, and who had given him some irritating language, wounding the man pretty severely in the leg. Now this being a proceeding which the Earl had most especially forbidden his gamekeepers and others from ever having recourse to, under any circumstances excepting self-defence, Kincardine had justly to fear the utmost resentment of his employer. He had also legal punishment to dread, with all its annoyances and exposures, apprehension, confinement, and trial. This was too much to face, so Kincardine fairly ran for it. He fled the country; found his way to America; and was, at the period we have here taken up his history, residing with an English settler in the back woods.

With this family he had lived for several years, pursuing the occupation of hunting, by which he paid for his board, besides amassing a little money by the sale of the spoil which he took in the woods.

None of Kincardine's family or friends knew where he had gone to, or whether he was dead or alive, no communication having ever taken place between them.

Such, then, is the brief history of our hero, up to the period where we first commenced our story. We now resume it at the point where we left off.

On reaching his home, which he did in safety, and without meeting with any other adventure, Kincardine said nothing to his host or any of his family of the circumstances that had occurred to him; but they did not fail to observe certain peculiarities in his manner, nor to infer from these that he had met with something unusual in his rambles on that particular day. These peculiarities, however extended no further than to the display of a degree of thoughtfulness and abstraction which he had never exhibited before, his temper being remarkably cheerful and lively.

Kincardine was rallied by his host and family on his present mood; but knowing their detestation of the Indians—a detestation which they shared in common with all the European settlers in America, and in which Kincardine himself had, until he first saw Meguilong, partaken—and ashamed to own the passion which had been kindled in his breast, by a daughter of the hated and despised race, he carefully evaded their inquiries, and observed every caution in framing his replies on the subject—a line of conduct this which he resolved on pursuing throughout—that is, to keep, in his inmost heart, the secret of his love.

On the third day after the occurrence of the adventure which has been the principal subject of the preceding pages, and just as the sun had gained his meridian altitude, Kincardine entered the little green dell in the forest which had been the scene of that adventure. He looked eagerly and anxiously towards the "trysting tree," but no Meguilong was there. He hastened towards it; he heard a rustling in the adjoining thicket; and, in the next instant, his Indian maiden, with a face radiant with joy, though deeply crimsoned with a blush, bounded towards him. Light, however, as her step was, Kincardine saw at once that she had travelled far; and it was so. Not less than twenty long miles, through the tangled forest, had the warm-hearted Indian girl journeyed to meet her European lover.

It is not our purpose here, nor would it enhance the interest of our story, to follow out, in detail, the intercourse of the lovers. Such process is always a tedious one, and, in the present case, would only needlessly interrupt the developement of the leading incidents of our tale. We shall then at once proceed to the results of that attachment, which had thus so strangely bound together two hearts, to which there was nothing in common but those natural feelings that are wound up with the human constitution. But these were enough to unite them strongly and for ever.

Many meetings between the lovers, of a similar kind with that just spoken of, took place subsequently; and these finally terminated in Kincardine's renouncing civilized life, and adopting that of an Indian, with his beloved Meguilong.

On one of the occasions of their meeting, Kincardine announced to his delighted lover—for they had, ere this, established a language between them, half Indian, half English, sufficient to permit of a ready interchange of sentiment—that it was his intention to sacrifice all the comforts and pleasures of civilized society for her sake; that he was prepared to accompany her to her native village, and there to avow her his bride, in the presence of her father and friends. Acting on this resolution, Kincardine slung his rifle on his back, and plunged into the forest with his Indian lover. They reached the village in which herself and friends resided. Kincardine was received with joy by the chief, Ponahonta, and his sons and relatives. A hut or cabin was appropriated to the young couple, who were united according to Indian fashion; and, from that hour, Kincardine was looked upon, not only as one of the tribe, but as one of note and distinction—one who should have a voice in their councils, and a command in the field, should he choose to bear an active part in their wars.

We have only to add here, that Kincardine found, in his Indian bride, all that he had ever wished to find in a wife. He found her gentle and kind, tender and affectionate, and, in the life to which he was now introduced, finding it but little differing from that to which he had been accustomed for the last two or three years, and, moreover, of a description which his natural habits and dispositions had rendered especially agreeable to him, he saw nothing to make him regret the society he had left.

Having arrived at this point in our tale, we have to request an indulgence from the reader—which is, in general, very readily granted to story tellers; that is, to permit us to leap over a period of some fifteen or twenty years. This granted, we have further to ask him to permit us to change, for a time, the scene and circumstances of our narrative.

Taking it for granted that these indulgences are accorded us, we proceed to say that, about the expiry of the time above named, that war, the issue of which was the independence of America, began to shew its grisly front in the New World.

Already were its inhabitants up in arms to resist the domination of the mother country, and already was a large force from that country landed on their shores to oppose them, and to compel them to resume their obedience. What followed is matter of history, and, therefore, not within our province, which, leaving to the pages of the former the details of the subsequent battles and movements of the hostile parties, embraces but one point, one incident of the contest, and this involving the fate only of a single individual. One of the battles of this period, whose issue was unfavourable to the British arms, is known by the name of the Battle of Cowpens. In this engagement, a British officer was surrounded by a party of hostile Indians. Determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and, unappalled by the odds against him, the gallant soldier stood on the defensive, and for more than a quarter of an hour kept the savages at bay; no less than four of them falling, one after the other, beneath his sword.

At length, however, a blow from the butt end of a rifle, from behind, struck him senseless to the earth. Having thus disabled their gallant foe, the savages did not seek to do him further injury at the moment—they reserved him for another purpose—for a cruel and a linger ing death.

In the meantime they busily employed themselves in stripping and plundering the dead, when, having collected as much as they could conveniently carry, they tied the hands and feet of the unfortunate officer—threw him on a rude palanquin or bier, which they had hastily constructed with some boughs of trees, and bore him away into the woods.

Perceiving, however, soon after, that he had, as they thought, so far recovered as to be able to walk, the Indians loosened his feet and hands, and, raising him from the bier, gave him to understand that he must now accompany them on foot. For four-and-twenty hours after this did the savage band continue their march, with scarcely an interval of rest.

At the end of this period, the party reached the summit of a lofty hill, which suddenly threw open to view a vast extent of plain on its further side; and, nearer, exhibited the crowded wigwams of an Indian village, half buried in a clump of trees.

On this last coming in sight, the savages uttered a simultaneous shout of delight; and one or two of them running up to their prisoner, seized him by the arms, and, with violent gestures, exultingly pointing to the village, seemed to wish him to understand that it was their home; and he did understand it to be so, and was nearly as much pleased at beholding it as his captors; for he deemed that now his sufferings would shortly be at an end, as he had no doubt that so soon as they arrived there he would be put to death. Descending the hill with increased speed, the party soon found themselves on the plain, and rapidly advancing on the village, whose whole inhabitants seemed pouring out to meet them. These came on shouting and singing with tremendous vociferation, and were replied to in the same strain by the returned warriors.

At length the parties met, and the whole moved on towards the village, in a sort of triumphal procession—their unfortunate captive being placed conspicuously in the centre.

On reaching the village, the latter was conducted to an unoccupied hut, in one of the apartments of which a mat was spread for him to sleep on. On this the maimed and exhausted captive—glad to be permitted to stretch his wearied limbs—immediately threw himself. He was now left alone; but two guards were stationed at the door of the hut or wigwam, to prevent his escape, in case he should make any such attempt.

In about half an hour after, an Indian entered the apartment, and placed beside the captive a piece of roasted venison, some boiled Indian corn, and an earthen pitcher of water. Having done this, he withdrew without sign or word.

Dreadful as his situation was, and frightful as was the prospect before him—for he knew well, as already mentioned, the barbarous customs of the savages, and that he had been reserved for a sort of public sacrifice or offering—the unfortunate captive quickly fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awaken until roused by the violent shaking of two or three Indians, whom, on opening his eyes, he found hanging over him. They made signs to him to arise. He did so. They led him out of the hut, and thereafter conducted him to a sort of square or open place in the centre of the village, which was crowded with the natives, seemingly awaiting the exhibition of a spectacle.

In the centre of this area, a stake was driven into the ground, and close by blazed a huge fire, in which were several rods or pieces of iron heating—amongst these, one or two old gun barrels,

On the approach of the captive, the assembled mob set up a loud shout of rejoicing, and eagerly made way for his advance with his guards to the centre of the square. This gained, the unhappy prisoner was brought to the stake, and securely bound to it by strong cords of dried and twisted grass. All this, we need hardly say, was a prelude to one of those frightful executions, by slow torture, for which the American Indians were once so horribly celebrated—exhibiting, as they did, a refinement in cruelty which no other people had ever approached.

All things being now in readiness for the performance of the impending tragedy, one of the presiding fiends went towards the fire, and was in the act of drawing thence one of the heated gun barrels, when a sudden commotion took place in the crowd. It appeared to proceed from some one forcing his way towards the scene of execution; and, by the readiness with which a passage was endeavoured to be made for him, he seemed to be a person of some note or consideration. In an instant after, a tall commanding figure, of a complexion much lighter than those of the other Indians, though still deeply bronzed with the sun, and who wore some of the distinctive marks of a chief, burst into the open space which had been kept clear for the performance of the dreadful operations that were about to commence, and in the centre of which was the bound captive.

Having entered the fatal area, which he did with great hurry and excitation of manner, he instantly, having previously only glanced at the prisoner, began a harangue to the surrounding multitude, but especially addressing himself to two or three leading men, who stood apart from the rest, with their arms folded on their breasts, awaiting the performance of the execution, whose details were deputed to inferior personages.

The speaker delivered himself with great energy, and in a tone of authority and passionate rebuke, under which those he addressed seemed to succumb.

The executioners in the meantime staid their proceedings, as if awaiting the result of the speaker's interference.

Having concluded what he had to say, the latter, whose brow was still clouded with anger, approached the prisoner, and, drawing a hunting knife from his belt, severed the cords with which he was bound to the stake, and set him at liberty.

It was now obvious to the prisoner, although he had not understood a word of what had passed, that his liberator was his friend, and likely to be the preserver of his life.

Under this impression, he would have thanked the chief for his humane interference in his behalf; but, thinking that he would not be understood, he contented himself with endeavouring to express the gratitude he felt by his looks.

The chief marked, and apparently comprehended these silent but not ineloquent indications of feeling; for he smiled kindly on the prisoner, and taking him by the hand, as he walked with pain and difficulty, led him towards a seat at some little distance.

As already said, the released captive had hitherto refrained from expressing what he felt in language, from a belief that it would not be understood; but, urged by an increasing anxiety to impress the preserver of his life with a sense of the gratitude he felt; and, on reflection, thinking it possible that the former might understand a little English, he could no longer refrain from making the experiment.

"Brave warrior," he said, "do you speak English?"

The former folded his arms across his breast, and smiling, replied, with a nod—

"A little," uttered in a tone and manner which not a little startled him by whom the query had been put. It was so distinctly pronounced, and so entirely free from all peculiarity of intonation or accent.

Taking no notice of this, however, he proceeded to say—

"I am rejoiced to hear it, as you will understand me when I say that I feel the deepest gratitude for your humane interference in my behalf this day. Would I could do or say more to assure you of what I feel."

"I do not desire more," replied the chief. "My happiness at having come so opportunely to your rescue is, I assure you, at least, equal to your gratitude."

"Good God!" exclaimed the released captive, struck with the plainness and familiarity of tone in which this was spoken, and looking with the utmost surprise in the face of the Indian chief, "where did you learn to speak my native language with such ease and fluency?"

The latter smiled, and replied that he had been much amongst the English settlers at one time, and had then learned to speak their language.

"But you are not so dark as the other people here," rejoined the liberated prisoner; "nor does your features or cast of countenance resemble their's. You are not, at least, of Indian parentage."

Again the chief smiled, but his only reply was a simple negative. Then changing the subject, and becoming speaker in turn—"You are a British officer they inform me."

"I am, or rather, I was," replied the latter. "Whether I ever be so again is questionable."

"You may, if you choose it," said the chief. "The opportunity shall be afforded you; for, so soon as you have rested with me a day or two, and are able to travel, which, I perceive, you are not just now, I shall myself conduct you to a point from which you may easily and safely find your way to the British lines. I am friendly to the British, and have had the happiness of saving many lives of both officers and privates of the British army, who had been taken prisoners by my tribe."

"Are you, then, the Indian chief of whose numerous acts of humanity in that way I have so often heard?" inquired the British officer.

"I am," said the chief.

"Then why do you not come forward and seek the reward of your humanity? Sir Henry Clinton would load you with favours. He has heard much of your generous conduct, and so has the whole British army. Why seek ye not the reward you have so well earned?"

"Simply because I want no reward," replied the chief. "I have been unable to prevent my tribe taking the field against the British, but I have not joined their expeditions—I have remained at home in pursuit of my usual oc-

cupations. Although, however, my influence has been unequal to keeping my tribe from taking up arms against your people, it is still powerful enough, as you have this day experienced, to save their lives when made prisoners.

"I am sorry to say, however, that it is only in cases where I happen to be on the spot myself that I can effect this. My people endeavour to conceal these things from me, and perpetrate many murders of which I know nothing. My appearance here to-day, for instance, was wholly unexpected by them; they had not looked for me, and were hastening your execution before I should arrive. It is therefore to chance, in a great measure, that you owe your life."

"It is to *you*, under God, I owe my life," replied the officer, emphatically. "No other agency can I recognise in it."

"Well, be it so," said the chief, smiling. "We shall not differ on that point. In the meantime, believe that in me you have found a brother, and that is a dear relationship."

"It is," said the officer. "I once had one, and only one."

"He's dead, then," said the chief, fixing his eye keenly upon the speaker—for some strange fancies were beginning to cross his mind.

"I fear he is," replied the former; "although I have no certainty of it. It is near twenty years since we heard anything of him. I was but a child when he went away."

"How—where went he to?" inquired the chief, with strong marks of interest.

"Why, that we never knew either," replied the other. "He fled his country, poor fellow, and yet without much occasion either; for he had done nothing dishonest or dishonourable. He was a lad of strong passions, and, in anger, discharged a fowlingpiece at, and wounded, a person who had provoked him by irritating language."

"What!—eh!" exclaimed the Indian chief, in great agitation, the blood rushing to and from his swarthy brow with sudden and violent alternation. "The circumstances, the circumstances, the particular circumstances;" he added, with breathless interest. "What situation did this lad hold at the time?—What was his business?"

"He was a gamekeeper," replied the officer, looking with much surprise on the agitation of the Indian chief. "A gamekeeper to the Earl of Winterton."

"His name—his name!" exclaimed, or rather shouted the chief.

"Kincardine."

"And he was your brother?"

"He was."

"Then, gracious God! you are mine, and your name is John Kincardine," exclaimed the Indian chief, making towards the latter, (for indeed it was he,) and taking him in his arms. "Yes, you are my brother. I am he of whom you have spoken I am James Kincardine."

Need we describe the surprise of the former on this extraordinary denouement taking place? We need not. The reader will conceive it.

On the first emotions of joy and surprise subsiding, James Kincardine turned to the assembled people around, who had hitherto been silent although wondering spectators of what was passing, and informed them that their late captive was his brother.

A shout of exultation followed this announcement; and those who had, but a few minutes before, rejoiced in the prospect of shedding his blood, now crowded round to do him honour.

Kincardine now conducted his brother to his wigwam, where, assisted by some old Indian women—for his fair Meguilong was dead—she had died a year before—he nursed him for several days with the utmost tenderness, and with unwearying zeal.

At the end of that period, Captain Kincardine declared himself quite restored, and expressed an anxiety to rejoin his regiment.

During the interval that had passed, the brothers had fully explained to each other their respective circumstances and positions, which, of course, included the histories of their past lives, from the time they had last seen each other, and had taken into consideration their future prospects.

During this interval, too, Captain Kincardine had prevailed, although not without much difficulty, and not without the most earnest entreaties and expostulations, on his brother to promise that he would abandon his present life, and return with him to civilized society. As an inducement, he held out that Sir Henry Clinton would, he had no doubt, very readily give him a commission in the army, in consideration of the many acts of humanity towards British captives, taken by the Indians, which were at his credit, and that they might possibly be permitted to serve in the same regiment.

As already mentioned, it was not for some time, and before Kincardine had reflected long on the proposals of his brother, that he expressed his willingness to comply with them. When he did so, it was in these words:—

"I have well weighed all that you have said to me, brother, but have found it difficult to think of resigning a mode of life to which long custom has not only reconciled me, but has strongly attached me. The chief tie, however, the dear tie which first drew me to, and then bound me to savage life, no longer exists. My beloved Meguilong"—here Kincardine's emotion choked his utterance, and it was some time before he could go on. At length, "my beloved Meguilong," he said, "is no more; and there is nothing now, beyond my own inclinations, to bind me to this kind of existence. Had she been alive, there is no earthly consideration that would have tempted me to leave the forest, endeared as it is to me by a thousand tender recollections and associations. All this, however, is now past, and I *will* go with you brother, although I shall leave behind me all that I hold most dear."

Two days after, the brothers set out for the British lines. They reached them in safety. Captain Kincardine presented his brother to Sir Henry Clinton, who, at once appointed him to an ensigncy in the same regiment in which the captain served.

At the conclusion of the American War, the brothers came home, when the King, to whom their story was related, settled a handsome annuity on James for life, in consideration of his humane services in saving the lives of the British soldiers who had been taken captive by the Indians.

James remained in the army until he had attained the rank of captain, when he retired on half-pay, which, added to his annuity, placed him in easy circumstances, as he never married again. John attained in time the rank of colonel, when he also resigned, and joined his brother in his retirement in Renfrewshire, the place of their nativity.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ST KENTIGERN.

This celebrated personage, as is well known, first began business as a saint in the immediate vicinity of the city of Glasgow.

On his first settlement in that neighbourhood, he built himself a hut—said hut bearing a felicitous resemblance to

a pig's sty—on the site of the ancient cathedral called by his name.

While the saint was yet but little known as a person of eminent piety, he was one day surprised by the visit of a young and very beautiful lady, who called at his cottage. He was listlessly leaning over the little half-door of his domicile when the lady approached, thinking how he had best go to work to establish a reputation, and but little imagining, worthy man, that an opportunity of accomplishing this desirable end was at that very moment about to be presented to him.

"How do you do, Mr Kentigern?" said the lady, with a gracious smile and profound courtesy, on coming within a yard or so of the former.

"Pretty well, I thank you, ma'am," replied the saint, respectfully, and at the same time doffing a red nightcap, which he happened to have on at the moment.

"Could I have a private word with you, sir," said the lady.

Saint Kentigern looked embarrassed by this request. He thought it wouldn't look well in a person of his pretensions to be giving private audiences to young ladies. However, his natural urbanity and politeness finally prevailed, and, opening the half door as he spoke—"Oh, certainly, ma'am," he said. "By all means. Walk in if you please."

The lady complied.

"Grieved, ma'am, to be obliged to introduce you to such sorry quarters," said the saint, dusting a rush-bottomed chair with half the bottom away, and the remaining half all tag-rag and bobtail, for the lady to sit upon. She sat down.

The saint drew in the only other chair he had for his own accommodation. It was a curiosity in its way. The bottom was driven full of nails, points projecting upwards. It was a sort of a mortification chair, and the one in which the saint always sat. He would sit in no other.

Having seated himself, St Kentigern waited the lady's communication. She began:—

"Mr Kentigern, the favourable reports I have heard of your piety, (here St Kentigern bowed politely to his fair visiter,) have induced me to call upon you, for the purpose of asking your advice and aid in a very awkward and unpleasant affair. You must know, sir, that, about three weeks ago, my husband, who is one of the most jealous men alive, presented me with a gold ring. Well, this ring I most unfortunately lost while bathing one day lately in the river Clyde, on the banks of which we live. It had dropped off my finger while I was in the water, for I missed it the moment I came out; but it was, of course, irrecoverable. Well, Mr Kentigern, would you believe it, my husband, unfeeling brute that he is, swears that I never lost the ring, but have given it to some gallant. He suspects my virtue, Mr Kentigern. He does, he does. Oh! I cannot live under the vile imputation;" and here the afflicted fair one burst into tears.

"Be composed, my dear madam, be composed, I beg of you," said the saint, with an extremely kind and consolatory manner. "It seems to be a very hard case, certainly."

"It is, sir, a very hard one—a very cruel one. I am an ill-used, a shockingly ill-used woman, Mr Kentigern. Now, my dear sir," continued the lady, getting a little more calm, "can you do anything for me? Can you assist me to disabuse my husband of the infamous notion he has taken into his head?"

"Why, ma'am, not on the spur of the moment; not to-night," said the saint, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "I must have a little time to think, ma'am; and, moreover, ma'am—pray, be not offended—I must make some inquiries into the case before I can do anything in it; and, to be plain with you ma'am—plain dealing is best in all cases—I must make some inquiries regarding yourself, before I can promise you any assistance, although I have no doubt that the result of these inquiries will be perfectly satisfactory. No doubt of it whatever.

"This being the case, then, ma'am, if you will be kind enough to call upon me again—say to-morrow, about this time—I will see what can be done; and, in the meantime, beg to assure you that it will afford me infinite pleasure if I can be of any service to you in this or any other matter."

"Oh, thank you, sir!—thank you!—you are very kind," said the lady, rising from her seat. "I cannot tell you Mr Kentigern, how much I am obliged to you; for, feeling confident of the result of the inquiries you quite reasonably propose to make, I may reckon, I dare say, on having secured your kind assistance in this most unhappy affair. I will be punctual, to-morrow afternoon. Good morning, sir—good morning."

"Good morning, madam," replied the saint, also rising. "Sorry, ma'am, that I can offer you no refreshment of any kind. I keep no bottle," he added, smiling. "A few herbs from the Fir Park, and a pitcher of water from the Molendinar, form the staple of my living."

"Don't mention it, Mr Kentigern!—don't mention it, my dear sir, if you please. You have been but too kind in saying the many obliging things you have said. Good morning again, sir."

The saint bowed, and the lady departed—having previously given the former to understand that her name was Mrs Milligan.

The worthy saint lost no time in making the inquiries regarding the lady which he had proposed to make. She was not half-an-hour gone when he drew on his greatcoat, the night being chilly, rolled a red comforter about his neck, took a stick in his hand, and sallied forth in quest of Mrs Milligan's character.

The result was highly gratifying. He found that she was a most virtuous woman; most exemplary, as the obituaries have it, in all the relations of life, and that her husband was a brute.

Possessed of this satisfactory information, the saint returned home, and awaited with some impatience—for he delighted in doing good—the promised reappearance of Mrs Milligan.

The lady came at the appointed time. Saint Kintigern received her with a cordial welcome. There was now, on his part, no doubt—no hesitation—no reserve. The information he had received regarding her had banished all that.

"Come away, my dear madam," he said, taking her affectionately by the hand, and contemplating her with a smile of great benignity. "I am glad to see you, and still more glad to inform you that all's right. I have had the most satisfactory accounts of you in all quarters."

The lady blushed and curtsied.

"Then sir," she said, "I may hope, I presume, for your kind assistance in helping me to re-establish my character."

"Most certainly, ma'am."

"You will probably take the trouble of calling on my husband, and, by reasoning with him, convince him of the injustice he has done me."

"No, ma'am. I will serve you in a much more effectual way."

"Indeed, sir; and how, pray?"

"I will perform a miracle, madam, in your behalf," said the saint. "A miracle, madam; and one of the neatest that has been done for a long while. Quite a gem of a thing."

"A miracle!" exclaimed the lady in raptures. "O dear! that will be so delightful, so charming."

"Yes, madam," said St Kentigern, with a look of grave importance—"It shall be a very pretty thing. It will confound your enemies, madam, especially your unfeeling monster of a husband—whom it will strike as dumb as an oyster."

"Pray, what sort of a miracle will it be, Mr Kentigern?" inquired the lady, eagerly.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the former. "It never does to divulge these things before hand. But I'll tell you what you have to do, ma'am. Without mentioning anything of this matter to your husband, endeavour to prevail upon him to walk with you by the river side, a little above the village of Bridgegate, to-morrow afternoon about this time. I will be on the ground, and will, then and there, perform the miracle I have spoken of."

"Oh, thank you, sir—a thousand thanks," said Mrs Milligan, rising to depart. "I shall be punctual, and shall endeavour to coax my husband to come along with me; although it will not be an easy task, as he is in shocking bad humour just now, about that confounded ring. However, I think I shall be able to manage him, after all."

"I hope you will, ma'am—I hope you will," said St Kentigern, bowing his fair visiter to the door.

On the following afternoon, Mrs Milligan and her husband appeared at the appointed place. How she had prevailed on him to accompany her is not known; but there they were. That they were still, however, on very indifferent terms, was evident, from the circumstance of their not walking arm in arm together, but one after the other—the gentleman first, and the lady several yards behind. The former, too, was looking most horribly sulky and discontented.

While thus dodging along the banks of the river, Mr and Mrs Milligan saw a stout gentleman, carrying a stick in his hand, and wearing a very broad brimmed hat, approaching with a slow and stately step. It was St Kentigern.

Mrs Milligan immediately recognised him; and, running forward, extended her hand to him. The saint took it cordially; touching his hat, at the same time, respectfully, with his left hand.

"My husband, Mr Kentigern," said the lady, introducing the latter to the former—"Mr Kentigern, Peter."

"Hope you're well, sir," said the saint to Mr Milligan, raising his hat politely, but at the same time looking very cold and stern.

"Pretty well, I thank you, sir," replied the latter, somewhat gruffly.

"Mr Milligan, sir, I am sorry to say," resumed St Kentigern, "that you are using your poor wife here very ill—very ill, indeed. She is a paragon of virtue, sir; and your accusing of her having given away the ring you presented her with lately, is a most unjust one. She lost the ring, sir, and precisely in the way she says."

"That's all in my eye," replied the uncourteous Mr Milligan. "I know better."

"I'll prove it, sir," said St Kentigern, indignantly.

"Will you, by Jingo!" replied Mr Milligan. "I should like to see you."

St Kentigern deigned no further altercation on the subject; but, turning towards the river, where were some fishermen dragging a net to shore—

"I say, lads," he called out, addressing the fishermen, "bring hither the first salmon you catch."

One of the men touched his hat, and said he would; and, in a minute after, came towards the saint with a fine large fish, which had just been taken, in his arms.

"Put it down on the grass there," said the saint to the fisherman. "Now, my man, kneel down, open the fish's mouth, and see if it contains anything extraordinary."

The man did as he was desired. He knelt down, opened the salmon's mouth, when, lo and behold! it was found to contain a gold ring. The fisherman was amazed. St Kentigern was not so in the least, but coolly desired the man to hand it to him. He did so, when the saint, presenting it to Mr Milligan, said—

"Examine that ring, sir, and see if you recognize it. I rather think you will find it to be the same with that you gave to your wife, and which you kicked up such a dust about."

"It is—it is, indeed!" exclaimed the astonished and confounded Mr Milligan, turning the ring round and round. "The identical ring, as I'm a sinner!"

"Yes, sir, it is," said St Kentigern, with a severe aspect. "And now, sir, are you not ashamed of yourself, and of the gross injustice you have done this most innocent and most virtuous woman here? Does not this satisfy you that she indeed lost the ring as she said? Is not its being found in the river sufficient proof that it was lost there?"

"It is—it is! I am satisfied—perfectly satisfied," replied the contrite and humbled Mr Milligan; "and heartily sorry am I for the injury I have done you, my dear."

And he tenderly embraced his wife, who, so far from triumphing over her husband in an insolent manner, as she might well have done, or rejecting his advances, was all meekness and humility. Her innocence had been proven, and she was satisfied; it was all she desired.

"Now, my dear sir," said the repentant husband, addressing St Kentigern, "how am I to recompense you for the trouble you have taken in this little family affair of mine?"

"I want no recompense, sir," replied the saint; "I do good for its own sake alone, and not for reward."

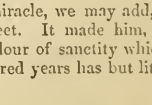
"You will, at least, do us the honour of going home with us, and taking a bit of dinner with us," said Mr Milligan.

"Excuse me; I never dine out," replied St Kentigern; "nor is it a practice I approve of. Good evening, sir; and allow me to hope that you will benefit by this lesson." Then, turning to Mrs Milligan—"Good evening, my dear madam," he said, taking her tenderly by the hand. "Your innocence is now fully and fairly established, and your enemies fully and fairly confounded. Believe me, madam, I am delighted with having had the opportunity of serving you; and I beg that you will not hesitate to apply to me should you ever again stand in need of any such aid or advice as I can afford. Farewell, my dear madam."

And the saint, raising his hat politely to the lady, who was so much affected that she could not say a word, and rather coldishly saluting the gentleman, turned him round and departed.

Such is the well-authenticated tradition which has introduced into the arms of the city of Glasgow, amongst other emblematical insignia, the figure of a salmon with a ring in its mouth.

This famous miracle, we may add, set St Kentigern at once upon his feet. It made him, as a saint, throwing around him an odour of sanctity which the lapse of some eight or ten hundred years has but little abated.



THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths
To steal away their brains!
That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause,
Transform ourselves to beasts!"

SHAKSPEARE.

"An' whar's the money I gied ye?" was the angry exclamation of Sandy King—a hard-working but dissipated son of St Crispin—to his wife, Elsie, the morning after one of those ordinary debauches in which he was in the custom of indulging, to the great annoyance of his wife, and the serious detriment of his pocket.

The poor woman knew pretty well what was to follow from this inquiry; and that the small sum which she had laid aside for the use of the family was to be taken from her, and expended, as usual, in the alehouse. She knew too well, from experience, that her entreaties would meet with little attention; yet she resolved to make one effort to arrest his purpose.

"Sandy," she said, "wad ye bring ruin upon us a'? Would you leave us without house or home, without shed or shelter? Was't for this that I gathered thegither the wee pickle siller, and keepit my puir bairns bare a' the simmer time, that ye micht gang and spend it a' in a public-house afore the cauld winter nights come on, when we will need a' the siller we can get?"

To this appeal her husband did not condescend to make any other answer than merely to repeat his demands, accompanied with a threat that, if she did not make haste in getting it for him, he would proceed to use that species of discipline which Jobson in the play found so successful with his wife. Elsie knew it was vain to offer further resistance, and, with a heavy heart and many a deep-drawn sigh, she went to her old kist, and, opening it, drew forth a small tin canister usually appropriated to tea, *vulgo vocato*, a tea-caddy, but which, in the present instance, served for the purpose of her money-safe, from whence she reluctantly drew forth three pounds in small silver and gave it to her husband, with a sigh that would have rent the heart of most people, but which had no effect upon the selfish feelings of a drunkard.

He seized the money greedily; and suspicious that some solitary shilling might still be lurking in the bottom of the canister, he took it from her hand and shook it; but no sound responded to his shake. Luckily he did not open it, otherwise he would have found a provincial one pound note, the produce of his wife's spinning, which she could not bring her mind to give to him. Having got what he wanted, the worthless husband departed; and a prolonged carouse of three or four days, with his "cronies," dissipated the stock which the provident Elsie had collected for the use of the family during the long winter months.

The two persons whose dialogue we have just recorded, were at one period the happiest couple in Ashfield—a small village on the Borders. Alexander King was, at that time, a strong and somewhat good-looking man—kind to his wife, and attentive to his business. He had received the ordinary education of a Scottish peasant—that is to say, he could read and write, and had an imperfect knowledge of arithmetic. Being of social habits, he occasionally indulged in a glass with a friend; but he never exceeded.

Although far removed from the highway, and approachable only by a cross road, not kept in the very best order, Ashfield did not escape that political agitation which pervaded Scotland some time ago, and gave rise to much discussion among many people not peculiarly fitted for such controversies. Of those individuals who took more than an ordinary interest in these wranglings—for they could not be called debates—that agitated this once peaceful village, was Alexander King, who, being somewhat better endowed than his neighbours with the gift of the gab, was looked upon as an oracle; and his vanity brought about that which the persuasions of his companions had hitherto failed of producing. He thought himself in honour bound to "treat" those who honoured him by listening to his not very intelligible systems of politics; and upon these terms he was always sure of a very full audience. The result of all this may be easily seen; a passion for drink quickly developed itself, and the industrious workman was speedily converted into the habitual sot. His customers finding that the affairs of the nation were more the subject of his thoughts than the credit they gave him, transferred their employment elsewhere; and, in this way, a business once flourishing dwindled down to nothing.

His wife was the daughter of a person named Scott, a weaver in Kelso, who, having died, left a very trifling sum to be divided among her and her two brothers. The eldest, Thomas, had been brought up as a mill-wright, and, being somewhat skilful, had in early life settled in America, where, it was understood by his friends, he was making money; but as he never corresponded with his relatives, of course all they could know of him was entirely gathered from those who had arrived from that country. The youngest son, William, settled in Liverpool; and, having served his apprenticeship with a grocer, behaved himself so well during that time, that his master afterwards took him into partnership. He realized a competence, and being unmarried, retired from business, and took up his abode on the banks of the Mersey, where he had a very handsome villa, policy, and garden. Both brothers were attached to their sister; but a separation of years, and her marriage, naturally prevented them from taking that interest in her concerns which otherwise would assuredly have been the case. William was a bachelor; but whether Thomas had taken unto himself a wife or not, his friends in Scotland had no means of knowing.

Elsie thus had little chance, as our readers have seen, of aid from her brothers, in endeavouring to cure her husband of his unfortunate propensities; the burden, therefore, lay upon herself; and if prayer and supplication could have prevailed, there was no deficiency of them; but Alexander King was not a man to be moved either by his wife's entreaties or tears. His proud stomach would not yield to the dictates of common sense, or impulse of good feeling. Like most obstinate people, he persisted in doing that which he knew to be wrong; and the circumstances of his being opposed in any given thing, was just an additional inducement for him to persist in it. In the end, the poor wife was obliged to submit, and to witness the utter ruin

of those visions of happiness which, in former days, she had not unfrequently indulged in.

Alexander King had literally drank himself out of house and home: his own earnings went first, and then the small sum his wife had brought him. The silver spoons disappeared; these were followed by the chest of drawers, tables, and chairs: in a word, everything that could be converted into cash, or rather drink, quickly disappeared, leaving little more than the cottage wall to shelter his poor wife and family.

One cold November night, Elsie was sitting up watching for the return of her domestic tyrant; her two children having been put to the only bed the wretched hovel afforded. A few sticks, which she had picked up during the day, gave a sort of light to the apartment whilst burning on the hearth, in effect only rendering its gloom the more apparent.

Elsie had tasted no food for many hours—the small quantity of meal had been barely sufficient for the children's supper, and there was nothing left for their miserable mother. As she sat upon the bed-foot where her children were reposing, her thoughts recurred to former times, and her imagination wandered back to those happy days when her young heart was light, and she danced upon the green the most envied of the fair. Her pleasant recollections were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of her husband, drunk as usual. With a tremendous oath, he desired his wife to bring his supper. The poor woman tremblingly arose from the bed on which she was seated, and advancing to where her husband stood, looked tearfully in his face.

"What's the woman glouring at in that way, as if I was a wuddy or a witch. Get out o' that, ye besom, and get the supper, as I tell't ye." As he said this, he aimed a blow at Elsie; and she evading it, he fell prostrate on the clay floor.

Rising up with indignation in his mien, he rushed upon Elsie, and struck her a severe blow upon the breast. She screamed in agony.

"Haud your tongue, haud your tongue, you drucken wretch;" for it is customary for a man, when he gets drunk himself, to imagine every one around him to be in the same condition; and, without more ado, he took the poor woman by the shoulders, and thrusting her forth from the hut, barred the door, then seated himself alongside the dying embers on the hearth, coolly took out his pipe and began puffing away most vigorously, ever and anon uttering some incoherent sentences, in which the words "drucken limmer" "pestered wi' women," "bear their tongues!" were particularly distinguishable.

After a while, Sandy's ire having been apparently subdued by the soothing influence of the Indian weed, he retired to rest, and soon sunk to sleep, nowise disturbed by the repeated knockings and cries of his wife outside.

It was long past midnight, and the hollow wind wailed fearfully among the trees; the moon was seen but at intervals, being partially obscured by heavy masses of dark clouds, which were hurried on rapidly by the wind; the night was bitterly cold; and poor Elsie, as she stood outside the hovel that contained the dearest objects of her affections, was exposed to the biting influence of an intense frost. She thought long and in sorrow of the wretched prospect before her; and, as a desperate disease requires a desperate remedy, she determined, in her own mind, to leave the country, and throw herself upon the generosity of her brother in Liverpool. But she resolved not to fly alone, and leave her children to the brutality of her insensate husband. She remembered, with feelings of satisfaction, that the pound note she had put past had escaped the notice of Sandy. But how was she to obtain access to the hovel?—the door was barred, and the window might be so too. With trembling hands she touched the casement, and found, with joy, that it could be opened. In an instant she stood beside the bed, at the foot of which lay her husband, whose heavy breathing betokened the soundness of his sleep. She raised the two boys from their slumber, and bidding them keep quiet, speedily put on their clothes, and then, securing her treasure, unbarred the door, and, taking a boy in each hand, proceeded on her weary pilgrimage. She knew little of the perils of travelling; and was, moreover, unacquainted with the road which was to lead her to the neighbourhood of Liverpool; but, as she knew that Yetholm was in the way, she determined to make it her first stage, more especially as Betsy Faa, her second cousin, lived there, who would give her shelter and food, and would, probably, be able to direct her on her road. Ashfield was about twelve miles from Yetholm, and she thought she might be able to reach it by breakfast time. By this time it was about two o'clock in the morning, and a great deal was to be done before daylight. Onward they went, and with difficulty contrived to reach Yetholm. The journey was painful, for the little ones were unable to walk so far; and Mrs King was, therefore, compelled, after she had got two or three miles on her way, to endeavour to carry the children—no easy matter—as one was three, and the other five years of age. She struggled on for about half-a-mile, but could get no farther; and then in despair she sat down on the roadside and began to cry. Luckily for her, the burden she carried had prevented her from feeling the effects of the cold; but now the cessation of motion made her aware of the inclemency of the night, and the horrors of her situation, for the first time, flashed upon her mind.

"My puir bairns," she cried, "this cauld nicht is no for ye!" and then pressing them to her bosom, endeavoured to draw her cloak more completely over them. It is difficult to conjecture what would have been the consequences, had she been allowed to remain in this situation all night; but Heaven had determined that her sufferings should not terminate in this way, for a haycart passing by, the driver of which commiserating in the poor woman's situation, gave her a "lift" as far as the first toll-bar on this side of Yetholm. As only half-a-mile would terminate her journey, the rest of it was easily managed; and about nine o'clock she found herself at the house of Betsy Faa, who, although much astonished at the visit, gave the visiter as warm a reception as she could have wished.

Betsy Faa kept a small shop, in which she sold all sorts of things, so that it would be impossible to define the exact calling she exercised. Tobacco, and tea and sugar, were her principal commodities; but she drove a tolerable trade in ready-made shoes, paper, pens, ink, and other articles of general consumption.

The two friends were long in consultation as to Elsie's future designs.

"Elsie," said Betsy, "Liverpool is a far way off, and I am just thinking you'll no be able to get that length. Now I have neither kith nor kin, and if ye'll just leave the bairns wi' me, I'll tak care that your drucken blackguard of a husband 'll no put hands upon them."

To this Elsie would not consent; but at last, after a good deal of friendly altercation, it was agreed that William, the eldest, was to go with his mother, whilst Sandy, the youngest, was to remain with his relative.

Elsie having got a "gouden guinea" from her cousin, thought she could now accomplish her journey, and, taking William in her hand, proceeded to enter merry England, by crossing the Cheviots, which, with considerable difficulty, she accomplished, and arrived safely at West-Newton, from whence she went to Wooler, where she slept all night. It is not our intention to trouble our readers with a detail of all the hardships which the poor woman and her

child underwent in their progress during their route to the south. By the time that Elsie had got within twenty miles of the place of her destination, she had just eighteen-pence left; and then, for the first time since her departure from Yetholm, she felt embarrassed. Liverpool at some distance from her; she knew not brother's address; he might be dead. These considerations, in their full force, burst upon her; for, previously, her naturalanger at her husband, and the excitement of travelling, had entirely occupied her mind, to the exclusion of everything else. Full of these gloomy apprehensions, she wandered on her way, and, as she had been unable to get a "lift" in a cart, was tolerably tired. Poor William, who had borne up manfully, shewed symptoms of fatigue; and his mother, taking him on her knee, sat down on a stone on the roadside. Whilst thus occupied, she heard the noise of a vehicle approaching. It proved to be a gig with one gentleman in it. "Oh," thought Mrs King, "if he wad take the bairn in beside him, it wad be a great blessing; and, I'm sure, if he is a real gentleman, that he'll take pity on a puir woman in distress." But she had no occasion to make any appeal to the gentleman's feelings; for, seeing a distressed woman sitting at a roadside with a child, he drew up and inquired what was the matter with them. She confided to him her forlorn condition, and that the boy was too tired to go any farther. He immediately insisted on her getting into the gig with her son—a request which she did not hesitate to accept. Such a proceeding as this would, in Scotland, be looked upon as an indication of the gentleman's insanity; for the pitiful pride of the Scots is such as to draw an almost impassible boundary between the middle and the lower ranks of society. In England, however, it is luckily quite different; and no gentleman there thinks it a sin to be found in company with the trades people he employs.

After they had got a little way on the road, the stranger inquired where she came from; and expressed some surprise when she mentioned Scotland. He seemed still more astonished when she asked if he knew one William Scott.

"Scott," he replied, "is a common name in Liverpool; and there is no lack either of Williams—What is his calling?"

"A grocer, sir; but he has now left off business."

"Oh, yes! I know him well; but what do you want with him?"

Elsie then told as much of her story as she thought right. He listened; and after she had concluded, he merely observed—"This is a sad story, and I have no doubt it will move your brother as much as it has affected me."

After this the conversation languished; and Elsie felt surprised at the taciturnity of her companion, who appeared to be in what is called a "brown study." After a ride of two hours, the gentleman turned off the high road, and entered upon a private one, which led to a pleasant-looking villa surrounded with trees. Here the gig stopped.

"Mrs King," said the stranger, "this is my residence, and as your little boy seems much fatigued, he will be the better of some refreshment. Indeed you will not be the worse of something yourself."

"I canna think of troubling you," said the worthy woman; "and I should like, besides, to get to my brother's this night."

"It is no trouble; and I will, moreover, give you my word, that if you alight, you will see your brother much earlier than you anticipate. With these words he handed her out of the gig; and ringing the bell, the door was opened by a foot-boy, who took the horse and gig from his master. Elsie and William were then handed into a neat parlour, and, in ten minutes, a plain repast was set before them, of which both the guests partook with evident satisfaction.

When the meal was finished, the stranger asked Mrs King if she remembered her brother. She answered, she was not just sure, but she rather thought she would.

"Did ye ever see me before, Elsie?"

She looked at him for a moment.

"Eh!—sure, it cannot be—gracious, it is my ain billy!" throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing with delight.

"Yes, Elsie, dear; it is your brother, who is grateful to Providence for having so miraculously brought about this interview. But tell me all. Where is your husband? I wrote to him three years since, offering to adopt one of his children; but never received any answer."

Elsie then told her story; which her brother heard with feelings of deep regret. Taking her by the hand, he said—

"Well, Elsie! since we have met in this unexpected way, it will be your own fault if we part. I am well to do in the world, and I will take care of your children, but your husband shall never darken my door."

As soon as she was fairly settled, her brother resolved to send for Sandy, the little boy, from Yetholm; but here a most unexpected circumstance frustrated his kind intentions, and inflicted a serious blow upon Mrs King. Betsy Faa being obliged to attend to her business, was not able to be always looking after the youngster, and as children are wilful, Sandy, notwithstanding her orders to the contrary, was perpetually rambling about the place, which, we need hardly mention, was a great stronghold of the gipsies in Scotland. One morning he went out, and never returned. Every search was made for him, but to no purpose—not the slightest trace of him could be found. Betsy Faa was dreadfully perplexed, and did all she could to obtain a clue to his fate, but in vain; and, at last, the search was given up in despair.

* * * * * *

Sandy King took the departure of his wife and children very much to heart, at first; but he soon forgot them in the large potations in which he daily indulged; and having converted everything in his house into the potent fluid, he suddenly left the village of Ashfield, to which he never returned.

Mr Scott redeemed his promise. His sister took charge of his house. William was sent to school; and, at a proper age, at the urgent request of his uncle in America, left England for that country, where he remained for many years. * * * * *

One evening, nearly twenty years after this, a young man, apparently about the age of five-and-twenty, arrived on horseback at the village of Westfield, and put up at the only inn the place afforded. He came from Hull, he said, and was proceeding to Liverpool, but had lost his way. He was of a frank, communicative disposition; and, as he sat warming himself at the kitchen fire, chatted familiarly with those about him. During his discourse, he incautiously mentioned that he had property of considerable value in his portmanteau, and as he was very desirous of getting to the place of his destination as fast as possible, he offered a reward to any one who would next morning act as his guide.

There were present, on this occasion, several people who were taking their evening glass; and, in particular, one man, past the prime of life, whose countenance bore the marks of his fondness for the bottle: his appearance indicated that he was a labourer. He at once offered his services, and said that, for a crown, he would put the young man on his road. This proposition was agreed to; and it was arranged, that the stranger should leave next morning at six. Amongst those in the room were two individuals, who seemed to take an interest in the conversation. The one was young, and the other somewhat older; and it was evident that they would have been glad to have earned

the small reward which he had offered. After sitting a little longer, they paid their reckoning, and then departed.

Next morning the stranger was roused by his guide, and, having got the horse saddled, left the inn accompanied by him. It was a clear frosty morning, and the spirits of the traveller rose with the fineness of the weather. He endeavoured to enter into conversation with his companion, who, in answer to his inquiries, made very brief and indistinct answers. From the dogged and sulky manner in which he conducted himself, the stranger began to suspect that he was not entirely recovered from the libations of the preceding evening, and he gave over further attempts at conversation, and a silence ensued which lasted fully half an hour.

As they progressed, the road became narrower; and the stranger was led along a path intended merely for horses and foot passengers, which was surrounded on either side by a wall with a high-grown hedge inside. The ascent became somewhat difficult, and the stranger took the lead The guide then, seizing an opportunity, struck the young man a blow on the back of the head, which felled him to the earth. Not content with this, or fearing that his victim might recover from the effects of the blow, he repeated it again and again, until the unfortunate youth was, to all appearance, dead.

Having thus secured himself, as he thought, against the chance of detection, he next, very coolly, proceeded to empty the pockets of his victim, and then jumped upon the back of the horse. But his guilty career was checked in a manner he little expected. He had not gone very far, when he, in his turn, was attacked by the two men whose appearance in the public-house we previously noticed. Not being disposed to yield up his booty, he offered resistance, but in vain, as a shot from a horse-pistol, fired by the elder person, put an end to the contest. These worthies had witnessed the robbery of the young man; but, having been at too great a distance, had it not in their power, even if disposed, to afford him aid. As, however a robbery had been committed, they thought it no sin to follow on the path of the robber, and to rob him in his turn—a project which was successfully executed.

The younger lad, whose feelings humanity seemed not entirely to have forsaken, then proposed to his more hardened companion to see if life was yet extinct in the young gentleman—a proposition which was reluctantly agreed to. They found the body warm, and, having rubbed his temples with spirits, and poured a small quantity down his throat, he gave signs of returning animation. Seeing some workmen approach, the elder man replaced the spirit bottle in his pockets—his usual travelling companion—and, mounting his horse, quietly rode away with the spoil, followed by his younger companion on foot.

The persons who approached were labourers on the estate of Arthurlee, belonging to John Arthur, Esq., a Justice of the Peace; and they lost no time in conveying the young man to that gentleman's mansion-house. Proceeding onward, to their great astonishment they found another person wounded very severely; and they also removed him to the same place. Mr Arthur sent immediately for the village surgeon, who reported favourably of the younger, but unfavourably of the elder.

As soon as the young man came to himself, the first intelligible words he uttered were—"My mother, my poor mother." As his senses returned, he stated that he had just arrived from America; that his mother's name was King, and that she lived with her brother at a country house at some distance from Liverpool. William King—for so it turned out to be—was too much injured to be permitted to travel; and Mr Arthur, with great kindness, invited William's relatives to visit Arthurlee—an invitation which was gratefully accepted.

The meeting of those attached relatives we need not describe. In a week, William was able to be carried to the drawing-room, where he received every attention from his host, and his fair daughter, Isabella. Meanwhile, the robber was getting worse; and Mr Arthur was anxious to get him removed to the county jail, but it was necessary that he should be identified. Accordingly, one morning, William, accompanied by his mother and uncle, proceeded to the room where the ruffian lay; and Mr Arthur, drawing aside the curtains of his bed, asked—

"Is that the man who robbed you?"

William looked upon him steadfastly, and said—"It is!"

Mrs King, for the first time, bent her eyes upon him, upon hearing the declaration of her son. After gazing for an instant, she shrieked out—"Willie, Willie! it's your ain faither!" and then fell senseless to the ground.

And so it was. The wretched man had been nearly the murderer of his own son. From the time that he left Ashfield, he had been a wanderer on the face of the earth; and, by associating with evil-disposed persons, had become completely demoralized. He had been in that part of the country but a very short time; but, excited by the desire of appropriating the stranger's portmanteau, he became the victim of his own project. Luckily, for all parties, he survived the discovery of his son only a few days.

Every search was made for the other two persons, but in vain, and it was supposed they had taken shipping for America. Subsequent investigation led to a belief in the family, that the younger person was the long lost child, who, it appeared, had been stolen by the gipsies. The future career of William was prosperous. Beloved by his mother and uncle, esteemed by his friends, and the heir of a considerable fortune, he had every reason to be thankful to Providence; and, finally, to complete his worldly happiness, he was blessed with the hand of the fair Isabella, with whom he had fallen desperately in love during his stay at Arthurlee.

THE CATERAN OF LOCHLOY.

"Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would wither like fern i' the winter blast."—Rob Roy.

"And so, my dear lads, you wish me to relate my passage with the Caterans of Lochloy?" said General Dangerfield.

"Do, father; you will so oblige me," replied the younger of his two sons.

"Well, then," continued the General, laying his hand upon the boy's head, "you shall have it; but, remember, no interruption; I must tell my story my own way."

"Agreed!" replied his eldest son—Edmund, a fine youth of sixteen.

"Well—to begin at the beginning—I am a native of Scotland—born on the Borders—of a respectable family well known there—the Jardines of that Ilk. I entered the army young, and continued there the best part of my days. When quartered in England, I became acquainted with your angel mother; and upon her marriage with me, I was compelled by her father to assume her name, in order that the family estates might still be inherited by a Dangerfield.

"I was on service during that lamentable rebellion in which so much blood was poured out in an abortive attempt to restore a doomed race to their kingly possessions. I fought at Culloden; and well remember, and with horror witnessed, the cruelties that followed the victory. The Saxons, as we were called, were, in consequence excerated;

and the Highlanders burned with a fierce desire to avenge their slaughtered friends and kinsmen. So circumstanced, it is almost unnecessary to remark that the Government troops were peculiarly obnoxious; and it was consequently very dangerous for them to wander to any distance from their respective stations; as, in many instances, where they had been so foolhardy as disregard the strict injunctions on the subject, they never returned to tell the tale.

"I had leave of absence for a short time; and I therefore quitted my quarters, which were at Inverness, in order to spend my Christmas with my relations in Kelso—for I was not then married. As is usual, where friends are happy and comfortable, they were not fond of separating too soon, and I was loath to leave the hospitable board of my entertainers; so I lingered as long as I could, and thus made it a matter of necessity to proceed northwards with the utmost despatch. It is a long way between Kelso and Inverness; and I had to proceed on horseback, accompanied by a single servant. We got on very well till we reached Glasgow, after which the journey was both tedious and vexatious.

"On the second day, after quitting the western metropolis, there came on a great fall of snow, partially obstructing the roads, which, in those days, were not in the very best state, even in good weather; and, after pursuing, apparently, the proper route for at least a couple of hours, I found that we had lost our way—no very agreeable discovery, especially towards the close of day. However, there is nothing like putting the best face on a thing when you cannot help it, so we boldly pushed on in the vain hope of at last getting into the right path. Vain it assuredly was; for, after wandering about till it became dark, we made the important discovery that we were just as far off as ever from escaping from our difficulties.

"'Is not yon a light, sir?' exclaimed my servant. "See! it is very high up.'

"I looked up, and, certainly, there was a light; but from what it proceeded I could not conjecture. It could hardly be from a house, as it was too much elevated. I desired my servant to follow, and we made for the mysterious place, which was, with some difficulty, reached; and where, to our infinite dismay, in place of finding ourselves in the vicinity of a house, we discovered that we were at the foot of a tremendous precipice, and the light that had guided us was still glimmering at an apparently inaccessible height above our heads.

"In this state of desperation, we hallooed, and made as much noise as possible, and were speedily answered by a human voice, inquiring why we made such a disturbance, and what we wanted. I answered—

"'Shelter for the night, and food; for we are nearly dead from hunger.'

"To this no reply was made for a few moments, when a voice again answered—

"'Remain where you are, and I will descend and remove you from this place of danger.'

"A man then descended from the rocks, and desired us to follow him, which we did, with some reluctance—more especially as we were compelled to leave our horses below.

"'Never mind the cattle; they will be taken good care of,' said our conductor, laying especial emphasis on the word 'good.'

"I must confess I did not feel by any means comfortable. But what was to be done? Starvation stared us in the face, and the danger of perishing by cold, or by falling into some of the deep ravines that lay about me, was but too probable; so I mustered up all my courage, and followed my unknown guide, who led me, by a very precipitous and dangerous path, to a large cavity in the centre of the rock. My servant came last; and, when we reached the place of our destination, we beheld a vast pile of faggots lighted up in the middle of a prodigious vacuity. The warmth, as you may readily suppose, was very grateful to two travellers benumbed by cold; and, while we were standing by the fire, the guide suddenly disappeared, but returned, some few minutes afterwards, from some concealed part of the subterranean habitation, with above fifty armed men.

"At such a very unexpected, not to say disagreeable, spectacle, in circumstances otherwise sufficiently alarming, both myself and servant felt no small degree of fear. Our trepidation was observed; and one of the number, who seemed to have the command of the rest of the band, addressed me to the following purport:—

"'You can be at no loss to conjecture who we are, and what our ordinary occupation is; but you have nothing to fear; for, though we live by what is called violence, we are not destitute of humanity. Our depredations are never marked by cruelty, and seldom by blood; and those whom necessity has thrown on our care have never either been treated with barbarity or suffered to want. We extort only a little from those who are able to spare it, and rather augment than diminish the property of the poor. We know, alas! too well what the consequences would be were we to fall into the hands of the rich and powerful; but we are resigned to our fate. We can only die once, and our enemies can inflict no greater vengeance upon us. Miserable we may be; but we have a fellow-feeling for sufferers, and never take advantage of distress: in truth, it is from no sordid love of gain, nor is it to pander to vicious habits or immoral purposes, that we live in this manner. It is because we have no other mode of support; for, after the cruelties that have been perpetrated upon their disarmed opponents, it were in vain to expect assistance or relief at the hands of our Hanoverian oppressors.

"'You see our quarters, and shall have every accommodation they can afford you; and, if you can trust us, who have neither inclination nor reason to deceive you, we give you a hearty welcome to these adamantine abodes, and that with the most perfect sincerity. Our fare is homely but wholesome; and our beds, though coarse, are clean. Nor be under any concern for your horses; they too shall share our protection and hospitality. We have no hay; but they shall not want. Stables we have none; but can shelter them, for one night at least, from the inclemency of the weather.'

"This address revived our courage, which was not a little augmented upon being handed a bicker of whisky—mountain dew of the most delicious description; at least I thought so then, and have never changed my opinion since. Talk of the wines of Spain, or of France, or the Rhine, I never felt from them half the delight I experienced in quaffing the nectar of the Gael. When we had finished, a supper was laid before us which might have provoked the appetite of an English alderman, and that is saying a good deal. We had blackcock and ptarmagan broiled, or, as it is called in Scotland, brandered; fine black-faced Highland mutton done to a turn in the live ashes; and a stew of snipes and wild duck, the aroma of which was perfectly ambrosial. I did ample justice to the good cheer, and ate with as much coolness and self-possession as if I had been seated in Dolly's chop-house, in place of an apparently interminable cave surrounded by caterans; for so the Highland banditti are termed.

"After having satisfied my craving appetite, in which example I had a worthy imitator in the person of my servant, rest was the next thing of which both of us stood in need. My generous host then led me to an inner apartment in the cave, which seemed at once to be the treasury and the magazine. There two sackfuls of heather were, by his orders, brought in and put on end, with the flower

uppermost. Then a rope was fastened about the whole to keep it together, and on the top of each was placed a double blanket. On this simple contrivance, which formed an exquisitely soft and delicious couch, we laid ourselves down.

"I had some notes of value about me, and above twenty guineas in gold, besides a very handsome gold watch, and other trinkets of no inconsiderable value; but, as I had given them up for lost, I made no attempt to secrete any of them. My host, apparently divining my suspicions, insisted upon mounting guard over us—a proposal which I strenuously opposed; but he told me plainly that, unless he kept by me, he would not answer for the conduct of his companions. Against this there was no appeal; and he remained beside us, on the bare rock, all the night.

"In the morning, we found ourselves alone with this singular being. Everything remained as it had been the preceding evening, with this, to us, very pleasant exception, that the band of caterans was nowhere to be seen. Another fire of wood was speedily kindled; and, as our host told us that, before we could reach any place of refreshment, we had to go twenty miles and a bittick—which, being interpreted, means somewhere about five miles more—we took the precaution to lay in a good stock of cakes, butter, and cheese, which we washed down with a moderate quantity of the nectar of the night preceding.

"Our repast over, we descended the circuitous path which led from the cavern, and which one, uninitiated, might have searched for in vain; and, at the bottom, found a lad or gilly holding our horses, which had been well fed, and were in fine spirits. Our host then declared his intention of putting us upon the right track, otherwise, he said, we were sure of losing our way. I desired my servant to dismount and follow us on foot; but this the stranger refused to allow, assigning as a reason, that he preferred walking, and could, without the slightest difficulty, keep up with the horses. In this way, therefore, we proceeded nearly three miles; and, it was evident that, but for his friendly assistance, the chances of getting out of our difficulties would have been very problematical. At last, he stopped, and said—

"'Pursue that path for half a mile farther, and you will enter upon the great road, after which you can have no difficulty in journeying to the place of your destination.

"I was quite overpowered with this kindness, and felt reluctant to part with my new friend without, at least, shewing how much I appreciated his services.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am deeply affected by the whole of your conduct towards me and my servant. I can only hope that, some day or other, I may have it in my power to serve you. I have been treated like a prince, when I expected, if not to have my throat cut—which I once thought was inevitable—at least, to have been robbed of everything about me. At present I can only offer you this small remuneration, which I trust you will accept. I am only sorry that it is not more.' As I said this, I drew forth my purse with the intention of giving him all the gold I had about me, but he stayed my hand.

"'Sir!' exclaimed the unknown, 'you have seen the way in which I and my companions live, and you may easily guess that to us gold can be no object. I thank you for the free and liberal way in which it was proffered; but I, most respectfully, beg to decline accepting it. In serving you I merely followed a precept, which I ever—though a cateran—keep in view—to do to others as I would be done by myself. You were in distress, and I relieved you;—there was no merit in doing what I knew was merely my duty; and Ranald More will take no reward for having done that which his heart told him it was right to do.'

"'Heavens!' I cried, 'are you Ranald More?'

"'I am!'

"'Why,' I rejoined, 'your name is a terror to all the country round.'

"'I know it; but what care I? Let the bloodhounds take me if they can.'

"'Are you aware that a reward is offered for your apprehension?'

"'Perfectly.'

"Why, then, should you trust yourself alone with two armed men?'

"To shew that he was perfectly regardless of fear, he merely pointed to his claymore, and I must confess that I should not have been anxious for a single combat, and even with the assistance of my servant, I am not quite sure that we might not have come off second best.

"'But,' continued the cateran, 'you are a gentleman and a man of honour. My secret is safe with you. Bid your servant ride on a few paces.' I gave the necessary order; and, when we were alone, the cateran proceeded to narrate to me the following particulars of his life:—

"'I was born in the higher ranks of society; but circumstances, which I need not recapitulate, reduced me to the humble condition of a peasant. Early misfortunes compelled me to conceal my name and family, and I enlisted as a private soldier. My conduct in the army attracted the attention of my superiors; but, I had no interest to rise higher than a halbert, and was discharged with the regiment in which I served. When Prince Charles landed on his native shores, I refused to join him, as I considered myself in a manner bound, by my former services, to his opponent. I took, therefore, no further interest in this civil broil than to give my humble assistance to many of those persecuted men whom the bloody mandates of the Duke of Cumberland had marked out for destruction. In this way I have gradually collected around me a band of gallant fellows, who are ready to follow me on any enterprise, however desperate. It was not choice but necessity that compelled me to my present way of life. Some day or other I shall, in all human probability, be taken, and made an example of, to deter others from following the like courses. All I ask, when you hear of my death—in whatever way that may happen—that you will not forget you owed your life to him who never took one but in the cause of his country, when he fought for his king, and exposed his own. Farewell.'

"Then pressing my proffered hand in his, he turned away; and in a few minutes, the Highland Cateran was out of sight."

"Did you never see him again, father!" inquired Edmund.

"I did; but in circumstances extremely painful; although, to the last interview I had with him, I owe that portion of happiness with which providence was graciously pleased to bless me."

"Indeed!—O father, do continue your story!"

"Well, Edmund, have patience, and you shall hear all. Time hurried on imperceptibly; and, in a couple of years afterwards, I found myself raised to the rank of a captain. The regiment had been ordered to Ireland, where it remained for about a year; but the Highlands of Scotland not being in a very settled state, it was ordered to that kingdom; and, in the month of January, 1748, I found myself once more in my old quarters; a circumstance far from displeasing, as I had many friends there anxious to make me comfortable.

"The severity of Government had by this time considerably relaxed; and as all fears of any new rebellion were at an end, an anxious endeavour was made to reduce the restless Highlanders to some sort of order, and put down the straggling bands of caterans that disturbed the tranquillity of the country and kept the proprietors in a perpetual

state of anxiety, by lifting, as it was called, their cattle and other predatory acts.

"Upon inquiring after my old friend, Ranald, I was told he had not been heard of for a long time, and that it was generally supposed he had been killed in some of his marauding expeditions.

"One individual seemed to be peculiarly obnoxious to these worthies, and his cattle had not only been repeatedly carried off, but his granaries had been despoiled. He had bought some of the forfeited estates at small value, and having the misfortune—for so it was reckoned amongst the proud Highlanders, whose pedigrees were generally as long as their purses were short—to be a *parvenu*, his father having been a grocer in the Luckenbooths of Edinburgh, he experienced no mercy from the caterans, and little sympathy from the gentry in his vicinity, who laughed at his misfortunes. To crown all, he had been a commissary in the army of the Duke of Cumberland; and, though neither a bad man nor a hard landlord, still his original connection with the bloody Duke was a sin not to be forgiven, and hence the reason of his peculiar persecution.

"Irritated by a series of provoking outrages, Peter Penny, Esq., of Glenbodle, appealed to our commander; and, as he volunteered to guide a small detachment to the place where he had good reason to believe his tormentors were concealed, his appeal was listened to; and, under the charge of one of our lieutenants, a party of some twenty or thirty soldiers proceeded to capture the caterans. As resistance was anticipated, they were well armed, and every precaution was adopted to prevent surprise by ambush.

"Of all this I thought nothing. Such occurrences were common; and, usually, the objects were accomplished with no very great difficulty. In this case, the result was different; and, although the detachment was successful, it was only so at a great expenditure of life; for the caterans gave battle, and were eventually subdued, after killing five of the King's troops, and severely wounding the commander. The laird himself escaped free; for, holding the truth of the adage, that the better part of valour is discretion, he prudently kept in the rear, and thus ran no other risk than a chance shot. Poor fellow, he assured me—and I believe he spoke with perfect sincerity—that, had he imagined so much blood was to be shed on his account, he had much rather the caterans had stolen every animal on his estate, and carried off its entire produce.

"The defence had been well ordered; and it required little observation to see that the chief of the caterans was skilled in military tactics. He fought with infinite bravery, and it was not until a great proportion of his band was either killed or wounded that his capture was effected; and even this would have been doubtful, had he not been weakened by loss of blood. He was, however, brought to Inverness, with one or two of his confederates, who had also been severely wounded. The rest retreated safely to the fastnesses of the mountains.

"The day following, I was somewhat surprised by an intimation that one of the captives was desirous of seeing me. I proceeded to the prison, when I found a man lying on a heap of straw, evidently in a very exhausted state.

"'This is kind, Captain Jardine, very kind,' he exclaimed. Then, after pausing a minute, he proceeded, whilst a faint smile passed over his face—'When we last met it was in different circumstances.'

"'Gracious Providence!' I answered, 'can it be—do I see Ranald More?'

"'You see all that remains of him—a few short hours, and I shall be beyond the reach of earthly foes. I had once hoped that better days would have come; but they came not. I sought pardon, but it was refused—driven back to my old courses, I am about to pay the penalty of my sins.'

"I endeavoured to reassure him; for, in truth, I felt a sincere esteem for him, and, personally, knew his honourable principles, and deeply regretted that so noble a fellow should have been thrown away. I got the best medical advice, procured a comfortable bed, and everything that might tend to alleviate his sufferings during the brief remainder of his days.

"He was gratified by my attentions—'One thing consoles me,' he said—'I shall not die the death of a felon. You soldiers have spared me that disgrace.'

"'Do not despond,' I rejoined; 'whilst there is life there is hope, and'——

"Here he interrupted me with—

"'No—no—no. I would not live if I could; I am weary, and need rest in my grave. Captain,' he continued, 'you have dealt with me kindly and considerately; would you make me your debtor still farther? I have one request to make, which, as it does not compromise you in the smallest degree, you will probably grant. It is to convey this ring to the only female in this world for whom I feel regard; and tell her, that the being she cherished when all others neglected him, died blessing her.'

"I assured him I would obey his commands, and that the ring should be personally delivered.

"Ranald, then, as soon as cessation from pain would allow him, disclosed his history, which was brief but painful. The son of a gentleman of an ancient family in Northumberland, proud of his descent and large possessions, he had formed an attachment to one of the bondagers on his father's estate; and, in a luckless hour, crossed the Borders, and was united to her at Lamberton—the Gretna Green of that part of the country. The result was the ordinary one—he was disinherited, and cast off by his father; and his wife, not matching with one of her own rank, could not put up with her husband's ways, or reconcile herself to those habits of propriety which were essential to her new station in society. Unhappiness followed—poverty made him fretful and impatient; although well educated, he would turn his attentions to no useful purpose, and, in a fit of desperation, he enlisted. During his banishment from home, he saw none of his relatives excepting his niece, then a girl of fourteen, who loved her uncle, and used, by stealth, to bring to his humble dwelling such articles as she thought he might fancy; and endeavoured, so far as was in her power, to soften the severity of his situation.'

"The uncle's unexpected departure did not prevent the niece shewing similiar attentions to the wife; but these were soon terminated by the demise of the latter, who died with the infant, in her accouchment. For several years after this, nothing was heard of Ranald; but the anger of his father continued unabated.

"Quitting the army, as I formerly mentioned, he joined the caterans; and after our interview, determined to make an effort to obtain paternal forgiveness. He left his retreat; and one evening presented himself suddenly before his father, who was residing at the family seat. He threw himself on his knees and asked pardon.

"'Go,' said his father. 'Degenerate son, disgrace not, by your presence, the halls of your ancestors. In vain you supplicate—in vain you attempt to move me from my fixed purposes by your assumed penitence.'

"Have you no pity for your own offspring—for a being who, but for one unhappy act, never caused you a moment's pain—who has ever venerated and obeyed you?'

"No answer was returned.

"'Say you forgive me—I seek no more; and I will leave you never to return, until my future acts have shewn that I am not entirely unworthy of the proud race from whence I have sprung.'

"The old man was silent.

"For years a father's malison has embittered my life, and rendered me reckless of all consequences. Your pardon will restore me to myself; and can you refuse to grant it?"

"Still no response.

"'If not for one so unworthy as the miserable wretch before you, at least on her account who gave me birth. Say you forgive me.'

"'Never.'

"'Father, we meet for the last time; one word would have restored your son to happiness, and you refuse it. Farewell for ever!'

"At this moment the door opened, and a beautiful girl of twenty rushed in, and threw herself into the old man's arms.

"'Oh, sir, do not part in anger with your son; you are so good, so kind. I am sure you will restore him to your favour.'

"He gently disengaged her from his embrace.

"'Emily,' said he, 'you are a good girl; and on any other subject you might be sure I would listen to your wishes; but, on this point, I am immovable; and as Reginald deliberately dissolved the tie between father and son, I no longer recognise him as my child.'

"Saying this, he left the room.

"Emily was sadly overcome by this unexpected repulse. She knew her grandfather's inflexibility, but imagined that the lapse of time would have softened his resentment. Her father—the heir apparent—was then on the Continent; and it was doubtful how far even his influence would produce any change on the unnatural anger of his incensed parent.

"'Dear uncle, you know not how deeply I grieve at this unkind reception. Often have I thought on you during your tedious absence, and longed to see you again; and now when my wish is gratified, I have no home here to offer you; but we must not part—time yet may make all right; and if you would only take up your abode near us, I would do everything to save you; and when my father returns, we will unite our entreaties to obtain your pardon.'

"'Sweet girl!' replied Ranald, 'I duly appreciate your kindness; but it is vain to contend against fate, and here I cannot—will not stay.'

"The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who, with some confusion and hesitation, intimated that his master wished the strange gentleman would make his visit as short as possible. Having delivered this message, he withdrew.

"'Emily, farewell! I have ever loved you; and your kindness in this hour of trial shews my love was not misplaced.'

"'Do not leave me, uncle; better days will come.'

"'It is vain to urge my stay; my father shall be obeyed. Once more, farewell!'

"His niece found his resolution immovable. She entreated him to take her purse; this he refused. She then placed on his finger a ring: it was the fatal one—the cause of all his misery. The sight of it overcame him. He wept bitterly. Clasping his niece to his arms, he said, in faultering accents—

"'Beloved girl! this fatal testimonial shall part from me only with death; and, when you see it again, be assured that all my earthly cares are over.'

"He then quitted the home of his forefathers, never again to return. After wandering about for months, necessity drove him back upon his old companions. But he had lost his energy; and it was not until the attack upon the caterans that he again became the Ranald More of olden times.

"The kindness and affection of his niece made a deep impression on Ranald's mind; and his chief anxiety now was to make her acquainted with his fate, and to let her know that he died a repentant man, in the hope of forgiveness in 'another and a better world.'

"The night before he expired, I sat beside him. Ranald was composed. He said—

"'Often, very often, kind friend, have I meditated, after my last repulse, putting an end to my existence; but religion came to my aid, and I resisted manfully the temptings of the fiend. Resignation to the Divine will, under every disappointment and affliction, is a duty we all owe to our great Creator, and this precept of my dear mother was too deeply implanted in my mind ever to be entirely eradicated. Forgiveness of our enemies she also inculcated; and I can say, with perfect sincerity, that I die in peace with all mankind.'

"'Even your father?' I inquired.

"'Yes; even that cruel parent, through whose obduracy I am now a degraded felon, is forgiven by me. But no more of this. When you see Emily, give her my blessing. Tell her that her dying uncle had her always in his thoughts; and that, in his last moments, he prayed for her prosperity and happiness.'

"As he was evidently much exhausted, I entreated him not to fatigue himself by farther conversation. The clergyman arriving, I took my leave, and returned in the morning. He was still sensible; and the man who had sat up with him mentioned that he had been very quiet all night, though he apparently slept very little. When I approached the bedside, he recognised me; and, with extreme difficulty, articulated—

"'Remember!'

"I assured him that his request should be implicitly complied with. His last words were "Bless you!" Raising himself, he placed his wife's marriage ring on my finger, pressed my hand feebly, and, overcome by the exertion, fell back on his pillow; a gentle slumber seemed gradually to come over him, from which he never awoke.

"As he was only known as Ranald More, the secret of his birth and rank was carefully preserved by me; my adventure with him of former years was generally known, and my anxiety about him, and my following his body to the grave, created no manner of surprise. His companions were tried, convicted, and executed. The death of their leader, and the capital punishment inflicted on his followers, had a wholesome effect in that district, and 'lifting' of cattle, from that time, became, at least there, somewhat uncommon.

'Resolved to redeem my pledge, I procured leave of absence, and journeyed to Northumberland, where I found the family in mourning for the old gentleman, who had died, strange to say, about a week before his son. The delivery of the ring at once announced the cause of my visit, and my attentions to the unhappy donor were repaid by the extreme kindness of his relatives. Her brother, Edmund, thought he could never do too much for me; and the kind-hearted and beautiful niece of the ill-fated Ranald became"——(Here he paused.)

"What, father?" inquired Edmund.

"YOUR MOTHER."

KINALDY.

KINALDY is now the property of Mr Purves—an excellent country gentleman who has made an ample fortune in America; but the period to which my narrative refers, was long prior to this. The property is poor and moorish, though now covered with wood, sheltered, and highly cultivated. In the days of Andrew Watson, it bore a very different appearance: in fact, Andrew was not the proprietor, but only the farmer; whilst a nephew of Archbishop Sharp, long resident in an asylum, was the nominal proprietor, under various trustees, of whom the famous Archbishop was one.

Farm houses in those days were very different from those of the present. A thatched and patched roof, with walls of alternate layers of turf and stone, and mid-walls or hallens of clay and straw, quite Egyptian manufacture, were all the go; and if any one, more advanced and uppish than his neighbours, got the length of a stone and clay wall, with a wooden partition within, he was deemed uncommonly appointed, as times went. Through these stone and turf walls there was free ingress and egress to the wind, as well as a plentiful allotment of rats, and the light infantry, the mice; and holes capable of admitting even the cat in full chase of her prey, perforated the clayey hallen in particular. Thus, by little and little, the frail separation betwixt but and ben—the house and the cha'mer—was in a manner undermined; and even the pressure of a little urchin's elbow, of eight or ten years of age, was sufficient to shake it to its foundation. It is of one such as I am describing, that the author of Maggy Lauder speaks, when he makes his jolly heroine contemptuously exclaim—

"Begone ye hallenshauker,"

in other words ye puir contemptible body, whom no respectable person will permit to advance further into their house than the hallen, against which ye loiter and lean till it shakes.

The fire, in these times, occupied, like the sun, the centre of the system, around which, at various distances, revolved, the Venus guidwife, the Mars guidman, the Juno Jenny, the Jupiter Jock, the Saturn Sandy, and a vast number of satellites, in the shape of half-clad, barefooted, uncombed, squalling, brats. Pocket handkerchiefs there were none; but coat-sleeves and petticoat tails did just as well; and though the Kenley Burn ran past, pure and pellucid, its waters were seldom defiled—unless perhaps, on a church-going Sunday—with the ablution of hands and faces. There was a byre covered with heath, and with rafters fixed in the earth, without the advantage of walls, from which issued, in their season, cows, stirks, and calves, all covered over, like the Dacians, in scailey armour, rattling as they went in hardened shairn, and sometimes carrying a considerable fragment of the door-head of their cabin along with them; ducks swattered in a Glenburnie midding dub; and an assortment of hens, over whom presided a most dignified cock in full feather, giving an air of extreme liveliness and stir to the whole. But although the outside of things was, comparatively with modern manners and improvements, somewhat rude and forbidding, there were warm hearts and tender consciences within. Their literature was indeed but limited; but, limited as it was, it comprehended the Bible, the Confession of Faith, and "Knox's History of the Church of Scotland." Well acquainted was Andrew Watson, and so was his wife, Janet Morrison, with the grievous defections and oppressions of the times. And never did Andrew bend his knees in family worship, but he prayed the Lord in behoof of the poor persecuted remnant, of the good and faithful Mr Alexander Wilson, the ousted minister of Cameron, and of a' those that opposed Prelacy and conformity, and supported Presbytery, in thae sairly afflicted lands.

It was half-past one o'clock, on as beautiful a 3d of May as ever burst, in glory and in song, upon the kingdom of Fife, in the year of grace, 1679, when Peggy Watson—a girl about fourteen years of age, and daughter to the abovementioned Andrew—entered her father's door in a dreadful state of affright. It was some time before the poor girl could be brought to utter any coherent sounds at all; at last, she said that she and Tam Cargill, a neighbour's boy, had been amusing themselves in seeking for birds' nests on Drumcarrow Craig, when she saw a number of men on horseback gathered round the tall ash tree, at the farm of Magus. By and by, a gentleman's servant passed them on horseback, and then a fine coach appeared, drawn by six horses. When the coach passed, (she said,) the men under the tree set off at full gallop after it; and she heard firing, and loud speaking, and saw the coach overtaken, and stopped, and a man dragged out of it, and shot at, and murdered—she was quite sure that he was murdered. Thereupon, Tam Cargill had run off homewards in one direction, and she in another; for she was afraid the dreadful men might look up at Drumcarrow Craig, and murder her and her companion too. This narrative caused a great sensation in the family, and Andrew was at a loss how to understand it; for, although the archbishop's treachery and cruelty were well known in the country, yet the more immediate object of popular detestation was Mr William Carmichael, sheriff-substitute of Fife, from whose hornings, and finings, and distrainings, and quarterings of a rapacious and sensual soldiery, scarcely any one individual, unconnected with the prelatic faction, had been excepted. Nothing farther occurred till about ten o'clock at night, when all the family had been summoned around a peat-fire, on a sandstone hearth, to family prayers. There were in all ten individuals, comprehending the lad, the lass, six bairns, of whom Peggy was the oldest, with the guidman and the guidwife, worshipping and nursing the youngest bairn at the same time. The dogs, which lay scattered about at their ease and convenience, and which seemed, hitherto, to be enjoying a comfortable repose, suddenly sprang to their legs, and gave tongue vociferously.

"Hide me," ejaculated a young man, stout and square built, and of a somewhat prepossessing appearance. "O conceal me, honest Andrew Watson, for the pursuer is close at my heels!"

The Bible was immediately laid aside, and the whole

family gathered round the strange intruder in the utmost consternation.

"Dear me!" said Andrew Watson, "and what has brought you about our hallen like an ill doer, at this time o' the night, and in sic a like manner. I wish ye haena been whar ye sudna hae been, Mr George Balfour, my man. Are na the bonny woods o' Gilston, o'er by there, sufficient to shelter the laird's son in the hour o' his difficulty and need?"

"I canna gang hame, at ony rate—I have just seen, frae my hiding hole in the Linns o' Kenley, a whole band o' soldiers scouring all over the country, and bearing down upon Gilston direct."

"But"—— Andrew was proceeding, when his well-known neighbour entreated of him to act and not to talk, for a party of dragoons would, in all probability, be at his door in a few seconds. What was to be done? The children screamed at the idea of dragoons; the guidwife wrung her hands, completely nonplused; whilst Andrew, thinking for a moment, and ejaculating, "The son of the righteous father, guilty or not, must not be deserted in his need; he asks shelter and secrecy, and he shall have both till morning, at least. So saying, he conducted Mr George Balfour privately to a small barn immediately adjoining; and filling an empty sack nearly half-full of straw, he thrust his neighbour into it, bringing the straw up around his person and over his head—there being a sufficiency of holes towards the fastenings at the mouth of the sack, by which respiration could be effected, and even vision partially obtained. Having done this, Andrew placed the sack, head uppermost, in a recumbent position, in the centre of several other sacks filled apparently in a similar manner with grain. "There," says Andrew, "stand ye there till morning; and, gin ye hear the door open, and see armed men enter, beware of your breathing, for even that may betray you."

Mr George Balfour had been seen passing Den Head, after the affair of the archbishop, and a herd callant had pointed his route out in the direction of Kinaldy farm house. Thus instructed, a company of from ten to twelve dragoons surrounded the dwellinghouse of Kinaldy about twelve o'clock at night, and, breaking up the door without any ceremony, proceeded immediately to search for the murderer. The children—even to that in the cradle—were all turned out naked; the cows were dislodged from their stakes, and set adrift in the fields; two horses were unstabled; and the dung-hill fowls were sent screaming and cackling from their perches in the byre. By and by, the barn occupied their attention; and having made short work of the door opening, they commenced cutting and thrusting with their broadswords amongst some straw which occupied the further end. One of the band laid his hand upon a sack, and finding that it contained oats, he immediately called for assistance, and carried it out to the adjoining field, emptying it immediately of its contents, and putting their horses to feed at will. Still the object of their pursuit was invisible, and they became more and more infuriated; so, taking the eldest girl, already mentioned, they questioned her, with their pistols at her breast, respecting what she had seen or knew. Fortunately, the girl was really ignorant, as was the whole family, except Andrew, of the hidingplace of him they were in pursuit of; but, terror-stricken as she was, she admitted that she had seen Mr George Balfour, whom she knew, in the house that very evening.

"Come, come," said the leader of the troop—one of Carmichael's instruments of oppression—"we will make short work of it Andrew; either give up him we are in search of, or we will make a bonefire of the hail bigging, and leave you and these naked savages to warm your skins at the flames. This they would actually have put into execution, had not a horseman arrived at the critical moment with information that Balfour of Burley had been traced to Dura Den, and that their immediate presence was required to surround the retreat on all sides, and capture the main instrument in the bloody transaction. A retreat was thereupon immediately sounded, but not till Andrew Watson had been assured that he, at least, should not escape, but that his property, if not his person, should pay dearly for harbouring a murderer. With great speed was the pass of Dura surrounded, and afterwards searched, even to that cave in the steep face of the rock, part of which is visible, immediately opposite to Yoolfield, even to this hour; but, if even Balfour had taken refuge here, as is, from several circumstances, more than probable, he had received warning in time, and had fled to Lanark, in the west country. So the avengers of blood were too late for their quarry, and were obliged to return to Cupar towards morning, with the report of their total failure in capturing any of the offenders.

In the meantime, Mr George Balfour, younger of Gilston, escaped from his durance, and, without saying to any one in what direction he meant to retreat, escaped by Kenley Glen, from the old barn of Kinaldy. That he went on board a ship at Elie, and immediately got off to the Continent, was afterwards fully ascertained.

In the meantime, the poor family of Andrew Watson suffered most severely. They were dragged up to the sherriff court at Cupar, and being examined on oath, were compelled to admit the concealment of Mr George Balfour; they pled, as was true, their ignorance of the precise crime of which he had been guilty; for, although they might suspect the nature of the crime from what the girl had witnessed, and Mr George himself had expressed, yet, no name had been mentioned by either party, and the accused was entitled to plead the benefit of ignorance on the main point. No matter; their goods were distrained by orders of the infamous Carmichael, and they themselves turned adrift as outlaws, to seek for shelter with the beasts of the field. Such doings in those days were not uncommon, and scarcely dared any one to express disapprobation, for fear of involving themselves in the same fate.

Houseless and homeless did Andrew Watson, his wife, and six children—of whom Peggy, already mentioned, was the eldest—take their way on the 15th day of May, (old style,) across the moors of Fife, towards Auchtermuchty, where an uncle of Andrew's kept a small public-house, and dealt a little in horse flesh. This uncle was a great favourite of Carmichael's, and one of the most active informers against the non-conformists, and, in particular against the murderers of the archbishop. All this was known to Andrew; but what was to be done; he did not know where to turn himself; and, in the extremity of his condition, was, in a manner, compelled to seek for refuge where he had never hitherto placed any confidence. Wearied and worn out, the whole family arrived at Norman Watson's about sunset, and found his wife at home but not himself. Their piteous tale was told, and temporary sustenance rather grudgingly afforded, when Norman arrived himself—his face dreadfully flushed with drink and rage, and in words and with acts anything but friendly—he insisted upon their immediately leaving his threshold. His wife, though somewhat inclined to mercy and hospitality, was manifestly the slave of her husband's temper, and she offered no resistance.

"O man," exclaimed Andrew Watson, whilst he gathered up his wearied limbs, and beckoned to his wife to nurse her child ere they departed—"O Norman, but ye are a hard-hearted man, and totally destitute of natural feelings. But the Lord will provide, in his own good way, for me and mine; whilst you, wha persecuted his chosen flock, shall be reduced, ay, to want and beggary." This last ex

pression touched old Norman even to frenzy; and he even lifted up the handle of a horse whip, which he had in his hand, to strike down his nephew with.

"Come on, man!—come on!" said Andrew. "Strike down and murder your brother's bairn, and send *her* there husbandless, and *them* there fatherless, into the woods of Falkland; but ye canna strike down the uplifted arm of Him who now sees you, and who one day will reward the sinner according to his deeds. But we shall e'en mak ye free of us." And thus saying, he left the house, followed by a sobbing wife, and five weeping and screaming children. They wandered forth, in the dusk of a beautiful evening, into the woods of Falkland, and sitting down under the shelter of a large oak tree, Andrew Watson proceeded to give out from memory the 121st Psalm, which was sung by the whole family, with the exception of the child at the breast. It is impossible to conceive a more appropriate exercise in such a locality than this. The twin Lomonts rose to a considerable height above them. The moon had just taken possession of the southern sky, and looked mildly and benevolently down upon their sylvan resting-place. The sun had set in glory, and his beams yet lingered on the nor' western sky. The air was warm, and the grass was dry, soft, and matted—the "*tenaci gramine*," of Horace. Before proceeding to conclude with prayer, and in consideration that they would not see to read a chapter from the small pocket Bible which had been spared to them, Andrew gave the following commentary on the psalm which had just been sung:—

"'I to the hills will lift mine eyes,'"

Yes, there they lift their heads before us, the beautiful work of God—the twin Lomonts of his own creation!

"'From whence doth come mine aid.'"

O Lord of Hosts! do thou descend here as thou didst on Sinai and Horeb, and aid thy poor, wandering, houseless servants; for the aid and protection of man I have not; and unless thou leavest thy heavens and comest down, I and the wife of my bosom, and my poor little ones, must perish."

Hereupon the voice of lamentation was heard; but it was suddenly repressed by Andrew springing to his feet, and repeating with great emphasis:—

"'My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who Heaven and Earth hath made.
The moon by night thee shalt not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.'

"So we will e'en go to rest in the confidence of the fulfilment of his gracious promise."

And having prayed fervently, and placed the younger ones in each other's arms, they laid themselves down and fell asleep. They must have slept long and soundly, for the sun was more than an hour risen, when a staghound was seen licking the face of Andrew Watson, as he and his family lay in the woods of Falkland: in fact, Lord Crawfurd had left, that morning, his residence at Struthers, in the parish of Ceres, and had pursued a fallow deer, with "hound and horn," into Falkland forest. The hounds had been taken off the scent by the unusual finding of a covey, as it were, of human beings beneath a tree, and sleeping in the open air; so this naturally excited observation, and his Lordship himself, with several attendents, immediately rode up to the spot. The Earls of Crawfurd, from time immemorial, were distinguished not less by their high and noble descent, than by their princely bearing and kindly feeling; besides, they had all along aided the Reformation from its opening, and supported Presbytery, against the inroads of Prelacy. The mournful story was told and listened to. A horseman was called upon, and dismissed on a secret errand, and the family were directed to make the best of their way to Struthers—the Fife residence of his Lordship. An ample breakfast with the housekeeper awaited their arrival; and they were told after breakfast, that as his Lordship's *hen-wife* had died suddenly—a few days before—and no new appointment had been made, Andrew Watson should possess the lodge, which she formerly occupied, at the gate. And whilst he looked after the gate, and a few black-faced sheep which were kept, for table use, in an adjoining park, his wife should take the management of the poultry.

Thus ended the trials of Andrew Watson, who lived to see his uncle, a bankrupt, turned out of house and hold, and carried to his grave, with scarcely a mourning attendant, in consequence of his own acts. Truely,

"The ways of God are righteous alltogether."

THE TRIALS OF THE REV. SAMUEL AUSTIN.

Amongst the oldest recollections which I have, is my attendance, along with my mother, at the dispensation of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in the parish of Penpont, Dumfriesshire. Mr Keyden officiated at that time as parish minister, and was known through all the adjoining parishes, and, in particular, in my native parish of Closeburn, as a most able, eloquent, and popular preacher. Consequently, whenever the occasion came round, as it did regularly about the middle of June,

"The roads war filled frae side to side
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day."

Morton boated the Nith at the Boat-pool, and, poured *in* her hundreds; Closeburn took the water at the nearest, with stilts, horses, and carts; Kier was completely deserted. Penpont emptied her wooded and sequestered glens of all that could wield a staff, or kilt a petticoat; even the more remote Keir Glencairn, and Dunsmore, sent their contributions of sacrament hunters. There they all congregated on the green slope of the manse, looking towards the sunny south. The Scaur sent her ample waters dancing and sparkling on the saugh tree, and the willows saw themselves reflected from her pools; whilst the stony banks murmured under the gentle salute of the stream. The tent stood with its back to the south, and the scorching sun; whilst a forest of faces fronted in an opposite direction. The whole scene was at once so imposing and picturesque, that it has established itself indelibly in my brain. A bald-headed little person, with spectacles, mounts the tent stair or ladder from behind; he takes off and thumbs his eyeglasses; whilst his soul is complacently abroad over the communion-tables covered with napery—bleached white as the driven snow, on the very green where it is now spread. It was on one of these occasions that I heard Mr Keyden, in his *after* address to the communicants, express himself in nearly the following terms:—

"My friends and fellow communicants, the ground which you now occupy is hallowed—it is holy. On this very spot did your forefathers meet, to hear the good, the pious, the persecuted Mr Samuel Austin—him whom the lawless hands of wicked men banished, with all he held dear, to the cave, and the moss, and the mountain. O Creehope! that now re-echoest to thy peaceful waters, what a tale thou couldst unfold of Austin's nightly watchings, and prayer, and praises. O Queensberry, that rearest thy proud and double front to the very breast of heaven, have not thy long heath and deep morasses hid the servants of God when the pursuer was near at hand. O water! pure and peaceful water of Scaur, that now stealest along as if unwilling to disturb our present doings and meditation, thou didst hear him groan—thou didst mark his tears, and those of his deeply afflicted wife and family, on the day when his trial had come, and was not over; but now the

servant of the Lord hath gone home to the house of his father. He and his are now around the throne, reaping, and greatly enjoying the reward of all their sufferings—the noble, the everlasting recompence of reward. He whom Lag pursued, and Douglas hunted, and Johnstone cursed with words of wicked and self-condemning import, is now following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth—yes, my friends, far and away, beyond that white cloud, which now comes betwixt heaven's sun and us; far and away in the unfathomed depths of eternity—unmeasured fields of immensity—there dwell—there dwell—he and his. They are clothed in white, because they are worthy; and they cease not, night nor day, giving glory to him that sits upon the throne. Go ye, my dear brethren, and do likewise; serve your God like him, through ill as well as good report, in adversity as well as prosperity, and the like reward will be yours." My youthful feelings were naturally excited by this very very powerful address, in consequence of which, on my way homewards, I laid my mother under contribution to the whole extent of her traditional information on the subject. This information has been, since that period, considerably increased by a perusal of a MS. diary lent me by the late worthy minister of Keir, Mr James Keyden, whose father—the minister of Penpont, already referred to—had found it, along with some other papers, in an old barrel in the manse garret. I cannot speak positively, but my impression is, (and the present minister of Penpont, Mr Smith, will correct me if I am wrong,) that this little roll of torn and soiled papers is lodged in the hands of the presbytery clerk, and may still be verified by actual inspection. From these diaries, the following narrative, true in all its leading facts, is composed.

Samuel Austin was a native of Closeburn, and born, apparently, about the year 1600. His father was a shepherd on the farm of Auchincairn; and the son was educated in a great measure by an uncle, who had seen a little service, having served as a soldier till the civil wars made him glad to retire on a small allowance, which the Government of the time had made to him. This person happened to be not only a soldier but a saint—that is, one who, in the language of the day, sought his God frequently and earnestly in prayer and supplication at a throne of mercy. He had, besides, been well-educated for the times in which he lived, and took special care that his young name-son, Samuel, should be benefited by his superior information, as well as by his genuine and ever-fervent piety. He would walk out with the boy of a summer evening; and, having caught his attention and gained his good-will, by short and striking narratives of his own adventures "by flood and field," he would take to the top of that immense heap of stones from which the farm manifestly has its appellation, and, pointing to the magnificent prospect around, raise the young spirit from earth to heaven—from the visible to the invisible—from the external work to the internal agent. He would then talk of God's visible church on earth, of the Reformation, and the reformers; of the burnings and slayings, and torturings for conscience' sake: and of the efforts which had more recently been made to maintain beloved Presbytery in Scotland, in particular. All this was accompanied by Bible and historical readings. It was then that young Samuel Austin grew up under his uncle's tuition, without ever having entered a school door. When the boy was verging towards the man, he became every day more and more attached to the cause of liberty and Presbytery; and, at his uncle's expense, was educated (according to the limited and imperfect usage of the times) for the church. When only twenty years of age, his learning and piety gained him an unanimous call from the adjoining parish of Penpont, where, at the period to which my narrative more particularly refers, he had laboured successfully and most acceptably for many years. In the meantime, his good friend, his uncle, had died, as also his parents; whilst a blind girl, his only sister, had come to live with him at the manse. About twelve months after his settlement, he married. For many years after Samuel Austin became minister of Penpont, all seems to have gone on well. I find his settlement noticed in the diary referred to in the following terms:—"16th September, 16—. This day I have been solemnly inducted into the pastoral charge of many souls; Lord, what am I or my father's house, that thou shouldst honour me thus."

Though reinstated on his throne, principally by the Scottish Presbyterians, through the agency and address of the famous General Monk, and notwithstanding his having more than once sworn to the famous National League and Covenant, yet no sooner was Charles the Second, of infamous and treacherous memory, fairly established on the throne, than, yielding to the interested suggestions of intriguing and selfish counsellors, and to those of the arch traitor Sharp, in particular, did this monarch set about establishing Prelacy in Scotland as well as in England under the agency of Middleton and Lauderdale. By them, Sharp, Fairfoul, Wishart, Sydserff, Mitchel, Hamilton, Wallace, Fletcher, Haliburton, Forbes, Paterson, M'Kenzie, and Leighton, were ordered to be consecrated, and sent down to Scotland with the titles of Bishop, and Archbishop, to take their seats as an Estate in the Scottish Parliament, and to forbid all induction into benefices, unless by the imposition of the prelates hands. This was immediately and extensively remonstrated against by Synods and Presbyteries, as well as by lay and clerical individuals, throughout Scotland in general, but more particularly throughout the countries south of the Forth and Clyde. It was throwing up, in spirit at least, all that their ancestors had been contending for, even unto the death by *fire*, for more than 150 years, and was at the same time submitting to an illegal and arbitrary adjustment of star-chambers and councils. With Presbytery was there all along entwined and commingled political freedom, and equal law; and the Covenanters of the year 1662 saw full well, that if they sacrificed the one, they must likewise surrender the other. It was about this time, that, on account of Mr Austin's neglect of obtaining conformation or induction of the then Bishop of Galloway, within whose diocese Penpont lay, he received a summons ordering him to appear incontinently before Bishop Hamilton, (brother to Lord Belhaven,) to answer for his contumacious neglect. As Mr Austin had originally been inducted and ordained, according to the rules of the Presbyterian church, he did not feel himself at liberty to obey the bishop's mandate.

Some time after this, the family of Mr Austin were placed in circumstances of a very trying nature. William Austin, an only son, and now a probationer of great promise and talents, had long been threatened with that fatal complaint which smiles whilst it drinks dry the well-springs of life. And sore and seriously did the alarmed and affectionate mother plead with her husband to satisfy the bishop, submit to a renewed presentation from Douglas of Queensberry, the lay patron, and thus reclaim his manse and stipend undisturbed and undisputed. But Samuel Austin was not to be diverted from his line of conceived duty, even by the most tender ties of the heart.

It was on a keen frosty Saturday morning in the month of January, whilst all the surrounding hills were covered with snow, and the pools, ponds, and lochs with ice, that the family of the manse were convened in the little parlour, and engaged in family worship, which was, as had been usual for some time, conducted by the young probationer, William; for although the fatal disease had not yet impaired his faculties, or very greatly reduced his strength, its presence was still manifest by the hectic spot in the

cheek and the nightly fever. William had been selected as the future choice of a neighbouring congregation, should they be permitted to make their own selection; but the state of his health had made it manifest to all that his master had not so determined. Whilst William was upon his knees, (after having sung the psalm and read the chapter,) pouring forth, in extempore and fervent expression, the feelings of himself and of his fellow-worshippers to the one common and true God, through the one common and only Saviour, when the door was rudely assailed, and ultimately forced open, and in came the harsh and bearded countenance of the afterwards notorious General Dalziell of Binns,* accompanied by a band of well accoutred dragoons.

"What have we here?" exclaimed the exasperated and really astonished intruder—giving, at the same time, the person engaged in prayer a rude push with his bootless foot†—"What have we got here?" addressing himself to one of the troop of the name of Johnston. "Why, here we have the whole batch—man, mistress, and maid—seeking Cromwell's corkscrew. Come, have done with your canting and grunting, young one—up and be doing, thou old hoary traitor—clear up these blinkers, bonny Betty Blossom, for I have a message, in which ye are all somewhat concerned, from his Majesty, King Charles. God bless him! and his curse be on all his enemies. What! not grunt or growl an amen! Old Sam, I say, I have a polite message here from his Majesty's Lord Chancellor, at the instance of my Lord Hamilton, Bishop of Galloway, to warn, denounce, and declare you a runnigate traitor, unless you shall, within eight days from and after this date, bestir your stumps, and wait upon his Lordship, in his palace at Whithorn; and there, and in that presence, receive and accept of ordination as an Episcopal curate from his Lordship—having first obtained a presentation to this living from the true and undisputed patron, my Lord Douglas of Queensberry."

"*That*," ejaculated, instantly and firmly, the resolute and determined servant of God—"*That* no power on earth nor under the earth—no force of arms nor menace of look—no Laird of Binns nor Bishop of Galloway—shall ever compel poor Samuel Austin, the honoured pastor of a Presbyterian people, *to do*."

"Then," replied General Dalziell, making use of an oath which it would be fearful, as well as impious, to repeat, "off you shall budge, this very day, hour, and instant, and betake yourselves—man, woman, and boy, rag-tag and bobtail—from this here snug, comfortable manse, to that there wide and roomy northern county of Angus, far and away beyond the river Tay—ay, and until my Lord Chancellor's farther pleasure be known respecting you."

"O spare us!—O spare us!" exclaimed, or rather screamed, Mrs Austin, running up to the fearful, long-bearded man and clasping him round the knees, weeping and wailing most dismally—"O spare us this once, and all shall be done as you wish it. Yes—yes, Sam, my dear Samuel Austin, you must just say the word—just say you will see about it—you will think about it—you will ask the Lord's advice about it—and maybe these terrible men will leave us (the blind, ye see, sir, and the sick, and the old and infirm) to finish our days—whar the feck o' them hae been spent—and to lay our banes in the auld kirkyard o'er by yonder."

"Get up, woman, wi' your yammering and blarney! "D'ye think the King's officer does not know, and will not execute—ay, and to the letter—his duty. Get up! and mak that auld hardened traitor say the one half that ye hae done, and we shall soon rid you of our presence."

"O Samuel—Samuel!" said the poor woman, rushing from the knees of the captain to those of her husband, and ultimately, as she proceeded, taking him around the neck, and looking into his firm and unchanged countenance in the most imploring manner—"O Samuel! my own dear and kind husband! the father of my dear and dying boy! the brother of that helpless blind creature sitting greeting in the corner there! O Samuel Austin, look at me! Don't look away that gate; look in my face again, whar ye said ye have often looked with pleasure. O look at me! look at me! at your own Betty Sheils, *kindly*, and just say one word—one single short word—yes! O say yes! at least do not say no; or we are ruined, harried, driven, in frost and snow, at mid-winter, into the mountains and the forests!"

"No more of this mummery!" exclaimed Dalziell. "Either promise, my old boy, to do as your wiser half would have you, or, by all the broad acres of Binns, ye do not lodge another night under the rooftree of Penpont Manse—that's all."

Hereupon the poor blind woman, who had all along been sobbing aloud, came rushing forward; and, catching hold of her brother's hand, bathed it in tears shed from beamless sockets, but remained silent. This was indeed a trying hour to this good and affectionate man; and, for a moment, his purpose seemed shaken, and he looked around him, and towards his son, who had hitherto remained a silent but interested spectator of what was going on.

"O Willie, Willie!" at last exclaimed the poor heart-broken saint—"O Willie! my son! my only child! what wouldst *thou* have thy father do?"

"I would have him," responded the boy, (as he was called in the family)—"I would have him do his duty, and leave the rest to God."

"Thou art right—thou art right, my child! Come to my arms! I did but for an instant wish the cup to pass from me; but thou art more than thy father's child. Thou hast saved thine own soul, and mine besides; and now, ye men of war, and of rapine, and of blood, come on; I am prepared"—(looking to his son)—"we are prepared; do your worst. God, who fed Elijah in the wilderness, will not permit the old, the blind, alas! my child, I fear I may add the *dying*, to perish houseless and helpless. We will rid ye of our presence this very day, and repair, with all possible despatch, whithersoever the Lord willeth."

Hereupon the poor mother fell down in a faint, and dropped into the arms of her blind sister-in-law.

"Johnston," said General Dalziell, "see these traitors unkenneled before noonday's sunset, lock the kirk and the manse doors, and bring me the keys. March, my lads! We will be late for breakfast."

So saying, the troop, with the exception of two, galloped off for Drumlanrig, the seat of the Douglasses of Queensberry.

The following Sabbath was clear, cold, and frosty, and the ground where the people met was dry, and free from snow. The crowd was immense; many stood all day; some brought stools and benches; and an old fallen ash-tree was completely occupied by human beings. The manse-family with some of the better classes, were accom-

* Of the times to which reference is here made, as well as of the character here introduced to the reader's notice, Blackwood, in the "Sketches of Scottish character," thus expresses himself—vol. viii., p. 12—

"Sad time indeed, oh most detested time,
When vice was fealty, and religion crime;
When counsellers were traitors to the state;
A chancellors authority was fate;
And Scotland felt the grasp, o'er muir and dale,
Of cruel, beastly, turncoat Lauderdale;
When Grierson stepped abroad in human gore,
The peaceful peasant butchered at his door;
And cruel Graham, and merciless Dalziell,
In nightly rendezvous enacted hell."

A very striking engraving of this well-known person, is given by Burns of Paisley, in his admirable edition of Woodrow.

† Dalziell never wore boots.

modated under the tent; whilst the young Laird of Closeburn (for which he was afterwards severely fined) sat in the tent behind the speaker. In the papers of this good man already mentioned, I find the following reflections written manifestly on the eve of the Communion Sabbath:—"The Lord has been very good and very gracious this day. Five hundred Presbyterian believers partook this day of the bread of life. There was no hand to help—no voice to rouse but mine, and that of my poor dying child. My text—'I will not leave you comfortless,' John 14, 18—afforded me great openings of the spirit, and His blessed spirit was indeed upon me this day in this great work; but my poor boy has laboured too hard in preaching and in prayer.

On Monday morning, the manse of Penpont was surrounded by carts and waggons, and the plenishing of the minister was conveyed to several places of safety in the parish, awaiting the return, if ever they should arrive, of better times. The weather was exceedingly stormy; and, to attempt an immediate journey through the Lauder Hills, towards the north, was altogether impossible. Yet whosoever should harbour this ousted family, under existing circumstances, would do so at their own peril, as well as that of the proscribed individuals. When the cart, borrowed from a kind neighbour, set out with the aged, the blind, and the sick, there was one universal wailing heard from the surrounding parishioners; nor did the procession separate, till they had reached the *then* very small village of Thornhill, where the poor, expatriated family had agreed to spend the first night in a small public-house, till some ulterior measure could be resolved upon. Poor William was immediately put to bed, for he was sadly exhausted by the previous preaching and travel, as well as by that mental anxiety which cuts through the body, as the sword does the scabbard. To remove him in this state seemed impossible; and yet, to remain with him was dangerous in the extreme; for Dalziell, accustomed to the massacre of Turks and Russians, cared no more for life, or for sickness, than for matters of the most ordinary interest! Accordingly, on the second day, a detachment of soldiers was sent from Drumlanrig, with orders to convey Samuel Austin, dead or alive, to his destined place of banishment, beyond the Tay, to which place many of the non-conforming members of the south of Scotland had already been removed. It was a sad, sad parting for a father, who thought that he would never more see his son alive, and for a son, who loved and valued his father's benediction over his last moments, so highly; but there was no remedy; and Mr Austin was marched off for Leadhills about ten o'clock in the morning, accompanied by three rank and file well armed men. To paint the separation is impossible; even the hard-hearted soldiers, inured as they were to all Dalziell's cruelties, were moved; but it was but an involuntary and momentary feeling, which soon gave way to the recollection of their strict and military order. Away they marched onwards, slowly and with difficulty, by Carron Bridge and Durrisdeer. At Durrisdeer they halted for refreshment; and under some faint hope of some means or other occurring to favour his escape, Austin supplied the soldiers with a handsome sum to drink his health with, and he even affected to become jovial on the occasion, and ultimately won that most dangerous of all designations—"a good fellow." One of the soldiers became ultimately obstinate and quarrelsome, and swore that he would march no farther that night. In vain did his companions remonstrate with him—he swore he would shoot the first man that laid hold of him, and fell suddenly fast asleep in his chair. The other two, though considerably touched, were still determined to march up the Well Path, and to reach Elwand foot that night. The Well Path is a narrow ravine, which runs through the range of mountains which separate Nithsdale from Clydesdale. The hills on either hand are high, and almost perpendicular, and the pass beneath is rough and winding; in snow, in particular, very difficult to keep, and very dangerous to miss. Away, however, they marched; and, with great difficulty, contrived to get to about the middle of the pass. By this time the day, or rather evening, had darkened down, and the yird drift had become choaking and perplexing. The path was covered over, and smoothed in with snow, and beneath was a precipice of some hundreds of feet, a tumble over which would probably be fatal. Austin was well acquainted with the pass, but so were *not* the soldiers; and, having now reached the famous well from which the path derives its name, they halted, and Austin drew out from his pocket a bottle pretty well filled with brandy, which he had secretly provided against accident at the inn. The men, in succession, drew pretty copiously from this source of refreshment, till, at last, fearing that they might fall fast asleep in the snow, and thus perish, Mr Austin urged them to proceed. To this they still had reason and prudence left to assent, and immediately pushed, recklessly and speedily, through the snow; but, having pushed in a wrong direction, they instantly disappeared, the one catching hold of the other, and both tumbling down the abyss.

It was about four o'clock in the morning, when the mother and blind aunt were standing at the bedside of the dying lad. He had become very rapidly worse since his father's departure, and had occasionally been delirious; calling aloud for his father—his dear father—without whom he was unable to live. There was a small lamp or cruise burning on a chest lid by his bedside, and his mother sat at his head with a cup of cold water, whilst the blind woman was rubbing his legs, which now, alas! had begun to swell. The tempest howled without, and an unfeeling landlord snored loudly and fitfully from a bed in the adjoining chamber. All at once, William Austin became more composed, and began to repeat various texts and psalms—discoursing from them, as his mother said, *most beautifully*, and, ever and anon, declaring that this was the last night he would ever see. All at once he paused; and, looking fearfully wild, and forcing himself up from his pillow, he exclaimed—

"My father—my father—my dear, persecuted father!"

His mother and aunt, whose faces were turned to his, imagined that he had begun suddenly to rave, and tried to press him down on his pillow, when the well-known voice of Samuel Austin was *indeed* heard declaring—

"It is I—it is I, indeed!—your earthly, and real father, whom the Lord has delivered, for this special purpose, from his enemies, that he might see and bless his beloved boy, once more, ere he depart;" but, alas—alas! laying hold of his son's hand, and finding it cold, and, at the same time, marking the fatal signal in the throat, "My boy—my boy is gone—he is gone to his God! Let us pray."

And, hereupon, he uttered the most composed and comforting prayer, thanking his Maker for the loan—the pleasing loan; and expressing his gratitude for the removal from the evil to come, which had just taken place. Meanwhile, the mother and aunt had ascertained the truth of the father's averment, and were bathing the cold brow of the lovely boy with their tears.

An explanation then took place; from which it appeared that, after the soldiers had tumbled over the precipice, Mr Austin had made his way backwards, with the view of seeing his beloved son once more before he died, and of giving him a father's blessing. The precipice, he said, besides, over which the soldiers had tumbled, was so covered in with snow, and so formed by nature that he had little doubt but that they would escape, with some bruises, perhaps, but with life. In these circumstances

his adjourn at Thornhill would probably be short; as the men would naturally infer that he would return, rather than advance, in their absence. In the meantime, a coffin was prepared, and the body was removed to Mortontown, (a village now extinct,) where a relation of his, an uncle, tenanted a small farm from *the* Douglas of Drumlanrig. This being closely adjoining to the kirkyard, the body was quietly and secretly, during the second night after the decease, deposited in the grave; and, much to the astonishment of his friends at the time, another coffin was kept empty in the room beside him. His wife and uncle having expressed their surprise at this, he disclosed to them his plan, which was, to take possession of the box, with the suitable cover over it, and other necessary precautions with regard to air, should a search for him be made within a few days; and that, if necessary, they should carry him out on spokes to the churchyard, through the file of soldiers, as if it were his son's body. As he had anticipated, so it happened—the same three men who had accompanied him before, assisted by a fourth, a sergeant, surrounded the dwelling, and passed their swords, as usual, through everything pierceable in the house; swearing and roaring, and eating and drinking, all the while. The coffin, however, even *they* respected; and, having seen it conveyed out of doors, and in the act of being carried towards the grave, they uttered a horrible quartette of oaths and departed, determined to find out the old fox in the old den—namely, at Penpont. Thus, by his own forethought and sagacity, were these wicked men put upon a wrong scent; and, ultimately, broken and cashiered by their commanding officer, for a criminal, and seemingly irremediable, neglect of duty.

Brownrig is now united with the adjoining farm of Mitchelslacks; but it was, at this time, tenanted by a Mr Hunter, a predecessor of the late distinguished Professor of Humanity at St Andrew's. This honest man, Halbert Hunter, was a decided Covenanter; and had often walked from ten to fifteen miles, of a Sabbath morning, to hear Mr Austin preach. His residence was in the wildest division of the parish of Closeburn, and very far removed from neighbours. Having heard of Mr Austin's misfortunes, Honest Hab—for by that name this worthy man was familiarly known—set out westward, with the view of tracing out Mr Austin's retreat, and, at all risks, offering him a refuge in his remote and obscure dwelling. But nobody could give him information; and he was upon the point of returning home to Brownrig again, without attaining the purpose, when, in passing Morton Manse, his horse, scared at some clothes which were hanging, hard-frozen, and rattling in the twilight wind, suddenly reared, and, throwing him off, he was severely bruised, and carried into the farm of Mortontown, where Mr Austin was actually lodged. Great care was at first taken to keep Mr Austin and his family out of the way; but, as soon as old Halbert was recognised, and his errand ascertained, the Lord's doing was instantly perceptible, and the evening was spent in pious conversation and devotional exercise.

Next evening saw the whole party—minister, wife, and sister—conveyed, not without some difficulty, to Brownrig. This movement, however, secret and guarded as it was, had not been unobserved by some of those detestable informers, who, for hire, would have betrayed their own fathers into the hands of a murderer; and, whilst Mr Austin was, next day, addressing a number of young men and women, inhabitants of this pastoral land, he was suddenly surrounded by a band of dragoons, and captured without resistance. When his poor blind sister heard that her brother was in the hands of his enemies, whose voices she heard, though she could not see their persons, she rushed out in the direction of the sound, in a frantic manner—calling aloud on the men to spare her brother—her only stay in this world, when, ere any one could prevent the accident, she tumbled over a steep precipice, upon the brink of which, or nearly so, Brownrig farm-steading was, and is still, placed, and, lighting upon her head, she was killed on the spot. Mr Austin, seeing the danger in which his blind sister, unacquainted with the locality, was placed, strove hard to disengage himself from the grasp of the soldiers, who held him fast, but in vain; and, when he saw the poor helpless being putting her last step upon air, he uttered a scream, and bursting a bloodvessel, was with difficulty conveyed into the house alive.

"Keep down your sticks, lads—keep down your sticks. That's no the game we are accustomed to play at; when we begin, cheeks and chaft blades are apt to dance a Highland fling. Keep off your hands, or, by the mettle of this old Ferrara, which never yet failed me against Turk or Tartar, ye shall have fewer hands to keep off." Thus saying, Dalziell pushed up his horse, cutting right and left, in such a manner, however, as to terrify rather than seriously to injure; for he struck with the side, and not with the edge of his weapon. In the meantime, Mr Austin was put to bed; his wife had recovered to a perception of her misery; and the cavalcade rode off, Dalziell having first appointed a guard of two men, to abide by the apparently dying man, till (as he expressed it) the "Deil had his soul fairly in tow."

The day of the funeral of the poor maiden sister arrived, and with it came, through snow and storm, a considerable band of mountaineers, secretly armed with various weapons, but avowedly and openly prepared to convey the coffin to a considerable distance—to Dulgarno churchyard. The soldiers did everything in their power to annoy and obstruct, offering to assist in carrying, and then suddenly withdrawing their hands, and causing the coffin to fall to the ground—placing their muskets betwixt the feet of some of the company, and thus tripping up their heels, &c., &c. This was more than could be endured; so, after the funeral, a consultation was held, and it was agreed that, as Mr Austin was now considerably recovered, he and his wife should be conveyed from beneath surveillance of these horrid men. But how was this to be done? Many advices were tendered and discussed. At last, it was resolved upon that, about twelve o'clock at night, information having been previously given to the parties more immediately concerned, a company of twelve stout shepherd lads, armed with pistols and staves, should suddenly enter the door of Brownrig house, the bolt being previously drawn from within, and immediately seize upon and bind the twin demons, who had wrought, and were still working such dreadful mischief and cruelty. The minister and his lady were to be conveyed, through the snow, to the town of Moffat, about four miles distant, there to be concealed in a friend's house, to whom a messenger was immediately despatched, advertising him of their purpose

Accordingly, at the hour appointed, and in the manner already mentioned, the men were secured whilst asleep, and bound and guarded; whilst Mr Austin, still incapable of walking, was conveyed on horseback—with his wife behind him, and two men holding him up on each side—over the long moor towards Moffat. It was about five o'clock in the morning when the party arrived at its destination, and the flying couple were placed for the time in a place of safety. Upon the return of the young men to Brownrig, they found no thing but a heap of smoking ruins. Dalziell, who had received information of the meditated flight, but who had not learned in what direction it was to be conducted, came about half an hour after their departure, upon the farm steading of Brownrig; and, not being able, on account of the yird-drift, to trace the fugitives, he returned in wrath upon the inhabitants of the place, whom, after exchanging a few shots, and wounding one man severely in the leg, he ultimately captured; liberated the soldiers, and then

in the presence of the whole party, coolly set fire to the thatched dwellings, and kept close guard till the fire had done its commission.

Owing to the extreme cold and constant state of excitement, Mrs Austin fevered soon after her arrival at Moffat, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him, with her last breath, to persevere in the good cause which he had undertaken; so much had "trial and trouble" altered the views and sanctified the heart of this weak but upright and pious woman.

Mr Austin continued to recover from his severe indisposition, and spent some months at Moffat in comparative peace and safety. It was here that he met with his brother-in-law, the worthy and beloved Mr Shiels, minister of Kilbride. Indeed all the ten ministers of the Presbytery of Penpont, with the exception of Black of Closeburn, and Wishart of Keir, had refused to conform, and, along with nearly four hundred ministers in the south and west of Scotland in particular, had been compelled to fly from their homes and their flocks, and were, in many cases, conveyed in droves beyond the Tay; compelled to emigrate to foreign lands, or to take up their abode with the curlews and gleds of the lake and the mountain. It was indeed a sad day for Scotland the 23d of December, 16—, when, by Middleton's drunken act of Privy Council, so many conscientious and pious men were laid aside for so long a time, (many of them for ever,) from their sphere of useful and acceptable ministration in the Presbyterian church. As the faithful historian of these dismal times very expressively observes—"When those I am now speaking off took leave of their dear flocks, it was a day not only of weeping but howling, like the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sacked." Mothers were seen carrying their infants through snow and storm, and large families of children accompanying their helpless parents with tears and lamentations to the cold and often houseless desert. Whoever gave them food or shelter was liable to be fined; to have soldiers billeted upon them; or, even to suffer imprisonment.

The leading persecutors being about this time principally engaged about Wigton, Dalry, Dumfries, (town,) and other districts in the south and west, the upper wards of Dumfriesshire were less annoyed, and had more freedom of conventicle exercise. It was therefore deemed a favourable opportunity—now that the month of July had arrived—to hold a very general meeting, as privately as possible. On the confines of Altrieve Lake—a locality which has since acquired considerable notoriety from its having been the residence of one of the most distinguished characters of more modern times. The reader knows that I refer to James Hogg the Ettrick shepherd, a more wonderful (perhaps) instance of merit in a completely untaught man than even the case of the comparatively early and well-educated and civilized Bard of Coila. This situation was accordingly centrical and retired; elevated, and yet surrounded by still higher eminences, and commanding the higher districts or *moors* of the Yarrow, the Ettrick, the Tweed, and the Annan. Mr Thomas Shiels was well-known to be a fit coadjutor to the worthy Mr Samuel Austin; and several people of what may be termed the better class—the small lairds, and the moorland or sheep farmers—had agreed to defray all expense of the communion elements, and to come armed to the table, that their blood might not be mingled with their sacrifice, without their making some resistance.

In the midst of a terrible storm of thunder, and lightning, and hail, Mr Austin preached the action sermon, and Mr Shiels fenced the tables—both serving the succeeding tables alternately. After the storm had passed, the day cleared out, the mist left Mount Benger's brow, and sweet Bowhill looked out in soft and sparkling radiance. No signs of an approaching enemy was made till all was over, and the two officiating clergymen had returned with worthy Davie Dun—mentioned in one of Hogg's poems—to enjoy a night's repose. He was then shepherd on Mount Benger, and lived in a sheilin on the banks of Ettrick. About daylight next morning the sheilin was surrounded by dragoons, and Austin and his brother-in-law, Shiels, were dragged out of bed and mounted together upon one horse, without a saddle, and their legs tied together under its belly; and, in this painful and ignominious state, driven across the mountains towards Peebles. When they arrived there, poor Austin, who had not yet completely recovered from his late indisposition, became so faint and weak that he could not sit, even when supported by a dragoon on each side on horseback, and they were compelled to lodge there for the night. Next morning, they were marched off in the same manner, but with legs untied, towards Edinburgh, where they were safely lodged in the Tolbooth. They were ultimately brought before Lauderdale and the council; and after severe questioning, dismissed into banishment, as was originally intended, into the shire of Angus. Next day they were conveyed over to Burntisland, and left to make the of their best way across to Angus—being at the same time informed, that if found south of the Tay, they would be taken up and executed as traitors.

In Mr Austin's note-book, I find the following notice with which I shall conclude:—

"August, 1689.—It hath pleased the Lord to restore poor old useless Samuel Austin to his people; but where are they?—twenty years has made a sad event and reckoning here. The child has attained to manhood; the man has disappeared, or labours under the infirmities of age; and many have been removed, not only by death but by duty; they have removed in the course of God's providence, to other parishes, and even to other lands; and my flock is changed, and I feel no heart in preaching to these new faces, who know not Joseph. O Lord, let me arise and go hence; I am alone in an altered world, of which I am weary. My house is desolate; my child—my wife—my sister—all—all gone on before; and fain, O, guid Lord, wad I follow—now let thy servant depart and sleep in peace."

In the kirkyard of Penpont, at the west end of the church, there is a monument (at least there was, in my young days, some fifty years ago) with the following inscription:—

Here lies the worthy and godly
SAMUEL AUSTIN;
Forty-five years Minister of this Parish
Nineteen of which years he was banished by ungodly men
from his dear Flock, and sorely persecuted for the
Truth, and for
PRESBYTERY'S SAKE.
God was pleased to restore him again at the period
of the
GLORIOUS REVOLUTION,
and he continued to the day of his death,
25th April, 1694,
faithfully, though in much bodily weakness, to administer
to his loved and loving
Flock.

"*The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*"

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

COUNTRY QUARTERS.

A PLEASANTER little town than Potterwell does not exist in that part of her Majesty's dominions called Scotland. On one side, the hand of cultivation has covered a genial soil with richness and fertility. The stately mansion, "bosomed high in tufted trees," occasionally invites the eye, as it wanders over the landscape; while, here and there, the river Wimpledown may be seen peeping out amid the luxuriant verdure of wood and plain, and seeming to concentrate on itself all the radiance of any little sunshine that may be going. On the other side, again, are nothing but impracticable mountains—fine bluff old fellows—that evidently have an extensive and invincible contempt for Time, and, like other great ones of the earth, never carry any *change* about them. Look beyond these, and the prospect is indeed a fine one—a little monotonous, perhaps, but still a fine one—peak receding behind peak in endless series, a multitudinous sea of mountain tops, with noses as blue as a disappointed man's face, or Miss Harriet Martineau's stockings.

With a situation presenting such allurements for the devotees of the picturesque, is it wonderful that Potterwell became a favourite resort? By the best of good fortune, too, a spring, close by, of a peculiarly nauseous character, had, a few years before the period we write of, attracted attention by throwing into violent convulsions sundry cows that had been so far left to themselves as to drink of it, besides carrying off an occasional little boy or so, as a sort of just retribution for so far suppressing his natural tastes as to admit it within his lips. Dr Scammony, however, had taken the mineral water under his patronage; and his celebrated pamphlet upon the medicinal properties of the Potterwell Mephitic Assafœtida Waters at once fixed their reputation, while it materially augmented his own. A general subscription was projected, with a view to the erection of a pump-room. The plan took amazingly; and, from being left to work its way out, as best it might, through the diseased and miserable weeds with which it was overgrown, the spring all at once found itself established in a handsome apartment, fitted up with a most benevolent attention to the wants of such persons as might repair thither with the probable chance—however little they might be conscious of the fact—of dying by a watery death.

It was a bright sparkling morning in August, and there was an exhilarating freshness in the air, that caused the heart to leap up, and made the spirit as unclouded as the blue sky overhead. The pump-room was thronged, and every one congratulated his neighbour on the beauty of the morning.

"At your post as usual, Stukeley!" said a smartly-dressed young man, stepping up to Mr Stukeley—a well-known frequenter of the wells since their first celebrity—and shaking him warmly by the hand. "I do believe you are retained as a check upon the pump woman, that you keep such a strict look out after her customers. How many doses has she administered to-day? Come now, out with your note-book, and let me see."

"Oh, my dear Frank, if you really want to know, I am the man for you—Old Cotton of Dundee, four and a-half, and his daughter took off the balance of the six. What do you think I heard him whisper to her?—'Hoot, lassie, tak it aff, it's a' paid for;' and she, poor soul, was forced to gulp it down, that he might have the satisfaction of knowing that full value had been given for his penny. Then there was Runrig the farmer from Mid-Lothian, half-a-dozen; the man has a frame of iron, and a cheek as fresh as new-mown hay; but somebody had told him the water would do him good, and he has accordingly taken enough to make him ill for a fortnight. Then, there was Deacon Dobie's rich widow—fat, fair, and forty—she got pretty well through the seventh tumbler; but, it's a way with her, when she begins drinking, not to know when to stop; which, by the way, may account for her having been, for some time, as she elegantly expresses it, 'gey an nervish ways, whiles.' After her came"——And Stukeley was going on to enumerate the different visiters of the morning, checking them off upon his fingers as he proceeded, when his friend, Frank Preston, stopped him.

"For Heaven's sake, have done; and tell me, if you can, who those two fops of fellows are at the foot of the room? They only came a week ago; and, though nobody knows who they are, they have made the acquaintance of half the people here."

"I see nothing very odd in that. I know nothing of the men; but they dress well, and are moderately good-looking, and have just sufficient assurance to pass off upon the uninitiated for ease of manner and fashionable breeding. A pair of parvenus, no doubt; but what is your motive for asking so particularly about them?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing! Only, I am to meet them at the Cheeshams to-night, and I wished to know something of them."

"So, so! sets the wind in that quarter? A rival, Master Frank? It is there the shoe pinches, is it?"

"A rival—nonsense! What should I care whether the puppies are attentive to Emily Cheesham or not?"

"Why more to her than to her sister Fanny? I mentioned no names. Ha! Master Frank, you see I have caught you. Come, come, tell me what it is annoys you?"

"Well," stammered out Frank Preston,—"well, the fact is—the fact is, one of them has been rather particular in his attentions to Emily, and I am half-inclined to think she gives him encouragement."

"And, suppose she does, I see nothing in that but the harmless vanity of a girl, pleased to have another dangler under her spell."

"That is all very well, but I don't like it a bit. It may be so, and it may not. Her encouragement to him is very marked, and I don't feel easy under it at all, I don't."

"Why, Frank, you must both have a very poor opinion of Miss Emily, and be especially soft yourself, to give yourself any concern in the matter. If you have deemed her worthy of your regards, and she has given you warrant for thinking you have a claim upon them, and yet she now throws you off to make way for this newer lover, your course is a clear one. Turn from her, at once, and fortify yourself with old Withers' lines—

"'If she be not made for me
What care I for whom she be.'"

"Excellent philosophy, if one could but act upon it. But what annoys me about the business is, that I am sure these fellows are a pair of snobs, and are playing themselves off for something greater than they are."

"Very possibly; but that is just a stronger reason for taking my advice. If Miss Emily can be gratified with the attentions of such persons, leave her to the full enjoyment of them. Don't make yourself miserable for her folly."

"Oh, I don't make myself miserable at all, not in the least; only, I should like to find out who the fellows are."

The young men, of whom Preston and Stukeley had been speaking, and who now lounged up the room, describing semicircles with their legs at every step they took, were certainly never meant for the ordinary tear and wear of the hard-working every-day world. Their dress had too fine a gloss upon it for that, their hair much too gracefully disposed. They were both rather below the middle size, both dark in the complexion, but one of them much more so than the other. The darker slip of humanity had cultivated the growth of his hair with singular success. It fell away in masses from his forehead and temples, and curled, like the rings of the young vine, over the velvet collar that capped a coat of symmetrical proportions. Circling round the cheeks, and below the chin, it somewhat obtruded upon the space which is generally occupied by the face, so that his head might truly be said to be a mass of hair, slightly interspersed with features. His friend, again, to avoid monotony, had varied the style of his upper works, and his locks were allowed to droop in long, lanky, melancholy tangles down his sallow cheeks; while, perched upon either lip, might be seen a feathery-looking object, not to be accounted for, but on the supposition that it was intended to seduce the public into a belief of its being a moustache. Both were showily dressed. Both had stocks terminating in a cataract of satin that emptied itself into tartan velvet waistcoats, worn probably in honour of the country; both had gold chains innumerable, twisting in a multiplicity of convolutions across these waistcoats; both had on yellow kid gloves of unimpeachable purity, and both carried minute canes of imitation ebony, with which, at intervals, they flogged, one the right and the other the left leg, with the most painful ferocity. They were a noble pair; alike, yet, oh, how different!

"Eugene, my boy," said the darker of the two, in a tone of voice loud enough to let half the room hear the interesting communication, "we must see what sort of stuff this here water is—we must, positively."

"Roost eggs, Adolph, whisked in bilge-water, with a rusty tenpenny nail. Faugh! I'm smashed if I taste it."

"Not so bad that for you," returned Adolph, smiling faintly; but you must really pay your respects to the waters."

"'Pon my soul I shawn't. I had enough of that so't of thing in Jummany, the time I was ova with Ned Hoxham."

"That was the time, wasn't it, that you brought me over that choice lot of cigaws?"

"I believe it was," responded Eugene, with the most impressive indifference, as if he wished it to be understood that he had been so often there, that he could not recall the particulars of any one visit.

"I know something of Seidlitz and Seltzer myself," resumed the darker Adonis, "and Soda water too, by Jove, for that matter, and they're not bad things either, when one's been making a night of it, so I'll have a try at this Potterwell fluid, and see how it does for a change."

In this manner the two friends proceeded, to the infinite enlightenment of those about them, who being greatly struck with their easy and facetious manners, stood admiringly by with looks of evident delight! The young men saw the impression they were making, and, desirous of keeping it up, went on to ask the priestess of the spring, how often, and in what quantities she found it necessary to doctor it with Glauber salts, brimstone, and assafœtida. The joke took immensely. Such of the bystanders as could laugh—for the internal agitation produced by the cathartic properties of their morning draught, made that a somewhat difficult and dangerous experiment—did so; and various young men, of no very definite character, but who seemed to support the disguise of gentlemen with considerable pain to themselves, sidled up, and endeavoured to strike into conversation with our Nisus and Euryalus, thinking to share by contact the glory which they had won. All they got for their pains, however, was a stare of cool indifference. The friends were as great adepts in the art and mystery of *cutting*, as the most fashionable tailor could be; and, after volunteering a few ineffectual efforts at sprightliness, these awkward aspirants to fame were forced to fall back, abashed and crest-fallen, into the natural insignificance of their character.

These proceedings did not pass unnoticed by Preston and his elderly friend, who made their own observations upon them; but were prevented from saying anything on the subject to each other by the entrance of a party, which diverted their attention in a different direction. These were no other than Mrs Cheesham and her two accomplished daughters, Miss Emily and Miss Fanny Cheesham. Mrs Cheesham's personal appearance may be passed over very briefly; as no one, so far as is known, ever cared about it but herself. She was vain, vulgar, and affected; fond of finery and display; and the one dominant passion of her life was to insinuate herself and her family into fashionable society, and secure a brilliant match for her daughters They, again, were a pair of attractive showy girls; Emily flippant, sparkling, lively; Fanny, demure, reserved, and cold. Emily's eyes were dark and lustrous—you saw the best of them at once; and her look, alert, and wicked. These corresponded well with a well-rounded figure, a rosy complexion, and full pouting lips, that were "ruddier than the cherry." Fanny was tall and "stately in her going;" pale, but without that look of sickliness which generally accompanies such a complexion, and her eyes, beautiful as they were, when brought into play, were generally shrouded by the drooping of her eyelids, like those of one who is accustomed to be frequently self-inwrapt. With Emily you might sport in jest and raillery by the hour; but with Fanny you always felt, as it were, bound to be upon your best behaviour. They passed up the room, distributing nods of recognition, and occasionally stopping to allow Mrs Cheesham to give her invitations to a *soirée musical* which she intended to get up that evening.

"Your servant, ladies," said old Stukeley, raising his hat, while his friend followed his example. "You are late. I was afraid we were not to have the pleasure of seeing you this morning. Pray, Miss Emily, what new novel or poem was it that kept you awake so late last night that you have lost half this glorious morning? Tell me the author's name, that I may punish the delinquent, by cutting up his book, in the next number of our review?"

"Cut it up, and you will do more than I could; for I found myself nodding over the second page, and I feel the drowsiness about me still."

"The opiate—the opiate, Miss Emily? Who was its compounder? He must be a charmer indeed."

"Himself and his printer knows. Only some unhappy bard, who dubs us women 'The angels of life,' and misuses us vilely through a dozen cantos of halting verse. The poor man has forgot the story

"'Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our wo,'

or he would have christened us daughters of Eve by a very different name."

"O you little rogue! you are too hard upon this devotee to your dear deluding sex. It is only his excess of politeness that has made him forget his historical reading."

"His politeness! Fiddlestick! I would as soon have a troop of boys inflict the intolerable tediousness of their calf-love upon me as endure the rhapsodies of a booby, who strips us of our good flesh and blood, frailties and all, to etherealize us into an incomprehensible compound of tears, sighs, moonshine, music, love, flowers, and hysterics."

"Emily, how you run on!" broke in Mrs Cheesham. "My dear Mr Stukeley, really you must not encourage the girl in her nonsense. I declare, I sometimes think her tongue runs away with her wits."

"Better that, I'm sure, madam, than have it run away without them," responded Stukeley, in a deprecating tone, which threw Mrs Cheesham, whose intellect was none of the acutest, completely out.

"Girls, there are Mr Blowze and Mr Lilylipz," said Mrs Cheesham, looking in the direction of the friends, Adolph and Eugene; "you had better arrange with them about coming this evening."

Emily advanced, with her sister, to the engaging pair, who received them with that peculiar contortion of the body, between a jerk and a shuffle, which young men are in the habit of mistaking for a bow, and was soon deep in the heart of a flirtation with Adolph, while Fanny stood listening to the vapid nothings of Eugene, a very model of passive endurance. Frank Preston was anything but an easy spectator of this movement; nor was Emily blind to this; but, like a wilful woman, she could not forbear playing the petty tyrant, and exercising freely the power to torment which she saw that she possessed.

"You will be of our party to-night, gentlemen," continued Mrs Cheesham. "We are to have a little music. You are fond of music, Mr Stukeley, I know; and no pressing can be necessary to an amat*oor* like you, Mr Francis. I can assure you, you'll meet some very nice people. Mr and Mrs M'Skrattachan, highly respectable people—an old Highland family, and with very high connections. Mr M'Skrattachan's mother's sister's aunt—no, his aunt's mother's sister—yes, that was it—Mr M'Skrattachan's aunt's mother's sister; and yet I don't know—I dare say I was right before—at all events, it was one or other of them—married a second cousin—something of that kind—of the Duke of Argyle, by the mother's side. They had a large estate in Skye or Ross-shire—I am not sure which, but it was somewhere thereabout."

Stukeley and Preston were glad to cover their retreat by acceptance of Mrs Cheesham's invitation; and, leaving her to empty the dregs of the details which she had begun into the willing ears of some of her more submissive friends, they made their escape from the pumproom.

Slopbole Cottage, where the Cheeshams were domiciliated during their sojourn at Potterwell, was situated upon the banks of the Wimpledown, at a distance of somewhat less than a quarter of a mile from the burgh. It had, at one time, been a farm house; but, within a few years, it had been recast: and, by the addition of a bow window, a trellised door, and a few of the usual etcetras, it had been converted into what is by courtesy termed a cottage ornée. It was an agreeable place, for all that, shaded by the remnants of a fine old wood—the rustling of whose foliage made pleasant music, as it blended with the ever-sounding plash and rushing of the stream.

When Frank Preston arrived at Slopbole Cottage that evening, he found the drawing-room already well stocked with the usual components of a tea-party. The two exquisites of the morning he saw, to his dismay, were already there. Adolph was assiduously sacrificing to the charms and wit of Miss Emily, while his shadow, Eugene, was—but Preston did not care about that—as much engaged in Macadamising his great conceptions into small talk suitable for the intellectual capacity of Miss Fanny. Mrs Cheesham regarded these proceedings with entire satisfaction. The friends, to her mind, were men of birth, fashion, and fortune, and the very men for her daughters. Besides, there was a mystery about them that was charming. Nobody knew exactly who they were, although everybody was sure they were somebody. None but great people ever travel *incog.* They were evidently struck by her daughters. Things were in a fair train; and, if she could but make a match of it, Mrs Cheesham thought she might then fold her hands across and make herself easy for life. Her daughters would be the wives of great men, and she was their mother, and every one knows what an important personage a wife's mother is.

"Two very fine young men, Mr Francis," said Mrs Cheeseham. "Extremely intelligent people. And so good looking! Quite *distingue*, too. It is not every day one meets such people."

Frank Preston threw in the necessary quantity of "yes's," "certainly's," and so forth, while Mrs Cheesham continued—

"They seem rather taken with my girls, don't they? Mr Blowze is never away from Emily's side. His attentions are quite marked. Don't you think, now, they'd make a nice pair? They're both so lively—always saying such clever things. I never knew Emily so smart either; but that girl's all animation—all spirits. I always said Emily would never do but for a rattle of a husband—a man that could talk as much as herself. It does not do, you know, really it does not do for the wife to have too much of the talk to herself. I make that a principle; and, as I often tell Cheesham, I let him have it all his own way, rather than argue a point with him."

This was, of course, an exceedingly agreeable strain of conversation to the lover, to whom it was no small relief, when Mrs Cheesham quitted his side to single out her musical friends for the performance of a quartette. At her summons, these parties were seen to emerge from the various recesses where they had been concealing themselves, in all the majesty of silence, as is the way with musical amateurs in general. Miss Fanny, who was really an accomplished performer, was called to preside at the pianoforte, and Mr Lilylipz rushed before to adjust the music-stool, and turned over the leaves for her. Mr Blewitt got out his flute, and, after screwing it together, commenced a series of blasts upon it, which were considered necessary to the process of tuning. Mr Harrower, the violoncello player, turned up the wristbands of his coat, placed his handkerchief on his left knee, and, after a preliminary flourish or two of his hands, begin to grind his violoncello into a proper sharpness of pitch. Not to be behind the rest, Mr Fogle screwed his violin strings first up, and then he screwed them down, and then he proceeded to screw them up again, with a waywardness of purpose that might have been extremely diverting, if its effects had not been so very distressing to the ears. Having thus begot a due degree of attention in their audience, the performers thought of trying how the results of their respective preparations tallied.

"Miss Fanny, will you be kind enough to sound your A?" lisped Mr Blewitt.

Miss Fanny did sound her A, and again a dissonance broke forth that would have thrown Orpheus into fits. It was then discovered that the damp had reduced the piano nearly a whole tone below pitch, and Mr Blewitt's flute

could not be brought down to a level with it by any contrivance. The musicians, however, were not to be baulked in their purpose for this, and they agreed to proceed with the flute some half a tone higher than the other instruments. But there was a world of preliminary work yet to be gone through; tables had to be adjusted, and books had to be built upon music stands. But the tables would not stand conveniently, and the books would fall, and then all the work of adjustment and library architecture had to be gone over again. At last these matters were put to rights, and, after a few more indefinite vagaries by Messrs Blewitt, Harrower, and Fogle, the junto made a dash into the heart of one of Haydn's quartetts. The piano kept steadily moving through the piece. Miss Fanny knew her work, and she did it. The others did not know theirs, and they *did for* it. After a few faint squeaks at the beginning, Mr Blewitt's flute dropped out of hearing altogether, and, just as everybody had set it down as defunct, it began to give token of its existence by a wail or two rising through the storm of sounds with which the performance closed, and then made up its leeway by continuing to vapour away for some time after the rest had finished.

"Bless my heart, are you done?" cried Mr Blewitt, breaking off in the middle of a solo, which he found himself performing to his own astonishment.

Mr Harrower and Mr Fogle threw up their eyes with an intensity of contempt that defies description. To be sure, neither of them had kept either time or tune all the way through. Mr Harrower's violoncello had growled and groaned, at intervals, in a manner truly pitiable; and Mr Fogle's bow had done nothing but dance and leap, in a perpetual staccato from the first bar to the last, to the entire confusion of both melody and concord. But they had both managed to be in at the death, and were therefore entitled to sneer at the unhappy flutist. Mr Eugene Lilylipz, who had annoyed Miss Fanny throughout the performance, by invariably turning over the leaf at the wrong place, now broke into a volley of raptures, of which the words "Devaine" and "Chawming," were among the principal symbols. A buzz of approbation ran round the room, warm in proportion to the relief which the cessation of the Dutch concert afforded. Mr Harrower and his coadjutors grew communicative, and vented an infinite quantity of the jargon of dilettanteism upon each other, and upon those about them. They soon got into a discussion upon the merits of different composers, whose names served them to bandy to and fro in the battledore and shuttlecock of conversation. Beethoven was cried up to the seventh heaven by Mr Harrower, for his grandeur and sublimity, and all that sort of thing.

"There is a Miltonic greatness about the man!" he exclaimed, throwing his eyes to the ceiling, in the contemplation of a visionary demigod. "A vastness, a massiveness, an incomprehensible—eh, eh?—ah, I can't exactly tell what, that places him far above all other writers."

"Every man to his taste," insinuated Mr Blewitt; "but I certainly like what I can understand best. Now I don't understand Beethoven; but I *can* understand Mozart, or Weber, or Haydn."

"It is very well if you do!" retorted the violoncellist, reflecting probably on the recent specimen Mr Blewitt had given of his powers. "It is more than everybody does, I can tell you."

"Od, gentlemen, but it's grand music onyhow, and exceeding justice you have done it, if I may speak my mind. But ye ken, I'm no great shakes of a judge."

This was the opinion volunteered by Mr Cheesham, who saw the musicians were giving symptoms of that tendency to discord for which they are proverbial, and threw out a sop to their vanity, which at once restored them to order. As he said himself, Mr Cheesham was no great judge of music, nor, indeed, of any of the fine arts. He had read little, and thought less; and yet, since he had become independent of the world, he was fond of assuming an air of knowledge, that was exceedingly amusing. There was nothing, for instance, that he liked better to be talking about than history; and, nevertheless, that Hannibal was killed at the battle of Drumclog, and Julius Cæsar beheaded by Henry the Eighth, were facts which he would probably have had no hesitation in admitting, upon any reasonable representation.

By this time, Mr Stukeley had joined the party, and was going his rounds, chatting, laughing, quizzing, and prosing, according to the different characters of the people whom he talked with. When he reached Mr Cheesham, he found him in earnest conversation with Mr Lilylipz, regarding the ruins of Tinglebury, an abbey not far from Potterwell, of which the architecture was pronounced, by Mr Lilylipz, to be *suttinly* transcandent beyond anythink. It is of that pure Græco-Gothic, which was brought over by William the Conqueror, and went out with the Saxons."

Stukeley encouraged the conversation, drawing out the presumptuous ignorance of Mr Lilylipz, and the rusty nomeanings of the parent Cheesham into strong relief.

"Gentlemen, excuse me for breaking up your *tete-a-tete*. Have you got upon 'Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses?'" said Miss Emily, joining the trio. "Mr Lilylipz, your friend tells me you sing. Will you break the dulness, and favour us?"

"Oh, I never do sing; and, besides, I am suffering from hoarseness."

"Come, come," replied Miss Emily, "none of these excuses, or we shall expect to find a very Braham, at least."

"Now, *really*!" remonstrated Mr Lilylipz.

"Oh, never mind his nonsense, Miss Cheesham," exclaimed Mr Blowze, from the other side of the room. "Lilylipz sings an uncommonly good song, when he likes. Give us 'the Rose of Cashmere,' or 'She wore a wreath o' Roses.' Come away, now—no humbug!"

"Oh, that will be delightful!—pray, do sing!" were the exclamations of a dozen voices, at least. "Mr Lilylipz' song!" shouted the elderly gentlemen of the party; and, forthwith, an awful stillness reigned throughout the apartment. Upon this, Mr Lilylipz blew his nose, coughed thrice, and, throwing himself back in his chair, rivetted his eyes, with the utmost intensity, upon a corner of the ceiling. Every one held back his breath in expectation, and the interesting young man opened upon the assemblage with a ballad all about an Araby maid, to whom a Christian knight was submitting proposals of elopement, which the lady appeared to be by no means averse to, for each stanza ended with the refrain, "Away, away, away!" signifying that the parties meant to be off somewhere as fast as possible. Mr Lilylipz had just concluded verse the first, and the "Away, away, away!" had powerfully excited the imagination of the young ladies present, when the door opened, and the clinking of crystal ware announced the inopportune entrance of a maidservant bearing a trayful of glasses filled with that vile imbroglio of hot water and sugar coloured with wine, which passes in genteel circles by the name of negus. All eyes turned towards the door, and Mrs Cheesham exclaimed, "Sally, be quiet!" but Mr Eugene was too much enrapt by his own performance to feel the disturbance, and he tore away through verse the second with kindling enthusiasm. "Away, away, away!" sang the vocalist, when a crash and a scream arrested his progress. The servant maid had dropped the tray, and the glasses were rolling to and fro upon the floor in a confusion of fragments, while the delinquent, Sally, shrieking at the top of her voice, was making her way out at the door with all the speed she was mistress of.

"What the devil's that?" cried one. "The careless

slut!" screamed another. "Such thoughtlessness!" suggested a third. "What the deuce could the woman mean?" asked a fourth. "It's the last night she sets foot in my house!" exclaimed Mrs Cheesham, thrown off her dignity by the sudden shock.

"Bless me, you look unwell!" said Mr Cheesham to Mr Lilylipz, who had turned deadly pale, and was altogether looking excessively unhappy.

"Oh, it is nothing. Only a constitutional nervousness. The start, the surprise, that sort of thing, you know; but it will go off in a moment. I shall just take a turn in the air for a little, and I'll be quite better."

The ladies were engaged in the contemplation of the wreck at the other end of the room, and Mr Lilylipz, accompanied by his friend, stepped out at one of the drawing-room windows, which opened out upon the lawn. Frank Preston looked after them, and saw them in the moonlight, passing down the banks of the river among the trees, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

"What do you think of this business, eh?" said Stukeley, rousing him from a reverie, by a tap upon the shoulder. "Queerish a little, isn't it?"

"Queerish *not* a little, I think; and blow me if I don't get to the bottom of it, or the devil's in it. That girl knows something of Mr Engene, I'll be sworn. We must get out of her what it is."

"Oh, no doubt she does. It wasn't the song that threw her off, although it was certainly vile enough for anything; it was himself; that is as clear as day. Let us off, hunt out the wench, and get the secret from her."

They left the room by the open window, and passing round the house to the servant's entrance, walked into the kitchen, where they found Sally labouring under strong excitement, as she narrated the incident which had led to her precipitate retreat from the drawing-room.

"To think of seeing him here; the base deceitful wretch! Cocked up in the drawing-room, forsooth, as if that were a place for him or the likes of him. Set him up indeed—a pretty story. But I know'd as how he'd never come to no good!"

"Who is he, my dear?" inquired Stukeley.

"Who is he, sir!—who should he be but Tom Newlands, the son of Dame Newlands of our village."

"Oh, you must certainly be mistaken."

"Never a bit mistaken am I, sir. I have too good reason for remembering him, the wretch! Oh, if I had him here, I wouldn't give it him, I wouldn't? I'd sarve him out, the deludin' scoundrel. But he never was good for nothing since he went into the haberdashery line."

"A haberdasher, is he? Capital!—capital! The man of fashion, eh, Frank?"

"The young man of *distingue* appearance!"

"And who's his friend, Sally?"

"What! the other chap? Oh, I don't know anything about him, except that he's one of them man millinery fellows; and a precious bad lot they are, I know."

"Glorious!—glorious!" cried Stukeley, crying with delight, as he walked out of the place with his friend. Here's a discovery for some folks, isn't it? The brilliant alliance, the high family, etcetera, etcetera, all dwindled into a measurer of tapes. Aren't you proud of having had such a rival?"

"Oh, come, don't be too hard upon me on that point. Mum, here we are at the drawing-room again. Not a word of what we have heard. If these scamps have made themselves scarce, as I think they have, good and well. But, if they venture to shew face here again, I shall certainly feel it to be my duty to pull their noses, and eject them from the premises by a summary process."

"Oh, never fear, they will not put you to the trouble. They are off for good and all, or I am no prophet."

Stukeley was right. The evening passed on, and the friends returned not. Infinite were the surmises which their absence occasioned, but the general conclusion was, that the interesting Mr Lilylipz had found himself worse, and had retired to his inn for the night, along with his faithful Achates. Morning came, but the friends did not make their appearance at the pumproom as usual. They were not at their inn; they were not in Potterwell. Whither they had wended, no one knew; but, like the characters in the ballad, which had been so oddly broken off, they were "away, away, away." They had come like shadows, and like shadows they had departed.

Some months afterwards, Mrs Cheesham and her daughter Emily entered one of the extensive drapery warehouses of Edinburgh, to invest a portion of their capital in the purchase of a *mousseline de laine*. They had seen an advertisement which intimated that no lady ought, in justice to herself, to buy a dress of this description without first inspecting that company's stock of the article. They were determined to do themselves justice, and they went accordingly.

"Eugene," said the superintendent of the place, "shew these ladies that parcel of goods. A very superior article, indeed." Eugene! Eugene! the ladies had good reason to remember the name, and what was their surprise, on looking round, to see the exquisite of Potterwell bending under a load of dress pieces? If their surprise was great, infinitely greater was his dismay. His knees shook; his eyes grew dim; his head giddy. His hands lost their power, and, dropping the bundle, the unhappy Eugene stumbled over it in a manner painfully ignoble. Mrs and Miss Cheesham turned to quit the shop, when there, behind them, stood the dashing Adolph. "The devil!" he exclaimed, and, ducking dexterously under the counter, disappeared among sundry bales that were piled beyond it. The lesson was not lost. Mrs Cheesham had had quite enough of quality-hunting to satisfy her; and Miss Emily found out that it was desirable to be wise as well as witty, and gave her hand to Frank Preston, who forgave her temporary apostacy, not only because it had been smartly punished by the result, but for the sake of the many estimable qualities which Miss Cheesham really possessed. Miss Fanny still roams, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," but she cannot do so long, or there is no skill in man. At all events, when she does want a husband, she will not go in search of him to COUNTRY QUARTERS.

MRS HUMPHREY GREENWOOD'S TEA PARTY.

MRS HUMPHREY GREENWOOD was a stirring, lively, good-natured sort of person; had touched the meridian of her years; was mistress of a comfortable income; and possessed, withal, the privileged vivacity of a widow. Nobody gave nicer teaparties than she; nobody managed to keep such a number of eligible bachelors on her visiting list, and possessing as she did the nicest discrimination in drafting these in among the young ladies under her patronage, what wonder if no inconsiderable proportion of the matrimonial arrangements of her friends deduced their origin from these dangerously seductive sofas in her snug little drawing-room?.

It was in that snug little drawing-room, that Mr Simon Silky first saw the future Mrs Simon; it was on one of those dangerously seductive sofas that he found courage to put that question which procured him a better half, and a comfortable settlement in life for Miss Jemima Linton.

Miss Jemima Linton was still in that fluctuating period, between girl and womanhood—at which young ladies giggle a great deal, and seem to be always in a flutter—when Mr Simon Silky first met her. She was fair in complexion,

with light hair and blue eyes; her face, in short, had all the delicacy of a wax doll, and nearly as much expression. She could say "yes, sir," and "no, sir," at the proper intervals in the course of a *tete-a-tete* conversation, and, when warmed a little into familiarity and ease, could even hazard an observation with reference to the weather, without changing colour above twice in the course of it. In a word, she was one of those excessively bashful and retiring young ladies, who always look as if they thought a man was going to make violent love to them, and who, if your conversation happen to diverge from the beaten track of the smallest of small talk, take fright, and are off as fast as possible to whisper to some of their companions "La! what a strange man that is!"

This was the very kind of person for Mr Simon Silky, who was a bit of a sentimentalist in his way. When he met Miss Jemima Linton, the fair ideal on whom his fancy had often dwelt, seemed to be realised. He came, he saw, and was conquered.

On entering Mrs Greenwood's drawing-room, one evening that he had been invited there to meet "a few friends in an easy way;" having arrived rather late, he found the party already assembled. The fire blazed cheerfully out upon a bevy of tittering misses, who were seated on either side of it, whispering to each other in a timid and confidential tone, with here and there a young man amongst them making convulsive efforts to render himself amusing, while two or three putty faced juniors, with very white shirt collars, and very brightly polished pumps—who had been called in to stop gaps in quadrilles, and render themselves otherwise useful—sat in the back ground, for the most part, two on a chair, and speculating how many of the cakes that glistened on the table they might appropriate to themselves with any degree of decency. Mrs Humphrey Greenwood, the presiding divinity of this motley gathering, vulgarly yclept a "cookie shine," was planted behind a brightly burnished brass urn of liberal dimensions, that hissed loudly on the table.

"Mr Simon," she exclaimed, advancing from her post of honour, "Mr Simon Silky, I'm so glad to see you; I really thought you had been going to desert us."

Our hero blustered out some inarticulate apology, to which his hostess of course paid no attention, but hurried on into the work of introduction.

"Mr Silky—Miss Silliman—Miss Gingerly—Miss Barbara Silliman—Miss Eggemon—Miss Jemima Linton; I think you know all the rest. Mr Scratcherd, you know Mr Silky." Mr Scratcherd grinned an assent. "Mr Silky, Mr Slap'emup. You'll find a seat for yourself somewhere. Try if some of the ladies will have pity, and take you in among them."

All this time, Mr Silky was engaged in distributing a comprehensive bow to everybody about him—an ordeal which, in any circumstances, to a nervous man like him, was no joke. But his agitation had the finishing touch given it by Mrs Greenwood's facetious observation as to the ladies *taking him* IN *among them*. The blood rushed to his temples, and he subsided into a vacant chair with a remark directed to nobody in particular, as to how very warm the room was. Attention having been once drawn to this interesting fact, it became the topic of conversation for some five minutes, which gave Mr Simon Silky time to cool down, and to look about him a little. In the course of his survey his eyes alighted on Miss Jemima Linton, who just at that moment happened to be scrutinizing his outward man. Their eyes met; a glance of quick intelligence passed between them. The lady lowered hers, blushing up to them as she did so; and the enraptured Simon muttered to himself, "what charming confusion!" He felt a novel sensation gathering about his heart. Could it be love? There was no saying. At first sight too. All genuine love is.

"He never loved, who loved not at first sight."

Mr Simon Silky was a reader of the beauties of Shakspeare. This line took possession of his head, and he mused and looked, looked and mused, till he was roused from his reverie by Mrs Greenwood calling upon him to assist in handing round the "cups which cheer but not inebriate." He started up, with a very vague notion of what he was to be about, and, grasping a teacup, which his hostess informed him was Miss Jemima Linton's, in one hand, and a plate of cheesecakes in the other, he stumbled up to the lady, and consigning the cakes to her outstretched hand, held out the teacup to Miss Eggemon, who sat next, inquiring if she would please to be helped to a little cake. Miss Eggemon tittered, and exclaimed—"Well, I never!"

"Gracious! the like of that, you know," simpered Miss Silliman, burying her face in Miss Eggemon's neck.

"How very absurd!" sneered Miss Gingerly, who was verging to old maidishness, and had a temper in which vinegar was the principal ingredient.

"Bless me, Mr Silky, what *are* you about?" cried Mrs Greenwood.

"Oh why—yes—no—I see—beg pardon; dear me! stammered poor Silky, reddening like an enraged turkey cock, as he handed Miss Linton the cup, out of which the greater part of its contents had by this time been shaken, and, seizing the dish of cakes with a sudden jerk, deposited one half of them in the lady's lap, and the other half on the carpet.

"Tell me, where is fancy bread?" said Mr Horatio Slap'emup—who was a wit in his own small way—pointing to the cakes, which our hero was endeavouring to bring together again from the different corners into which they had wandered. A general laugh greeted him on every side, as he rose from his knees covered with confusion. He looked at the fair Jemima as he did so. There was not the vestige of a smile on her face. "Good kind soul, *she* does not join in the vulgar mirth of these unfeeling creatures!" thought the unhappy Silky. "She pities me, and pity is akin to love." It did not strike him that there might be another reason for her gravity. The spilt tea and greasy cheesecake had spoiled her white muslin dress irremediably, for that night at least; a circumstance calculated certainly to make any young lady melancholy enough: but this never entered the brain of Mr Simon Silky. Happy man!

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

With some difficulty he regained his chair, after stumbling over a footstool, and crushing the tail of a King Charles cocker, that was snorting on the hearth-rug in all the offensiveness of canine obesity. His distress was at its climax. "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions!" thought he, recurring once more to the beauties of Shakspeare. His ears felt as if they had been newly scalded, and objects floated in hazy confusion before his eyes. He commenced sipping his tea with desperate energy, wishing for a moment that it had been so much prussic acid. The patter of many voices sounded in his ears. They must be talking of him, "for they laughed consumedly;" and that confounded Slap'emup was obviously getting up a reputation for wit by cutting minute jokes at his expense.

"You've been at the Exhibition, Mr Silky," said Mrs Greenwood, recalling him from the state of mental imbecility into which he was fast sinking.

"The Exhibition, you said, ma'am. Yes, yes, certainly, the Exhibition. O yes," rejoined Mr Silky, struggling to concentrate his scattered faculties.

"Well, what is your opinion about the portrait?" continued his hostess.

"Portrait, really—which of them—there 's so many?"

"Why, Mr Silky, what *has* come over you to-night? The ladies have been like to pull each other to pieces, for the last five minutes, about the portrait of an officer a little to the left of the door of the first room; and, I delare, you have not heard a word that has been going. Pretty doings, Mr Simon; and who, may I ask, is the happy lady that so engrosses your thoughts?"

"O Mrs Greenwood!"

"Well, well then, if its a secret, I wont press it! But what is your opinion of the portrait? Miss Barbara Silliman here maintains it is beauty in the abstract."

"Oh he's quite a love of a man!" broke in Miss Barbara, in a rapture of affectation, whereat Miss Gingerly appeared mightily shocked, and pursed up her mouth till it looked like a parched apple.

"But Miss Linton, on the contrary, says she thinks it rather plain for a military man. Now, we want your decision on this knotty point."

"Oh, why, really—a portrait of an officer, I think you said. Fair complexion, flaxen ringlets, and light blue eyes—beautiful, indeed! That is to say—I don't know; but"—and here poor Silky looked hopelessly about for an idea—"upon the whole, I think I declare for Miss Linton."

"Well, really, Mr Simon, that *is* coming to the point. Jemima, my dear, do you hear what Mr Silky says? Declares for you already! Upon my word, a fair proposal!" said Mrs Greenwood, catching up the allusion, and looking excessively matronly and significant.

"Fair complexion, flaxen ringlets, light blue eyes!" broke in Miss Barbara Silliman, with that delicate spitefulness to which young ladies are subject, when they suspect any of their rivals of having produced an impression on one of the male creatures. "A pretty officer, indeed! It's you, Miss Linton, that Mr Silky means. Quite a conquest, I declare." Having said this for the benefit of the company, she murmured to herself—"I wonder at the man's taste. A gawky minx!"

If Mr Silky felt uncomfortable before, he was now reduced to the lowest pitch of personal misery. He tried to smile, as if he took the thing as a good joke; but the contortions of his visage were galvanic. Everybody, he was sure, was looking at him, and he stammered out some inarticulate words, by way of extricating himself from his awkward position. What they were he knew not; but they only seemed to have made matters worse; for another titter ran round the circle, and showers of badinage assailed him on every side. Mr Simon Silky began to speculate whether sitting on the points of a score of redhot toasting forks could be worse than his present torment.

He was pursuing this agreeable train of reflection, when the removal of the table to a corner of the room, and a general commotion, occasioned by the pushing back of sofas, and the laying away of chairs, made him aware that dancing was about to commence. The men, as they always do on these occasions, clustered together near the door, pulling on gloves—such of them as had them—and talking very thick and fast about nothing at all.

"Miss Gingerly, may I ask you to give the young folks a set of quadrilles?" inquired Mrs Greenwood.

"Certainly—with a great deal of pleasure," coldly responded Miss Gingerly, blowing her nose with the end of her pocket-handkerchief, which she extracted partially from her black satin bag for the purpose, and feeling particularly venomous at being cut out of the dance, and her very, very faint chance of captivating a partner therein.

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Eggemon, laying her hands affectionately on Miss Gingerly's wrists. "You play quadrilles so nicely. And then turning to Miss Jemima Linton, Miss Eggemon whispered confidentially, "Such a player you never heard. Not three bars in time. How provoking Mrs Greenwood should ask her to play. Just listen; did you ever hear the like of that?"

Miss Gingerly had laid her black satin bag on the piano, drawn herself up with all the frosty-faced dignity of waning maidenhood, and was performing a prelude before commencing operations, which was chiefly remarkable for its ingenious flights from key to key, and bewildering accumulation of false concords.

"Gentlemen, find partners for yourselves," said the lively Mrs Greenwood; and the gentlemen, after looking at one another, disentangled themselves from the knot into which they were gathered, and, shuffling up each to the lady that pleased his fancy, solicited the honour of her hand. The couples had taken their places, and Miss Gingerly was dashing away into the heart of the "Highland Laddie," when it was discovered that there was still a couple awanting.

"Mr Silky, you dance?" said all the men at once, to that gentleman, who was sitting pensively at a corner.

"Oh, really!" replied Silky, smiling a sickly smile, and making vague protestations of inability.

"Not dance!" said the vivacious Mr Slap'emup. "Fie on you!—oh, fie! And Miss Linton looking at you there, like Eve on the eve of Paradise, as if

"She would be wooed, and not unsought be won."

There was nothing for it but that Silky should make up to Miss Jemima, and lead her out to dance. This he did among the nods and winks, and whispers of all present; and by the time he got into his place in the quadrille, he did not very well know which end of him was uppermost. Away rattled Miss Gingerly at the "Highland Laddie," and away bounced the dancers through the mazes of the figure. Dancing a quadrille is with some people no trifling matter, and Mr Simon Silky was one of these. He bent to it all the energies of his not over-powerful mind; and, while it lasted, beyond a passing word or two, he had no conversation to bestow upon his partner. It was amusing to see with what earnestness he watched the movements of those who preceded him, and, when his own turn came, the exhibition he made, would have made a timor grin. First, he threw out his arms to steady himself, and then jerking forward his right foot, brought himself suddenly into the centre of the floor, where he began throwing his legs confusedly about, till they seemed to be involved in hopeless entanglement. All the time he kept hie eyes fixed anxiously upon his shoeties It was obviously a critical affair with him to preserve his equipoise, and each time that he got back safely to his place, a sigh broke from him, as if a great burden had been taken off his mind, and he wiped the sweat away that glistered in heavy beads upon his brow. At length, the quadrille ended. Mr Silky thanked Heaven; and, leading the fair Jemima to a seat, planted himself at her side, and manfully endeavoured to open up a conversation with her.

Dance succeeded dance, and by degrees the elements of the party, got tolerably well interfused. Poor Miss Gingerly wrought away at her everlasting set of Scotch quadrilles, and nobody ever volunteered to relieve her of her task, "she played so well." As intervals some of the young ladies quivered through a fashionable ballad, and occasionally an attempt was made to get up one of those melancholy chants, which, by some strange misnomer, pass current in society for glees. In these, Mr Scratcherd, who sang bass, distinguished himself so signally, that loud calls were made upon him for a song, and Mr Scratcherd, after a little preliminary modesty, yielded to the call. He then began raving about an "Old Oak Tree," and groaned up and down the scale, till his voice became lost in the

bottom of his neck-cloth. Serious fears were entertained whether he would be able to get it up again, but these happily turned out to be unfounded. Again his voice mounted to its natural level, and after rolling about for some time, "grating harsh discord," wore itself out in a cadence of confused gutturals. "Bravo, bravo," cried the men. "A very fine quality of bass," exclaimed his friend Slap'emup, who affected to be a judge; and Mr Scratcherd blew his nose, and fell back in his chair in a state of great personal satisfaction.

With a thoughtful regard for the comforts of her guests, Mrs Greenwood had, early in the evening, thrown open her little back drawing-room, in which were placed abundance of refreshments to sustain them through the fatigues of dancing and conversation. By a succession of visits to this room, Mr Simon Silky had succeeded in giving firmness to his nerves. He was gradually becoming less and less bashful. There must have been something bracing about the atmosphere of the apartments, for to this and not to the bottle of port to which he was observed to have frequent recourse, must be attributed that jauntness of step, and slipshod volubility of tongue which he now displayed. He danced every dance, and for the most part with Miss Jemima for his partner. What though his uncouth gestures provoked a smile, and his assiduities to the young lady were commented on at every hand. He cared not. His spirit was in the third heaven of exaltation, and the whole world might go hang for him.

"Miss Linton," he exclaimed, seizing her hand fervently —they were seated on a sofa in the back drawing-room, while the others were labouring through a country dance in the front—"Miss Linton, hear me for a moment. Let me use this opportunity of stating what I have long felt—what I now feel—what I shall always feel." And again Mr Silky pressed her hand tenderly in both of his.

"Oh, sir!" timidly responded the lady.

"Yes, adorable Jemima! I can no longer repress my emotion. You see before you a victim to your charms. The moment I beheld you, I don't know how it was, but my heart thrilled with a transport delightful as it was new. I felt—I felt—in short, I felt as I never felt before. My senses forsook me, and I said and did I know not what. These soulless creatures treated my confusion with ridicule; but, in your eyes, methought I could read pity, compassion, commiseration, sympathy. Say, was I right, or was I misled by the fond delusions of my own passion?"

"Oh, sir!" again exclaimed the bewildered Jemima.

"That look! I was not then deceived. O extend that pity into love! I lay myself and my fortune at your feet." And here Mr Simon Silky slipped off the sofa and down upon his knees, overcome partly with love and partly with intoxication. "Dearest Jemima! say only that you will be mine?"

"Oh, sir!" once more sighed the blushing maiden, dropping her head upon the shoulder of her suitor, who acknowledged the movement by snatching a kiss from her pouting lips.

"Ods! that came twangingly off. I'm afraid we're like to spoil sport here," exclaimed Mr Slapemup, who at this moment entered the room with Miss Gingerly on his arm.

"Gracious! how very improper!" cried Miss Gingerly, wishing from the depth of her soul that it had only been her own case."

'What's improper, ma'am?" retorted Silky, turning to her a look of drunken gravity, and endeavouring, with no little difficulty, to get on his legs again. "If I choose to kiss this young lady, or this young lady chooses to kiss me, that's no business of your's, I suppose? 'Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?' as the divine Shakspeare says; and what are lips for. I should like to know, if not to kiss? Don't frown at me, Miss Graveairs. I'm a man —a man, ma'am, and I shall do just as I please. Sha'n't I Jemima, dear?"

He turned for an answer to his appeal; but the young lady had left the room.

"Jemima, I say," continued Silky, getting more and more overcome. He looked around the room; and, finding no trace of the lady, began chanting, in a lackadaisical tone—

"'And has she then failed in her truth,
The beautiful maid I adore?'

"But I don't care that for her!" And he tried to snap his fingers; but failed in the attempt. "It's an ungrateful world—a vile world."

"Oh, gracious me! let me away," exclaimed Miss Gingerly, in alarm. "He's certainly tipsy."

"Tipsy—tipsy! Who's tipsy? Let me see her Woman, woman, to get yourself into such a state! I'm ashamed of you; I am indeed. But it's the weakness of the sex.

"'Frailty, thy name is woman!'"

This apostrophe was addressed to some visionary female that flitted before Mr Silky's mental optics, and whom he followed with his hands gropping before him, with the voice and gesture of Mr Charles Kean pursuing the airdrawn dagger in the character of Macbeth. "Laugh away; it's very amusing, isn't it? Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; but I know better."

"Mr Silky, you'll better go home," said Mrs Greenwood, who, with the remainder of the party, had by this time entered the room.

"Home! exactly so. I *am* at home, my charmer—perfectly at home; and you're at home; we're all at home. But no more wine, Mrs Greenwood; temperance and teetotalism for ever. We are beset with temptations in this wicked world—temptations, I say—Jemima, you're an angel! It is as much as a man can do to preserve his uprightness." And, in proof that it was more than he could, down rolled our hero on the floor in a profound stupor.

'Carry Master Silence to bed," remarked the ingenious Slap'emup, highly tickled with the catastrophe that had befallen the too—too bashful Silky.

A coach was procured, and he was conveyed to his lodgings, where the sun found him in bed at noon next day. His dreams had been of the most ghastly kind. He had fancied himself compelled, by a fiend, to swallow huge goblets of Port wine, strongly adulterated with brimstone, and dragged about by a fury, who held his neck within a halter. The fiend was Slap'emup—the fury, Miss Jemima Linton. He started from his dream, and with his hand pressed against his aching head, fell to adjusting the confused reminiscences of the previous evening's proceedings. He remembered nothing but that he had proposed for the hand of some young lady or other, and had been accepted. Well for him it was that memory went no farther, or he would never have found courage to visit Mrs Greenwood again. That he did visit her again, however, may be inferred from an announcement which the newspapers, not many weeks after, gave to the public:—

"Married at Edinburgh, on the 6th instant, Mr Simon Silky to Miss Jemima Linton."

THE RUNAWAY.

What can a man know of a country or its people, who, merely passes through the former in a stage coach? His senses are confused by the jolting, rumbling, rattling noise and motion of the horses' feet, the wheels revolving, and the coach swinging on its springs. I care not how easily you ride I care not how good your road; if you are fond of fine scenery if you are an artist, or are contemplative, you will agree with me, that, to form a correct opinion of a view, you must take time to study it, and cannot help feeling annoyed at being rapidly swept past objects that you would fain investigate. Such were the arguments by which I induced myself to undertake a pedestrian trip to join my friend at his shooting-box, some hundred and fifty miles from Carlisle, where I had arrived from London; business compelling me to take that route. My luggage was forwarded by the coach, and, with no other encumbrance than a change of linen, and a small collection of necessary articles from my dressing case, strapped to my shoulders in a small knapsack, I started at six o'clock, determined on doing some eight or ten miles before breakfast.

Having made out something near my proposed distance, my solitude was beginning to be tedious, when, on inquiry, I found myself only half a mile from my intended resting-place. A good breakfast—a crack with the landlady or her daughter—and as much time as I pleased, were reflections which carried me to the door as buoyantly as I had started. On entering, I found—much to my satisfaction—everything preparing, I may say prepared. By the fireside of the little parlour, which I entered unceremoniously, stood a pretty girl, watching the coffee pot, just in the act of boiling over; close by her sat a young man, whose complexion was not produced by the air or sun of Scotland. He wore a blue round jacket; and in his dress, generally, had the appearance of a sailor. I thought him handsome; and, were I to judge from the smile on the countenance of the girl, I should certainly have said that she agreed with me. There had evidently been some little pleasantry between them. On seeing me he arose, and said—

"Walk in, stranger," offering me his chair. "I like good coffee," he continued, "having been long in a country where scarcely anything else was used, and have been instructing the young lady how to prepare it."

"As if we did not know how to make coffee," she retorted, determined that my presence should not deprive her of the little attention she had received previous to my entrance. "Look here, is this strong enough for you?"

The coffee would have done credit to Barry's Hotel. And I immediately proposed to join him, which he readily acceded to, expressing his dislike to solitary meals.

"I hope, said the damsel, as she held the coffee before him in triumph—"I hope that you will not spoil the gentleman's breakfast with any of your horrid tales about eating rattlesnakes and squirrels. He kept us up till one o'clock this morning, listening to them about Lynch law, and Texas, and goodness knows what. I believe he made it all himself, as he went along, thinking that we country folks give credit to all that we hear."

Poor girl, she little knew how much those melting eyes, and half-pouting lips, that seemed to challenge an attempt to taste them—that inclination of the body, as she waited on us, to rest upon and lean over his chair, betrayed that, like Desdemona, she had listened; but, unsought, she had been won. There was nothing earnest in his manner; but she wished there was; and, as many do, converted the wish into a belief that it was so. This he seemed conscious of; and, with a smile at her remark, changed the subject of conversation. He had just returned from abroad, and was on his road to see his friends.

"In which direction?" I asked.

"Northward," was the reply.

"And how do you travel?"

"On foot," he said. "I like to see the country, and am uncertain of my reception at home. I approach it with anxiety; but with a reluctant dread. You saw that lofty monument as you left Carlisle—you can see it from this window. I could scarcely suppress a tear when I first caught sight of it. The recollection of the time when, as schoolboys, we used to return for the holidays, came vividly upon me. We could see it from my uncle's house; and our own native heather hills were visible from the same place. It was the first link of a chain of objects that we counted with watchful eye, till the smoke from our own chimney was in sight; but, perhaps, you are going north, sir, and I shall be glad to point out the different parts, as they present themselves, if you will allow me to accompany you."

So glad was I of the opportunity of a companion, that I offered him my hand across the table, with an assurance that I would contrive to suit my time and pace to his.

The young lady now became as jealous of me as a spoiled child—served us with a sullen ill-nature—and, at last, left us to help ourselves.

After breakfast, we started on our journey; when my companion, who appeared naturally communicative, began the following account of himself:—

"I am the youngest of a large family, and was intended by my friends for the medical profession. At the age of fourteen, I was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary for seven years, after a fortnight's trial. Being tolerably well advanced in the classics, and very forward both in size and manners for my age, I was, during the fortnight, treated with great kindness and attention; while the flattering appellation of Mr induced me to believe that I merited the respect shewn, nor do I think that I ever was happier in the whole course of my life than in that short period. I determined that my future conduct should fully merit it Knowing nothing of the world and its tricks—conceiving that, amongst men, promises were as good as bonds, although, amongst schoolboys, it was no uncommon thing to promise without any intention of performing, yet, in the upper classes, this was considered disgraceful—I fancied, when they told me that I was to go a fortnight on trial, that it was to go and see if I liked it, and felt certain, when the shop-boy received a box on the ear for not having my boots cleaned ready for me in the morning, that I was to meet with every respect from the family, and every attention from the servants. In return, I was anxious to assist in everything; felt annoyed that I could not com-

pound the medicines, when my future guardian and instructor appeared to be in haste to visit a patient, or send quickly what might be wanted in an urgent case. The dirty mortars and measure glasses were handed to the shop-boy to wash; and I was even humble enough, for I wished to be condescending, and thought it a condescension to wipe them after him ready again for use.

"The indentures were signed; my father dined there that day; and some remarks from him at the table, about my being but a child—nothing to depend upon but my own exertions—necessary for me to know the world—and a series of such remarks as seemed to me altogether uncalled for, threw a gloom over me. Why, I thought, if these people have been so kind, should a parent be the first to cheek it. I slept none that night, and was not a little astonished in the morning, when, after waiting a long time for my breakfast, I was at last called into the housekeeper's room, where a bowl of tea, and several thick slices of bread and butter, were placed before me. I was near refusing it; but I was bound. During my breakfast, she brought out and laid beside me on the table, a piece of shining black cotton with strings to it, stating that it was my mother's wish that I should wear an apron in the shop. I threw it on the floor in disgust, and left the room, my heart almost bursting with vexation. My brothers and I had been brought up alike in every respect; had the same indulgences; and now I was to become a shop-boy, wearing an apron, while they would be riding their horses, or in the carriage during three months of the year at least, and much more comfortable—more respected too, at school; then the parties they were invited to. Seven years had I to undergo these grievances. It then struck me that I had been sent, not to see how I liked it, but to see whether the surgeon would take me at all. I was sent for his approval. For the first few days we were not particularly busy; but shortly afterwards, I found that I had to do the shop-boy's business, while he was carrying out the medicine. This I positively refused; when my master took a horsewhip from the table and threatened me. I seized the large iron pestle from the mortar, and raising it over my head, told him that we had not been allowed to be treated like dogs or horses at school, and added that he should not. He then ordered me out of the shop, declaring he would send for constable to me. I had agreed in my indentures to obey him, and should. I went to my bedroom and locked the door, where I soon arranged plans, and set about putting them into execution. To be there seven years! I would as soon have been seven years transported; but I could not return home, knowing that I should not be received.

"One of my father's tenants, who had always shewn a great attachment to little Master Edward, as he called me, and for whom I had once obtained a considerable indulgence in his rent, through my mother, whom I prevailed on to intercede with my father, was going to America; they were to sail in a couple of days; and I determined to join them; but this required caution. I contrived to get my things out of my bedroom window, which was over the surgery, by bribing the shop-boy, who slept in the next room; and, with his assistance, got them to another part of the town, where I took a private conveyance, met the coach at a cross road, and, with feelings of anxiety lest I should be retaken—exulting at my escape—planning the means of hiding myself in the vessel—I arrived at the seaport. My funds, as you may suppose, could not amount to anything very great, being only the remainder of my quarter allowance of pocket money; but I had a watch, a lancet case, and a case of instruments, all tolerably good and new. You may think that it required some management to make a raise on these without exciting suspicion, at my age; but I will back a lad approaching his fifteenth year, fresh from a public school, against many an older person. I soon disposed of the articles, and finding out the situation of the vessel, put up at a small pot-house close by. I could here see the family, and many other passengers, going backwards and forwards to the vessel. In the evening, as I expected, some of the hands belonging to the ship came there to take a glass. I treated them, and selecting the one whom I judged to be the best hearted, made up a pitiful tale, and succeeded in getting from him a promise to smuggle me on board, entrusted the whole of my luggage to him, which he took to the vessel as his own. Here I should have suffered for my confidence, had I not relied on my own cunning rather than his promise. He proposed, when I went on board with him, to conceal me on the following night in his berth. This I knew was impracticable, as the hands must see me. He attempted to turn it off when I mentioned my doubts of the success of his plan.

"'Oh, leave that to me,' he said—'leave that to me.

"I took good care to reconnoitre as I came on deck, and saw one of my friend's waggons, with the wheels removed; it was covered over, and laden with goods and household furniture. On the night previous to our hauling out, I went on board, and the sailor told me it would be better for me to go to bed at the "San," and he could call me early in the morning, when, by mixing with the other passengers, I should never be noticed; seeming to agree, and leaving the forecastle with such apparent readiness that he never thought it worth his while to look out after me, I crept into the waggon, between a bed and a sofa, having previously provided myself with some wine and biscuit. About three in the morning we were under weigh, and off. A free wind and smooth sea soon put us out of the reach of any possibility of my being sent back, unless we chanced to meet something homeward bound.

"The next night, about eight o'clock, when the watch was set, I stole from my prison with a determination of seeing my friend, and throwing myself on the mercy of the captain and himself. The waggon was secured between the mainmast and jolly-boat; and, as I emerged from it, my ear caught the sound of the seaman's voice who had promised to secure me a passage. I listened; nor was I, I must acknowledge, much astonished at the following conversation:—

"'But what do you mean to do with the lad's trunks?'

"'Why, sell 'em, to be sure.'

"'What, and his clothes and books?'

"'Why, yes; I guess one will sell as well as the other.

"'But if any inquiry should be made about it; and you may be sure there will?'

"'Do you think I shall be such a fool as not to quit the vessel as soon as she arrives? Why, I've got at least from three to four hundred dollar's worth of plunder.'

"'I reckon, he'll find himself in pretty much of a circumfix.'

"'Well, why did the landlubber try to ruinate my character by offering me a bribe to smuggle him abroad, as which, you knows, is contrary to the articles of war.'

"'Well, but you took the bribe!'

"'Yes, and ha' got the plunder too, and mean to make the most of it. I shall just go down to the Mississippi and buy a tract of land, and settle there.'

"The warmer the fellow got, in exultation of his possession, the more broadly he spoke, in a dialect I had never before heard; and, that you may better enter into my feelings, which are as fresh in my memory as any of the more recent occurrences of my life, I will use the dialect of America (for such it was) as I proceed, agreeing with the French proverb, 'Dans l'art d'interesser consiste l'art d'ecrire,' but that I consider the art of converse to be equally dependent on the same principle.

"'I reckon, with such a breeze as this, they'll not easily

overhaul us; she's a-walking through the water just like a mortal.'

"'Well, now,' said the other, 's'posing as we was becalmed in the morning, and had to lay here two or three days, or any other vessel was to get there afore us with letters to the police, you would be battened down in the lock-up for embezzling property in that 'ere gentleman's possession.'

"'Why, you're a fool; it's nothing but a brich of trust; howsomever, I've got it; and, in old Kentuck, that's the universal law.'

"I had been so abused, when I had made up my mind to act with the strictest integrity and uprightness only a few days before, that desperation, blended with mischief, seemed to be prevalent in my feelings. I could hardly help laughing, as I crept out, at the idea of pulling up this rascal. I knew that my friend, Mr W., as I shall call him for the future, would not see me in actual distress, for my family's sake. They were clansmen; and, if you don't know how clansmen hang together, go to the Highlands, and you'll find that to offend one is to offend all. I wrote on the leaf of a pocket-book, which had been given to me with a strict injunction to keep a daily account of every incident worth notice, 'that I was on board, and wished to speak to him immediately.' I sent it down by the steward, and he came just as the captain was asking to what part of the ship I belonged. He was going on to say that he did not recollect having seen me before, when Mr W. took me by the arm—hurried me into his private cabin —heard the whole story—and, with a strongly marked expression of regret for my rashness, appeared inclined to scold, when suddenly he turned as much affected as if he had been my parent; and, placing his arm round my shoulders, he said—

"'My boy, I am indebted to you for all I have, and you shall not want a friend. I will let them know at home where you, are as soon as we arrive, and must account for you to the captain in the best way I possibly can; but where are your things?'

"I told him. He immediately called the steward, and sent for the captain, requesting to speak with him a few minutes in his own cabin. You cannot conceive the kindness he evinced in trying to remove the slightest appearance of error. He represented me as the son of a friend of his, for whom he was to have made arrangements; that I was a wag, and wished to play a trick upon him. Not seeing me there at the time appointed, he had given me up—'When, lo and behold! his lordship,' said he 'pops out from his hidingplace and joins us, in full expectation of his berth and all being ready for him.'

"The captain laughed at the joke, pocketed the passage money, and asked where my luggage was. Now came my turn; and, taking advantage of the change in my favour, I represented the whole as a trick on my part to deceive my friend as he had already said, adding, to the best of my recollection, all that I had overheard on coming from the waggon, where I had hidden, as much from the dread of being laughed at for sea-sickness as from any other motive.

"'I always thought that fellow a rogue!' said the captain; 'and were it not that we are possessed of fewer hands than we are in need of, I would pay him off publicly, by taking him home in irons. It might cause some unpleasantness amongst our passengers, too; but I have it—I have it! he was assistant-steward one trip. If you are not afraid of his overhauling your things too much in the meantime'——

"I had no doubt, I said, from what I had heard, that the overhauling had been pretty well accomplished, and the villain would now take care of the things on his own account.

"It was agreed that the present under-steward should be persuaded that he was sick, or set about some trifling employment in the captain's cabin; and in the morning, this fellow should be called to do his duty. The morning came; and with it the new steward, consequentially strutting about the cabin, in a suit of my best clothes, silk stockings and pumps, with a white pocket handkerchief in his hand. Mr W. and myself could scarce restrain our strong inclination for laughter, as we watched him through the jalousies.

"'Where did you make such a wardrobe?' asked the senior steward. 'I'll give you two dollars for that stock.'

"'It's a bargain after breakfast.'

"'No, I'll have it now.'

"'I calculate you don't, Mr Williams.'

"'I'll give you two dollars and a half.'

"'Well, I reckon you'll lend me your tie then, and its a bargain.'

"We saw the money paid, and the exchange of dress Breakfast was ready, all were seated, and the steward, who had laid down his regular number of plates, cups, &c., was astonished when the captain ordered another to be placed next him.

"'They are all there, sir," he said, with a bow.

"'James, did I not tell you to lay twenty-five?'

"'I reckon they are all there!' answered James, raising his white handkerchief, and throwing an inquisitive look at the table.

"I saw the captain's eye as it turned to Mr W. slightly contracting at the corner, as he said—

"'When I ask for a thing, sir, I don't want you to tell me whether I want it or not. Williams, do you get the plate, and cup and saucer. James, call the gentleman in the second starboard berth; tell him we are waiting breakfast for him.'

"He came and knocked. I had the door ready in my hand—opened it suddenly; and there we stood, face to face.

"'Please sir, ah-a-, the—the—the—the—the'—he made a rush for the companion, but was caught by the captain, who seized the collar of my coat—not his—and held him there.

"'Steward!' cried the captain, 'here, steward, James is sea-sick; bring some brandy and water!'

"The poor devil tried to throw himself on his knees, but was held up by the iron grasp of his master, who whispered in his ear—'Silence, sir, silence—not a word; stay and do your duty, or I'll have you hung. Bring the brandy and water, steward. There, my good man, there, drink that! Oh, he is better now. Steward, wipe his mouth with that white handkerchief; take care you don't spill the brandy and water on his coat.' And then followed another whisper in his ear—'Stand up, sir, and wait as you should do, or I'll put you in irons.'

"He obeyed the order; but all his Yankee impudence could not collect the muscles of his face, nor do I think that artist could describe its expression.

"When breakfast was over, previous to leaving his seat, the captain took the opportunity of William's absence and sternly vociferated—

"'Steward.'

"'Yes, sir,' answered James.

"'See that this gentleman's luggage is put into his berth directly after breakfast. You will keep your first watch, and wait at dinner.'

"In less than three quarters of an hour, the whole of my things were in my cabin; and, had I been put upon my oath, I certainly should have said that they had never been touched. The dinner hour told a different tale. Mr James made his appearance in a Guernsey shirt, canvas pantaloons and no jacket. He had made many attempts to get the captain's ear before dinner, but was studiously avoided;

and, it was not until he had a third positive summons from the captain, that he came at all. His first excuse was sickness; his next, that he had hurt his foot against one of the ring-bolts; his last, that he had spilt the soup all over his clothes; and when, at length, he came, pale and trembling, in the only suit he possessed, he received a rebuke for his dirty appearance, and a promise of a good share of the wheel, which, if he did not pay particular attention to, he should suffer when he got home.

"'There's nothing like making a virtue of necessity,' said the captain. 'That fellow is one of the best helmsmen I ever had on board. Put a lubber at the helm when there's the least sea, and you can't eat your dinner without broken glasses and dry meat. An experienced hand can always make you comfortable, when he chooses to attend. I've got this fellow on the hip. I mean to treat him kindly, but I'll make him do his duty.'

"The weather was beautifully fair, and a finer outward bound trip never was taken across the Atlantic. Amongst the steerage passengers we had some good musicians, and used of an evening to make up a dance on deck. My good friend Jo was a widower. He had a family; but, as in the postscript of a letter, the last-mentioned is generally considered of the most consequence. His eldest daughter, Lucy, was two years older than myself. She had all the good-heartedness of the father; and, in my eyes, twice the beauty of the mother, or any other woman I ever saw.

"As we approached the warmer climate—for we were bound to New Orleans—how happily the moments passed when, side by side, we stood leaning over the bulwarks, watching the sparkling lights in the foam, as we rushed through the waves at a giddy pace. There seemed to be more stars above us, too, than I had ever before seen in the sky—while the moon gave light enough to read by. Once, as we were standing thus, she asked me, with an earnest warmth—'Are you happy?' If I live to be eighty, I shall never forget those words, or her look. That question told me all that I could have wished to know. She had encouraged my little attentions before, but now she expressed an anxiety for me that realized my utmost wishes. I pressed her to my bosom, and kissed her cheek. She returned the pressure of my hand; and, as I gazed upon her face, I saw the tear-drop trembling on her eyelid.

"'Do you think your parents will forgive you?' she asked. Then added—'I pray nightly that they may. But, if they should insist on your returning home.'

"I assured her that I never would leave her, although they should insist. We were more like brother and sister than any of my own sisters had been with me. Her father seemed to look with gratification on our attachment. He had no sons, and spoke to us of each other as if he considered me one of them.

"To be on board ship in fine weather with such objects around you, would make any one fond of the sea. But, oh! how different were my feelings on my return.

"One morning, after we had been a month at sea, I was sitting on the poop, watching the men swabbing the decks, when it struck me that there was something very peculiar in the air. The weather had become much warmer in mid-day than our hottest summer, and we all rose early to get the cool, morning breeze. This morning there was a balmy aromatic scent, as if a Catholic priest had been waving a censer before us. I went down to the captain, and told him I thought we must be near the land, and so we were. At twelve o'clock, we made Abaco.

"On our arrival there, Master James, at my request, was forgiven, after a severe reprimand. We were but a few days at New Orleans; for it was a sickly season; and we therefore took steam, as the Americans say, to Natchez, near which Mr W—— purchased a cotton plantation. Mr W—— and myself now both wrote home to my father, with every expression of regret for the hasty steps I had taken; and anxiously did I look for letters, morning after morning, as soon as the time allowed for an answer arrived. Mr W—— still had some business matters unsettled with my father, and, at length a letter from Scotland, in his handwriting, came, but none for me, nor was I ever mentioned in it. Mr W—— thought it strange; but, for myself, I rushed out of the room, flung myself on my bed, and cried till my hysteric sobbing brought Emily and her father to my assistance. Their presence was doubly painful to me. I begged of them to leave me; but they would not. When I became a little more calm, Mr W—— told me that it would appear, from the coldness of the letter he had received, as if they thought him to blame, and must have conceived that he encouraged me. I wrote immediately to contradict the impression, stating the whole circumstances. Still no answer came; nor have I heard from my friends to this day. I know not how I feel as I get nearer home. I could almost turn and go back, but for ——. To continue my narrative. When I found myself so entirely dependant on my friend, I studied to make myself generally useful. I would have worn an apron for him—ay, and petticoats altogether—if it could have benefited him. I assisted in the plantation; and, of an evening, helped Emily to finish the education of her younger sisters; for we found it almost impossible to get a governess to whom their father was willing to entrust them. In less than six years Mr W—— had increased his capital to eight times its original amount, by good management and speculation in the cotton trade. I had now got over all the regret of my parents disacknowledging me. They did not care for me; and as I could not regain their affections, sorrow was useless, and I repined no longer. Six years and more had passed away. On the following year Emily and I were to be married, and our time went on uninterrupted by a single care, until the fall; when the cup of bliss, of which I was about to taste, was suddenly dashed from my lips, and I became one of the most miserable of men. Emily and I had been taking our morning drive, and called on a poor woman who used to do some work—such as, making servants' clothes, and sewing generally for us. She had sent the night before for some medicine: all the large planters who had from four to five hundred hands at work, kept a large medicine chest, with a book of instructions. On stopping to inquire how she was, they told us that she was much worse, and Emily insisted on getting out to see her; and, leaving the horses in charge of the servant, I followed her into the house. On a neat bed, placed in the corner of the room, and covered with a white counterpane, lay the poor woman: her face was frightfully distorted by the agonies she was suffering, while her screams only ceased when exhaustion caused a temporary syncope, but the pain returned with the slightest recovery.

"The servant was sent, by Emily, for a surgeon, who immediately, on his arrival, hurried us from the place; and whispered to me, as we left, by all means to draw the attention of Miss W. from what she had seen—to divert her in every way possible. This I did to my utmost power; and, on my arrival, communicated to her father what had passed. He at first looked serious; but set to work with me to make all as cheerful as possible. We tried to persuade her that it was nothing but a fit; and in the evening the carriage was ordered for the theatre. We were but four miles from Natchez, and Mr W. and myself attempted a joke on everything we saw or heard; yet there was a cold chill at my heart. The surgeon had frightened me, and I knew not why. My laugh did not feel natural. Emily seemed cheerful, and enjoyed the comedy—frequently on our return, with more than usual animal spirits,

she would repeat a sentence that might have amused her, mimicking the manner and expression of the actor. During supper, the actors underwent a severe criticising, from the raising to the dropping of the curtain; and she displayed such excellent spirits, that, as we retired, her father observed—'There's no fear of her.' I was very restless after I got to bed. Unpleasant dreams, and a sort of nightmare, continually haunted me. Half-awake, half-asleep, my dreams assumed the appearance of reality. I dreamt that I was lying in my bed awake, and some one came into the room and tried to strangle me. Mr W. was in the room, but I could not tell him—I could not reach hold of his coat to draw his attention; the wretch was kneeling on my arm; I fancied I was dying, when, just as my last breath was escaping, the servant awoke me, requesting I would get up immediately, as Miss Emily was sick. At first, I could not understand him; but soon collecting myself, dressed and hurried to her room. I heard her screams long before I reached it. The family were collected round the bed; the surgeon was expected every moment; Mr W. was leaning over the bed, anxiously inquiring the seat of pain. When Emily could answer, she represented it as a burning fire from her throat, running over the whole system, sometimes settling in one particular part with tenfold agony: it was the first appearance of the cholera, and, when the day broke, its gray tinges fell upon the features of a ghastly corpse. The surgeon came too late, and, had he arrived sooner, he could have been of no service; for the spirit of death had breathed upon the family, and in three days Mr W. and myself were left alone to bury all that was dear to us. Not one of his daughters was saved. My dear sir, you have known what it is to lose a dear friend, or sit consoling those who have, but how could any one describe the feelings of Mr W. and myself as we sat, each afraid to look the other in the face, or gaze upon the image of that grief which he himself was subject to. Our eyes were fixed upon the ground; we dreaded to catch each other's eye, as a criminal, who had received sentence of death, would fear to see himself in a mirror. In those countries where the climate is so hot, we are compelled to bury the dead almost as soon as the breath leaves the body. The day after our painful duty was completed, we both kept our rooms. On the following morning, the servant came and begged of me to go and see his master—he had taken no food since, and would not. Neither had I, in fact; but I went to prevail on him, if possible. When I entered I found him, with his hands crossed on his forehead, reading the Bible. I spoke to him—he scarcely heard me. I placed my arm round his shoulders, and begged of him to take something for my sake—he fell upon my neck, and gave vent to a burst of grief, which terminated in a more calm and reconciled deportment. In a few days this disease became so fatal, that we were advised to go immediately to the north; and, arranging matters as quickly as possible, we set out for Quebec. Previous to leaving Natchez, Mr W. took me to his lawyer, and there made me accept of a full share of his estate. Thence we started up the river in a steamboat, intending to cross the Alleghany mountains on foot. We stopped to take in wood at Maysville, where we chose to remain. On the night of our arrival, we were taking a cup of coffee, half inclined to bring up the subject of our past grief, which still hung heavily upon us, when we were aroused by the murmur of many voices in the street, and the trampling of a crowd. We went to the window, and were suddenly joined by the landlord, who hastily locked the door after him, telling us that the people had risen to execute Lynch law on a parcel of gamblers who had long infested the town.

"'Here,' said he, 'all around the quay, are their gambling-houses stationed. Last night they had their doors open; but it is supposed, to-night that they are keeping their front-doors shut, and have taken their friends in by the back.'

"The streets were light as day; we could see every action. Near the different doors pointed out to us might be seen a few tall men in Kentucky hunting-shirts, with their rifles on their shoulders.

"I suspect,' said the landlord, these are some of the boatmen whose friends have been swindled; if they have joined the town-officers, good bye to our gentry; its all up with them. I call them our gentry,' he added, 'because, away from their pursuits, they are the best dressed and most gentlemanly men, both in their manners and behaviour, amongst us; and, were you only a short time in their company, you would find them as seductive as the devil himself. Some of them possess splendidly furnished houses in Richmond, New York, and Tenessee. They pass certain seasons of the year in those places under other names, and mix with the higher circles of society. But, look! there's one little fellow making rather a furious appeal at one of their front-doors opposite. I thought so; the Kentuckians are going to back them; that big fellow's foot will soon inform those within that he has a notion of seeing who is inside.'

"At this moment we saw a fellow of gigantic stature throw his arms back to make a little room, and raising his foot, he drove it through the pannel. The poor fellow was lamed for life: it was seized on the opposite side, and severed all round to the bone as he lay; while, as instantaneously, the door was shattered to pieces, and the perpetrator of the act, discovered with the knife in his hand, was dragged into the crowd, where those who were found in the house, and belonged to the gang, were compelled to follow him. 'He shot my brother!' cried one. 'He ruined our family last year!' shouted another. 'That's the chap that gouged feyther's eye out!' cried a young man, with a fierce yell; and before a word could be said, he had seized the offender by the hair, and, with his dirk-knife, cut off his ears, close to his head, and threw them one after the other into the crowd, exclaiming, as he pointed the knife to his victim's heart—'If it was not for murder, I would soon put an end to you.'

"'He committed murder,' observed a woman, 'he shot my husband.'

"In the meantime, all the other houses had been broken open, and the offenders brought into the middle of the ring. Such a series of accusations could scarcely have been brought against all the criminals that have been executed for the last half century, in the whole of Great Britain. Some too diabolical to mention—parricide, fratricide, and murder of every description; offences of the most revolting nature that had been whispered amongst the people, who dare not speak before, was now brought against them. The people, whose anger was boiling, became more excited as they heard the many horrid tales. At length, noticing one offender with his ears cut off, they commenced on the others, and soon deprived them of that organ. They seemed as if unwilling to commence with extreme violence, and yet were so irritated that they felt something must be done. They next shaved the heads of the offenders. A murmur arose now among the crowd, that a rescue was about to be attempted by the party from the stronghold, when with the rapid dexterity of individuals determined to be revenged first, and defend themselves afterwards, they hung the gamblers on the lamp-iron before their own doors, or from the upper windows of those houses not possessed of such a gibbet.

"It was as much as the landlord and myself could do, during this frightful proceeding, to keep Mr W. from shouting out to the people to respect the laws of their country and confine the offenders in gaol.

"This scene had the effect of completely drawing our at-

tention from our own afflictions: we sat up late, discussing the absurdities of mob-law; or, to use a more correct term, the law of no law at all, but rather the impulse of an enraged crowd.

"In the morning, we left with the first boat, but received accounts, by newspapers, in less than a week, of a regular seige which had been made by the citizens on the stronghold, when few of this horrid gang escaped a similar punishment, although they had defended it to the last.

"When we left the place, we left it ripe for incident; and, as we travelled with no other object in view than to seek for amusement, we allowed nothing of interest to escape us. Had we been coming down the river instead of ascending it, I certainly should have proposed one or two trips on a flat-boat. The fellows on board seem so very happy—they are what at school we should have called cosey.

"Many a man of good education, who has afterwards ranked high in society, has come down the river working his passage with these cosmopolites, as they term themselves. I saw one crew that had stopped near our own plantation—and they always stop at night, unless it is very clear or bright moonlight; when, judging of their distance from the shore by the echo, they contrive, at great risk, to keep their course; but generally, in stormy weather, or at night, they get under shelter of the bank. Such was the case with the party I mention. They had left Philadelphia for the vacation, to take a trip into the country as a theatrical company: had contrived to get into the Ohio, centless and destitute—compelled to sell even their scenery and part of their clothes. One was the son of a judge, and a fine performer on the violin; another the son of a gentleman at the head of the excise, whose name I often saw afterwards on the tea chests. One was the son of one of the principal engineers in Boston: in fact, the whole party, who happened to be on the banks of the river at the time the farmer was loading his boat, and looking for hands to help him down the river, agreed to join him on the usual terms of board and wages, and were on their road to New Orleans, whence the money they had to receive for their services would carry them to their homes. But the wildest and most independent class of boatmen on the Mississippi are the timber merchants, as they call themselves, who supply the saw-mills. These form parties, take a little corn and salt—perhaps coffee and sugar when they can afford it—and, with their axes and rifles, go into the woods, cut down the timber near any of the small bayous, which they bring down to the river, and form a huge raft, depending on their fishing and shooting generally for their support. Until rendered answerable for damage which might occur from their neglect, they used to set steamboats and all at defiance. They had several rafts of huge trees connected together, and built their own shed on the centre one. Many a man who has commenced without a penny in this manner, or cut wood for the steamboats, has cleared his own land, bought it, hired assistance, and is now keeping his carriage. Such opportunities have passed by; but such have been, and may still exist for the enterprising, industrious man, who would seek them in a new country.

"This immense river is a city of itself; for their are shops of every kind on it. They call them stores; and, sure enough, they are stored with every description of groceries, draperies, haberdasheries, millinery, &c., plurima. Some of these boats are nicknamed chicken-thieves; they take chickens and poultry in return for goods, and have large chicken coops built at the stern. Often have the boatmen been charged with helping themselves at night, after an honest bargain the day before. These boats are mostly pirogues, or large canoes, formed from the trunks of two large cypresses, fastened together after they are hollowed out. The deer are plentiful; and twice I saw a deer attempting to swim across the Big River. We caught one.

"Perhaps the most amusing of all the objects we passed on the river, was the Cherokee Indian tribe, who were removing, or rather being removed, from their own native soil to the neighbourhood of the Rocky Mountains. They had heard of the cholera; and the United States was compelled to find medical attendance during their removal. We stopped one night, when they were waiting for the assistance of another steamboat. Several hundreds were removed at one time. They had sold their country to the United States. Each individual, who was of age to use it, had a rifle, and necessary accoutrements for the hunt, together with a certain allowance of money. Some of the more respectable of these Indians had amassed considerable fortunes. One ingenious fellow had invented an alphabet for their language; and they had a weekly newspaper printed amongst them. The lower classes were never sober when they could get drunk, and many had sold their rifles for a mere nothing, or worse—even for a single bottle of whisky. A great many American families had joined them. One old chief, who wore a cotton shawl fastened around his temples like a Persian turban, shook his head mournfully, when I asked him how he liked to leave his native land; and, stretching his arm towards the opposite bank, exclaimed—'Big Spirit no there. We go. Big Spirit no go too.'

An officer of the United States army accompanied them. They had six empty flat boats secured to the side and at the stern of the steamboats; and in these their berths were arranged as thick as they could be placed. Large boxes filled with sand, on the top of the boats, served for fireplaces, round which they were gathered cooking their queer compounds. There was but one small shop near the landingplace, and round this there were crowded men, women, and children. A young man brought a nice-looking girl up to me, leading her by the hand—'You white man, baubasheelee,' he said, 'spose you want Squaw, me give him you for demijohn of whisky.'

"I answered, 'No.'

"'O baubasheelee! you is good man, me tooly goily. And off they ran, laughing and jabbering away in their own language.

"Another came to beg for tobacco. He wanted a leetle, leetle bit. I had none; but gave him a six-cent piece to purchase some, for which he returned the warmest expression of gratitude, and a promise of plenty deer-skin, if I would go and see him when he got to his new home.

"They had had but two deaths amongst them since they started. One girl was passing at night from boat to boat—a thing prohibited by the orders of the officers;—she slipped between them, and was never heard to scream—the rapidity of the current, and the wake of the steamboat swept her under us directly when we stopped. They are very tenacious of their funeral ceremony, and nothing to them is more lamentable than that the bodies of their friends should lose it. We witnessed a sermon over the body of a child, and the interpreter explained the subject of it. It was the same old chief who expressed his disapprobation of their removal. He said, in his sermon, that the Great Spirit loved the child, and had taken it away to prevent its leaving him. I asked if such discourses did not render the people dissatisfied with their bargain. He told me, yes so much so, that they were compelled to take the assistance of the soldiers to force many of them from home, and to imprison them some time previous to their departure, to prevent their running away altogether.

"In this manner, Mr W. and myself tried to divert each other as much as we possibly could discussing all we met

with, and studiously avoiding our own misfortunes. At night, when we had occasion to sleep in the same room, which travellers are often obliged to do, the deep-drawn sigh or groan would betray a mind labouring under heavy affliction. We had a pleasant excursion across the mountains, the difficulty of the passage, the occasional steeps, the splendid scenery, afforded us plenty of occupation both for mind and body: we each procured a rifle and had a fine dog with us. Then it was that my mind flew back to my native hills. There was no heather, but the woods were beautiful. We stood sometimes upon a crag, and saw beneath us the giants of the forest, looking no bigger than a garden plant: to one standing below, an eagle soaring between us would appear no larger than a sparrow. The cool fresh air, too, seemed congenial to us both, and we took up our quarters for a week with an old countryman called M'Dougal, who had more legends to tell than I had ever heard before. We left him with reluctance. When we reached Philadelphia the cholera was raging there, and we unconsciously rushed into the very danger we had sought to avoid. Fate will have its way; we were there but one night, and on that night Mr W. had taken sick. He died without a groan, sensible to the last, and conscious of his approaching end. It were impious to wish to die, but I felt as if I did not care to avoid it. My mind was morbid, and I think I should have sank under a moody melancholy, daily visiting the tomb which had been erected by my orders, in Donaldson's burial-ground, over my deceased friend. Sometimes I went twice or three times a day, until at last the proprietor of the ground noticed my frequent visits, and came up to me with a view of offering consolation. He proved to be a countryman, and one of the leading men in the city—the President of the Mechanics' Institution, there, founded by Dr Franklin. I found relief in telling him my tale of wo; but all his kind attentions failed to remove the depression of my spirits when I was alone. It wanted some great excitement; and this at length occurred in the form of a fire, at the very next door to the hotel where I remained. I was aroused by the ringing of church bells, rattling of engines, the shouting of speaking-trumpets, and must give credit to the city for the best regulation I have yet heard of in case of fire. Every young man must belong to the militia, or a fire company, of which there are many. Some are attached to the engine, which they drag along at a furious rate; others to long hose or leather tubes, fastened on wheels which extend many yards—so that they are not only supplied with water from the street where the accident takes place, but from many of the adjoining streets also. I was soon amongst the crowd, and worked away eagerly at the engines. The fire was subdued, but the effect it had on my mind was like an alterative to the system. I went shortly afterwards by sea to New Orleans, and arrived at Natchez in the spring. I found that my feelings could not bear the scenery and objects around me at my own home, and hearing much talk of Texas, undertook to travel across the Opelousas into the country to take a view of it. When I visited the country, its inhabitants consisted, for the most part, of refugees from justice; and it was appalling to hear the tales that they told of one another, from house to house. The Mexican government had offered to families who would come and settle there, a league of land each, on conditions of their paying sixpence an acre for it after seven years, and not disposing of it until it was cultivated. Twenty pounds were to be paid down for the title-deeds; and they were expected, at the same time, to become Mexican citizens. They had the privilege of introducing as many goods as would serve them for one year; after which, as the climate and land were calculated to produce almost anything, a heavy duty was put upon articles imported, and some even prohibited altogether. As I crossed the Sabine at Balley's Ferry, the negro who took me across asked if I was married; and on my demanding his reason for such a question, he insisted that if I were married and drank the Sabine water, it would be impossible for my wife and myself to live together. They have a legend of the river—upon what founded I could not ascertain—that it contained a spirit of divorce; but I found, when I arrived on the opposite side, that the people had taken the advantage of being beyond the reach of law, and the women did not scruple to leave their husbands for a better home, nor the men to turn away their wives for others they might fancy better. From such a class of people nothing else could have been expected. They never cared to cultivate the land, but lived on the produce of their cattle, which they turned loose on the prairies, driving them over to the New Orleans market, and smuggling in articles of consumption. Never was there a country so truly descriptive of the promised land flowing with milk and honey. In the woods you could scarcely travel a hundred yards without hearing the bees around their natural hive in some hollow tree; while not only the cattle belonging to the settlers, but hundreds of wild cattle might be seen. The deer were abundant; and one of the old settlers told me that a few years back they would allow you to come within ten yards of them. You might, he said, shoot several before the herd would start; but that they had become more wild, and he was sure that they must have some means of communicating with each other; for the very fawn, that had never heard the crack of a rifle, would fly from you. You would be astonished to see these things kill a snake; they seem to have the greatest dread of them; and when they discover them in the prairie, they draw themselves up in a line at a distance, and taking a few bounds towards the reptile, spring up high in the air, falling with their hoofs pointed downwards upon it. If there are fifty in the herd, they all follow the example set them by their leader, until the snake is cut to atoms.

"There was every probability of war breaking out, and I declined settling there, for many good reasons. I returned to New Orleans, disposed of my property, and started for home, determined to see my friends if they were alive. My circuitous mode of travelling has already been accounted for; nor will you, I hope, accuse me of any great levity when you first saw me."

Many tales my companion told me as we walked along, and I became so interested, that I lost the beauties for which I had expressly undertaken to walk. Not wishing to be impertinent, but feeling very anxious to know his name, and half guessing the truth, without telling him my destination, I related, as we walked along, some little practical joke which had taken place at school. As I continued his eye sparkled, and a quick emphatic "Yes" dropt constantly from his lips—"Yes—yes—yes!" "And they gave him one more ball, and he"——

"And I," said he, interrupting me, "sent it flying over the garden fence—fetched it myself, and came out with my pockets full of apples, which I took next day as a present to the old maiden lady to whom they belonged; and, in return, she sent an invitation for us all to go to tea."

"Good gracious! who would have thought it. I never should have known you."

"Nor I you," I replied; "but I happen to be going exactly to your father's house, to spend the season with your brother at his hunting box. They are all well; but your brothers think you dead—your father and mother never mention you.

"How shall I go?" he asked.

"Oh, go boldly, at once!" I said.

"No, I never can; take me as your friend; I have been long abroad, and they will never suspect me. It is now

nine years since I went. I am quite independent, perhaps much wealthier than my father; but do oblige me."

I could not but consent; and, as we travelled along together, fancied that I felt almost as much anxiety as he did. We had to look forward to a scene—a trying scene. As we drew nearer, he became less lively, and more silent; he would occasionally point out to me different parts that were like American scenery, particularly the river in the neighbourhood of Langholm. Our last day's walk was filled with uneasy anticipations lest we should meet any of the family and he should be recognised. When we reached the small town in the neighbourhood of his father's house, we found his luggage had been there some days before him, under a different name; mine had been left at the coach office. We changed our dresses, and proceeded to the house. It was evening when we arrived at the porter's lodge. His arm seemed to shake, as he leant on mine, like an attack of the ague. We were shewn into the library. His brother, whom I asked for, was dressing; and never can I forget the anxiety with which he paced the room. The door opened, one of his sisters entered by mistake, and immediately retired with an apology. At length his brother entered, and my mind was much easier, when, on my introducing my friend, he shook him by the hand with a hearty welcome, but not the slightest recognition, hoping that he had come to join us. This was a great relief, and we both began to feel that the thing would be carried through without discovery unless it should be deemed prudent for him to make himself known. His brother led us to the drawing-room where the family were waiting for the summons to dinner. Once or twice, while there, I fancied the sisters were scrutinizing his features closely, and a whisper passed between them. The mother wore spectacles, and was short-sighted; the father polite, but a little vexed at the delay caused by our addition to the party at dinner. He was a great stickler for punctuality, and it mattered not what the cause, he was sure to be out of temper if there were any postponement in the hour of his meals. Edward continued to talk to his brother.

At dinner he was placed between his mother and sister The old lady soon got him into conversation.

"And so you are an old friend of this gentleman's?"

"I was at school with him," answered Edward.

"Do you hear that, my love," observed the old lady, across the table to her husband, "these gentlemen were at school together.—Then he must have been at school with our boys too?" she inquired, addressing me.

Edward's brother turned to me, as much as to say, he did not recollect the name, and the colour left Edward's cheek as he looked very earnestly at his plate, which induced his mother to think that he wished it changed; this brought him to his senses, and as his colour returned, she suggested that he must have been on the Continent, to get so fine a complexion.

"He replied, that he had but lately come from America."

"America," she answered; "do you hear that love, this gentlemen has just come from America."

Now it is very odd, but so it is, that people without, considering the vast extent of the countries, fancy that you must know, or that there is a chance of your knowing everybody there, if you happen to have been in the country. When the old lady asked this question, she raised her eyes and looking intently at her husband over her spectacles, laid down her knife and fork, as if expecting he would make some inquiry, or give a nod of assent for her to do so. At length, curiosity and a slight touch of parental feeling induced the old gentleman to demand, with some little difficulty of articulation, in what part of America he had been.

"Principally in the southern states," Edward replied.

His sisters and brothers were totally ignorant of Edward's ever having been there; and, in order to manage his questions without exciting their suspicion, the father simply asked how things were getting on there, determined to take an opportunity of being alone with his guest to make farther inquiry; but when Edward answered—"The cholera has made fatal ravages throughout that country," the father and mother looked earnestly at each other; and, without waiting for farther ceremony, the mother, whose maternal feelings got the better of all control, commenced her questions.

"Pray, sir," she said, "do tell me, do you know a place they call the Mississippi?"

"Perfectly well," answered Edward. "There are the river and the state."

"And was there much sickness there?" asked the old lady.

"It was in no part more fatal."

The mention of fatal sickness ravaging in the country where his son was, elicited farther inquiry from the father He felt that he had forced his son to remain there, and that it was but a piece of boyish imprudence that took him away."

"Could you tell me anything of a family of the name of W——, who settled about nine or ten years ago in that country, near Natchez, I believe?"

Edward hesitated. Could there be a kindly feeling for himself, or was the inquiry of mere curiosity?

"I knew them well," he answered. "Mr W—— was considered one of the most successful planters on the river; but the cholera swept away the whole family—not one of them escaped."

The mother fainted in her chair, and would have fallen, but Edward caught her. The father raised his hands to heaven, exclaiming—

"O my God! my God! My children, I have killed your brother."

Edward, overcome by such a scene, could scarcely utter—

"Father! mother! I am here! They all fell victims to the disease, and I alone was saved."

His father rushed to clasp him in his arms, while his brothers and sisters crowded around him. It was long before the mother could be made to understand the truth; and, when she did, the earnest ejaculation, "Thank God!" told that a burden of many years durance had been removed from her heart.

Some few days afterwards, one of the younger sisters, sitting on his knee, told Edward that she had a great mind not to like him for disappointing her.

"Your friend saw me whispering to Susan."

'Well, love, and what did you say?" asked Edward.

"You won't be vain?"

"No."

She whispered in his ear. He laughed; but Susan insisted on my knowing.

The other blushed.

"Well, then, I'll tell myself," said Susan.

She whispered to me that she meant to have him for a beau.

We spent a happy time during the season, and were often amused by the stories of—THE RUNAWAY.

THE WOOERS.

In the neighbourhood of a certain little town in the west, and not twenty miles distant from Glasgow, there lived a certain young lady, whom we shall call Miss Barrowman. She was the only daughter of a person of considerable landed property—a sort of half squire, half farmer—and was thus—as heiress apparent of Netherlea, and proprietrix, in her own right, of a goodly person, and blooming countenance—early supplied with a full complement of suitors of various descriptions. She had them in dozens; and amongst these were several young men, to whom, on the score of eligibility, she could not possibly urge any reasonable objection. Yet, strange to say, she did object to them, one and all, and that without assigning any reason for her doing so. It was very odd, and everybody thought so. The general impression, however, on the subject was, that Miss Barrowman had determined to live a life of single blessedness, and to retain both her cash and comfort in her own hands. There were some, however, who attributed her coyness to a secret attachment, although no one could say or conjecture who the favoured object was.

Such were the opinions entertained of Miss Barrowman's motives for her conduct towards her various lovers; but they were neither of them correct. She had not determined to lead a life of celibacy; neither had she yet formed any secret attachment. She acted, in this matter, under the influence of a very singular fancy—a fancy for which we will not pretend to account, and for which, we rather think, the fair whimsicalist herself would have had some difficulty in accounting. Miss Barrowman had determined to marry no other than a ploughman. So far as the profession went of him who was to be the man of her choice, on this she had resolved. A ploughman her husband must be, and nothing else. It is probable that, in seeking a mate in this class, she had formed some peculiar notions of her own, on the subject of simplicity of heart and purity of morals. She had conceived, it is not unlikely, that amongst this class she would find, more readily and more certainly than in any other, a man of the most perfect integrity of mind, and of the most unsophisticated feeling.

These, we say, it is more than probable were the considerations which influenced Miss Barrowman in the very extraordinary resolution to which she had come on the important subject of a husband. But whether they were or not, such was the resolution she had formed, and by this resolution she determined to abide.

Miss Barrowman, however, had long been of this mind as to the profession of her future lord, before any one knew of it. She had for many years kept the secret locked up in her own bosom; but it at length got wind in consequence of some expressions which she had inadvertently allowed to escape her. This, however, was not till after her father's death; till she had become mistress, uncontrolled mistress, of all his broad acres and well-hoarded gear.

The discovery of this strange peculiarity in the matrimonial calculations of Miss Barrowman, excited, as might be expected, a prodigious sensation throughout the country, and, in particular, created a tremendous commotion amongst her gentlemen lovers. They could not understand it; nor, indeed, could anybody else. The former at first treated the matter as a joke, and would not believe it; but, on reflecting a little on the great length of time during which Miss Barrowman had withstood all their efforts to gain her affections, and the steadiness with which she continued to withstand them, they began to think their must be something in it, and, at length, gradually withdrew from the siege altogether, one after the other.

But at this point in the progress of the general effect of Miss Barrowman's peculiar notions on the subject of matrimonial alliances, a very curious result ensued. The class of suitors who had just been driven off, had no sooner retired from the field, than another advanced; a distinct and separate body. And who were they, thinkest thou, gentle reader? Why, they were precisely of that description, as to profession, from whose unsophisticated ranks the lady of Netherlea had determined on choosing a husband. They were ploughmen. Every one of them ploughmen, to a man. The effect of the rumour of Miss Barrowman's peculiar predilection having been to inspire hopes of the tenderest kind in the bosom of every unmarried tiller of the soil within twenty miles of her residence; and the effect again of this effect was, to bring them in dozens, on various pretences, about Netherlea, and all pinked out in the primitive buckism of flaming red waistcoats, red garters tied in a flashy knot at the knee, and corduroy jackets.

They formed, perhaps, as original a set of wooers as ever young lady had the happiness of being surrounded with.

This very open and palpable way of meeting her wishes, however, was not exactly to Miss Barrowman's taste. She did not want such a display of rustic gallantry to be directed towards her, nor such an avowed competition amongst the clod-hoppers of the country for the honour of her hand. It rather shocked her a little, and all but drove her from her original resolution—an effect which was further promoted by an occurrence which we now proceed to relate.

About a mile distant from Netherlea, there stood, in the "lirk" o' a hill, a certain little cottage, occupied by a Mrs Oswald and her son. Mrs Oswald was a widow; and her son, Sandy, a merry ploughman, in the service of a Mr Williamson, a farmer, and tenant of Miss Barrowman's. Sandy was a good-natured fellow, well meaning and honest, but by no means a bright youth. He was, in fact, rather a soft lumpish sort of a chap, but a laborious and faithful servant; and, on this account, well liked by his master—as, indeed, he was by everybody else—for his inoffensive manners and extreme good-nature.

Now, it had, of course, reached Sandy's ears, and those of his mother too, that the young lady of Netherlea had determined to choose of his particular craft for a husband, but it had never struck him that there was any chance of his being the lucky man on whom her choice would fall, and he had therefore never made the slightest attempt to attract the notice of the fair lady of Netherlea. This supineness to his own interest, Sandy's mother marked, for some time, with great impatience, but she said nothing on

the subject; at least nothing directly; for she did drop a broad hint now and then, although without venturing on an explicit expression of her wishes. At length, however, when she saw that neither her hints nor any innate ideas of his own would prompt him to any active measures in the matter, she could contain herself no longer.

"Dear me, Sandy, man," she broke out one night, as her, hopeful son sat by the fire, employed in demolishing the contents of an enormous bicker of porridge which he held between his knees, a tremendous horn spoon in his right hand, and a capacious bowl of milk in his left—"Dear me, Sandy, man," she said, as she wiped up some whole and some broken dishes, which she was ranging over the dresser in such a way as to produce the most imposing effect, "I wonder to see ye hae sae little spunk. Ye're no your faither's son ava, man."

"What's the case noo, mither?" said Sandy, driving away at his bicker with unabating energy.

"The case—my word, need ye ask that?" replied his mother, impatiently. "Isna there the leddy o' Netherlea, wi' lapfous o' gowd and lumps o' lann, wad mak a man o' ye for ever, just for the liftin, and yet ye'll no put doon your haun to pick her up?"

To this philippic Sandy made no reply, but continued delving away at his porridge. He was evidently thinking, however—this being a process which he could carry on without interrupting the necessary and pleasant labours in which he was employed?

"What for, man," resumed his mother, "dinna ye rig yersel oot in your sunday claes o' an afternoon, and tak a daunder doon by the hoose, and let the leddy see you, the same as Tam Norrie's doin, and Hugh Blair, and Watty Craig, and a wheen may o' them? What for dinna ye do that, Sandy? Ye're a weel-faured strappin chiel, although I say't that suld'na say't, maybe, and might hae as guid a chance as ony o' them."

Still Sandy said nothing; for his bicker was not yet finished, and Sandy made it a rule never to say or do anything till that great end was accomplished. It was now nearly so, however, for the sound of the spoon coming in contact with the wood, might at this moment be distinctly heard. Sandy was now scraping his bicker. It was cleared out. Not as much as a sparrow would peck at was left. The remains of the milk was swigged off, the bowl which had contained it was placed within the porridge dish, the spoon within that, and the whole handed over to his mother. This done, Sandy threw himself back in his chair with an air of comfortable satiety, and looking at the fire thus bespoke his affectionate parent:—

"What was that ye war sayin, mither, about the young leddy o' Netherlea?"

"I was sayin, Sandy," replied his mother, "that if ye waur worth your lugs ye wad mak up to her as ithers are doin, and try to get her into your ain creel."

Sandy looked at the fire with a grave face, into which face, moreover, he threw as marked an expression of thought as he could conveniently command, but which look marvellously like stupidity, and said simply and briefly:—

"I doot it wad be o' nae use, mither."

"Faint heart never wan fair leddy, Sandy," replied the latter. "Try your luck, man. I'm sure ye're as likely a chiel as ony that's after her, and a hantle mair likely than a wheen o' them. Up and be doin, man. Od, your faither, honest man, had me whiskt awa afore the minister before I had time to think what I was aboot. My word, he was a man o' mettle in thae days. Wi' him it was but twa words, a clap on the shouther and awa wi't. Od, there wasna a lass in the country, gentle or simple, that wad hae stood an hour afore him. He had a tongue wad hae wiled the very lavrocks frae the lift. Up man Sandy and be doin. Put on your Sunday claes this very afternoon, put a wee hair o' your faither's spunk in your waistcoat pocket, and away doon to Netherlea, an see what ye can do.

Sandy continued musing intently, but sayin little. Hitherto he had never dreamt of adventuring on the bold and decisive proceeding thus recommended to him; but urged as he was now by his mother, and struck as he was now, also, by certain stirrings of ambition suddenly generated within him, he began to think of the matter more seriously, and to see it, that is, his own proposed share in it, in a more feasible light than he had formerly viewed it.

"We may try't, mither," he said, after a pause of some duration, which he employed in thinking, and dangling the while his mother's little bent poker between his finger and thumb; making it ring, anon, against the fender "We may try't, mither," he said. "Nae harm in that, ony way."

"Nane, Sandy, my man, nane whatever," replied his mother, delighted with her success in arousing what she called the spirit of her hopeful youth of a son.

"We'll gie her a trial, ony way," resumed Sandy, who had now risen to his legs, and was in the act of throwing off his working jacket.

"That's richt, Sandy. That's what I ca' spunk. Will I bring oot your Sunday claes?"

"Ye may dae sae," said her son. "Whether do ye think I should put on the velveteen jacket or the corduroy ane, mither?"

"To my taste, noo, Sandy; but please yoursel, my man, replied the latter; "ye look best in the velveteen ane; mair genteeler, and I think it's the maist likely ane to tak her ee."

"Put it oot then, mither," said Sandy; and a joint process, having for its end the fitting out of Sandy's person in the most captivating way possible, was begun at one and the same moment by Sandy and his mother. The latter proceeding to a large wooden chest, and commencing to disentomb therefrom sundry articles of wearing apparel, such as stockings, trowsers, waistcoat, jacket, &c., &c., all of which she deposited on a chair for their owner's appropriation; the former to execute a series of ablutionary ceremonies, previous to his donning the Sunday gear which his mother was laying out for him. The first step of Sandy's proceedings in this department of the intended fit out, was to provide himself with a huge brown-ware basin, which he three-parts filled with water, a lump of black, dirty-looking soap, and a towel. These collected, and the first of them placed on a stool, Sandy threw his shirt over his head, and began to plunge and splutter away with great energy and activity. When he had done, and rubbed himself dry, his broad red face actually glowed with heat, and shone, at the same time, as if it had been newly varnished.

"Ye're lookin just uncommon weel the nicht, Sandy," said his delighted mother, looking with maternal pride and gratulation on the huge, flaming, and shining orb, which her son called his countenance. Sandy smiled at the compliment; and, when he did so, displayed a row of teeth which were eminently calculated to set off his other charms, being finely diversified in size, colour, and position. In a few minutes after, Sandy's toilet was all but completed. He had only now to put the last finishing touch to his person. For this purpose he sat down at a small table, placed before him a small oblong piece of wood, about an inch thick, in the centre of which was set and secured by a chaste edging of putty of about half an inch in breadth, and richly ornamented by an irregular series of thumb marks, a piece of looking glass of a sort of rhomboidal shape, of about two and a half to three inches surface.

By the aid of this ingenious piece of mechanism, in

which his own captivating image was reflected, Sandy commenced tearing down his carroty locks with a short, dumpy, toothless comb, and trimming, with the same convenient instrument, a pair of fiery-coloured, bushy whiskers, of which he was justly not a little vain. These little matters done, Sandy's usual routine of proceedings in the affair of outward decoration was exhausted. He could do no more. All that art could do was done.

Having completed his toilet, Sandy rose to his feet, clapped his best hat on his head—and an excellent one it was, the nap being fully an inch and a half long—put his watch, of about the dimensions of an ordinary saucer, in his fob, pulled out to its fullest length the broad blue ribbon to which it was attached, and to whose outer extremity was appended a very handsome brass seal with a glass face, a brass key, and a small foreign *bucky*, (shell;) the whole being in excellent taste, took a switch in his hand, and thus prepared at all points, sallied forth to win the affections of the lady of Netherlea.

His mother followed him to the door, and looked with pride at the receding figure of her "weel-faured, buirdly son."

At this point of our story, we must let the reader into a certain small secret regarding Sandy Oswald, and in connection with his present adventure, which we did not hint at before. We told the truth as to his feelings on the subject of coming forward with his suit to the lady of Netherlea, but we did not tell the whole truth. There was something in reserve, which we did not disclose, and this was, that there was at this moment in the service of that lady, a certain young woman to whom Sandy had made earnest love for an entire twelvemonth before, and to whom he had, a hundred times, sworn everlasting fealty. Now, this was an awkward affair. Being the accepted lover of the maid, how could he come forward as a suitor of the mistress? If he attempted the latter, the former was on the spot to detect and expose his faithlessness. It was a puzzling predicament. He could not move a peg in the matter without subjecting himself to such exposure as we have hinted at; and this, gentle reader, was the principal reason why he had hitherto refrained from the enterprise on which, in the desperate hope of being able to escape the notice of his deceived fair one, he was now going. It was on the strength of this forlorn hope then, and which he trusted farther to promote by some dextrous manœuvring, that Sandy was now adventuring on the daring measure recommended by his mother.

On this adventure he did not proceed, however, without some misgivings. He did not see how he could possibly secure the notice of the mistress without attracting that of the maid also, and being thus awkwardly interrupted in his designs; for he did not doubt that if Mysie saw him, she would at once presume that it was her he was seeking, and would hasten to seize an opportunity of joining him. He, however, resolved to try, although the occurrence just alluded to was one certainly to be avoided by all means if possible, and the faithless swain determined to avoid it if he could. With this view he approached the house by the most concealed routes, creeping along hedges, darting across parks, and skulking down dyke-sides, till he came within a stone throw of Netherlea House. Having arrived at this distance, and being as, he thought, in a pretty secure position, Sandy determined to hold it for a short time, until he had resolved on his next proceeding; and, in the meantime, to keep a sharp look-out for the lady of Netherlea, whom he thought he might possibly see walking about, or discover in some other equally accessible position. Alas, little did Sandy dream that his vile tergiversations had all been marked, and his still viler faithlessness more than guessed at, and that too by the very two most concerned in his treacherous proceedings—the maid and mistress of Netherlea. This was the fact. The two happened to be out walking; and were seated, during the very time that Sandy was performing his zig-zag advances towards the house, on a small eminence in the neighbourhood, which commanded a full view of all that was passing below. They thus witnessed, without being observed by him, the whole of his strange manœuvring. For a time they were both much at a loss to conceive what he meant—what object he was driving at. But women's wit is sharp in these matters; and a hasty comparing of notes, and observations, and circumstances, and conjectures, between the maid and the mistress, soon brought them to the facts of the case.

At first Mysie thought he was coming on a visit to her; and she blushed, as her mistress, who knew of the footing on which she and Sandy stood, expressed precisely the same opinion. But both the time of day and the manner of his approach were unusual. He was not wont to come till the twilight, nor, when he came to visit her, did he come by stealth, as he was now doing; he came openly. More extraordinary still, he was on this occasion in full dress, garters and all. Now, he never came to see Mysie, excepting on Sunday, in this high state of feather. What then could this and all the rest of it mean. Mysie soon solved the difficulty.

"Oh, the loon!" she suddenly burst out with—"I'll wad my best new gown, he's come to see if he can get a sicht and a word o' you, mistress, and no o' me. That 's the way he's dinked himsel oot in his Sunday claes; and that's the reason, too, that he has been joukin and howkin his way doon like a mowdiwart, just to keep oot o' my sicht."

Mysie's mistress had arrived at precisely the same conclusion on the subject, although she had not expressed it. Now, however, that her maid had, she acknowledged its probability with a blush and a laugh at the same time.

"It 's very possible that what you conjecture is true, Mysie," said Miss Barrowman. "Nay, I have no doubt of it; and, since it is so, if you like we'll play your faithless swain a trick."

"Wi' a' my heart—wi' a' my heart, mem," replied Mysie, eagerly. "I wad like to be revenged on the fause hearted loon."

"Well, then, Mysie," said Miss Barrowman; and she finished the sentence by giving her maid certain instructions, the result of which the reader will find in the sequel.

Obedient to these instructions, and rejoicing in the prospect of revenge which they promised to lead to, Mysie ran off to execute them, while Miss Barrowman took the direction of Sandy's concealment, which she approached slowly, in order to give the lurker an opportunity of speaking to her, if he so designed. Rejoiced beyond measure, and not a little astonished too, at his good luck, Sandy saw Miss Barrowman advancing towards him, and, the moment he saw her, he popped out of his retreat and made in the direction she was coming with an air as if their meeting, on his part, were accidental. When within a few yards of the lady of Netherlea, Sandy began to smile as hard and as captivatingly as he could, and, when a little nearer, took off his hat, placed himself directly in her way, and said—

"Guid e'en to you, my leddy. There 's a fine afternuin. Hae ye been takin a walk?"

"Indeed have I, Sandy," replied Miss Barrowman, graciously, and affecting a little coquettish embarrassment. Sandy marked, with great gratification, this symptom of the desirable effect he had produced, and, gathering courage from it, proceeded—

"Do you no find it eerie, mem, walkin your lane?" said Sandy, with a look meant to be at once sly and languishing.

"O no, Sandy," replied Miss Barrowman; "I like a solitary walk now and then, very much although, if one

could always get the one they liked with them, it would certainly be much more agreeable."

And the young lady sighed.

"It wad surely be that, mem," said Sandy, now *nickering* like a pony. "Wad ye no tak a wee bit turn, mem, back wi' me the length o' the hazel wood? I'm sure I wad be unco proud o' the honour," added Sandy, who was every moment becoming more eager and confident in his manner.

"No, no, Sandy—not just now," replied Miss Barrowman, confusedly, and in a hurried whisper; "but if you'll come to the garden gate in an hour hence, I'll be there to let you in, and we can take a turn in the garden."

"Thank ye, mem—thank ye," said Sandy. "I'll be punktwal."

"Do, Sandy," replied Miss Barrowman; "but, in the meantime, get out of the way as fast as you can, for I expect Mysie every instant to make her appearance."

It required no more to make Sandy vanish. In a twinkling he was out of sight, although not out of hearing; for he might have been heard, and traced too, for several seconds, crashing his way through the hedges and birches that at once obstructed his retreat and formed his concealment.

Having made this arrangement with Sandy, Miss Barrowman hastened home; and, with great glee, informed Mysie of what had transpired, and of the appointment which she had made with her lover.

"Now, Mysie," said Miss Barrowman, "is all ready?"

Mysie exultingly replied that it was.

"Now, then," continued Miss Barrowman, "what I want you to do is this:—It will be quite dark when Sandy comes to the garden gate; so, as we are much about a size and a figure, you will wrap yourself in one of my cloaks, put on one of my bonnets, and receive him; and, if you keep your head well muffled up, speak very low, and as little as possible, he will never doubt but that you are me. Well, then, hear all that he has to say. Let him come out with the full measure of his faithlessness. Treasure up his words, so as to be able to serve them up to him again on another occasion, and then conduct him stealthily, as it were, into the house, under pretence that you feel chill in the air, and are so fond that you wish a little more of his company. When you have got him into the house, we will together manage the rest."

"O mistress! O mistress!" exclaimed Mysie, clapping her hands in uncontrollable ecstasy, "that's juist delightfu. It's graund, graund. Oh, we'll gie him a coolin."

Faithful to his appointment, and already believing himself Laird of Netherlea, Sandy was at his post at the precise time fixed on. Indeed, he had been there fully half-an-hour before. When that hour came, Sandy beat a gentle rat-tat-tat, with the points of his fingers, on the garden door. The signal was instantly attended to; the door was cautiously opened; and, in a second after, the nappy Sandy Oswald found himself in Netherlea garden, with its young mistress, as he had no doubt, by his side.

"Nae fear o' Mysie comin this way, my leddy?" said Sandy, in a low whisper, and it was one of the first things he said. "She kens naething aboot our meeting, I houp."

"No," muttered Mysie, in an all but inaudible tone.

"That's richt," replied Sandy; "for she's a glaiket, silly taupy, and, I verily believe, thinks I hae some notion o' her. Gude save the mark! he wad be unco ill aff for a wife wad tak Mysie Blackater."

"I thought ye liked her," in a voice that barely passed the threshold of the speaker's muffle.

"Liked her!" replied Sandy, contemptuously. "Just a piece o' nonsense. I dinna gie a strae for her—an ugly pukit like thing."

"I thought ye used to reckon her pretty, and call her so?"

"Tuts! juist daffin—juist to please the puir silly thing."

"I thought ye pledged yer word to marry her?"

"A' a piece o' nonsense. Said something like that for fun, maybe, but never intended it. Na, na," continued Sandy, now becoming more ardent in his manner, and seizing his fair companion by the hand—"I ken whar I wad look for a wife if I thocht their was ony chance o' gettin her;" and Sandy looked "unutterable things," which, however, could not be seen in the dark.

Mysie now thought it full time to conduct her faithless swain into the house; and she now proposed it.

"But are ye sure we can keep clear o' Mysie?" inquired Sandy, anxiously, and evidently in great terror of such a rencontre taking place. He was assured he had nothing to fear on this score; and, on the faith of this assurance, Sandy at once followed his conductor, not a little elated with the very marked preference which such a proceeding as being invited into the house indicated.

Executing her part of the plot admirably, although frequently in danger of marring it by an untimeous burst of laughter, Mysie now led her victim to the altar—that is, to a certain closet, which was to be the scene of future operations. The door was open.

"Hist!" said Mysie, in a tone of alarm, and stooping suddenly precisely opposite the said closet—"I hear a foot. It's Mysie."

"God's sake, woman, whar'll I gang?" said Sandy, in great terror. "Let me get into some hole or ither."

"Here—in here, man. Quick, quick wi' ye," whispered Mysie earnestly, and with well-affected agitation. And she thrust the "fause loon," as she called him, into the closet already referred to; and, bidding him remain there as still as death till she came for him, she shut the door. The finalé was now at hand. Having secured Sandy, and placed him in the proper position, Mysie hastened to find her young mistress. She had not to go far to succeed in this. Miss Barrowman was at hand. She had been watching the whole proceedings. The two, however, having now met, were obliged, before advancing another step in the programme of their trick, to rush to a distant part of the house, in order to relieve themselves, by some free bursts of laughter, of the pain which they were suffering from its suppression. Having obtained this relief by two or three hearty and continuous peals, and having regained sufficient composure to go through with the remainder of the evening's proceedings, the mistress and maid again approached the den in which they had secured their unsuspecting victim.

With a somewhat similar feeling, however, with that which prompts the cat to delay the *coup de grace* to the unfortunate mouse which its evil stars have put in her power, did Miss Barrowman and her maid Mysie determine on having a little more sport with their victim before visiting him with the cold catastrophe in store for him.

With this view, Miss Barrowman herself now advanced, on tiptoe, to the door of the closet in which Sandy was confined; and, in a whisper, directed through the keyhole, said—

"Are ye comfortable, Sandy?"

"I canna say *that* preccesely," replied Sandy, in the same tone; "but I'm as weel as can be expeckit. Mysie's no gaun aboot, is she?" he added. Mysie was now standing close by her mistress.

He was assured she was not.

"Whan will't be convenient to let me oot?" resumed Sandy.

"Presently, Sandy," was the reply. "But are ye sure, now, that ye detest Mysie, and that ye like me?"

"As fac's death, mem," replied Sandy, energetically.

Miss Barrowman and Mysie now tripped away to put their last move in execution. A moment's dead silence occurred. In the next, an appalling shout, or rather roar, accompanied by the squashing, plashy sound of a tremendous descent of water, announced that Sandy had been suddenly subjected to the cooling influence of a mysterious deluge of some kind or other. This was the fact, then, good reader. Sandy had been closeted in a shower-bath, and was, at this moment, enjoying the most liberal dispensation of that ingenious contrivance. For some seconds, both the plashing of the water and the shouting of the sufferer continued with unabated vigour; but, at length, the former, but not the latter, ceased, and that instant Miss Barrowman and her maid, each with a candle in their hands, threw up the door of the shower-bath closet, and, with well-affected alarm and astonishment, simultaneously exclaimed, "Sandy Oswald!"

"Gracious me! what brought ye here, Sandy?" added Mysie. "Hoo on earth got ye in here, and what brought ye? What war ye wantin?"

"What brought ye into my house, sir?" chimed in Miss Barrowman, with assumed severity of manner. "What business have you here? You could not surely have been intending any good. It is a strange affair, and I must know the meaning of it."

To all these questions and remarks, Sandy made no reply; and, for a very good reason, he did not know what reply to make, but stood squeezed up into a corner of the bath, where he had vainly sought to escape the deluge that was pouring down on him from above, and of whose source he could form no idea—having never seen or heard of such a thing as a shower-bath in his life.

Squeezed up into a corner, then, and having a very strong resemblance to a huge half-drowned rat, stood Sandy, as we have said, during the delivery of the above queries and remarks by his two tormentors. To these, as we have also already said, Sandy had yet made no reply. He was much too confounded by his present situation to admit of that. He was drenched to the skin by some mysterious deluge; he was exposed to the eye of Mysie; his faithlessness was about being discovered; and, to crown all, Miss Barrowman seemed desirous of withdrawing her patronage—nay, of denying altogether her having inveigled him into the house; and, to add still farther to his confusion, he thought the little he now heard of Miss Barrowman's voice did *not* resemble that of his fair garden companion; but he could not exactly tell. He did not, in short, know what to think of the matter. He had, however, a confused idea of there being something wrong somewhere.

"Come oot o' that, man," at length said Mysie. Sandy mechanically obeyed, with a forced unmeaning smile on his countenance, but still without speaking. When he had fairly emerged from his watery retreat—

"Nae fear o' Mysie comin this way, my leddy," said Mysie, imitating the tone in which her faithless lover had put the same question in the garden; and holding the candle close to his face in order to enjoy a full view of its expression under the infliction of the torture. "She ken's naething aboot oor meeting, I houp?" continued Mysie. "Wadna he be ill aff for a wife that wad tak Mysie Blackater? Wadna he, Sandy? I'm sure ye wadna gie a strae for her—an ugly pukit thing; and although ye hae sworn a hunner times that she should ae day be yours, and that ye liked her aboon a' ither things on this earth, it was a' juist a piece o' nonsense, spoken for fun. A thing ye never intended. Wasna't Sandy, lad; wasna't—eh?"

We leave the reader to judge of Sandy's feelings during this operation of serving him up with his own faithless words. We should have a difficulty in describing them, but more in describing what he did, and how he looked under the torturing process. This was exceedingly like a fool, with an unnatural and inane smile on his very stupid face, which he directed alternately to Mysie and her mistress, but still without giving utterance to a single syllable.

After Mysie had put her deceitful swain through his facings, her mistress took up the cue and began:—

"Perhaps the honour of your visit, Sandy, was intended for me?"

Sandy grinned.

"Probably you have been struck with a fancy to become Laird of Netherlea, Sandy, and lord and master of its lady. Was that the object of your adventure? Was it that that brought you here?"

"Ke', ke', mem, I'm sure ye ken that weel aneuch," said Sandy, with a very broad grin, and now speaking for the first time. "Didna ye bring me here, yersel, frae the garden?"

"No, you fause-hearted villain, it was me," here interposed Mysie, fiercely. "It was me that met ye in the garden, and it was into my ain twa lugs that ye poured a' your hypocritical and deceitful speeches. 'Od, I hae a guid mind to cleave ye wi' the candlestick;" and Mysie flourished that formidable weapon as if she was about to execute the deed she menaced. But although she had intended to do so desperate a thing, Sandy took care that it should not be in her power. He had, for the last two or three minutes, been eyeing the door with a wistful look, and, at this critical moment, availed himself of the observations he had made by making a sudden bolt towards it, and another out of it, and away like a greyhound. The whole proceeding was the work of an instant, and was accomplished before Mysie or her mistress could make any remark on the subject.

On clearing the house, Sandy kept at the top of his speed, and without looking either to the right or to the left, till he reached his mother's house, where he flung himself down in a chair in a state of breathless exhaustion.

"Losh hae a care o' me, Sandy, what's the matter?" said his mother, in great alarm. "Ye're clean dune oot; and, Lord be wi' us," she said, putting her hand on his soaked jacket, "ye're a' wat. Ye're dreeping, I declare. Hae ye fa'n into ony water?"

"I didna gang to the water, mither—the water cam to me," replied Sandy.

"What do ye mean by that, Sandy, my man?" inquired his mother.

"Tuts, it's a lang story, and no worth tellin," said her son, who did not care to enter into particulars regarding his night's adventure.

"Weel, then, my man, how cam ye on wi' the leddy o Netherlea? Did ye foregather wi' her?"

"Ou, ay," replied Sandy, drily.

"An' how cam ye on, then, wi' her?" inquired the anxious mother. "Did ye speak her fair and cannily?"

"Weel aneuch that way, I fancy," said Sandy, with the same brevity, and the same evident disinclination to be communicative on the subject.

"Dear me, my man, Sandy," rejoined his mother, impatiently, provoked by his taciturnity on a matter in which she felt so deeply interested, "can ye no tell me at ance how cam ye on."

"I'll tell ye something at ance, mither," replied Sandy, with an equal degree of impatience, "and that is, that ony body that likes may tak the leddy o' Netherlea for me. That I'll hae naething mair ado wi' her, and that they'll be devilish weel educat that'll catch me gaun after an heiress again—that's a' I say, mither;" and saying this, Sandy began to divest himself of his drenched garments, and immediately after rolled his chilled body into bed, without vouchsafing another word on the subject of his experience

of that eventful night. Nor could he, at any time after, ever be induced, by his affectionate parent, to shed the smallest degree of additional light on that experience, or to give any account whatever of the incidents it included.

With regard to the heiress of Netherlea, we believe, that attaining wisdom with years, she finally married a person better suited by birth and education to her own tastes, habits, and pursuits, than she could possibly have found in a ploughman, however worthy and deserving in other respects such a person might have been.

A VAGARY OF FORTUNE.

We claim some credit for the novelty and originality of the following remarks, namely, that there frequently occur, in real life, incidents much more singular than any that the most fertile imagination ever supplied to the pages of romance. We, however claim still more credit, and we suspect the reader will think with a trifle more reason, for the following illustration of the truth of this observation.

On the west side of the bay of Machrimore, on the south side of Cantyre, there stands a small farm house, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the beach.

In the year 1774, this house, and farm adjoining, was tenanted by a man of the name of Duncan M'Allister and his wife.

Duncan was a poor but decent and industrious man, much respected in the country for his integrity, and for his quiet and civil demeanour.

Duncan, however, had a severe struggle with the world. His farm was a very small and a very wretched one; while his rent was neither the one nor the other. It was, in short, with great difficulty that Duncan could make a living of it, even with all the assistance he could obtain from a wife not less industrious than himself. But Duncan looked confidently forward to better days, and not without reason. Four years previous to the period at which our story commences, his son, an only child—a young man of steady habits and excellent disposition—had gone out to the East Indies, in the humble capacity of a gentleman's servant, had there fallen into some little way of business, in which he was doing so well that he had been enabled to remit to his parents twenty pounds per annum, for the last three years of the period abovenamed.

It was, then, to this source—to the dutcous dispositions of his son—that Duncan trusted for an improvement of his own condition, and with each succeeding year did his trust in this son's prosperity and filial affection become more and more confiding; for, with each succeeding year, came an addision of ten pounds to the preceding year's remittance, with an assurance that this latter should always be proportioned—in other words, go on increasing with the success of the donor. And, accordingly, for several years this was the case, till the sum, from twenty had risen to ninety pounds.

With his last remittance, Duncan's son, whose name was John, informed his parents that he was getting on so rapidly and prosperously, that he hoped, in a few years, to be able to return to his own country an independent man.

This was a communication but little calculated to prepare his parents for the following letter which they received from him about nine months afterwards. It was dated from Bhurtpore.

"After all my boasting, my dear father," so ran the letter in question, "what will be your grief and amazement to learn that I am, at this moment, not worth a single rupee—that I am, in short, a ruined man.

"A scoundrel of the name of Novorgod—Christian Novorgod—a Swede, with whom I entered into partnership, has plundered me of all I had.

"Having left this fellow—one of the smoothest tongued most plausible, and most deceptive rascals I ever met with—in charge of my store at Bhurtpore, while I was on a trafficing expedition into the interior, in quest of gums and ivory, he took advantage of my absence, which extended to nearly two months, to sell off all my goods at whatever they would bring, pocketed the money, and decamped.

"I have since understood that the villain has left this quarter of the world, and gone to Egypt. But, wherever he has gone to, I have little chance of ever falling in with him, and still less of recovering any part of my property. That is gone beyond all redemption.

"The loss I have sustained by this scoundrel I cannot estimate at less than from £9,000 to £10,000.

"This is a severe blow, my dear father; but its most distressing consequences, in my view of it, is its depriving me of the power of further assisting you. This is what pains me most.

"It grieves me to add, that the agony and anxiety of mind to which this cruel misfortune has subjected me, has thrown me into such a weakly state of health, that I find myself every day becoming less and less able to struggle against the enervating influences of the climate of this country, and have, therefore, determined on returning home, for my prospects here are entirely ruined.

"In about eighteen months, therefore, from this date, you may expect to see me, if God shall spare me. But, O dear father, how different will our circumstances be from what I once anticipated. I expected to come home to you a rich man; in place of that, I shall come to you as poor as I left you." &c.. &c., &c.

We will not detain the reader by any attempt at describing the effect of this letter on poor old M'Allister and his wife, but, proceed with our story—

It was about fifteen months after this, that M'Allister received a letter from the minister of the parish of ——, in Ayrshire, requesting him to come instantly to his manse, where he would hear of something which greatly concerned him. He complied. In the afternoon of the second day after, he was seated in the parlour of the clergyman.

"You have a son in the East Indies?" said the clergyman.

"I have!" was the reply of the former. What of him?" he added, anxiously.

"You shall hear," said the minister. "Some time ago the ship —— was seen off our coast in great distress. The people hastened down to the shore to render what little assistance they could to the unfortunate crew when the catastrophe which, they foresaw, should have happened. The ill-fated vessel struck on, and deeply lodged herself in, the quicksands. Enormous seas, like huge living things, now threw themselves in rapid succession on and over the devoted vessel, burying her in their bosoms, and bearing everything before them in their onward career. Nothing that had life in it, could now exist for an instant on board of that unfortunate ship, even suppose it could have kept its hold and footing on her deck—which were impossible—as, from her sinking sideways in the sand, the former sloped at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees.

"Anxious, most anxious were the people to render the miserable sufferers assistance; but they could do little. They had no boat; and, indeed, no boat could have lived a moment in the tremendous surf that was then breaking on the shore. Nothing could they do, then, but watch on the beach to see whether the waves would bring any

of the ill-fated crew to the shore in whom their might still be life. But they looked long in vain for any such occurrence as this. The waves would give up none of their victims. At length, however, they saw a human head peering, now and then, above the white foam of the sea, and advancing and receding with the approaching and retiring waves.

"Satisfied, after a moment's observation, that the object they saw was indeed the head of a human being, some bold fellow, watching an opportunity, rushed into the surf, plunged his arm into the water close by the floating object, caught the breast of a man's coat, and, by an exertion of superhuman strength, the result of the excitement of the moment, dragged him to the shore. He was brought to my manse. The body exhibited no perceptible signs of life; but, on tearing open the waistcoat, and placing my hand on the heart, I felt it feebly beating. I had soon the satisfaction of seeing success attend our efforts. The unfortunate sufferer began to breathe audibly, though, for a time, by irregular and convulsive respirations. Satisfied that he was now in a fair way of recovery, I, after leaving some instructions with my wife as to the management of her patient during my absence, hastened again to the beach to see whether I could not find any other object on which to exercise my humanity. But there were none; not one. All, all had perished; and, of the unfortunate vessel herself, no trace remained but in the loose spars and rigging with which the shore was strewed. The hull had entirely disappeared.

"On returning home, I found my patient, though still in a feeble and exhausted state, so far recovered as to be sitting in an arm-chair before the fire, and able to give some account of himself. This account stated that he was a foreigner, which, indeed, his language at once discovered, although he spoke English with tolerable fluency. That he was a passenger in the ship which had just been wrecked, and that he was on his way to England on a mercantile speculation. This was the substance of all that the stranger chose to communicate, and nothing farther regarding him was asked.

"For several days, I and my wife shewed the unfortunate man every attention in our power. We tended him day and night; for, during all this time, he continued in a very weakly condition, and, so far from any improvement taking place beyond the point of convalescence he had attained immediately after his resuscitation, he seemed to be retrograding—to be sinking daily under the exhaustion which his late accident had induced. He became feverish, and his slumbers were disturbed, apparently, by frightful dreams; the last a natural consequence, as his benefactors thought, of the perils he had just escaped. But we could not help perceiving, at the same time, that the unconnected sentences he muttered during his sleep, oftener bore reference to other matters than his shipwreck, although this last was occasionally alluded to, in the ravings of the sufferer.

"What these other matters were, however, neither I nor my wife could at all make out; but it was evident they were things that pressed heavily on the mind of the unfortunate man. In the meantime, he gradually became weaker and weaker, until it was evident that he had not long to live. Becoming sensible of this himself, the dying man asked if there was any clergyman in the neighbourhood who would visit him.

"I told him, what he had not yet been informed of, that I was a clergyman.

"'I would wish,' said he, 'to speak one private word with you, sir, before you shall speak to me on religious subjects.'

"'Surely, surely, my good friend,' replied I.

"'Sit down close by me my good sir,' said the dying man, 'and I will tell you something that presses heavily on my mind.'

"I having taken a seat as desired, the sufferer went on:—

"'About two years ago, I was a merchant in Bhurtpore, in the East Indies. I was in partnership with a Scotchman of the name of M'Allister. His father lives somewhere about Cantyre. We were doing very well, and were making money fast, when the devil put it into my head to turn scoundrel. When my partner was up the country, I sold off all the goods, put the money in my pocket, and ran away, and ruined my poor partner. Now, my good sir, this is the thing that troubles me; that makes me fear to die.'

"'It was, indeed,' said I, 'a very reprehensible act; but your present contrition is some atonement; and, I trust, will procure you the forgiveness of a merciful and beneficent God.'

"'I do trust so,' replied the dying man; 'but would add restitution to contrition. Now, would you, my dear sir, help me in this good work. I have the means, and I would place them in your hands, to be given to the lawful owner when I am dead, if you can find him out.'

"Having said this, the unhappy man took a pocket-book from beneath his pillow, and from thence produced three bills of exchange for £3,000 each, and put them into my hands.

"The pledge was useless without writing, and I instantly got a testament prepared. Some neighbours were called in to attest it; and, in the midst of my prayers, he died. Here is the will, sir; it is in favour of your son, with the bills enclosed in it. He recollected the full name of his partner's father, and it was thus that I discovered you. Do you recollect the name of your son's partner?"

"Christian Novorgod," replied the farmer.

"The same," responded the clergyman. "Then all is right, and as it should be. By this," he continued, "I may reclaim a host of Atheists. It is thus that our Great Father justifies his ways, even at intervals of centuries; that, amidst the darkness raised by the clouds of men's doubts, he may hold forth a shining light, whose radiations may reach far lands and far times, to comfort the faithful and reclaim the wicked."

The farmer, who had, as yet, been scarcely able to open his mouth, stood enveloped in wonder, scarcely believing that he was beyond the precincts of the land of dreams.

In about three months after, Mr M'Allister's son arrived from the East Indies. He entered his father's house, as he believed, a beggar, heartless and sorrowful. Need we describe his joy when the circumstance we have just related came to his knowledge? We need not. The reader's conception of it will be sufficiently vivid without it.

THE CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

HANGING and marriage, they say, go by destiny. Of the first, being a very ugly subject, we do not choose to say anything; but it is certain that the last is frequently the offspring of curious chances. A remarkable instance of this occurred, about seventy years ago, in the case of a young lady, the daughter of a Highland clergyman, in one of the remote western isles of Scotland.

The name of this clergyman was M'Ivor. A worthy and good man he was, but one little known to fame. His situation was a distant and obscure one, and but rarely visited by strangers. The island itself is only some ten or fifteen miles in circumference. The number of its inhabitants does not—at least did not at the time of which we speak—exceed 150 in number.

At the head of a little bay, by which the island is indented near its centre, on the east side, the minister's "modest mansion rose." It was a plain two-story house, with a slate roof and bright white-washed walls. From the sea, its appearance was attractive, although, perhaps, this arose as much from the circumstance of its standing alone as from any superior elegance of which it could boast. It was, in truth, a very homely domicile; but it was unrivalled—there being no other slate-roofed house in the island, nor one in any way approaching it in pretension; and hence the dignity in which it rejoiced.

Mr M'Ivor's daughter, whose name was Mary, was a fair-haired, beautiful girl of some seventeen years of age, or thereabouts. Remote and obscure as her situation was, and equally obscure as her destiny was likely to be, Mary's education had not been neglected. Her father, who was a learned and accomplished man, had early imbued her with a taste for polite literature, and had taught her to read the French and Italian languages with readiness and fluency.

To complete her education, and to afford her an opportunity of seeing a little of the world, he had sent her to Edinburgh for two successive seasons, where she had added to her other accomplishments a very competent knowledge of music and drawing.

Mary M'Ivor had now returned to her father's house for good and all; or, at least, until some of those changes should occur by which the course of human life is chequered. Yet did the fair girl seem, from the circumstances in which she was placed, to be one of those flowers which are doomed to

"Waste *their* sweetness on the desert air;"

for who would think of seeking, or expect to find, so lovely and accomplished a being in so rude and remote a corner of the world? But odd things will happen. They are happening every day. Few, however, more odd have occurred, as the reader, we think, will allow, than that this lonely flower should, in less than twelve months from the period at which we first introduce her to the reader, be seen blooming in some of the gayest saloons of Paris, attracting and commanding the admiration of all. That Mary M'Ivor, the daughter of an obscure Highland clergyman, should, within that time, be mistress of one of the most magnificent chateaus on the banks of the Seine. Yet so it was.

One stormy afternoon, a vessel was driven, by stress of weather, into the little bay, at the head of which stood the minister's manse. Shortly after the vessel came to anchor, a boat pushed off from her and made for the shore.

Mr M'Ivor, on perceiving, from the window of his study, the boat approaching, hastened down stairs, called to his daughter Mary to throw her plaid around her, and to accompany him to the shore to receive the strangers, and to invite them to the manse—a hospitality which the worthy man extended to every stranger who visited the island. The persons in the boat, besides the men who rowed her, were the captain of the vessel, and a tall, swarthy, gentlemany-looking young man, having the appearance of a foreigner; and such he really was. Mr M'Ivor having introduced himself and his daughter to the strangers, invited them to the manse. The invitation was at once accepted, and with many expressions of thanks.

Hitherto the conversation had been conducted, on the part of the strangers, entirely by the captain, who was an Englishman; his companion, if such a term will apply to one whom he seemed to treat with the utmost deference and respect, understanding nothing of the English language. The captain now informed Mr M'Ivor that his passenger was a French nobleman, the Count de l'Orme. That he had taken a passage by him at Bordeaux for Liverpool, on an intended visit to England, and that they had been thus far driven out of their course by contrary winds.

On learning these particulars, Mr M'Ivor, who spoke French with tolerable fluency, immediately addressed the count in that language. The latter, at once surprised and delighted to find his native tongue understood by their proposed entertainer, became lively, cheerful, and communicative. But when he discovered—which he soon did, by her looks of intelligence, and her earnest attention to what he and her father were saying—that the fair girl who leant on the arm of the latter, also understood the French language, his delight knew no bounds.

From that moment, he directed the most pointed attentions to her, and with the graceful manners of the ancient chivalry of France, sought, and not in vain, to render himself agreeable in the eyes of Mary M'Ivor.

In the meantime, the party proceeded to the manse, beguiling the way with a lively conversation, in which the blushing little island maiden was led to take a part, by the courtesies and gallantries of the noble stranger.

On gaining the manse, the visiters were ushered into the minister's comfortable little parlour, where they were hospitably entertained until a pretty late hour of the night, when the count proposed that he and the captain should return on board. To this proposal their kind-hearted host would not listen, but insisted that they should take up their quarters in the manse till the vessel sailed. His guests, at first, objected to this arrangement; but, it was finally settled that the captain should return on board, and that the count should remain.

From the moment in which the count first saw Miss M'Ivor, he appeared to have been struck with her beauty for frequent and earnest were the gazes which he fixed on her fair countenance, and the subsequent discovery of her accomplishments, her refined tastes, and highly cultivated mind, which his residence at the manse enabled him to make, completed the conquest which her beauty had begun.

For a week, the vessel by which the Count de l'Orme was passenger, was detained by contrary winds in the little bay of Machray; and, during all this time, the latter was an inmate of the manse.

But was it, indeed, adverse winds that detained the vessel so long? We doubt it. Well, then, if truth must be told, it was not. On the very next day she might have sailed, but a word in the captain's ear from the count, with a whisper of ample indemnification to himself and owners, kept the ship at her anchors for a week.

Ere that week had expired, however, the Count de l'Orme had, with the consent of her father, made offer of his hand to Mary M'Ivor. It was accepted, and in a month after, the count, who had in the meantime fulfilled his intention of visiting England, and who had, during the same interval, made the necessary arrangements for his marriage, returned with a friend to the lonely little Scottish isle to claim his island bride.

The ceremony of their marriage was performed by Miss M'Ivor's father.

In fourteen days after, the Countess de l'Orme was installed in the magnificent Chateau de Chauvergne, on the banks of the Seine, as mistress of all its wealth, and of the fair domains that spread far and wide around it.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE QUARTER-DECK AND THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

It was on a merry moonlight night, towards the latter end of July, some sixty years ago, that Edwin Falkner, a merchant and a magistrate of Glasgow, in company with the fair Miss Margaret M'Vittie, strolled along the banks of Clyde, immediately above the old bridge. Had any observant personage been abroad at that late hour—eleven had just been proclaimed by the "iron tongue of time"—he would at once have said unto himself, "This is a decided case of matrimony!" for each spoke so sweetly, and looked so benignly into each other's faces, that no one for an instant could have omitted noticing a mutual but overstrained desire on their parts to please each other. And such was the case. That day week had been already fixed on as the day when Miss M'Vittie was to change her state of celibacy for the more pleasing one of wife.

With the recollection of that inimitable personage, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, before us, who is, of course, vividly present to the mind of every admirer of fiction, and of genuine Scotch character, the term "merchant and magistrate of Glasgow" must convey the idea that Edwin Falkner was a little man, well down the vale of years, with a scratch wig and a golden-headed cane. No such idea, however, is meant to be conveyed. Edwin's age did not exceed eight-and-thirty, while his wig was one of the most fashionable that could be had within the city, and he could walk with perfect ease without the assistance of a stick. His figure was of the middle size, his features handsome, his complexion slightly tinged with the hue of foreign travel, and his hands were white and small—a mark indicative, as Byron says, of noble blood. Noble blood!—alas! no such luck, if luck it can be called, was his. He had no ancient pedigree to boast of; he could not

> ——"Cheat the rabble, like your Charlatans,
> By flinging dead men's dust in idiots' eyes."

No; he could boast a nobler name than all their steel-clad sires and pomp of ancestry; and to which proud distinction his own industry had raised him—a British merchant and an honest man.

And, after all, what is this boasted pride of ancestry? Simply, a vain conceit, by which the representatives of the "mighty dead would claim the homage of the living, for deeds done hundreds of years before they saw the light, while talent or courage is wanting on their parts to fit them for the performance of like feats. They wish to gain esteem for others' acts. To raise themselves by means least troublesome. And it sometimes happens, that, in the more mountainous districts of broad Scotland, where, it is said,

> "Half-starved spiders feed on half-starved flies,"

there exist those, who, telling of the heroic achievements of their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers—at the best, nothing more than nameless savages—beget in their children a more than usual display of self-conceit, which teaches them to look upon their fellows as beings far inferior to them. Often have we seen the sons of such small Highland-bonnet lairds, during a temporary residence in the Lowlands, for the benefit of their education, turn away in horror from the contaminating touch of a class-fellow, merely because his father chanced to be *a grocer!* Thus it ever is with your

> "Macleans, Mackenzies, and Macgregors,
> And all that host of *high-born* beggars."

Like men who prate of their honour, and women of their virtue, they who talk most about their ancient birth, have least to boast of.

The girl who leant upon the arm of Edwin Falkner might be about six-and-twenty years of age. We say "about," for it is next to impossible to ascertain precisely the age of any girl, unless you have known her from her childhood;—the secret of her age is the only secret a woman can keep. Her father was pretty well to do in the world. He owned a large woodyard, somewhere in the vicinity of that classical retreat called the Cowcaddens, whence issued daily large quantities of packing-boxes, doors, lintels, joists, window-frames, and various other pieces of workmanship peculiar to the craft of joinery; which, if they served no other purpose, at least conveyed to the minds of the neighbours the idea that M'Vittie's business was in a thriving condition. His only daughter, Margaret, had, at a very early age, been deprived of a mother's care; a circumstance which necessarily kept her back in the world. It is true she had received a good, nay, accomplished education; but, as she was allowed to choose her own companions, it is not to be wondered at that, when at school, and afterwards, she formed acquaintanceships which were calculated to do her an infinite deal of mischief; and, much to her mortification, she had reached the age of six-and-twenty without having been able—good-looking and accomplished as she was—to fix the affections of any particular one of the numerous body of swains who were, by their own account, dying for her. She could never, notwithstanding their great attentions, get one of them to offer her marriage; and the reason was obvious: she had too many strings to her bow, or rather, too many beaux to her string; and she practiced coquetry to too great an extent. To her horror she saw she was getting up in years; and there was every prospect, unless she mended her manners, of her dying an old maid. When women come to the age of six-and-twenty, it is a very easy matter for them to feign an affection for any man whom they can cozen into a belief of their sincerity. And so it was in the present instance. Margaret M'Vittie, although she had sworn the vows of never-dying love for Edwin Falkner, just cared about as much for him as she would for a new bonnet, and her great affection for him might be resolved into that feeling of transitory self-satisfaction, by which she was assured that she could get as good as her neighbours. Edwin, on the other hand, felt for her a strong regard—we cannot call it love; for, at his time of life, men marry more for the sake of having a peaceful and well-arranged home, wherein to dream away those hours not due to business, than for anything else; and he thought, from the bright side of her character, which she had exposed to his view, that Margaret M'Vittie was just the person calculated, in every respect, to make him happy.

That very day, on the evening of which they had strolled forth in the moonlight to gaze upon the smooth-rolling waters of the Clyde, and by the side of which we have

already seen them walking, they had devoted to the purchase of furniture, and the adornment of their new mansion, which was situated farther down the river, opposite Renfrew. On the morrow, they were to part for a short period, as Edwin had, that very morning, received intelligence that his mother—his only surviving parent—was dangerously ill; and he had arranged to start for her residence, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the moment the dawn gave warning of the new day's approach.

"Fear not!" said Edwin, in answer to Margaret's expressed alarm for his safety. "I have conquered greater dangers than any that can assail me betwixt this and Newcastle. Besides, I always travel well armed."

"And your return will be"——

"On the fourth day from this, if I find everything at home, as I am almost certain I will, in no great peril. The report of the danger of my mother's illness, I have no doubt, is greatly exaggerated. She is a hale old woman, and there can be little fear of her."

"I trust you may find it so," said Margaret; "but death, you know, dear Edwin, comes upon us ere we are aware, or, as Scripture happily has it, 'like a thief in the night!'" As she uttered these words, she cast down her eyes, giving to her countenance a more than usual serious expression. The Devil himself, it is said, can quote Scripture to serve his own purposes, and so can women too. Margaret M'Vittie, like many others, never lost an opportunity of "getting up" an appearance of piety; she thought it had a fine effect, and doubly so on the present occasion, as she conceived it would impress her lover with the idea that, from such a mother, his children, if they ever had any, could not fail of receiving a highly religious education, which, must be a gratifying prospect to a young father.

"Come, come!" cried Edwin, gaily, "this is no time for gloomy thoughts. Besides——Ah! as I live, here's your father come to seek us." And, just as he had uttered these words, the short figure of the carpenter was visible, descending from the Green to the pathway.

"Dear me, bairns!" cried he, when he was near enough the couple for them to hear him, "ha' ye gaen gyte? Do ye no ken what o'clock it is? Haith, Neddy! I'm thinkin ye needna gang to your bed the nicht, or ye'll no be able to rise in the mornin."

"I believe you are right, M'Vittie," replied Edwin; "so I will but see Margaret home, and then retire to rest."

In pursuance of which resolution, Edwin tucked Margaret M'Vittie under his arm, and, with her father by their side, proceeded towards the carpenter's residence in George Street—at the time of our narrative, one of the most fashionable in Glasgow. On their way, the lover repeatedly asked his mistress whether she felt cold; but she, as is usual in like cases, said she did not; both question and answer, of course, being made use of for want of something better to say. Devoted lovers have never many words at their command, and far less is the number of their ideas. The only period during which a poor wretch is privileged to make a fool of himself, is when the fit of love is strong upon him.

At the door of their house, in George Street, Edwin took leave of the M'Vitties. He then bent his steps homeward, dreaming of his future happiness; while yet the kiss of Margaret was warm upon his lips, and her last words, "God bless you, dear Edwin!" still sounded in his ears.

The parents of Edwin Falkner were not of very high rank in life. His father had been parish clerk and schoolmaster of the little town of Middleton, in the vicinage of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where Edwin was born; and his mother employed her time in knitting Welsh hose, and washing for the neighbouring gentry. By such means as these, they contrived to support themselves and their family in a very respectable manner. Edwin was their fourth born; but, shortly after his birth, the two children between him and his eldest sister ceased to exist. They died of scarlet fever. Edwin's father being the only person in the town who taught English, in a genteel manner, which, united with writing and arithmetic, all for the sum of half-a-guinea per quarter, pupils flocked to his classes in shoals. His children were much advantaged by the particular attention he paid to their improvement; and though, in his anger, he was, like all other schoolmasters, "dreadfully severe," he made Edwin, at an early age, an excellent penman and arithmetician. But, as had always been the case with the old gentleman himself, though, sooth to say, he never had been at sea, navigation was the science of all others which Edwin preferred; and this propensity was much strengthened by a lad named Tom Martin, the eldest of all his father's scholars, who chanced to be son to the captain's mate of a small coasting vessel belonging to Sunderland.

Edwin had, at an early age, imbibed an inordinate desire for everything connected with a seafaring life; and he chiefly valued this boy's friendship, from the circumstance of his having been two or three short voyages with his father, during one of which he was blown out to sea by a squall, and nearly wrecked upon the Fern Islands, now so well known as the residence of Grace Darling, and the scene of her heroic achievement. Small as this adventure was, it formed an inexhaustible topic of conversation with Tom, and he embellished, at will, his account of it. Edwin soon became so attached to his company, that he devoted all his leisure to him—an unlucky circumstance, as he was the very worst acquaintance he could have formed. Martin was mischievous, fearless, and artful; hated restraint, despised learning, and thought Paul Jones and Black Beard the finest fellows in the world.

In vain did his sister, who was his senior by seven years, remonstrate with him on the folly of keeping this boy's company. But, in cases like these, sisters, unfortunately, are never considered judges; and, in spite of all they can say, boys *will* choose their own companions.

Tom Martin, being designed by his friends for an exciseman—a calling for which he secretly nourished the profoundest contempt—continued to receive his master's instructions till he was sixteen; but *then*, it would seem, he resolved upon freeing himself from all present and future confinement.

Edwin was returning one evening from an errand into the country, when he met Tom on the outskirts of the town.

"Ned," said he, "I have need of your assistance—come along with me."

"What do you want me to do?" inquired Edwin, with some apprehension.

"Only a trifle," he replied. "We'll soon be back."

Satisfied with this, Edwin walked on with him till they came to a wood. It was then past seven o'clock, on a September evening; and it was beginning to grow dark. Edwin hesitated to follow, till Tom called him a cowardly whelp, and said, if he chose to give up his share of a fine pear tree which grew in a farmer's orchard on the other side of the wood, there would be the more for himself. Now, there was no fruit in the world Ned loved so well as pears, and this Tom knew, so Ned went on. They had advanced about half way across the wood, when Ned distinguished, coming in the direction in which they were, an old woman, riding, between two panniers, on an ass. This he well knew to be a poor body named Maillie, who picked up a livelihood by carrying poultry and eggs to market, and selling them for the farmers for a small consideration in the shape of commission.

"Now, Ned," cried Martin, "here is the very person I wanted. You must help me to pull her off the ass; there

is nobody within hearing, if she bawls ever so loud, so we run no danger."

"Nay, nay," said Ned; "if you wish the ass for the use of the panniers to hide the pears in, let us ask the old woman civilly for the loan of it."

"Pooh, nonsense!" returned Tom Martin. "That would never do; so if you wont assist me, I must do without you."

So saying, he sprang forward, and, ere Old Maillie could recover from her surprise, he dealt her a sudden blow over the head, which laid her prostrate. He next proceeded to rifle her pockets of the amount of that day's transactions at market; then, jumping upon the ass, trotted off as fast as it could carry him.

Without paying any regard to Tom's last movement, Edwin rushed forward to the assistance of the poor woman. He chafed her temples, sprinkled her face with cold water from a neighbouring brook, and otherwise tried to restore that animation which Tom's blow had deprived her of. But it was all in vain—her pulse stirred not; and now the dreadful conviction that the old woman was dead rushed with confounding force upon his mind.

The first law of nature is self-preservation; and Edwin, conscious that if he were found near the dead body, he would be taken up on suspicion of the murder, and probably hanged, and if he returned home, he could not help betraying his share in the transaction to his father, who would, no doubt, flog him to within an inch of his life, withdrew into the thickest part of the wood to determine what course to pursue. There, sitting down under a tree, the horror of his being implicated in a crime from which his better nature recoiled, wrung his youthful heart with sorrow. Tears, at length, came to his relief, and he cried till he cried himself to sleep. When he awoke, the moon was high above him, shedding her lustre down amid the leaves to the spot whereon he sat. From its position, he judged that the time might be about midnight. It was nearly an hour ere he could resolve upon his future course. Luckily, however, he recollected having heard his mother tell a neighbour, the day before, that her nephew, Frank Chambers, had turned out a fine lad, and had got a good berth on board a Hull trader, which, owing to stress of weather, had, while on a trip to Scotland, been obliged to put in at North Shields, from whence she had that morning received a letter from him by post.

Up started Ned, on the spur of the moment, and set off briskly in the direction of North Shields, to see his cousin, whom he had often heard spoken of as one of the best-hearted fellows in the world. He remembered, also, having once seen Frank at his father's, many years before, and Frank had then won his heart, by presenting him with a silver penny. Ned was a good walker, and, in spite of sundry deviations in his journey, which he was compelled to make, to avoid passing through Middleton or Newcastle, where he had some relatives, he discovered the sea and North Shields between two and three in the morning.

Afraid of exciting suspicion on entering the town at so early an hour in the morning, he strolled down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat lying high and dry, he crept into it, and covering himself up with the sail, again commended himself to sleep. He was wakened, about seven o'clock, by the owners of the boat, who came to prepare for putting her out to sea. He inquired whether his cousin Frank's vessel was still in the harbour; and, to his great joy and contentment, was answered in the affirmative; the fisherman, besides, directing him to a public-house where there were, at that moment, some of the crew. With great glee Edwin set off for the public-house in question, where, on entering the parlour, he recognised, at the first glance, the good-humoured happy face of Frank Chambers; and Frank also recollected him, after he heard his name. The greeting was cordial on both sides; and Ned, after having eaten a hearty breakfast, to which he was pressed by Frank, took him aside, and told him that he wished he would walk out with him, as he had something of consequence to communicate. When Frank learned the deplorable situation of his cousin, he did not at first rightly know what to make of him, as the vessel to which he belonged was expected to set sail in a few hours.

"Oh, take me with you!" cried Ned, with an imploring look, which had its full effect upon the kind-hearted Frank; for then he just recollected that the captain, who was old and bad-sighted, stood in need of a boy to keep his books, he himself being now unfit for the task.

This was news, indeed, to Edwin, who, after begging of Frank to allow him a short time that he might write a few lines to his parents, just to keep their minds easy, ere he set sail upon the blue waters, was ready by the time the boat was got in order to put off with the crew for the *Vulcan*, which lay in the offing, waiting the pleasure of the winds, which were steadily veering round to the most favourable quarter.

In something less than an hour, they reached the vessel in safety, which, to Edwin, who had never before been so near such an immense craft, somewhat damped his spirits as he then began to think that such a very small rascal as himself could never be of any use on board; and the appearance of the captain did not give hope to his gloomy apprehensions. He was a squat, little, old gentleman, apparently turned of sixty, with bristly gray hair and eyebrows to match, overhanging a pair of the most ill-tempered looking eyes in the world. He was standing with a mop in his hand, vociferously swearing at one lad for not using it like a seaman, and at another for having burnt a hole in the bottom of the tea-kettle, the while he seemed to feel delight at the terror he inspired.

Edwin pulled Chambers by the sleeve, and whispered him that it would be better to defer his introduction till a more propitious moment.

"Pooh!" said Frank, "it's his way, man. We may wait till doomsday, and never get him in a better humour than he is at the present moment." Then, turning to the captain, he said, "Rot and sink all these confounded mops and tea-kettles. See here, sir, here's a boy—a cousin of my own—quite able and willing to take the lubber's work of writing and counting off your hands. You told me to look out for a chap o' the sort; and, ye see, he's of the right sort, I can assure you!"

"Hem!—ha!—indeed!" retorted the captain, eyeing Ned with his little gray twinklers. "And can you cast up on a slate, my younker, figures to the tune of twenty, without a blunder. Eh, sir?"

Edwin boldly said he was sure he could.

"Then," said the captain, "turn down into the cabin, and I'll give you something to do in a little, you lubber."

He then turned from Ned, who, upon the hint, followed Frank down the companion ladder, and began again, with all his might, swearing at the poor lad who had been the means of letting the bottom of the kettle be burnt. And this was Ned's first introduction to the sea service.

The first trip which the *Vulcan* made was from Hull to Hamburgh; and though the captain professed himself only tolerably satisfied—but, to be sure, he never was wholly so—with the clear manner in which Edwin Falkner kept his books, that, upon their arrival at Hamburgh he rewarded him beyond his expectations. From this port Ned again wrote to his parents, telling them how contented he was with his present mode of life, and entreating their permission to remain in it. He concluded by requesting them to write him to the post-office, Hull, where he would get their letter upon his return, secretly hoping that it might

contain news of the death of Old Maillie, and whether it had made any noise in Middleton.

On their return to Hull, the captain, rather pleased than otherwise with Ned, though he did not choose to acknowledge it, made him an offer of continuing him in the situation, which he gladly accepted—the more so, as he had received a very affectionate letter from his mother, wherein she informed him that his father was so angry at his manner of leaving home, that it would be advisable for him to remain away a short time longer. She also went on to state that Edwin's sister, Susan, had departed with a family for Malta, in the capacity of lady's maid. No mention was made of Maillie; but his mother observed they had at first concluded that he and Tom Martin had gone off together, as their sudden disappearance had taken place on the same night.

Rendered more easy in mind by the receipt of this letter, Edwin applied himself with assiduity to his calling. He and his cousin were daily becoming firmer friends. The *Vulcan* made several trading voyages to various ports; and Edwin was quite delighted with the life of a sailor. For several years the same round of business was gone through by Edwin every day, except when in a foreign port—then there was more work necessary to be done in the ledger than when the *Vulcan* lay at anchor in the Humber, or when sailing across the German Ocean. And thus his life might have passed for many years more, had not an unfortunate circumstance occurred when Edwin was about eighteen years of age: this was no other than his being pressed, along with Frank Chambers and three other young men, on the quay at Hull, and being immediately hurried off to Portsmouth, and placed on board the *Hamadryad*, a seventy-four, lying under sailing orders.

At first, this was a sort of annoyance to Edwin and Frank; but ere they had been two days on board, they, with the other pressed men, caught so much of that spirit which individualizes a British sailor, that they felt proud of treading the King's oak, and began to look back with scorn on their former insignificant calling. In a short time the *Hamadryad*, with five other ships of the line, weighed anchor, and set sail for the Mediterranean, to join the grand fleet lying off Cadiz.

Being seized with the spirit of enthusiasm, the crew of the *Hamadryad* ardently looked forward to an engagement with the enemy; but, alas! they were doomed to be disappointed; for a tempest, separating them from the rest of the squadron, they were beat about for several days, during which the *Hamadryad* suffered considerable damage—her fore-staysail and part of the rigging being completely torn away.

From the moment of this accident, they were compelled to wear the ship under a mainsail; and, to make amends for the loss of the fore-staysail, the lieutenant, being an expert seaman, watched the ship's falling off, in order to lay to upon the other tack. He then ordered the helm to be put aweather, and, as she fell off, desired the sheet to be eased aft; but this motion not answering, he sent some hands up into the foreshrouds with tarpaulins. Still the vessel would not wear, so the mainsheet was again hauled aft, and she was laid to as before. A piece of canvass was then lashed round the lee-quarter of the spritsail-yard; the yard was topped up to prevent the sail filling with water when it was loosed. When the ship fell off, the helm was put aweather, the lee-yardarm of the foresail cast loose, and the sheet hauled aft; care being taken to ease off the mainsheet, gather aft the weatherbrace, raise the tack, and gather aft the sheep, as she exhibited symptoms of again falling off. Away boomed the ship before the wind, which was the signal for the seamen to get the other tack on board, square the spritsail-yard, furl the sail, ease down the helm, haul close aft the mainsheet, and haul the bowline. By these proceedings they got the ship to wear for sometime; but, again falling off, they were obliged to do the same work over again; for the lieutenant was averse to adopt the last expedient available in such an extremity—that of cutting away the mizenmast—and thus the vessel continued, alternately wearing and falling off for the space of a whole day and night.

The wind at length abated, but was almost instantly succeeded by a thick haze. They made their way as well as they could; and, towards midnight, they fell in with two vessels, which they at first believed to be their own. Of this they were soon fatally convinced to the contrary. The vessels were Spanish—one of ninety guns, and the other of eighty-four—to which they were speedily compelled to strike, after a short but unavailing resistance. Half of the men were then removed from the *Hamadryad* into one of the enemy's ships, and their places supplied by double the number of Spaniards.

After ten days' sailing, they were all landed on the coast of Valencia, coupled two and two, and dispersed throughout the country in small detachments. By great good luck, Edwin and Frank, who, at landing, had kept next each other, were put into the same couples, and marched off to Velatra—a small town, in the suburbs of which stood a lofty castle, with seven towers. In the strongest of these Edwin and his friend were destined to be confined, and from which, on their first entrance, they could perceive no chance of escaping—the stone-bound chamber in which they were secured being near the top of the tower, and the only opening it had, besides the strong iron-fenced door, being one small window, at a great height from the ground.

From this apartment they were never permitted to stir, unless under the surveillance of their jailor; and even then only for a few minutes walk upon the terraced ramparts of the tower, to which they ascended by winding steps. Day after day rolled by, with nothing to mark the one from the other; but Frank and Ned bore their tedious confinement with manly fortitude, buoyed up, as they were, with the hope of a speedy exchange of prisoners. From the terrace on which they were allowed to take an airing, the depth below them appeared frightful; and Ned, whenever he caught himself looking directly down upon the earth beneath them, turned away his eyes with horror from the sight to some far off object. In their walks, our prisoners used frequently to pass, upon the terrace, a lady, veiled; but they never were allowed to accost her; and all the information regarding her they could glean from the jailor was, that she was a prisoner like themselves, but in consequence of the love his master, Don Gomez de las Casas bore towards her, she was allowed greater liberty than any one else who had ever before been confined there. One day, while on the terrace, Frank and the jailor being engaged in an unintelligible sort of conversation, chiefly through the medium of signs, Ned, seeing the lady approaching, continued to loiter behind them for the purpose at least of speaking to her, if not of seeing her face. In passing, however, she exhibited no inclination to stop, but hastily thrust a small pacquet into his hand, and disappeared down the winding steps. Ned had barely time to thrust the pacquet into his breast, ere the jailor turned round to look for him.

On the moment of their return to their prison, Ned drew forth the pacquet, and telling Frank how mysteriously it had come into his possession, began unfolding it. The first object that presented itself to him was a key, which removing, he found a letter underneath, written in a fine female hand, and in pure English. Its contents ran thus:—

"I am an Englishwoman and love my country. You are a Briton, and I furnish you with the means of your escape. The key enclosed is a duplicate one of your prison

door. Do not use it till the clock strikes one. At that hour, ascend the steps to the ramparts, where you will find the implements for your escape. Once on the ground, fly to an arbour in the garden at the back of this tower. A scaling-ladder, which will enable you to get over the walls, will be there. A course, the westward from hence, will bring you into Portugal, where the English are free. Think not of me, but fly. Although seemingly allowed greater liberty than you, I am more narrowly watched; and, were I seen to speak to you, you would be more closely confined than before. God speed you well, and bless all Protestant people.—Amen."

With what eagerness did Ned and his companion look forward to the hour of one. At last it came; and, after invoking a benediction upon the head of their countrywoman, they passed from their prison and stood upon the ramparts. It was a clear moonlight night, and the scene below was peculiarly grand. On searching for the promised means of escape, they soon found them in a niche in the wall. They consisted of a coil of strong ropes, with a loop at one end, firmly tied, and made so as to fix upon one of the abutments. With joy did Ned and Frank fix the rope in its place; yet each in his turn hesitated to descend it. The height was fearful. They agreed to cast lots, and the chance fell upon Edwin. Kneeling down, and commending himself to the especial care of that Providence which deserts us not in the hour of need, he felt his heart strengthened, and, without deigning to cast a look over the height, he caught the rope and swung himself over the projecting battlement. He had descended a very little way, when the friction against his hands made them so sore, that, fearful of not being able to endure it long enough, he increased the velocity of his motion; but, with dismay, found that he had reached the end of the rope while still at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. At that moment he felt the rope shaken from above; and, O horror! on casting his eyes upwards, he saw, by the pale and misty light of the moon, the figure of a man standing on the verge of the battlement, with an uplifted axe in his hand, ready to sever the rope from its restingplace. A moment, and it descended, and he fell to the ground with the rope in his grasp. Fortunately for him, the spot on which he had fallen was soft earth; and having received no hurt, he hastily arose. A scream—the most horrible he ever heard—waking the echoes around, smote upon his ear, and the next instant something heavy fell within a few paces of where he stood. It was the body of a man—Ned's quondam jailor—yet warm and reeking, and in his deadly hold was firmly clutched a ponderous axe. The form of Frank Chambers struggling on the ramparts in the hands of armed men, was the next sight that met Edwin's eyes. He could look no more, and he sunk fainting to the ground. It was some time ere he recovered; but when memory was again restored to her vacant seat, he became fully alive to the horrors with which he was surrounded; and, on the instant, he flew to the bower so well described in the strange communication of the veiled lady, where, true to her promise, he found the scaling ladder, and beside it a letter. Hastily tearing it open, he read:—

"Fear not for your friend. I shall see to his comforts. You should have gone *alone*."

His fears for the safety of Frank, being, by this letter, much lessened, if not entirely set aside, he threw up the scaling ladder with alacrity, and was soon on the other side of the wall. Setting off, as nimbly as he could, in the direction where he had always observed, from the towet in which he had been confined, the setting sun, he ran and walked a considerable way before daybreak; when, striking into a deep wood, where there was abundance of wild fruit, he determined to rest there, for his greater security, till evening.

The next night, he advanced in the same manner: and, on the following morning, ventured into a poor village, where he received some scraps of provisions, which, though insufficient to appease his hunger, contributed, with sleep, to recruit his strength. Thus he continued to make his way, every step he took adding fresh vigour to his hopes of soon reaching Portugal in safety, and obtaining relief from the English residents in Lisbon: sometimes receiving co pious charity, and at others very scanty fare, until, on the seventh day after his escape from the tower, a lamentable accident befell him. Traversing the southern part of Estremadura, towards the eastward of Badajos, he suddenly found his progress impeded by one of those tributary streams that flow into the Guadiana. It was a mountain torrent, not broad, but foaming with great impetuosity. Finding it two deep for wading, he pulled off his clothes, made them up into a bundle, which he fixed upon his head, and plunged into the river to swim over, where it shewed least fury. Nearly overwhelmed with the weight of water, he thought of nothing but his own safety. At length, with considerable difficulty he reached the opposite shore; but, to his dismay, discovered that, during his struggles with the torrent he had lost his bundle. Here was a situation. Alone in a strange country—

"Houseless, homeless, abject—"

Without food and without raiment. Bitterly did he curse the unlucky chance which had forced him to become a sailor; but it was useless to repine, so he proceeded on his way, for some hours, under a burning sun, until he reached a human habitation. It was a small cabaret on the outskirts of a town, which he afterwards learned was Badajos. Overcome with sorrow and fatigue, he sank down at the door; for, in his forlorn condition, he feared to enter the house. Fortunately for him the mistress of it soon made her appearance. She observed his miserable condition, and humanely ordered him to be carried into an outhouse, where some food and clothes were brought him. Anxiety regarding the fate of Frank Chambers, which, despite the assurances of the veiled lady, he began to nourish, and grief for his own situation, added to bodily fatigue, brought on a fever. He wished not for assistance, deeming his life of no value; but the care and attention of the worthy landlady restored him, and, in a few weeks, he was able to resume his journey. With tears of gratitude glistening in his eyes, he thanked his kind hostess at his departure. Gold he had none to give: he had nothing left him in the wide world to bestow but the blessings of a grateful heart.

In time he was able slowly to prosecute his journey to Lisbon, which he reached late on a gloomy November evening; but here he found not the hospitality he had met with at Badajos. He was repulsed from several wretched-looking inns, with the advice to seek his countrymen if he wanted relief. It was too late to do so; and, having obtained a morsel of coarse bread and a piece of meat, from a good-natured friar, who beheld him with pity, he sought only for a retired corner in some obscure street, where he might rest undisturbed till morning.

He soon found such a place as he wished for, in a wide and lonely street, formed by only a few houses, each having a long garden wall that connected them with each other. In front of the farthest off house there was a quantity of straw, seemingly as if furniture had lately been unpacked there. This he drew together in a heap into the most remote corner, and, throwing himself down upon it, soon sunk to sleep. From this he was awakened in the middle of the night, by a sudden glare of light from a lanthern, and the sound of voices, in his immediate vicinity.

"But, senhor," said one fellow, with a guitar slung across his shoulders, "it is quite impossible that we can play unless we get the additional cruzada each. Four cruzadas wont repay us for the trouble we have had in getting up so early."

"Cormorants!" said a voice, which Edwin fancied he knew. "Did you not agree with me for the sum of four cruzadas, when I hired you?"

"We certainly did," was the reply; "but, as you were fool enough to give it us beforehand, we have you completely in our power. So, senhor, either give us the other cruzada, or we'll be off. No money, no music!"

"Zounds!" cried the second speaker, but immediately checking himself, as if he thought it not worth his while to get into a passion with a parcel of "strolling mummers," he pulled out his purse, and threw each of them an additional coin. With this they seemed quite satisfied; for immediately afterwards the trio—for there were other two musicians besides the one who was spokesman—struck up the beautiful air of '*Deh! Vieni a la Fenestra,*' from the finest opera in existence—Don Giovanni—to which they sang these words, not very appropriate, to be sure, considering the season of the year, but, perhaps, just about as much so as the words of any other serenade:—

"The day is at its breaking,
The lark her flight is taking,
And, with her music, waking
The world to care and toil;
All nature waits to greet thee,
And rosebuds fain to meet thee,
With dewy tears entreat thee
To ope them with a smile.

"The eastern sky is beaming,
And golden glory, streaming
On the bright blue waters, gleaming,
Proclaims the day 's begun;
Lighter the form thou bearest—
Brighter the smile thou wearest—
Awake, awake, my fairest!—
Awake! and shame the sun."

The lady bright, whom this serenade was intended to be directed to, seemed to have "taken the hint herself," and got up from her slumbers; for Edwin instantly saw a window, directly overhead, thrown up, and heard a female voice exclaim—

"Marquis?"

"It is indeed your adoring Garcias," said the young gentleman who had paid the musicians. "The ladder—quick!"

The lady retired from the window; and, during the interval betwixt that and her return, the stranger dismissed the musicians. A rope-ladder was let down from the window, and the stranger instantly mounted it, and disappeared into the room. The ladder was then drawn up, and the window closed.

In about an hour afterwards, the stranger was again in the street; and, kissing his hand to the fair unknown, wrapped his cloak around him, and walked briskly away. Upon his jumping from the window, Edwin had observed that he dropped a paper. It still lay upon the ground, and Edwin's first act was to secure it. The scene he had just witnessed, he had no doubt, was just one of the everyday incidents which happen on the Continent; and he would not have troubled his head farther about the matter, had not his curiosity been roused by the sound of the stranger's voice. Hastily concealing the paper in his bosom, he walked after the stranger, always keeping him in sight, yet never venturing near enough to give him occasion to suspect that he was followed. After divers turnings and windings, through numberless streets and lanes, Edwin observed the stranger enter a low little shop, in a very obscure part of the town; the inmates of which seemed to be awake, and transacting business, at that early hour. It seemed to be a sort of pawnbroker's establishment. Edwin crept close under the window, in which, luckily, there was a broken pane. He looked in, and there saw the stranger, or, as he had been called, the Marquis, disrobing himself of the habiliments of a rich grandee, and putting on in their stead a plain suit.

"There," said he, to the shopkeeper—"there's your dress again, and here's the two moidores for the loan of it. I can easily afford to pay them," he added, laughing, "as I have made a pretty night's work of it."

"Indeed!" said the keeper of the shop. "What have you got to-night?"

"Look here!" cried the *soi-disant* Marquis. "Doesn't this make your eyes glisten?" And, as he spoke, he drew forth, from the folds of his cloak, a dozen of gold teaspoons, a set of brilliants, and various other trinkets, besides a quantity of gold coin. "These," said he, "were all filched the time my adorable had gone down stairs for a cup of wine for me. Ain't it a tidy job?"

"Yes—rather," was the rejoinder. "But, come now, what am I to have these trinkets for? You know I'll give you as good a price for them as any in the city—say twenty cruzadas?"

"You'd like them, wouldn't ye, for that? No—no; I must have something more, or it's no bargain."

After bidding, cruzada by cruzada, till he reached five moiadobras, the Jewish slopseller obtained the trinkets, and the Marquis prepared to depart. Edwin drew back a few paces from the shop; but, after waiting fully half an hour, and the Marquis not appearing, he concluded that he must either have gone out by another door, or was about to stay all night in the Jew's; and he returned to his old quarters, thinking over the transactions to which he had just been a witness, and the more and more convinced of the fact that he had seen the Marquis somewhere before, but where he could not for the life of him tell. Turning over on his straw pallet, he lay there wakeful till the morning, when, cold and cheerless, he arose, and, shaking himself was about to knock at the gate of the house which had during the night, been the scene of the Marquis' peculations, for the purpose of craving a word with the owner and informing him of all of which he had been a silent spectator, when the gate opened, and a servant man, with a pitcher in his hand, came out to draw water at a neighbouring fountain. As he passed Edwin, he was humming the well-known air so grateful to a British ear—"God, Save the King!"

"An Englishman!" cried Edwin, turning round in an ecstasy. The man stopped, looked earnestly at him, and, after a pause, said—

"Ay, to be sure!"

"Then Heaven be praised!" said Edwin. "And your master—is he English too?"

"Yes," replied the man; "we be all English at our house."

He had scarcely finished his sentence when the gate was suddenly opened, and other two servants issued forth with speed.

"Seize that fellow!" cried the foremost; and, ere Edwin could say a word, he was in the custody of his acquaintance with the water pitcher, who was in nowise a nerveless man.

"Of what am I accused?" inquired Edwin.

"Oho! you'll see that when you come afore master." And, upon the instant, the trio dragged him through the gate, across the garden, and into the house.

The room he was ushered into was a neat little parlour, elegantly furnished. Two gentlemen, one elderly, and the other a comparatively young man, whom Ned afterwards found were merchants, and partners, and by name Mande-

ville and Bertram, sat at breakfast. Three young men, seemingly warehouse clerks, were seated at a respectful distance.

"Here's one of the rogues, master," cried the first servant, on my entrance. "We found him lurking about the gate. I saw him there all the morning."

"Ah, indeed, John!" said Mr Mandeville; "you have been prompt in taking him. And now, John, be kind enough to run for the alcaid, and we'll see what's to be made of him."

"Stay!" exclaimed Edwin, seeing the footman about to depart; then, turning to Mr Mandeville, he asked what crime he had committed.

"Only robbery, that's all," coolly observed the junior partner, as he discussed an *omelette souffle*.

"Robbery!" echoed Ned.

"Yes, robbery, sir!" said the gentleman who had spoken last. "You need not pretend ignorance. My friend, Mr Mandeville, here, has been robbed of several valuable articles during the night; and you, sir, being found lurking about the premises, are, no doubt, the culprit."

"Really, sir," said Ned, glowing with indignation, "this is a most summary method of deciding upon a man's guilt. But, sir, I must say you are wrong for once in your life with regard to me. I am no thief; and to you I will say no more. If Mr Mandeville, however, will give me his private ear for a few minutes, perhaps I may be able to throw some light upon the matter."

"Hem!" said Mr Bertram, biting his lip. "I thought so—private audience—indeed. But Mr Mandeville can do as he pleases—I say nothing."

And Mr Mandeville did do as he pleased; for, nowise afraid of being alone with a putated thief, he took Edwin into an adjoining apartment, where everything that Edwin had seen was revealed to him. He seemed somewhat doubtful of the truth of the statement; but he believed it all when the paper which Edwin had secured was exhibited to him.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "it is my daughter's writing; and is it thus an only child abuses the confidence of a fond, doating father? Why—why are children given us for this?"

The old gentleman, previously agitated, was seemingly very much vexed, when, on reading the letter, he found that his daughter was in the habit of having nightly meetings with an unknown cavalier, and one whom, to his horror, he now found was an imposter. He thanked Edwin for his exertions, cautioned him to say nothing of the letter to any one, and ended by asking him what were his prospects. Encouraged by his affability, Edwin gave him a short sketch of his story, and said that his wish was now to obtain a situation in a mercantile house.

He had no sooner mentioned his wish, than Mr Mandeville rang the bell, and desired to see Mr Watson, his head clerk. The white-headed old bookkeeper almost immediately obeyed the summons, and to his care Mr Mandeville consigned Edwin.

"Take him down to your office, Mr Watson, and give him something to do, by which you can judge of his abilities. And come back to me, Mr Watson; I shall want to consult with you."

Mr Watson did as he was instructed. He and his master were closeted together some time. In about an hour afterwards he went down to Edwin, and, having expressed his approbation of the neat and correct manner in which he had done the work entrusted to his care, said that he had secured him a situation that, at least, might lead to better things. He continued by informing him that Mr Mandeville was grateful to him for what he had done. Part of the stolen goods had already been recovered, but the robber was nowhere to be traced—the slopseller denying all knowledge of him, and even asserting that he was not aware that the goods had been stolen, or he would never have purchased them. He further mentioned that, through the instrumentality of Miss Mandeville's maid, it had been ascertained that her mistress had laid a plan for an elopement, that very night, with the false Marquis.

Acting upon the information he had thus obtained from his daughter's waiting-woman, Mr Mandeville gave orders for his carriage to be brought to the door, and sent Mr Watson to his daughter with a message that, not being very well, he purposed driving to Cintra for an airing, and wished she would accompany him. The young lady returned a message of assent, and off the carriage drove, not to Cintra, but to a country-house of his near the Torres Vedras, where he left her under the espionage of her former governess, an acute old gentlewoman, whose vigilance she knew it was not easy to deceive. All this was kept very quiet from his partner; for Mr Mandeville had long indulged the hope of making a match between him and his daughter. He merely mentioned the circumstance of the robber having been seen entering the house, and the place where the stolen things were found.

Edwin was very comfortable in his new situation. He was active and diligent, and anxious to obtain the favour of his masters. Mr Watson was well pleased with him, and one day informed him, by Mr Mandeville's directions, that it would be his own fault if he did not establish himself in a permanent situation; for Mr Peters, the under clerk, having proved himself very incompetent to the business required of him, and being, moreover, of a negligent and dissipated turn, the partners were anxious for his dismissal, yet as he had been with them many years, Mr Mandeville could not bring himself to give the poor fellow his leave, knowing that he would be thrown upon the world destitute. In a very short time after this announcement, Mr Peters died, and Edwin Falkner succeeded him as second clerk.

All this time, Miss Mandeville remained shut up in the country, whither her father and Mr Bertram made frequent excursions, the object for which they were undertaken being the long-desired one of the old man's heart—to have his daughter married to his partner. Perhaps, weariness of her confinement, more than any other reason, at length, induced Miss Mandeville to consent to the proposal; and no sooner was her assent notified, than she was brought back by her fond father to Lisbon, where, in about a month afterwards, the marriage was solemnized. The term of partnership between Messrs Mandeville & Bertram being, about this time, expired, the latter confined himself to one particular branch of the trade, and removed to another house in the neighbourhood. In the following year, Mr Mandeville thought proper to make Mr Watson his acting partner, and Edwin was then advanced to the situation of head clerk, with a most liberal advance of salary.

By trading frequently on his own account, under the favour and advice of Mr Mandeville and his new partner, Edwin had great opportunities of improving his circumstances, so that, at the end of ten years, he found himself master of a very respectable capital. At this period, Mrs Bertram having lost several children, each of them very soon after its birth, took it into her head that the climate of Portugal did not agree with her; and the inclinations of her husband to settle in England, happening to coincide with her own, their removal to Liverpool was soon determined upon—the atmosphere of London being deemed even more unwholesome than that of Lisbon. But, upon this occasion, he thought it advisable that he also should have a partner; and Mr Mandeville, unknown to Edwin, recommended Mr Bertram to make him the offer. This was done, and accepted. The articles were drawn up, and

Edwin left Lisbon with regret; but the prospect of voyages thither, made him less feel the parting from friends for whom he could not but entertain the warmest and most lasting affection.

It was only now that Edwin, for the first time, saw Mrs Bertram. He was taken into the room where she was, by Mr Mandeville, for the purpose of being introduced to her; and what was his surprise, on entering, to perceive a little squat figure, with anything but a handsome countenance, in which there was an expression indicative of habitual ill temper. She received him with politeness, talked, like most other women, of things in general, and nothing in particular, expressed her great joy at leaving Lisbon for "Merrie England," and trusted that he felt equally happy with herself at what she was pleased to term "a happy prospect." The thought that occupied Edwin's mind, during the time that he looked upon the ugly little figure before him, from a feeling of delicacy towards the fair sex, we must, at present, omit.

Edwin's first concern, after having been some short time in England, was to proceed to Newcastle to see his parents. He found his mother his only surviving relative in that part of the world, and joyful to her was his return. On inquiry, he learned for the first time that Maillie's body, having been found by some peasants, was decently interred, and no questions asked, and that Tom Martin had never been heard of. Edwin was anxious that his mother should accompany him to Liverpool; but she steadily refused to leave the place of her nativity. He then left her, promising to see her soon again: but it was some considerable time ere he could fulfil his promise; for his partner being of opinion that, if a branch of their establishment were fixed in Glasgow, it would turn out for their ultimate advantage Edwin set forward to that city, where he took premises, and began business. But business, in those days, would no more come in of its own accord than it does in our more modern days. It required to be sought after; and, in consequence, Edwin was compelled to pay occasional visits to the neighbouring towns.

It was during a trip of this kind to Greenock, that he met with an adventure which is worth recording. His business being all transacted, Edwin returned in the evening to take his ease in his inn; and after a due supply of tea, cigars, toddy, and other etceteras, in the solitary discussion of which the night wore away, he rang the bell, and desired to be conducted to his sleeping apartment. A delay of some minutes ensued, at the termination of which the chambermaid, a stout, blowsy, country wench, made her appearance with a massive brass candlestick in her terrific clutch. She led the way along a circuitous passage, at the extremity of which she pushed open a door, and intimated to Edwin that this was the chamber that had been prepared for him. It was a dreary looking room enough; but as Edwin was aware that he could not always carry "the comforts o' the Sautmarket at his back," he resolved to put up with it; so, after examining the sheets upon the bed, to see whether they had been well aired—a precaution which we recommend to all inexperienced travellers—he took possession of the candle, and dismissed his attendant.

The inn at which Edwin had put up, was a two-story house of rather a forbidding aspect; but it was the best in Greenock. The room to which he had been conducted was at the back of the house, on the ground floor. There were no shutters to the window; but, as Edwin was a fearless man, this gave him little or no concern, so, quickly undressing himself, he tumbled into bed, and soon fell fast asleep.

Towards the morning, Edwin was awakened by a noise at the window of the room, and, on looking out of bed, distinctly saw, by the imperfect light of the gray dawn, the figure of a man on the outside of the house, in the act of raising the window-sash. It was as yet too early, Edwin thought, to alarm the house, and, as cowardice was not amonghis foibles, he resolved to get under the bed and watch the proceedings of the ruffian, whose intentions, he felt quite convinced, were nefarious, and who, he had no doubt, would, on seeing the bed itself tenantless, immediately retire by the way he came. Edwin was, however, mistaken in this; for the man, on opening the window, reeled into the room, advanced to the bed, and threw himself down on his face upon it with his clothes on. The loud snoring of the man, shortly after this, proved to Edwin that he was sound asleep, and he was just preparing to leave his hiding place, when another person suddenly entered the room by the same way as the first had done.

The new comer advanced cautiously and with stealthy steps, and Edwin fancied he saw the blade of a knife glitter in his hand. He crept towards the bed—the moment afterwards Edwin heard a groan, a struggle in the bed; and the man, with the knife in his hand, rushed forward, and darted through the window. Edwin would have followed, but he was unarmed; what, therefore, would his force have availed against that of a ruffian armed, doubtless, at all points. His first act was to see to the condition of the man in the bed. In horror, he beheld him weltering in his blood, mortally wounded. He had, seemingly, been stabbed in the back, and the weapon had penetrated his heart.

Edwin was naturally anxious to get away as fast as possible from a house where such bloody deeds were evidently in the custom of being frequently enacted. He, therefore, left his room and went in search of some one who could get his horse in readiness. The landlord, a stable-boy, and the stout servant woman, were in the kitchen, when Edwin entered. The moment the landlord saw him, he cried out, "A ghost, a ghost!" and fell down in a faint.

Upon this trifling evidence, Edwin had the landlord taken up for the murder he had seen committed. The landlord, after having been a short time in jail, confessed that he was the guilty person; and what aggravated his crime was that the murdered man proved to be—*his own son*, who, being an habitual drunkard, seldom returned home before morning, and he was always in such a happy state, that he did not trouble himself much about the method of effecting an entrance into his father's house, and he was not very particular in what bed he slept.

The landlord was brought to trial for the murder, for which he was condemned, and executed.

Edwin's assiduity yearly improved the business in Glasgow. He was successful even beyond Mr Bertram's wishes; and, finding himself in so prosperous a situation, he bethought him of taking unto himself a partner for life. His circle of female friends was narrow; and, among them all, he could see none who met his taste so well as Miss Margaret M'Vittie. All was arranged for their union: but the fatal missive, acquainting Edwin with the circumstance of his mother's illness, reached him, and he was compelled to delay his happiness till that day week. That hour of happiness never came; why it did not the sequel will shew.

THE MERCHANT OF GLASGOW.

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE

QUARTER-DECK AND THE COUNTING-HOUSE.

THE hour of five was just chiming as Edwin Falkner turned his horse's head towards Edinburgh, on the morning following that on which he had bade a temporary adieu to Margaret M'Vittie, for the purpose of visiting the death-bed of his mother. Leaving behind him the city patronized by the pious "Sanct Mungo," who, notwithstanding his alleged predilection for counting

"Ye beadis of ye barlie bree,"

in preference to all other kinds of "beadis," was certainly rather a respectable sort of gentleman, considering the benefits he bestowed on the capital of the Far West. Edwin took the road by Airdrie and Bathgate; and, after some necessary detentions, occasioned by his own feeding and that of his horse, arrived safely in Edinburgh shortly after mid-day.

A change has come o'er the spirit of the Modern Athens since those days. As he rode down the High Street, the houses which were familiar to his sight had all been swept away by the effacing fingers of "Improvement," to which, like the Dragon of yore,

"Houses and churches
Are as geese and turkeys."

The old Weigh-house, the Tolbooth, the Krames, the Luckenbooths, the City Guardhouse, *cum multis alies*, have all passed away; and we can but mourn their loss as having been the only connecting link between us of the earlier part of the nineteenth century and antiquity.

"Out upon Time! that for ever doth leave
Enough of the Past, for the Future to grieve
O'er that which hath been.

Edwin rode straight down to the Black-Bull Inn, then situated in the Canongate, from which, on a former visit, he recollected having obtained a conveyance to Newcastle.

"The Edinburgh of the present," as the able Author of Poetical Aspirations justly observes, "is not the Edinburgh of the past generation; it has walked out of town, it has taken to gadding and finery. It is like a good old gentleman of the old school, who has suddenly become fond of modern tastes and modern fashions, and endeavours to model his dress and his address according to the fancy of the present day. Edinburgh has altered so much of late, that I verily believe, if a citizen who died forty years ago were now permitted to 'revisit the glimpses of the moon,' he would fail to recognise the place where he had spent his days. Comparing Edinburgh as it has been with Edinburgh as it is, he would perhaps be induced to exclaim, in the words of the poet,

'Alike, alike, yet, ah! how different.'"

While dinner was preparing, he strolled into the travellers'-room, to see the newspapers. Taking up *The Edinburgh Evening Courant*, he was agreeably surprised to find there noted the arrival in Edinburgh of "Mr and Mrs Bertram from London, on their way to Glasgow;" and much more so, when he found that they were residing in the same house in which he himself at that moment was. Upon inquiry, he ascertained that they were "out walking," but were momentarily expected in to dinner—the fashionable hour for which, our readers will please to recollect, being, in those days, from one to two o'clock; so Edwin returned to the perusal of his paper.

There were, at the time of which we are treating, only two "flying post-coaches" *running* between Edinburgh and Newcastle. They took their departure at four o'clock in the morning of every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; one by way of Greenlaw and Cornhill, the other by Kelso and Wooler; and were warranted "to run through in one day, all for the sum of £1 : 6 : 6 per seat." This fact Edwin gleaned from an advertisement in the first page of the paper he was conning, garnished with an animated representation of the vehicles themselves, shaped somewhat like the gilded appurtenance of his worship the Lord Mayor of London, and which, though conducted by a driver and a postillion, and drawn by six rampant horses, seemed only capable of containing four persons each. "By this speedy conveyance," the advertisement went on to say "the public will observe, that passengers pass from Edinburgh to London, and from London to Edinburgh, in four days, for £4 : 15s. per seat;" an instance of speed which seems rather odd to us who live in the days of steamboats, railways, and boiling water.

Anxious as Edwin was to accomplish the remainder of his journey by this mode of conveyance, he saw that it could not easily be done, as, that very day being Tuesday, both coaches had started early that morning, and he was unwilling to wait a day in Edinburgh for the next vehicles, considering the little time he had to spare. He determined, therefore, to leave his own horse with his host, James Robertson, and procuring a fresh one, set forward that very afternoon upon his journey.

The meeting of Mr and Mrs Bertram with Edwin, was cordial in the extreme. He had apprised them, about ten days previously, of his intended marriage; and they having never visited Scotland before, felt this a most fitting occasion for their doing so. Being anxious to see the Modern Athens—it was *not* so called in those days—they had repaired thither first, purposing to return to Liverpool from Glasgow direct.

They wished very much that Edwin would remain with them in Edinburgh, one day at least, to see the lions; but when informed of the urgency of his expedition, they did not press his further stay; and he was accordingly per-

* Little more then thirty years before the era of our tale, a journey to London was even a much more serious matter than this, as the following advertisement from *The Caledonian Mercury* of the time will testify:—

"This is to advertise all noblemen, gentlemen, or others, that they may be served with a close-bodied coach, winter or summer, to London, for thirty pounds sterling, or any place on that road, paying proportionably, having change of horses on the road for perfecting the same. They are to call at Mr Baillie's, at the head of Canongate, who is appointed to agree for the same.

"Performed by Joshua Perry, at York."

Only think of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, in those days, being obliged, every time they contemplated a journey to London, to set about the formation, in the first instance, of a joint-stock company to defray the hire of the coach!

mitted to depart shortly after dinner, Mr and Mrs Bertram insisting, however, on his taking their old and faithful servant, Dominique, as his attendant in his solitary ride.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when Edwin and the hoary-headed domestic reached Fala. Here, to their indescribable annoyance, Dominique discovered that his horse had slipped a shoe. As it was past the working hours of all handicraftsmen, there was considerable difficulty experienced ere the village smith could be procured; and even then, ere he could be brought to lend his aid towards supplying the deficiency. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the hour of ten had sounded forth ere Edwin and Dominique were again upon their way. The night air was extremely mild; and as the stars—those "gems upon the diadem of heaven"—were just beginning to twinkle forth, Edwin resolved that they should ride at least twenty miles ere they retired to rest. They had now nearly reached the top of Soutra Hill, when Dominique, seeing the dreary expanse before him, began to grow nervous, and to get somewhat alarmed.

"Oh, sir," said he, "I am so frightened! Since I have been in Scotland they have told me so much about ghosts and hobgoblins, that I am afraid—I confess it with shame—to go into a room after nightfall, without a candle; but to ride along such a black moor-looking place as this, at such a time of night, is a thing I cannot bring my mind to do. Oh, sir, do turn back; for, to go further on would be a mere tempting of Providence, I can assure you."

"Peace!" cried Edwin; "there are no hobgoblins now, man; they all fled from Scotland at the '45."

"Are you quite certain of that, sir?" inquired Dominique, in some degree enervated by the undaunted air played by Edwin.

"Quite sure," said Edwin; and, thus encouraged, Dominique rode on a considerable way in silence.

"Ah! but, sir," he cried at last, "if the ghosts and hobgoblins have fled, they have left behind them as *aboundable* and *formididdle* (so he pronounced those words) a terror."

"In what shape?" asked Edwin.

"In the shape of banditti," said Dominique, in a dismal tone of voice. "And this lonesome place"——

"Pooh!" interrupted Edwin, laughing, "is that all you are afraid of? Why, man, real banditti were never known in either England or Scotland—our island is too narrow and contracted for their movements."

"Oh, sir, I don't mean those large tribes of fellows, headed by one mysterious noble leader, in a dark cloak, hat, and feathers, who merely steal from the rich in order to oblige the poor, but your regular half-starved robbers, who make war on all who have purses in their pockets and breeches on their hinder ends."

"Well! and what though we should meet half-a-dozen such wretches? We are both of us well armed, and"——

"But it's getting so dark, sir, I'm sure I should never be able to *see* to fight."

"Dark! why, the fool's tipsy. I never saw a finer starlight night. Besides, the moon will be up in less than an hour. Come, man, don't let cowardice get the better of you."

"Cowardice! no, sir, I scorn the word."

Just as he had uttered this sentiment, there sprang up from behind some whin-bushes on the road-side three stalworth figures, who instantly rushed forward and seized the reins of our travellers' horses, at the same time commanding them to "deliver!"

The boasted courage of Dominique began, a second time, "to ooze out at his finger ends," and he sat motionless on horseback, coolly allowing the robber who held him in check, to rifle his pockets at leisure. Not so Edwin Falkner, however; for no sooner did the word "deliver" fall upon his ear, than he drew forth one of his pistols and levelled it at the head of the foremost depredator. He fired, but without effect; and, ere he could extricate another pistol from the holster, he found his arms powerfully grasped from behind, and almost immediately afterwards pinioned to his saddlehow. This was the work of the robber who had already succeeded in unhorsing Dominique.

Under the escort of these three men, whom Edwin now plainly perceived were of the gipsy race, our travellers were hurried onward for some distance across Soutra Hill. At length the cortége stopped in front of a cabin in the centre of a miscellaneous parcel of dismal-looking huts, known by the name of Lowrie's Den. There was a noise of revelry within, and the sound of many voices, as if in high altercation. The noise increased the while Edwin and his companion were detained outside, during the time that their horses were being fastened to the gable-end of the cottage; and when they were permitted to enter, the scene that met their eyes was one of no very inviting aspect. In the centre of the clay floor, amid a litter of wallets, shoes, broad bonnets, and upturned "creepies," a weatherbeaten man, probably of fifty-five years of age, with his clothes and stockings in a disordered state, was extended. Over him stood a stalworth loon, in an ill-fitting jerkin, brandishing a dagger. The man on the ground, with fear and horror in his visage, attempted to rise; but the left hand of his adversary was instantly upon his throat. Still he struggled to regain an upright posture; and would, perhaps, have succeeded in his attempt, had not a purple-faced beldame seized him from behind, and, clutching at his hair, kept him down, as she ever and anon bawled out to the fellow in the jerkin, who was meditating a thrust at his fallen foe—"Strike laigh, Rab!—strike laigh!" Not one of the motley group around seemed to take heed of the fray—it appeared to be considered as a thing of course. But these sort of proceedings Edwin could not understand—his heart recoiled from the idea of seeing a man murdered in cold blood; so he instantly rushed forward, and dashed off the intending murderer from his victim. The latter, thus relieved of one of his adversaries, was not long in settling the other; and he started to his feet and ran forward to the door with all speed imaginable, seizing, in his flight, a large clasp-knife, which lay upon an unoccupied chair. He had scarcely time to get outside, when the other was close upon him. The foremost, in desperation, pulled the door to, with a bang; but not so quickly, however, as to prevent his adversary from thrusting forth his arm. After a momentary struggle to force the door open again, the latter started back from his position with a scream, and came howling into the kitchen, exhibiting to the assembled lieges his arm minus the hand, and the lacerated stump all dripping gore.

"Haud it to the ribs, Rab!" was the instant advice of the crone who had assisted him in the fray; and, with desperate resolution, the man thrust the bloody stump against the glowing bars of the grate. After thus having stanched the blood by actual cautery, he took a knife from a shelf, and, without uttering a word, rushed forth again in evident pursuit of his enemy.*

All this had been gone through in an incredibly short space of time—so short, that Edwin had scarcely three minutes of breathing time allowed him, from the moment of his having aided the fallen man, until he was again in the grip of his captors; and all was then quiet. By the advice of the occupants of the cottage, Edwin, who, from his recent interference, began to assume a formidable appearance in their eyes, was conducted into an inner apart-

* Such a circumstance actually occurred at a solitary farm house on the borders of Dumfries and Roxburghshire.

ment, and the door locked upon him; while Dominique was led off to a place of security out doors, amidst his prayers and supplications to let him go free this once, and he would promise "never to do the like again;" that is to say, he would promise anything in nature if they would suffer him to depart: but whether he could keep his promise, was "quite another thing."

Left alone to himself, Edwin's first thought was of the means of escape. He scrutinized the room into which he had been thrust, as minutely as he could, by the imperfect light afforded him through a chink in the shutter which barricaded the window on the outside. It was, as far as he could perceive, a dismal-looking place enough: cold and comfortless, with a profusion of straw in every corner, which led him to imagine that it was occasionally used for the purpose of a dormitory. He tried the window, and found that it opened; but all hope of escape in that quarter failed, when he found that the massive outside shutter was barred on the otherside. He closed the window, and paced the apartment with an agitated air. He cursed his vile stars that had led him that way—he regretted every minute that passed, which did not bring him a jot nearer his place of destination. And thus the night wore on.

There was a clashing of bottles and glasses, and a sound of boisterous mirth issuing from the apartment from which he had been so forcibly ejected. It was something to divert his attention, so he drew towards the door, and, through a crack in one of the pannels, resolved to watch the proceedings of the "vagrant crew." Since he had been of their company there was a considerable accession to their number. They all sat promiscuously arranged, some on their neighbour's knees—the female part of them seemingly giving the preference to that sort of seat—round a long oaken board, on which were deposited oatmeal cakes, kebbucks of cheese, poultry, eggs, ham, and such other gear as the depradations of the afternoon had brought them.

> "The wrinkled beldame there you might espy,
> And ripe young maiden with the glassy eye,
> Men in their prime, and striplings dark and dun,
> Scathed with the storm, and freckled with the sun."

A motely group they were indeed to look upon.

"Ay, ay! it's all very well; but if the grawler* don't come to the nubbin chit† afore six months are over, I'm blowed." So said a short little swarthy fellow, with a southern accent, to a girl who happened to be placed next him.

"Wha is't ye're speaking aboot, Dick Squag?" inquired a raw-boned gentleman in a tattered plaid, who sat on the opposite side of the board, following his inquiry up with this pertinent advice:—"Dinna you lip‡ ony ane in my company!"

"Why, of Tom Switcher, to be sure, my Toby! him as some on 'em calls our captain. There's never no good 'll come on him, that I'm sartain sure of."

"There's nae use for being owre sure o' onything, Maister Dick. There's nae sayin what ye may come to yersel', afore sax months gae by. But I ken ye hae a sare spite at Tam Switcher; and I ken what it's for too."

"*You* know!" exclaimed the little man, half rising, with an ireful countenance; "and what do you know, Mister Macrae?"

"I ken maybe mair than ye wad gi'e me credit for kennin," was *Mister* Macrae's reply.

This reply, however, did not satisfy Dick Squag; for he called upon Macrae for an explanation of his ambiguous phrases.

"Hoot, man!" retorted Macrae; "there's nae use for making ony mair banes aboot it. The plain fact an matter o' the case is, that Nancy there has an e'e for male beauty, and she prefers Captain Switcher afore some ither o' our sma' freends here. An' *I* mann say the lassie's a judge, for she thocht a great dale o' me afore Tam cam amang us."

Squag's first impulse was to get up a quarrel with Macrae; but, after a moment's reflection, he, with an effort, suppressed his rising wrath, and sat down at the board, muttering something about the folly of a free race like them having rulers of any kind.

"Whisht, whisht, man, Dicky. Div ye no see," said the damsel at his side, directing her glance towards the entrance porch, at which a figure in a cloak and slouched hat appeared.

Advancing into the centre of the room, the gentleman with the cloak was hailed as "Captain!"

"So," said he, and, as he spoke, Edwin thought he recognised the voice as pertaining to some one he had met before, "some of you have again been making prisoners. 'Tis a useless job. Can't you take what cash the fools have about them, and let them on their way again?"

"One of the fellows was restless," quoth one of Edwin's captors, "and would not allow us to rob him like a gen'leman. If we hadn't nabbed* him, he would have raised the down† at Lauder, and its nibs‡ as well as us would have had to look out for squalls."

"And what do ye mean to make o' them, my queer cuffin?"§ was the pertinent inquiry of another of the gang.

"Hem! I don't exactly know," returned the other. "But, if we can't turn them to better account, we must just leave them here to keep company with the rats when we decamp this day week."

Here was a prospect for Edwin. His heart died within him ere the words were dry upon the speaker's lips. No hope of release—no heaven-falling dews to give a freshness to his tortured breast. All seemed dark before him—dark, dark, and gloomy.

He was aroused from his sunken state by the voice of the captain—that voice which he thought he knew—rebuking the person who had last spoken, for carelessness:—

"When you take prisoners again," said he, "see that you tie up their horses more firmly, and don't leave their loaded pistols beneath their saddlebows, to aid them, should they escape."

As he uttered these words, he drew forth from under his mantle Edwin's pistol; and, as he gazed on it, Edwin fancied he saw him give an involuntary start.

"Come, come, Switcher!" cried he that was called Macrae, "dinna let sma things like that disturb ye, man; but sit ye doon, and tak yer supper wi' the lave o' us."

Agreeable to which proposition, the captain proceeded to divest himself of his mantle and his beaver; and in so doing, disclosed to Edwin the form and features of the pretended lover of Mrs Bertram, ere she had assumed that name; whom he had followed to the Jewish dealer's hovel, in the narrow lane at Lisbon. Here was a strange enough circumstance; but Edwin was at the moment too mindful of his own perilous situation to give it much reflection.

"Sangs and clatter," as yet, seemed to be the staple commodity of the evening's entertainments. Every one in his turn essayed his vocal powers; but no song that was then sung appeared so much to please the tastes of the assembled company, or met with more applause, than one which Dick Squag gave tongue to. The air was "The Legacy." The words ran someway thus:—

> When in quod I shall calm recline,
> O bear my coat to my uncle dear;
> Shew him how stylish the gilt buttons shine,
> And bring the pewter to me, over here.

* Beggar. † Gallows. ‡ Miscall.

* Captured. † Would have given the alarm. ‡ Yourself. § Churl.

Bid him not fumble for screaves * in the pocket ;
For they long ago have taken their flight ;
And all that he'll find will be an old locket
Of Sall's, vich she gave me last Saturday night.
Tol de riddle di, fol de riddle di, &c.

"Ven the days of my kick are o'er,
Then vith my nab at some slopseller's call
He'll hang't on a peg outside his door ;
For a bob he may have it, lining and all.
Then if some cove wot has saved his bacon,
Observes it by chance in passing along,
I'm sure vith its look he'll be instantly taken,
And vatever he pays for't he can't go wrong.
Right fal liddle di, tol de rol, &c.

"Keep this pipe vich I've jist done smoking,
To grace your mug ven I'm at rest ;
Never ! O never do a thing so shocking.
As lend it to lips a pipe never pressed ;
But ven some warm tobacco lover
Is in vant of a smoke, and not one can get,
Oh ! then you are welcome to hand it him over,
While the cove pays the *piper* in heavy vet.
Tol di riddle di," &c.

There was another song, sung by a nameless wight, which seemed to be relished nearly as much as the foregoing ; but the applause which followed its delivery was not quite so universal. It was sung to an air somewhat similar to the more modern one of "All Round My Hat ;" and the words went as follow :—

All up the spout, my Sunday hat reposes,
All up the spout, for a twelvemonth and a day ;
And if any of my pals the reason vish to noses,
Tell 'em I'd no tin my lodgings for to pay.

"'Tvos a-walking through the streets von nasty vinter morning,
At a slopseller's door I this castor did espy ;
'Tvos better nor the von vich my head-piece vos adorning,
For it had a crown, and so I determined it to buy.
All up the spout, &c.

"The jew he vos old, and the jew he vos blind too,
And yet he couldn't help acheating me to try ;
And, tho' that vos a thing I never vos inclined to,
I changed my old for his NEW hat, and vanished speedily.
All up the spout, &c.

"For seven short veeks, on Sunday I did vear it,
For seven short veeks all but von half a day.
Bad luck to that chap wot for his'n has no affection ;
Oh, I'll 'lift' my hat v'enever I've the ready for to pay.
All up the spout, &c.

"There is some young men is so preciously peticlar,
Abuying of a new hat just every other day ;
For ven their old gets greasy, and its look no longer pleases,
Vy, then they takes him down, and they tosses him away.
All up the spout, &c.

"I got mine newly lined just a day before ve parted,
'Cos I vished it to look smartish ven I met vith Polly Gray ;
But my infernal landlady, so werry cruel hearted,
Came in and talked of quod, so I gave it her avay.
All up the spout," &c.

At the termination of this very edifying ditty, a dance was proposed, and unanimously agreed to. Up rose the entire company in most elegant disorder. Sandy Macrae was required to act as musician on the occasion ; and, accordingly, he was placed upon an inverted barrel, with a pair of Scotch bagpipes—that most unmelodious instrument—in his hug. Like his Satanic Majesty in Burns' exquisite and decidedly best poem, "Tam o' Shanter,

"He screwed his pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

while the dancers footed it most lustily.

"They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,"

accompanying their movements with an occasional eldrich shriek, after the most approved fashion of Scotish practitioners, who "trip it on the light fantastic toe," to their own native measures.

How long all this daffin would have, continued it is impossible to say. Edwin was quite tired of it ere it was half done. The screeching of the bagpipes, and the noise of the dancers, had imparted to him a pretty considerable headach. As for sleeping, even had he been so inclined, and could have felt secure in his present situation, it was as a thing impossible. After some half-hour spent in bewailing his unlucky fate, and in pacing his chamber, he returned to his old station at the door, as a silent spectator, through a crevice, of the proceedings of the gipsy crew, just in time to witness the sudden interruption of their orgies, caused by the entrance of him of the bloody stump, dragging in Dominique with his left hand.

"Fiuly ! fiuly !" cried the savage ; "ye would a' pe tance tancing there like a parcel o' porn idiwuts, tho time your prishoner was nearly make his escape."

At this announcement of the desperate doings of poor Dominique, the company at large expressed their most unlimited surprise. Escape, indeed ! such an atrocious piece of impudence was quite unparalleled in their annals ; and, by way of retaliating upon Dominique for the injury he had done them, they bandied him about from one to another, with the greatest dexterity imaginable, for some time, until it was proposed by Dicky Squag that they should souse the offender in the well.

Shouts expressive of unanimity rent the air at this proposal, and Dominique was hurried along to the farther extremity of the apartment, the well being located in the utmost corner thereof, the mouth of which was entirely covered by a broad flat stone. This stone was raised, and the gipsies were about to carry their design into execution, when Captain Switcher, who had for the last ten minutes been quietly seated at the table by himself, sprang into the midst of them, and commanded them to desist.

"Who cries hold ?" said Squag, erecting his little figure to its utmost height, and confronting the captain. "It's all very well for you, Tom Switcher, to say ve shan't do this and ve shan't do that ; but I'm coored * if ve of the old gang don't do jist as ve please ; so put that in your pipe and smoke it."

At first, the captain only contemplated his antagonist with a frown ; but as the fellow proceeded in his speech, he began to grow tetchy, and by the time the little man had finished, he was in a tolerably decent passion.

"Audacious cur !" he cried, "do you dare thus to whisper treason against your leader. By heaven"——

"Keep your temper, Captain Switcher, *alias* Tom Dumps, *alias* Barney Macgoulderich, *alias* Tom Martin the deserter. Ye'll need it all afore you're done wi' me. Never mind, my dol pals, but fake away there, fake away !" †

The gipsies indicated a willingness to obey Squag's command, which when the captain saw, he seized Squag by the collar, and, being a powerful man, lifted him fairly off his feet, gave him one swing in the air, and tossed him to the other end of the apartment. That done, he strode from the hut.

All this had not been lost upon Edwin. He had followed, with an anxious eye, the form of poor Dominique, and when he saw him dragged to the brink of the well, a heart-wrung tear sprung to his eye, and fell upon his outstretched hand. A gleam of joy revisited his heart when he beheld the captain interfere, and breathlessly he hung upon the words with which the little Englishman threw defiance in his teeth. Great was his astonishment when, among the other *aliases* of Switcher enumerated by Squag, he heard that of "Tom Martin" pronounced. The truth suddenly flashed upon him, and he could not doubt but that he beheld his quondam school-fellow—the murderer of Old Ailsie, and the primary cause of his long exile from his native land.

Bank-notes.

* Whipped.
† Never mind, my jolly companions ; but go on there—go on.

The captain had no sooner left the hut, than the gipsies, instigated by him of the bloody hand, and Squag, who came to his senses again right speedily, exhibited symptoms of completing their contemplated outrage upon the trembling Dominique, and, in spite of his prayers and entreaties, he was dragged forward, and pushed down into the well, amidst the seeming regrets of the few, and the laughter of the many. The poor creature they had thus wantonly annoyed, after a short time appeared to have partially recovered, and to be striving to free himself from the place of his captivity, for his fingers were soon discernible, clinging to the stones which edged the brink of the well. This was no sooner perceived, than several of the assembled crew strove to disengage his grasp; some with their hands, others with their feet: but, although scarred and bruised, the fingers still retained their place, until he of the bloody hand lifted up an axe which was lying near, and with one blow severed the fingers from the hand. A long loud shriek, a struggle in the water, and all was over.

The moment Edwin saw the axe lifted, he turned away his eyes, fully anticipating the dreadful result. He was heartsick; he essayed to call out to the wanton savages to desist, but he could not—his lips were parched with the thirst of overwrought anxiety—his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. A witness of all these horrid proceedings Edwin could not, half fancying that his turn might be next; and, as the first law of human nature is self-preservation, no sooner had the thought crossed his mind, than he arose, determining to guard against any forcible entrance into the room which might be made, and to sell his life as dearly as possible. With this intent, he began piling up behind the door all the bundles of straw he could find in the room. He had nearly exhausted all his materials, when a sudden gleam of moonlight shone upon his work. He turned round, and beheld the window-shutters wide open, and a man attempting to get into the room. Edwin started, and would have called out; but the stranger motioned him to silence, and, entering, stood revealed to the eyes of Edwin in the palpable image of Tom Martin.

"Fly for your life, Edwin Falkner," said Tom, in a whisper. "Your horse is in readiness without. You see I know you," he added. "If you ask me how, it was the engraved plate upon your pistols that gave me the information. See! here they are; take them, and fly!"

"But, Tom Martin," he replied, "tell me why I find you here, among such lawless men?"

"This is no time for explanation," answered Tom. "At some future day, perhaps, we may meet again, under more favourable circumstances—you shall then know all; but, at present, farewell!"

"Stay, however, one moment, Martin," said Edwin Falkner, "while I exhort you to quit this wretched life, and even offer you the means of doing so. Since I last saw you I have been abroad, and made a handsome fortune in trade, which I am still pursuing, and am now established in Glasgow. Abandon this perilous and wicked life, and I will provide for you by giving you honest employment, whereby you may soon and safely acquire a competence."

Tom Martin looked very steadfastly at the speaker, as if, at first, suspicious of a snare; but, judging of his sincerity by his countenance, he held out his hand, and, with some little emotion, said—

"Ned! you're an honest fellow, and I thank you for your offer; but you must not trust me yet. I am not tired of my calling; and, while these men look up to me as their captain, I cannot desert them."

"Then promise me," urged Edwin, "that, should you ever know distress, you will not hesitate to apply to me to help you."

"You are kind, Ned—much kinder than I deserve; but you have my promise. Now, farewell! God bless you!"

So saying, Tom Martin dragged, rather than assisted, Edwin through the window, placed his pistols in his hand, and his foot in the stirrup, and the next moment the schoolfellows went forth upon their separate ways.

Edwin rode briskly onward for some time, until, feeling himself a little more secure, he slackened his pace to give more ease to the animal which he bestrode. His thoughts unconsciously recurred to the events which had occurred within the last few hours, and he could not help bewailing the unhappy fate of Mrs Bertram's servant, Dominique.

His road lay down a winding path in the hill, overhung by a precipice; and, as he arrived at its termination, the body of a man,

"Lying stark in the cold moonshine,"

intercepted his way. He dismounted, and, turning over the body, the front of which was downwards, beheld the remains of the old man he had seen, on his first entrance to the hut at Lowrie's Den, engaged in a deadly struggle with the gipsy, whose hand was afterwards severed from his arm. That the old man, when first pursued by the gipsy, had either fallen over the precipice, or been pushed over, seemed evident to Edwin. It might be uncharitableness that dictated the idea, but he was rather inclined to adopt the latter view of the case. As it was, however, he could not alter the state of matters; so, removing the body from the pathway, he remounted his horse, and continued his journey.

He arrived, that afternoon, without any further accident, at Middleton; and, putting up his horse at an inn, proceeded immediately, on foot, to the residence of his mother. It was a neat little two-story cottage, on the outskirts of the town, with a garden around it, railed in from the road by wooden rails, painted white. The gate was standing half open; so Edwin pulled it up, and entered the garden. An unusual stillness prevailed around, broken only occasionally by the sobs of a female, which evidently proceeded from a room in the second story, the window of which was half unclosed. A fearful boding hung upon his heart: he felt afraid that all was over—that his sole remaining parent had ceased to live. Summoning resolution, however, he rang the door bell, and was admitted. On entering the parlour, he was somewhat surprised to see a stranger seated alone at the table, who instantly arose and welcomed him. The stranger was habited in a naval uniform, and might be a man of perhaps forty-five or six. There was a strange familiarity in his manner towards Edwin, which seemed to that gentleman extraordinary, as he had no recollection of ever having seen the stranger before.

"What!" said the stranger, observing Edwin's surprise, "have you so soon forgotten an old messmate?"

As soon as he heard the sound of the officer's voice, Edwin recognised him at once, and embraced him with cordiality. It was his long-lost cousin, Frank Chambers.

"Tell me, Frank!" said he "how all this has come about—how"——

"Oh, it's a long story!" returned Chambers; "and we haven't time for it now. Suffice it to say, I am a married man, and captain of his Majesty's frigate, the *Spitfire*."

"And your wife?"

"Is in the room above, attended by her maid."

"She is weeping then—for I heard her sobs audibly enough as I passed through the garden. I fear to ask the cause of her grief—I can almost guess it—yet I am prepared for the worst—my poor mother"——

"I deeply regret to say, she expired within the hour."

"Oh! this is too much," exclaimed Edwin, striking his forehead with his clenched hand. "Died within an hour, and I——O God! 'tis terrible!"

He paced the room with a distracted air, inwardly cursing the cause of his detention. When he was a little more composed, he insisted on accompanying Captain Chambers to the chamber of death; and he gazed, with an agony of intense grief, upon the last mortal remains of her to whom he owed his being. He kissed her bloodless cheek and her pale lips in silence, then suffered himself to be led quietly from the room by his cousin. The next morning he despatched a letter to Miss Margaret M'Vittie, at Glasgow, acquainting her with the melancholy particulars, and mentioning that it would now be quite impossible, on account of the approaching funeral, for him to be with her by the day he had fixed; but added, that so soon afterwards as decency would permit, he would be with her, when, he said, they would arrange regarding the solemnization of their nuptials, which must, of necessity, be postponed for a few months. That morning, Captain Chambers' wife was too unwell to make her appearance at the breakfast table, but towards the afternoon she sent to her husband to say that, as she was now much better, she would be happy to see Mr Falkner along with him in the drawing-room.

"You will perhaps be astonished when you learn who my wife is," said the captain to Edwin, as they ascended the stairs,

"Have I ever seen her before?" was the natural inquiry.

"I strongly suspect you have," returned Frank, at the same time throwing open the drawing-room door, and ushering in Edwin.

A lady was seated on a chair at the window; and, as the gentlemen entered the room, she rose. Her eyes, though red with weeping, were not quite dimmed of their lustre; and, though her cheek was pale at that moment, it was evident that, when in good health and spirits, she must be decidedly good looking. Edwin gazed upon her for a moment; but he failed to recognise features with which he had once been familiar. His cousin advanced to his aid, and, in due form, introduced the lady to him as Mrs Chambers, and the veiled and mysterious female of the castle with the seven towers, who had been so instrumental in procuring his escape.

Edwin, with tears of gratitude in his eyes, thanked her for the kindness she had shewn to him in Spain; which was the more enhanced, he said, by the circumstance of his being a stranger.

"Not such a stranger as you imagine, Ned!" cried the captain.

"How?" said Edwin, with a look of the most profound amazement. "What mean you?"

"That in the lady before you, you behold your sister, Kate."

Here was a joyful discovery. Ned embraced his sister again and again, and, finally, insisted on hearing, from her own lips, the chief events which had occurred to her since he saw her last, with which she cheerfully complied. It appeared that the vessel in which she was accompanying a family to Malta, in the capacity of lady's maid, was attacked and captured by a Spanish man-of-war. The crew and passengers of the English vessel were landed at Port Sandada, where, after having all been deprived of whatever valuables they possessed, some of them were turned adrift to seek their fortunes, while others, whom it was calculated could be turned to account afterwards, were safely immured in prison. The commander of the Spaniard, Don Gomez de las Casas, fired with the beauty of Kate Falkner, took her as his part of the spoil, and conveyed her to the Castle of the Seven Towers, where, for some time, he tried, by kindness, to win her to his purpose; but in vain. Being suddenly called again into active service, he left Kate under the strict charge of the keeper of the castle, with orders that she was to be allowed to take an airing daily on the ramparts of the seven towers; she was also to be occasionally permitted to walk in the garden with which the castle was surrounded; but on no account was she to be allowed to speak to, or hold converse with any one, except the keeper and his wife, and the porter of the castle. For some time she led a weary life enough, until the arrival of Frank and Edwin, whom she knew not to be her relations. During her daily walks upon the ramparts, she saw and became enamoured of the handsome sailor, Frank Chambers, and she resolved to aid his escape and that of his companion. Her first motion was to procure a strong rope, nearly long enough to reach from the ramparts to the foot of the tower. This she secreted in a niche; and, soon afterwards, an opportunity presented itself of acquainting Edwin, by letter, of the provision for their escape. It was her original intention to have taken her flight along with them; but, upon reflection, her maiden modesty revolted from the idea; and, besides, the keeper being more than ordinarily strict at that time in watching her movements, she had no other alternative than to remain to a more fitting opportunity. On second thoughts, however, she deemed it advisable that Edwin alone should regain his liberty, and that Chambers should be detained, as otherwise she had little chance of her ever seeing him again. With this determination, she alarmed the inmates of the castle, at the very moment Edwin was descending from the tower by the rope, whilst Frank remained above. The keeper rushed up to the ramparts with a ponderous axe in his hand, and seeing no one—for Frank, hearing a noise, had secreted himself—he looked over the tower, and beheld Edwin's perilous situation. With a blow of the axe he severed the rope in twain, and Edwin fell to the earth, ere Frank could guess his intention, and run from his place of concealment to prevent the blow. Frank, however, seeing what the keeper had done, and believing Edwin to be killed, rushed forward and dashed him over the ramparts. The noise of his fall upon the ground below, and his death's shriek, sounded loudly and fearfully amid the stillness of the night. The next moment Frank was in the custody of the armed attendants of the keeper, and the rest of that night he was confined in a stone room, which was believed to be much stronger than the one to which he had hitherto been accustomed.

To this dungeon, however, there was a secret door, which Kate Falkner had accidentally discovered some months previous, and had then secured the key of it. By this entrance she obtained admittance to the presence of Frank, and ventured to assure him of his safety. After all the rest of the castle were asleep, she almost nightly paid him a visit, carrying with her choice viands, to counteract the bad effects of the bread and water on which he had been doomed to breakfast and dine. By degrees Frank began to entertain an affection for Kate, which was strengthened by the circumstance of her being his cousin. Suffice it to say that they effected their escape and were married. After much privation, they reached England, and settled in Bristol. Frank obtained the situation of boatswain's mate of the *Benbow*—a three-decker, carrying seventy-four guns. Leaving Kate in Bristol, with directions to write to her parents, he set sail with the fleet, and having particularly distinguished himself in several engagements, was preferred to the rank of midshipman, next to that of lieutenant, and, finally, to that of captain of his Majesty's frigate the *Spitfire*. His vessel being ordered round to the Humber to undergo a thorough repair, Captain Chambers brought his wife along with him, who all this time had been living at Bristol, never having had any reply to the letters she had written to her parents. They proceeded together to Middleton, and arrived just in time to witness the dying moments of Kate's mother—

her other parent she then, for the first time, ascertained, having been dead for several years. Two daughters, the elder of whom was now sixteen, and the younger nine years of age, were all the offspring of the marriage of Kate Falkner with Frank Chambers, and both of them had been left at a boarding-school at Bristol.

The funeral obsequies of Mrs Falkner completed, and her cottage and furniture disposed of, Edwin insisted on Captain Chambers and Kate accompanying him to Glasgow, which, without much reluctance they agreed to do.

It was late in the evening when the party arrived in Glasgow, and Edwin, fatigued with his journey, did not think proper to wait upon the M'Vitties, but set forward, in a hackney coach, to his new house, which he had left in charge of his servants; nor was it till afternoon on the following day that he found leisure to turn his steps towards the residence of his "ladye love." In his usual unceremonious way, he ran into the parlour, and found Mr M'Vittie seated alone. There was a deep grief visible in the hollow eye and the ruffled brow of the old man, and it was sometime ere Edwin could summon resolution enough to ask him what had happened. Mr M'Vittie turned his eyes upon him with a vacant stare, but gave no reply to his question. He repeated it.

"Happened!" exclaimed the old man. "Enough has happened—my daughter—my ungrateful daughter, Margaret"——

"Yes!—yes!" eagerly cried Edwin; "what of her?"

"She has disgraced me in my gray hairs!—She has gane awa an left me. Actually fled, an wi' an officer; but if ever"——

"Stay!—stay!" interposed Edwin, who could hardly give belief to the old man's statement; "do not curse her!"

The fact of her elopement was too true, however. During Edwin's absence she had become acquainted with a Major Meredith, who was not long in persuading her to abandon the protection of her father's roof, and the brighter prospects of a happy marriage, for the romantic purpose of running away with him. "Women and turkies," says Sir Walter Scott, "all have a tendency to draw towards the red rag"—a melancholy fact, which, we presume, no one will dispute.

Deep, very deep was the pain inspired in the breast of Edwin by this intelligence. In the first hours of his bereavement, he vowed never again to let a woman gain the least ascendancy over his affections. Perhaps he was right.

* * * * * *

Several years flew over the head of Edwin Falkner, enlivened occasionally by the visits of Mr and Mrs Bertram, and his sister Kate and her husband. His whole energies were devoted to business, and he was momentarily increasing his store of riches. His mornings were invariably spent in his warehouse—his evenings almost always at home in the company of his two nieces, Julia and Fanny Falkner, whom he had adopted as his heirs.

Tom Martin, the gipsy leader, was now in Edwin's employment, in the humble capacity of a clerk; but Edwin, ever generous, allowed him an apartment in his own house; and he often joined the family circle of an evening, and contributed to their amusement by relating wondrous stories

> "Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.

He had called one morning, about three years before, upon Mr Falkner, at his warehouse, in rather a shabby condition. On his being ushered in, Edwin scarcely knew him: but on being told who he was, he said—

"What brings you here?"

"Repentance!" answered Martin.

"Sit down, then, and tell me how I can serve you," said Edwin.

"Last year," said the *ci-devant* Captain Switcher, 'in consequence of a shot I received, I lay many weeks at death's door, and narrowly escaped apprehension. That brought me to my senses; and I solemnly swore, if God spared my life, I would resort to you. An now I am come, trusting to your word and honour."

"There are many ways," observed Ned, "wherein you may serve me, and earn a comfortable subsistence. To-morrow morning I will set you to work in the wine vaults. You are not known here. Go, therefore, by your own name: deceptions are paltry things."

Martin held out his hand; Edward gave him his; and no other contract was made between them.

After the murder of the old woman Ailsie, Tom had betaken himself to York, and from thence to London, where, amid the gaities of that metropolis, he soon contrived to spend all the money of which he had robbed the old woman. He then entered on board a privateer, which was fitting out on the Thames. They set sail. The vessel was wrecked off the coast of Portugal, and every one of the crew, except Tom, perished. In Portugal, he had been alternately a beggar and a thief; and would have continued so much longer, had he not been afraid that the old Jew, who was the usual resetter of his stolen gear would betray him to the authorities. "I escaped on board the *Clipper*," were Tom's own words, "and set sail from Lisbon on the very morning of the day on which I was to have obtained the hand of an heiress, on whom I had imposed myself as Don Garcias, a Spanish Grandee." He arrived in England, and immediately proceeded to London, where he soon became acquainted with a gang of snibs or pickpockets, among whom he was not the least expert. Betrayed by a deeker,* the beaks† came upon the gang in a flash ken;‡ and Tom, with a companion, barely escaped, with their lives, through a back-door. They enlisted in a marching regiment, and served faithfully for some time, until Tom, having got himself intoxicated one evening, was put into the black hole all night. This usage did not well assort with the proud stomach of Tom; and, next evening, at parade, he was found missing; nor could the regiment obtain any trace of him He fled towards Scotland; and, in crossing the Borders, fell in with a gang of gipsies. The free and unrestrained manner of their living, was quite to Tom's mind; and, without much persuasion, he united himself with them. Ere long, he rose to be their leader; in which capacity Edwin had found him.

Tom Martin made it his study to keep aloof from the Bertrams when they visited Mr Falkner's. Little did Mrs Bertram know of the proximity of her old flame, Don Garcias; and, if she had, it would, no doubt, have cost her some little surprise to have found him in the capacity of clerk to a Glasgow merchant. There is one circumstance in Mrs Bertram's life worth mentioning here. When she heard of the fate of her servant, Dominique, on Edwin's return from Newcastle, she caused strict search to be made after his murderers, but without success; and she had the remains of Dominique taken from the well, and decently interred in the churchyard of Lauder.

Business of some importance demanding Edwin's presence in Liverpool. He set sail for that city, taking with him his eldest niece, Julia, as he there expected to meet Captain Chambers and Kate. He would have taken Fanny with him also, had she not, for some time past, been in bad health. The house was, therefore, left in her charge.

During the afternoon of the second day after their departure, Fanny, seated in an arbour in the garden, was struck with the conversation of two persons who passed. They were Tom Martin, and a woman, habited in a greatly faded scarlet cloak, whose countenance bore evident marks of

* A thief kept in pay by a Constable.
† Myrmidons of justice.
‡ A house for receiving stolen goods.

the last few years of her life having been devoted to dissipation.

"Pshaw! Tom Martin," she said, "'tis easily done, man; the trouble's not great; and 'twill make our fortunes."

"But," answered Tom, "I cannot consent to rob my benefactor."

"What! Tom Martin turning lilylivered! Why, man, when I first knew you, six years ago, you were reckoned the boldest on the Borders; but now"——

Here their voices died away. Fanny returned to the house, and spent a restless night. The next evening she repaired to the same spot; and, about the same time as before, the same two individuals met, when, by dint of jeering, the woman finally overcame all Tom's scruples; and it was agreed that, the following night, they should rob Falkner's house of everything valuable.

Fanny was in great trepidation—not knowing well what to do on such an occasion as this. She did not sleep a wink all night; and, as soon as the morning dawned, she was astir. She allowed Tom Martin to be out of the house before she adopted any steps; but no sooner was he gone than she ordered her uncle's carriage, and set off for Glasgow, where she gave information to the authorities of the intended robbery. That evening, a detachment of the guard was secretly despatched to Mr Falkner's, and let in by Fanny. She stationed part of them in every room, behind curtains and screens, and patiently waited the result. About nine o'clock, a knocking was heard at the outer door. The people were admitted, and proved to be Edwin and Julia returned from Liverpool, along with Captain Chambers and his wife. He could hardly believe in the treachery of Tom Martin, when it was told to him by Fanny; yet he gave directions that all lights in the house should be extinguished, and that the servants should go to bed. This was scarcely done, when they heard the door unlocked, and steps treading stealthily up the stairs. Two figures entered the room, and made for a bureau stationed at the farther end. By an arranged signal, the doors were closed, the candles relit, and there stood, revealed to view, Tom Martin, with a valuable gold repeater in his hand, and the woman in the red cloak by his side. They were instantly secured. As they were about to be led off, the woman turned her gaze upon Edwin, who involuntarily started back, exclaiming—"Margaret M'Vittie!" It was indeed Margaret. Deserted by Major Meredith—by him who had sworn to love her through life—she soon sunk to the lowest state of degradation.

It was impossible, however, for Edwin to impede the course of justice, so she was conducted to prison; but she was conducted there alone; for Tom Martin, having released himself from the grasp of the soldiery, had thrown himself headlong into the Clyde.

A few days elapsed ere Edwin, who felt some anxiety to see Margaret again, could summon sufficient resolution to enable him to visit her in prison. He had given directions, however, that she should be provided with every comfort the jail could afford.

The day was pretty far advanced, when Edwin knocked at the prison gate, and was admitted. A few moments more found him in the presence of the prisoner. With a tremulous voice, he said to her—

"Fear nothing; I come not to upbraid you. My errand here is solely to see that my directions with regard to your comfort have been attended to, and to assure you that everything shall be done, which lies within the power of money, to procure you a speedy release."

"Oh, Mr Falkner!" cried Margaret, throwing herself on her knees before him. "You are too kind—too good to a degraded wretch like me. I do not deserve this kindness from you—I do not indeed!"

"Rise, Mar——, rise, woman, from this posture," said Falkner. "Not to me, but to a higher Being, must you kneel with fervency and gratitude, and thank for any kindness shewn to you."

"I cannot pray," said Margaret, "I have not done so for years. I have sinned, and deeply. How, then, will my prayers be heard?"

"All who bow with reverence before the Throne of Grace," replied Edwin, "however deep the guilt that's on their soul, will not sue in vain for pardon."

Margaret again knelt, and uttered a heart-felt prayer to Heaven.

"I have suffered—I have sinned—I will repent," she said; "and, though neither peace nor innocence can be restored to my bosom; though tears cannot blot out my offences, nor sorrow drown my shame; yet, knowing that my penitence is sincere, on your assurance, Mr Falkner, I do not despair that my trangressions may be forgiven."

The day of trial at length arrived. The court was crowded to excess; and, contrary to what was anticipated, Margaret M'Vittie was returned, guilty of robbery, and condemned to be executed that day six weeks. During the trial, Margaret exhibited great composure, but the moment the sentence was pronounced, she turned deadly pale, and fell back, fainting. She was then carried from the court, amid the sorrow of the assembled spectators.

Edwin was very much disappointed at the result of the trial. He had never expected but that Margaret would escape with, at the utmost, banishment. Instantly he set about a petition for Royal Mercy; and, two days afterwards, it was sent off for London, with nearly two thousand signatures of the most respectable people in Glasgow affixed. This done, Edwin again visited Margaret, and endeavoured to console her with the hope of pardon. She refused, however, to be comforted.

"Edwin Falkner," said she to him, one day, "will you promise me that, when I am dead, you will faithfully see to the fulfilment of a request I am now about to make?"

"I will indeed, Margaret, if it be within my power."

"It is in your power, Edwin, may I still call you so? I am the mother of a child born to that villain for whom I deserted you. It is a boy. For these many years I have had him boarded in a house in Kelso. He is now eight years of age, and I am anxious that he should be put to school. When I am gone, will you seek him out, and do this the last behest of her who once was dear to you."

"I swear to do it!" said Edwin, with energy.

"May blessings be upon you, Edwin. There is no one in the wide, wide world, but you, to whom the orphan boy can look for help. Heaven will reward you."

The day of execution was fast drawing near, and no answer had as yet been returned to Edwin's petition. The fatal morning arrived, and the crowd were all assembled to witness the execution. On entering the prison, however, to lead Margaret forth, the guard found her stretched on the floor, a corpse. It was supposed she had taken poison.

After her death, Edwin Falkner sought out her son; had him instructed in all the polite accomplishments of the day; and had the satisfaction, before he died, of seeing him become a fit successor to his business. The boy never knew his mother's history.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND

MY COUSIN'S ADVENTURE.

EVERY one who has lived for any length of time, must feel that there have been one or more periods of his life distinguished by a degree of unhappiness surpassing that of others; periods which cannot be recalled to mind without a shudder of horror. Of such was that of my continuance on board the *Ramillies*.*

Before I began to work, and soon after we reached Perche, I said to Bill Wates, captain of the foretop—

"I hope, Bill, we shall soon be exchanged."

"I hope no such thing," he replied, "until the peace—if it is not too long o' coming; for I should not get to Liverpool to visit Sally if we were exchanged to-morrow; and we are better here. Our pay is running on. We have jail allowance, and liberty to work. What more would we have?"

"I would far rather be exchanged, and get home to my parents," I replied.

"Home to your parents! That's all you know of it, my man. Why, were we to be exchanged to-morrow, and on board the cartel, you would not be one league nearer home than you are here in France; for as soon as we reach mid-channel, or, perhaps, before, we will be laid alongside by some war vessel or other, who is on the look-out, fully aware of the hour and tide we leave the French coast, and we will be all rated in a few days, in whatever ships require hands, and, perhaps, sent off for the East or West Indies, or up the straits. I am, for my part, quite content with my present rating."

As I mentioned before, I found Bill had estimated the comforts of his present rating, as he called it, but too justly, as the difference I found between being a prisoner in France and a landsman on board the *Ramillies* sufficiently testified. My father's few weeks had now extended to nearly seven years—a delay whose tedium can be appreciated by those only who know the sickness of the heart, proceeding from hope deferred. Sleeping or waking, an intense desire to be freed from my present situation, overpowered every other thought, and rendered life itself irksome to me—its monotony was not endurable. Think only of day following day without change. The same limited space to move about in—so limited, that I knew every plank, bolt, and fastening in the part of the ship I was allowed access to; for on board a man-of-war there are places as strictly forbid to the common sailors as the palaces of the rich are to the poor. I had, in languor of spirit, counted them again and again. The same duties regularly returned, the same faces, the same jokes and stories, without variety or change. Oh, it was benumbing. And the sea, with its blue waves, either murmuring around as listless as I was, or swelling into billows, when the wind freshened, was still the same dreary expanse of water upon which our prison floated. Even the coasts of France and England had long lost their novelty and interest: yet we were well treated, and received no more harsh treatment than was necessary for the discipline of the ship. Few of our men, however, were contented with their situation, and several of them deserted.

I allow that, for myself, it was more the want of a favourable opportunity, than any fear of the danger or disgrace, that kept me on board; but it is an old Scotch saying, —"That the darkest hour of the night is the hour before day." Rumours of peace had been, from time to time, reaching us on board throughout several months. At length they were confirmed; and never did music or song sound so sweet in my ears as the humble couplet which was now in every mouth—

"As I went aloft, the mainsail for to furl,
I heard the pilot say, there is peace through all the world."

Joy now had complete possession of every mind. We could not repress our happiness: it was exhibited in every variety of form in which excessive joy usually declares itself—from the moist eye and faltering accents, to the boisterous shout and loud huzza. For my own part, so great was my happiness, that I was for many hours incapable of thought. All I could do was to hum the couplet above quoted, like the rest; and, when spoken to, felt, until I restrained myself, almost on the point of replying—

"There is peace with all the world."

We were not long kept in suspense, being immediately ordered to Portsmouth, and there paid off. I had between forty and fifty pounds to receive, which, to me, was an immense sum—the largest I have ever possessed. Ignorant of the value of money, I thought, at the time, I was immensely rich, and that my cash would be sufficient to purchase for me all that I might desire. Flushed with this false idea, I hurried from the pay table the happiest man alive. I was now at liberty to go where I pleased, and do as I pleased. My brain felt in a whirl; but, seaman as I was, my Scottish prudence did not forsake me. I secured, first, a private lodging, and carefully concealed four of my ten pound bank-notes before I sallied out to enjoy myself with my messmates, after writing a hasty letter to my father. When I sallied out, the whole town was in an uproar of riot and dissipation—quarrelling, fiddling, and dancing; and such scenes of folly and profligacy as it were vain to attempt to describe. Yet it was not for want of melancholy warnings of the miserable consequences of such recklessness, that the thoughtless spendthrifts held on their desperate career; for numbers of the seamen, who had been paid off only a few days before us, were to be seen wandering about the streets penniless—having either squandered it away in a few days, or been robbed, in a few hours, of sums far larger in amount than I had received. The town swarmed with thieves and abandoned characters; while Jews of the lowest grade were besetting them on all sides with selling them watches and trinkets at extravagant prices, and purchasing them back again, either from the plundering wretches, who waylaid them in every quarter, or from the victims of their rascality themselves. Within a few yards of each other, you might see three or four messmates, with a silver watch and elegant chain in each pocket, in a state bordering on the extreme of intoxication, swaggering along; and another without jacket, hat, or shoes, lying on the street, or reeling along, supporting himself by the wall.

These scenes made such a strong impression upon my

* See Nos. 261 and 266.

mind, that, even while on my way to join my messmates at the Lord Duncan Tavern, I had more than half a mind to break my appointment, and return to my lodgings. But I felt confident in myself, and so joined them; the foolish notion that there could be no harm in my having one blow out, just one, to give vent to my joyous feelings, carrying the day against my better resolves. When I joined my messmates, they were all half seas over. Bill Yates sat at the head of the table, with an immense bowl of punch before him. I was soon by his side; but resolved to be temperate, and to be rather an observer than partaker of the frolic and fun that was going on; but my caution, however, soon deserted me, and, in the end, there was not a man in the company who entered more keenly into the prevailing spirit of the occasion than myself. Weary of drinking, we sallied forth, every man as great as an admiral, in his own estimation, and paraded the streets, shouting and hallooing like madmen. At one of the turnings of a street, we perceived our old first and second lieutenants a few yards from us.—"Hillo!" exclaimed Yates; "a silk handkerchief is as good as a gold epaulet now, and I'll shew it, my mates;" and away he walked before us, and passed them proudly, without touching his hat. The officers smiled, and were walking on, when, to my astonishment, Bill, all at once, stood stock still, and looked for an instant confused and perplexed. Then, suddenly started after the two lieutenants, took off his hat to them, and humbly begged their pardon. The gentlemen touched their hats in return, and, smiling, past on. When Bill rejoined us, he explained the odd conduct we had just witnessed, by saying—

"Why, my mates, what a fool that drink has made of me who ought to know how to behave myself after six years' teaching on board of a man-of-war. They must have thought I had become a land-lubber all at once; and I could not stand that."

"Why, Bill," said one of his shipmates, "it was mutiny on shore; we must do everything ship-shape and sailor-fashion. Let us have a glass of grog to their health," and again the scene of riotous drinking began.

Next morning, when I was restored to consciousness—for I had drunk deep—my sufferings were extreme. My head ached miserably. I attempted to raise myself; but an oppressive sickness weighed me down; and my whole body was so battered and bruised, that I could not move without pain.

On awaking, I found that I had only my trousers and stockings on; nor had I any idea where I was.

Hitherto my unconsciousness had prevented me discovering, what I now became aware of by a heavy breathing near me, namely, that I was not alone. It being too dark to permit of my seeing my companion, I began moving along the bare boards; for it was on a floor I had lain; but whether it was the floor of a house, or the hold of a ship, I could not tell. My head swam so, that I felt as if everything was in motion. Bitterly, but vainly, I regretted joining the Bacchanalian rout on the preceding evening; but my self-upbraidings came too late. My anxiety to ascertain where I was had now become so great, that I was on the point of shouting aloud that I might either awaken the sleepers, or bring some other person of whom I might make the inquiry, when a sound, between a groan and a grunt, rose above the hard breathing close beside me. I stretched out my hand, and moved towards the spot, when it touched some one, who sung out—"Hillo! what ship?" The voice was Scotch, and, I thought, not unfamiliar to me.

"Can you tell me, mate, where we are, and how I came here?"

"Why, mate, it does not require much navigation to find out that we are in the bilboos hard and fast, and were towed here by the land-sharks; but, if I'm not out in my reckoning, you are a countryman of my own, and the same for whose sake I am here alongside. Is not your name Jack Elder?"

"The same. Who inquires?"

"Do you not recollect your cousin, Bill Scott of the Water of Leith?"

"How could I, who never knew you had left home, think of finding you in Portsmouth, and in such a situation. I am heartily sorry that we meet thus."

"No help for it, Jack. The foul weather will soon blow over. I am glad I stood your friend; I would have done the same by my countryman, anywhere. It's a foul game; but you behaved nobly, Jack, and so did your shipmates, every one."

"Tell me all you know, Bill?" said I. "I am ignorant as a handspoke of the whole affair; I was so very tipsy."

"Well, Jack," replied Scott, "I myself am not over correct in my own reckoning, for I was more than three sheets in the wind; but it befell as how we had been sitting, happy as admirals after a victory, in the Lord Duncan, when you and a few of your messmates entered the room adjoining. I heard a Scotch tongue, and my heart warmed. You were, for a long time, as jovial and merry as could be, when, all at once, I heard high words. So far as I could understand, another company had come into your room; some of the London or Portsmouth sharks, in quest of plunder. Their object was to insult you, and provoke a quarrel; but as yet it was no affair of mine. I resolved to watch the progress of the business, however, both for a little fun, and to see fair play to my countryman. I heard you, more than once, called a 'Lousy Scot!' This was an insult to myself as well as you. I burst into the room, followed by my mates. The stramash was already begun. You were upon your feet, laying about you like a Sir William Wallace. 'Bravo, countryman!' I shouted. 'Fair play, and no favour. Scotland for ever!' It now became a complete boarding scene, when the landlord, assisted by his neighbours got us out into the street—not before we had demolished, in the strife, tables, chairs, and I know not what. To get into the street was all the scoundrels wanted; for here they were soon joined by their confederates. Rings were formed, and we stripped, to do the thing ship-shape. But the constables soon came to end the affair. The scamps had got all they wanted—our pretended friends had decamped with our clothes, and what money they could rifle us of, while they affected to assist us to rise. You I thought I knew, and stuck by you, as you were incapable of walking; so they lugged you along, and I followed, resolved not to leave you in distress. The truth, too, is, I am aware I am as destitute as yourself; for, all I had—and a good many pounds there was—I had foolishly put into my vest and trouser pockets. My trousers I have; but my vest, watch, and cash, are gone. Well, I don't care a rope yarn about it; we will enter the same ship, and be more prudent next trip."

"But, how came you to go to sea, Bill?" said I. "You never spoke to me, when we were at home, as if you fancied the life of a sailor."

"I went, at first, because I could not do better," replied Scott, "having no choice in the matter. It is rather more than two years since our cousin Jane was married to a Leith lad, and I was there the merriest of the merry company; but, behold the end. There was more liquor on board than enough, when I took leave of the company to return to the Water of Leith, which I have not since seen; for, overpowered by the liquor, I had sat down and fallen asleep upon Leith Walk, where I was picked up by the press gang, a fair prize, and awoke in the rendezvous. Next day I was hurried on ship-board. I soon began to like my new mode of life, and shall enter as soon as we are released to-morrow from this vile hole of a place."

I now had ascertained that Bill and I were alone; but where we were, he could not tell. This, however, did not prevent the former from calling loudly for something to quench his thirst. The door was opened, and an aged female entered. The light of morning streamed in at the door, and shewed us that we were in a small ill-furnished room, on the floor of which we were extended. The old lady was civil and kind; ministering to all our wants. From her I learned that I had been brought by my messmates to her house, where they had left me and my mate, who refused to leave me; and that she expected some of them to have called before now.

After breakfast, in came Bill Yates, and two or three more of my old mess, to see how I fared. All bore, less or more, the marks of the affray, and still were under the influence of liquor. They wished to have me out along with them; but this I was incapable of, even had I wished; but my cousin, who seemed to be now the reckless sailor, sallied out with them—they having refitted him in what articles of dress he required. As they were leaving the room where I had passed the night, Ben Truefit thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, and, taking out a handful of silver coins—for gold was scarce enough—gave it to Bill Scott, saying—"Here, Bill, the pirates have been on board, and cleaned out your lockers. Just give me a handful when you are next paid off. It's no use counting." And away they went to act over again the folly of the day before, while I lay in the horrors, repenting and forming good resolutions for the future. Fortunately I had my four ten-pound notes in a secret pocket in the waistband of my trousers; for I had been stripped of every coin and article of any value that the rogues could find upon my person. I have ever found it an easy thing to sooth my upbraiding conscience by forming good resolutions; but, nothing more difficult than to keep them. I have somewhere heard it said—"That a hasty resolve, under suffering for folly, is like a plaster to a green wound: it drops off when the wound heals." So it was with me. Next forenoon I changed the first of my ten-pound notes, and soon another, both of which were squandered foolishly. By the people of Portsmouth we were thought fair objects of plunder. I believe I would not have had a shilling to bring me back to Scotland, had it not been for a fortunate meeting I had with a cousin of my own, whom his parents had long thought dead. I had, for the tenth time, made up my mind to take out my ticket for London, and was on my way to the coach-office, when I met Bill Scott, and a few of my messmates, who persuaded me to have a parting glass before I left. I could not refuse, although I was aware that the same parting glass had each day led to a lengthened debauch. When we entered the tavern, there was another company in the apartment into which we were shewn. Not minding them, we soon commenced rollicking away as usual. The other party, which consisted only of three, were quiet and orderly. In the course of our talk, I said to my cousin, naming him—

"Now, Bill Scott, I am resolved to go by this day's coach to London, and from thence by smack for Leith, as I have received no answer from my parents. If you will return to the Water of Leith, I shall bear all your expenses."

He replied—

"No, cousin Elder, I wont go; I can get a ship here as well as in Leith; and sister Bell and her husband would give me a cold reception without cash in my locker."

When I named my cousin, I observed one of the strangers turn his head quickly round, and look hard, first at me, then at him. When the latter spoke, the stranger started to his feet, and came to where we sat, his eye fixed on Bill Scott. He stood thus for a moment or two; then, stretching forth his hand, he said—"My brother." His feelings overpowered him. Billy jumped up from his seat, and the next moment they were in each other's arms, Bill exclaiming—

"My dear Hughie, do we meet again, after we all imagined you so long since dead. Oh, that our parents were alive to share our happiness."

I was next introduced to my new-found cousin. He was much older than either his brother or I. He had been long at sea before I was old enough to recollect him, having served his time, when a boy, on board a Leith trader, and was, I found, of staid and prudent habits, having, at this time, above one hundred pounds in his pocket, of wages and prize-money. He was just on his way to the coach-office to secure a place for London, and prevailed on his brother to accompany him. Thus was I fortunately rescued from my temptations in Portsmouth; for, not many hours afterwards, we three were seated upon the top of the coach, whirling along to London.

MY COUSIN'S ADVENTURE.

While we were rolling along on the coach, Bill's brother entertained us with the following account of his life and experiences:—

"I sailed," said he, "from Leith for Oporto, for a cargo of wine, in the spring of 1793, little thinking of what was to happen before I should return. On my voyage home, I was impressed, war having in the meantime broken out. For this misfortune there was no help, so I made myself as happy as I could. I was in as fine a frigate as any in the British navy, and we were picking up a good many prizes, our cruising station being the Mediterranean. Thus months rolled on, and the war with it; state after state engaging in it; but, to our joy, the Dons took a part in the strife. 'Rich prizes, and a glorious peace after,' was the favourite toast on board at each mess. At length we captured a rich Spaniard. The gold already sounded in our ears. I was put on board, with other nine and the prize-master, to carry her to Gibraltar. On the second day after we left the frigate, the weather became very stormy, and quite contrary, so that, instead of nearing the Rock, we were driven down upon the Barbary coast. We were forced to liberate our prisoners to assist in working the vessel; for the gale had now almost increased to a hurricane, and night was coming on. Our danger was thus imminent; but, by extraordinary exertions, we succeeded in keeping the ship from foundering, or being forced on a lee-shore. Yet, as the night, when it overtook us, was as dark as pitch, save when a flash of lightning rent the clouds asunder, we must, after all, have perished, had not the storm gradually abated. When the sun rose next morning in a cloudless sky, we found we were in no enviable situation; our sails torn into ribbons, and our running rigging much broken. The sea still ran very high; and, worse than all, we were not two leagues from the town of Algiers, in a dead calm, and we like to sink upon the deck from fatigue.

The British were much alarmed—but I shall never forget the terror of the Spanish prisoners—when they saw four row gallies, crowded with men, stand out of the harbour mouth towards us. Not liking such visiters much, we prayed for a wind, even were it as fierce as it had been only a few hours before, to blow us off the coast. No wind coming, however, we, the British seamen, seized every man a weapon, determined to sell our lives and liberties at the dearest rate; but the Spaniards refused to lend a hand at the fighting, or to make any effort, saying, that every one on board would be murdered if a single Algerine fell; for it was hopeless to attempt repelling them, as the gallies were full of men, fresh and vigorous, while

we were spent with fatigue, and, from the unmanageable state of our vessel, the guns would be of little use. We saw that there was too much truth in what they said; yet we dreaded slavery more than death. The gallies neared us fast. There was no time for anything to be done. Some spoke of blowing up the ship and all on board, when she was crowded with the Turkish robbers; but the greater number objected to this. In the meantime, the prize-master and the other nine of us barricaded ourselves in the cabin. Scarce was this done, when we were laid alongside, stem, stern, larboard, and starboard, by the four gallies, and our decks and rigging crowded by the Algerines, who ran along the long spars that stretched their sail, like cats, and followed each other from it to the rigging of our vessel, like a string of monkeys. In the next instant they crowded our deck, with the Spaniards on their knees before them begging for mercy.

"Two of our men, who had been once in their hands before, again proposed blowing up the ship; and one of them actually snapped his pistol, and kindled a match to put the proposal into execution, but was prevented by the prize-master.

"A diversity of opinion now arose amongst us, but the majority were for a peaceable surrender. Hitherto not a shot had been fired, nor a blow struck. Every part of the ship, save the cabin, was in the possession of the Algerines; and they were on the point of forcing an entrance, when, seeing it would be needless to resist, we threw down our cutlasses and pistols, came out to them, and surrendered. The cowardly barbarians now began beating us with the flat side of their sabres, and afterwards bound us upon deck. They then towed us into the harbour, and forced us out upon the mole, where we stood without shelter from the rays of the sun until mid-day, when the Dey came down to choose his portion of the slaves and property. This done, we were thrust into a dungeon, where some coarse bread and water was served out to us.

"For several days we were thus imprisoned; but were informed, that if we had any friends in our own country who would redeem us, we might have our liberty on payment of the ransom. None of us being able to comply with these terms, we were, in a few days after, driven to the market-place, and sold, like so many bullocks, to the highest bidder. It was now that our spirits began to sink, and the utter helplessness of our condition to present itself to us in its most hideous shape. We were now all separated from each other. I was purchased by a renegade Italian.

"When my master took me to his home, I found it a small desolate-looking house, not far from the Dey's palace. His whole household consisted of an African female slave, young and handsome, who appeared to have the entire charge, and to be in great favour with her master. I was not allowed to enter the house, but was locked up in an outhouse, in a small garden, surrounded by a high wall that seemed to cut off all hopes of escape.

"When my master left me, and the door of my prison was secured, I threw myself upon the floor, and gave vent to the bitterness of my feelings. All the horrors of Algerine slavery of which I had ever heard, crowded on my recollection, and terrified me as much as if there was a certainty of my experiencing them all.

"Long, however, before my master came to me with my scanty mess of beans and water, my feelings had become much more calm; for misery had turned my thoughts into that channel in which consolation can alone be found; although, to my shame I own it, in my prosperity I had seldom prayed, now I found it to be a privilege indeed, and a source of joy similar to but greater than that which the Israelites felt when Moses cured the bitterness of the water at Marah; for, before I prayed, my reflections were so unendurable, that I must have sunk in despair: now I felt hope revive within me, and that I was the same creature of God's mercy and care that I was in my former deliverances; and, a feeling took full possession of my mind, that, after a time, I would be enabled to escape by some means or other.

"On the following day, my master brought a slave to me who spoke English and Italian, and desired him to inform me that, if I had any friend in Britain who would pay him two hundred dollars for my ransom, he would use me well, and would not put me to severe work. I at once told him that I had neither relation nor friend on earth who could advance half the sum. When this was interpreted to him, he smiled, and cried—

"'Bah! do not tell me so; for all the English people have gold in great plenty. They are all rich.'

"I solemnly asserted the truth of my statement. He became fierce at what he termed my obstinacy, and concluded by saying he would soon cure me of it. I was now employed in the most laborious drudgery; and from this cause, and the scantiness of my food, soon found my strength beginning to fail me. There was nothing for it, however, but to obey; for the cane was not spared when I shewed the least backwardness; and the bastinado was threatened almost every day, and, I have no doubt, would have been inflicted, had it not been my master's interest that I should not be disabled. During all this time I had not been allowed to enter the house, except on one or two occasions, when a heavy load had to be taken up there, or put down; for my master was both a merchant and surgeon. The female nigress I had never yet spoken to, as I did not know the language of the country; but I thought I could perceive her dark eyes soften into pity when she looked at me, and several times she had given me victuals unknown to her master. So continually was I at this time under the sufferings of hunger, that I would have kissed the hand that gave me a crust of bread.

"In this dismal situation I had been about twelve months, when a circumstance occurred that greatly increased my miseries: this was the black girl's becoming so pointed in her attentions to me, as to excite the jealousy of my master, who watched us, and treated me with a severity which was almost unendurable.

"Despite of his watching, however, we at times found opportunities to meet. On one of these occasions, the nigress proposed to poison her master, if I would turn Mohammedan and marry her. I started in horror at the proposal. I had a kindness for the girl, black as she was, for she was kind to me; but I would as soon have thought of hanging myself as marrying her; and as for turning Turk, I would rather have been impaled alive. Before I could give utterance to my horror at her proposal of murder and impiety, we were compelled to part. Next day, as I followed my master, groaning under a heavy burden, I saw one of the Spaniards who had belonged to the prize, walking richly dressed in the Turkish fashion. He had abjured his faith to avoid slavery and make money.

"Now, cousin Elder, and you Billy, my brother, you must not think the worse of me for telling the truth, as I am relating no make-believe to cause you think me better than I am. You must think of me as I was at this time, barefoot and almost naked: each remnant of my clothes bidding the other a long farewell; my body covered with more blue weals than if I had received three dozen at the grating, for breakfast, on board the frigate; and my person so thin and wasted, from poor living and hard labour, that I am certain, had I passed a churchyard at twilight, in Scotland, the grave-digger would have seized me as a deserter from his domain.

"Well, this renegade Spaniard no sooner came in sight, than I felt envious of his condition, and new fancies be-

gan to fill my mind. For the whole of that day, I was sorely tempted; yet the instructions and pious example of my parents was as a sheet-anchor to me. Again and again I thought it could be no great sin of me to profess outwardly the doctrine of Mohammed, if, in my heart, I believed in Jesus Christ as my only saviour. I in vain tried to call up texts of Scripture; for my mind was a chaos of confusion. My brain seemed to whirl round. Surely the great enemy was busy with me at this time; for the interview between Elisha and Naaman—when he said to the Prophet, "When I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing;" and the Prophet said to him, "Go in peace"—continually recurred to my mind. The false one whispered that my case was similar; but my good angel told me I would lose my soul if I complied. In this conflict of mind, I was locked up for the night. Weary and faint as I was, sleep forsook my pillow. The ease and comparative comfort of the Spaniard, compared with my own situation, presented themselves on the one hand; while, on the other, the misery of an endless eternity stood pictured in the most appalling colours. In this state of harrowing perplexity, I groaned and wept, but I could not pray; for I felt unworthy to address that Being whom I was inclined to forsake, and, by my actions, deny.

"While I lay in this state of mental agony, I heard a gentle tap upon the door of my wretched abode. It was Malah, the nigress, who, in a soft whisper, inquired if I had considered of her proposal of the former evening.

"'Woman,' I answered, in bitterness, 'go hence, and come not to aid my evil thoughts in this my hour of trial.'

"'Fool,' she replied, 'there is no time to lose. Thy master is in a rage of jealousy, and will kill you to-morrow, if not to-night. Give me your answer quick, and all will be well.'

"I heard no more, nor had time to answer. A fierce struggle took place at the door. I heard the voice of my master blaspheming in his native tongue; then a long and piercing shriek, and all was still. That he murdered the nigress, in his rage, at this time, I have every reason to believe, for I never saw her again. I expected, every moment, the door to be opened, and to be cut down by my infuriated master. Weak and unarmed, I could not hope to make a successful resistance; yet, tortured in mind and body as I was, I clung to life with greater eagerness than I ever did, and shuddered at the thought of death, as I sat upon my mat, with my eyes rivetted on the door, expecting the entrance of my destroyer. It was a moment of intense suffering and horror, such as I could not long have sustained. All, however, remaining quiet, I at length laid myself upon my mat, and fell into a deep sleep, which continued for some hours.

When I awoke, it was still dark; but my mind was more composed, and I could more calmly arrange my thoughts. I could not now, for a moment, dwell upon the idea that had haunted me on the day before my aspirations rose to the Throne of Grace. A pleasant feeling came over me; I felt as if I had escaped some imminent danger. I lay, for some minutes, enjoying the happy change, when a sudden thought came into my mind. I resolved to put it into execution as soon as I was called to my labour. I was aware that there was peril in it; but I relied on the avarice of my master, who, although he was most punctual in his attendance at the mosque, and on all the observances of his adopted creed, was a Roman Catholic at heart, and a scrupulous observer of its ritual in secret; for it was his resolution to return to Italy, and to seek a reconciliation with the church, when he had accumulated wealth to satisfy his cupidity. His penances, therefore, on holy days, were severe, and often had I been disturbed by his groans through the night, while he flogged himself. How I despised the villain who thus spurned the Cross before man, for gain, yet, in the darkness of the night worshipped it, and lacerated his body to atone for his base denial of his Lord.

'Shortly after dawn, the Italian came to me, looking more fierce and gloomy than I had ever seen him. At his belt he wore a long knife or dagger—a weapon I had never seen him carry before; but it did not shake my resolution to make terms with him, or die in the attempt. My heart revolted so much at the sight of him, had it not been for my own safety I would have strangled him; but when he ordered me, as if I had been a dog, to follow him, with a more fiendish expression of face, and tone of voice, than usual, my blood began to boil with rage. There was, by chance, close by the door, a garden hoe. I moved towards it as if I were following the tyrant. When it was within my reach, I stood still, and said, in a determined manner, that I was resolved to submit no longer to be starved and oppressed.

"With the look of a demon, he eyed me, for a moment, before he could speak; so much was he surprised at this my first act of insubordination. At length he said, in a voice scarcely intelligible from rage—

"'Dog! say another word, or refuse to obey me, and I will have you bastinadoed until your feet drop off.'

I dared him to do his worst.

"Send for the Cady, or conduct me to him at once. I am resolved, like yourself, to renounce my faith rather than linger out my life as I have done with you.

"The Italian grinned, and gnashed his teeth; his whole frame quivered with rage. It overcame his avarice Drawing his dagger, he made a plunge at my breast; but my eye was on him, keen and fierce as his own. I was now no longer the crouching slave.

"Quick as thought I evaded the well-aimed thrust; and, ere he could repeat it, the garden hoe descended upon his wrist, and the dagger fell to the ground. I had too long a reckoning to count with him, to be sparing of my advantage. I hailed it fore and aft upon his sides and thighs, forcing him into my loathsome den, lest his cries for help might bring assistance to my ruin. At length I paused, standing between him and the door. His rage was not in the least abated; and he was no coward; but he was completely in my power. One blow upon his head with the iron would have finished our strife; but my object was a compromise, not murder. When he could speak, he cried as fiercely as ever—

"'You villain! I shall have you impaled alive for this.'

"Now was the crisis of my fate; unshrinking I stood, and smiled in scorn at the renegade. I saw him quail under my eye. My confidence increased; and, in a firm and calm voice, I replied:—

"'It is you who are in danger of impalement, for preventing me from embracing the Mohammedan faith, which your inhuman usage had made me resolve to adopt, and, to prevent which, you have attempted to murder me; but you are now in my power, for I shall secure the door, and go direct to the mosque, and tell all that has happened, to my own advantage. I know where your secret devotions are performed. It is you who are at my mercy, and I am resolved to be revenged, unless you promise to yield to my just demands.'

"I paused, and eyed him, as he winced under what I said. He was pale as death. Suddenly his eye kindled—he glared upon me like a tiger about to spring. I stood to my guard, ready to fell him to the ground if he made a rush at me. I was not in the least excited, but calm and determined. He saw the advantage I possessed, but kept a dogged silence.

"Again I addressed him:—'Before I lock you up, and go to the mosque to embrace the Mohammedan faith, and

impeach you to the Cady, I offer you terms. They are more for your advantage than mine. I shall gain my freedom, and wealth, perhaps the command of a galley; while you have nothing to look for but the horrid death with which you threatened me. One word from your lips, made sacred by swearing on the Cross, which you secretly revere, can avert what will otherwise be your doom. Weigh your resolve well.'

"He answered not for a minute or two. His whole frame shook; but it was not now with rage, but with fear. His face relaxed its sternness, and his black eyes had lost their fire. I moved to the door, as if on the point of departing to fulfil my threat. The power of speech appeared to have left him. I once more said:—

"'You have sealed your doom. Your blood be on your own head."

"In a voice that more resembled stifled screams than his natural tone, he demanded to know what my terms were.

"'On my part,' I said, 'they are just and reasonable. All I demand is more and better food, and liberty to go about when you do not immediately require my services. If you swear to grant me this request, it may be a long time before I make up my mind to embrace the faith of Mohammed. If you kill me by treachery, you lose my labour. If you shew the least inclination to break your oath, I embrace it at once, and you lose your life. Are you ready to swear that you grant my request; and that, neither by poison nor assassination, will you attempt my life?'

"'Yes,' he replied. 'You also swear, by the saints, never to do anything to my prejudice as a Christian or a Musselman.'

"'Then we are agreed,' I said; 'and all that has happened shall be forgotten and forgiven.'

"Thus, then, was the matter settled; but I put no faith in the renegade, although I made him swear in the most solemn manner I could devise, by the cross which I scratched upon the mud floor with my hoe, and all the saints; I also swearing to be faithful to my engagement.

"I had now liberty, at times, to look a little about me; but I was ever on my guard; I had now a bondage on my mind more severe than that of my body—the dread of my avaricious and cruel master. I was cautious as ever of giving him offence, and was more alert at any task he required me to do. He also spoke to me more kindly than before; but, I believe I was, after all, more indebted to his avarice, and the good opinion he had of my truth, and regard for my oath, than to any scruples he had about breaking his own; for I often caught his eye bent upon me with a look expressive of the utmost malignity. I now neither ate nor slept in security; allowing nothing to enter my mouth which I had not prepared with my own hand, and, at night, carefully barricading the door of my hovel. I, in truth, almost regretted that I had risen against my tyrant; for, in my wanderings in the city, I could see no way by which I could effect my escape. If I attempted to approach any of the gates, the guards threatened to cut me down with their simitars. The same happened if I approached the harbour. Besides, I was liable to blows, and every sort of indignity, from every one who wore a turban, if, in my abstracted and melancholy mood, I unfortunately did not get so soon out of the way as they thought I should have done.

"Believe me, both of you, in this happy land you can form not the faintest conception of the miseries of slavery. I have often wondered since, how I sustained these almost unbearable sufferings without thinking of ending them by a voluntary death. All the time I was in Algiers, I never heard of one, of all the great number of slaves of different nations, who had taken this mode of escaping their misery. And yet, how common is it among people at home who know not what misery is. The effect of slavery is not to excite a spirit of resistance, or, indeed, a spirit of any kind but to prostrate all the energies both of mind and body and to induce a degree of apathy and passiveness amounting to imbecility. This I found in my own case; but, with me, life became dearer as my sufferings increased. At times, indeed, I wished I were in my grave; but, the next moment, I would shudder at the impious wish. I saw no escape for me from my present wretched state, excepting the means my soul abhorred—the turning renegade like my master; but, the principles that had been instilled into me by my worthy parents, young as I was when I left them, were my sheet-anchor, and, when this temptation assailed me, I always said—'Avast there, on that tack. Stand by your colours, Hugh; sink or swim. Never forsake them.' I often thought some spirit whispered the same to me, when the Spaniard, or any other of the renegades hove in sight, as I walked through the streets. To be sure, I do not know much of the parson's lingo to argue about it, but I knew that I had a precious soul, to go aloft or below, just as I sailed; and, if I denied belonging to the ship's crew I was rated in by my parents, and firmly believed that it was the only ship's company who had the proper charts to sail by, what could I look for but to find an R. before my name, when we must all appear to be rated according as we have done our duty. But I will belay this part of my story. Thank God it is all over now, and I am on my way to old Scotland. I hope I will find it as lovely as it was to my thoughts at that time.

"It was about a month after I had made the agreement with the Italian, when I was passing, with a load along one of the cross streets of Algiers, I saw a strange-looking figure coming towards me, whom I had, several times before, observed. He was looked upon by the inhabitants as a santon or saint. All who passed saluted him, but he moved always at the same slow and solemn pace; his eyes fixed upon the ground. On his head, which was shaven, he wore a large turban, old and soiled. His beard, which had once been of a brownish or sandy hue, was now almost white from age, and hung far down his breast. His clothes were of the coarsest kind, and much the worse for the wear; and his feet and legs were bare to the knees. This singular person appeared to take notice of no one, but moved on without turning to right or left. He was about my own height, with keen gray eyes, which moved restlessly, as if his mind was ill at ease. These observations I had made long before; for now I was so depressed that I scarce made any observations on the countless crowds that were ever passing and repassing. At this time I was thinking of my native Currie, and the lovely banks of the Water of Leith: its cool waters, and pleasing shades; for I was, at the moment, sinking under a heavy load, from thirst, and the intolerable heat of the climate. A burst of anguish escaped my lips as he passed. It was expressed in my native tongue. The words escaped me unconsciously. I was thinking aloud:—'O my God! I shall never see thee, Currie, again, nor ever cool my perched body in the Water of Leith.'

"A strange sound fell on my ear. It came from the santon. I turned towards him. His eye was on me with a strange meaning. It was a look of mingled pity and surprise. I thought he was agitated; but he passed on, and I thought no more of it at the time.

"On the following day, the reputed saint came to the house of the Italian, unceremoniously lifted the latch, and walking up to the latter, made him know, by signs, that he wished to see me. I was in the garden at the time, and my master conducted him to where I was. He came up to me, and stood before me gazing on me with a look of compassion. I bowed to him, and asked, in the language of the country, what he wanted. He shook his head, when the Italian informed me that he was a santon, and

highly esteemed, but that he never spake to any one. The hypocrite then kissed the dirty robe of the saint in well-affected humility, and craved his prayers. A withering look of scorn passed over the saint's countenance; another of benignity he threw on me; and, when moving towards the garden door, he beckoned me to follow him.

"There was something in that look of the old man's that won my heart and my confidence at once. Such a look of commiseration had never been cast upon me since I had entered that place of misery. I at once followed him. My master looked as grim as death as we passed, but dared not to oppose the holy man's will. He salamed to him, as low as if he had been the Dey of Algiers, to conceal the rage he was in.

"Following the old man, he led me through street after street, towards the higher quarters of the city, until he at length stopped at a mosque. I thought he was going to enter it, and resolved not to follow him, let the consequences be what they might; but my resolve was not required to be put in force; for, as an unbeliever, I was debarred, upon pain of death, from entering those sacred places, until I had embraced the faith of the Prophet.

"When the old man reached the gate of the building, he turned to the left, and entered a small cave-looking den, beckoning me to follow him. All this had taken place in the heat of the day, when the streets are less crowded than at any other time. The few we met looked at us with curiosity; but the saint was one far too holy in their estimation to be questioned, or interrupted in anything he did. He wandered through the city wherever he pleased, reverenced by all. Sometimes he was absent from the town for weeks together; sometimes confined himself for as long a period in his house. But it mattered not how he conducted himself; all he did was believed by these besotted Mussulmans to be the result of inspiration and religious zeal.

"I entered the den in amazement, wondering what the dirty saint would do next. Still, without uttering a sound, he pointed to a stone bench, and motioned me to be seated. I obeyed. He squatted himself, like a native, upon the floor, and gazed upon me for a moment. The tears came into his eyes, and I heard him sobbing. Lost in amazement, I sat gazing on him in turn; but conceive, if you can, my astonishment when he thus addressed me in the clear language of my native land:—

"'Sae ye are a Scotch callant, frae the banks o' the Water o' Leith—poor boy.'

"I looked round to see if any other person was present, for that it was the santon who uttered it, I could not bring myself to believe; and if it really was him, it must, I believed, be by diablerie, for he was reputed dumb. Under this impression, I would have fled from the place to avoid the enchantments I thought he was about to work upon me; but I was unable to move, and was, besides, so agitated, that my knees smote against each other, as I stood completely bewildered. At length, with an effort, I said:—

"'In the name of God, who is it that speaks? Satan, I defy you and all your works.'

"The good man smiled, and motioned me to be seated, at the same time saying—

"'Laddie, what are ye flied for? I am a Scotch callant as weel as yersel, frae the bonny Water o' Leith, an hae tane this trouble to serve ye gif I can; sae be nae sae skiegh; I'm am neither saint nor warlock, but a wae-begane auld man; sae be nae flied for me, but tell me your sad tale, an a' ye can, o' bonny Scotland, for I maun ne'er see it again—wae is me.'

"My heart was melted to hear the old man, who sat with his hands convulsively clasped, looking in my face, while the tears streamed down his aged cheeks as he spoke.

"When he concluded, his head sunk on his bosom. We both remained silent for a time—our feelings were too keen for utterance, yet mine were the most delightful I have ever felt. A cloud passed from my mind, and hope once more made all sunshine in my before darkened bosom. I seized the old man's hand, and held it to my breast, which throbbed as if it would have burst. My slavery and misery were forgot at this moment. Every endearing term that came to my recollection, I called him; and the language of gratitude flowed from me, mingled with blessings, until he stopped me, saying—

"'Poor young thing, I'm loath to damp your present happiness, but there is much danger and difficulty before ye, ere ye can ca' yersel free—meikle as I wish to serve ye, and readily as I will do a' in my power to do sae; in the meantime, ye maun be entirely guided by me—for yer ain sake—for naething can befa' me, but grief for you, should our designs miscarry. Thae besotted heathens hae ta'en sic notions into their heads, that war I catched in ony evil it wadna be laid to my charge; yet God is my witness, I never did ony thing to win their unholy respect; but the doomed maun thole their doom. Now tell me yer name an kin, an whan ye left the bonny banks o' the Water o' Leith?'

"I need not tell you all I told my new friend, nor repeat the many strange questions I answered. There was not an individual he inquired for I had ever known. Severals I had heard the old people talk of, but they had been long dead. I inquired how he had come to know that I was a Scot. He informed me that he had overheard my exclamation as I passed him on the day before, and that the sound of my voice, and the spot I had mentioned, roused all his love for his country into a flame he could not, neither wished he to extinguish; rejoicing in the hope, that he should have it in his power to restore to his country and friends a native of the spot where the only happy days he had passed on earth were spent.

"I shall not give you the outline of his adventures now. Perhaps I will tell you them to beguile the time when we are in the smack going down to Leith.

"With reluctance I left him before sunset; for, after it was dark, a slave would have been bastanadoed had he been found on the streets by the guard, and in their surveillance they are most vigilant; a numerous police being as constantly on the alert as if the city was besieged. When I arrived at my master's, he was most anxious to know what had occurred between me and the saint. I evaded giving him any account; but led him to understand, that I was by no means pleased with the humour of his saintship. As domestic slavery is supported only by cruelty and oppression, it creates jealousy and fear in the oppressors. We were forced to act with the utmost caution—no time was appointed for our second meeting—so that, anxious and fretful as I was, I could as yet do nothing for myself but exert my patience. This I found no easy task. Day followed day, still I heard nothing of my friend. I became the prey of alternate hopes and fears. His sincerity I could not doubt, but his ability, I feared, was unequal to the task he had undertaken. Every time my master sent me out upon his business, or when I could get away myself, I looked most anxiously for a sight of him, but in vain. Nearly a month had passed in this uncertainty; and I was sinking fast into despondency; for the glimpse of hope that had presented itself, made my situation, if possible, more unbearable than it was before. I had more than once ventured upwards towards the mosque, where he resided, at the hazard of insult and personal maltreatment, without seeing him. I began to fear that he was sick or dead; for he was feeble and very old. My whole soul revolted at the idea of his having deserted me. It never occurred that he might have left the city, for a time, perhaps for the purpose of aiding my escape. In difficulty or doubt, when we have time to brood upon the object of our anxiety, the most gloomy views always present

themselves, producing a species of self-torture that greatly increases our misery. At length I had the pleasure of seeing my old friend approaching the house of the Italian, with the same listless step as usual—his eyes bent upon the ground, and his hands crossed upon his breast. I quickened my pace, and passed him just as he had almost reached the door. There was a funeral procession passing at the time—the bearers of the body halted, and, with the greatest deference, requested him to accompany it to the place of interment. He obeyed mechanically. Each of the persons present gave him some money, which he took with the utmost indifference. I caught his eye. The moment he saw me it kindled up; there was an expression in it of joy that dispelled all my fears. By signs he made me know that he wished to see me in his cell; then making one of his unearthly sounds, he motioned me to retire. It was not out of time; for the attendants at the funeral were going to use me roughly for standing near the corpse of a true believer; and it was with difficulty I escaped into the house of my master, without a shower of blows from the enraged infidels.

"The next two hours passed heavily on. I thought the Italian required more of me on this day than ever he had done before. Everything was irksome to me. My senses were in a confusion of dreamy joy; I could not collect my thoughts. At length I could endure my restraint no longer. I begged for an hour's absence more humbly than I had ever done. My master at first refused, demanding to know where I wished to go. This I declined telling him, when he flew into a passion. My own feelings being very irritable at the moment, the scene of our first encounter was on the point of being reacted, when prudence once more came to my aid. I solemnly assured him that I would not be longer absent than an hour, and I must have his permission or I would go without it; and if I did so, said I, I would never return. Seeing me determined, my master gave his consent with a growl, accompanied by one of his most villanous looks. I could see his fingers move as if they itched to grasp his dagger; but his rascally spirit quailed at the look I gave him. It was too evident to me that I must speedily escape, or my life was not worth a week's lease. I was weary of the caution I was compelled to observe at all times when in his presence; for he loathed me with all his soul; and when he thought I was off my guard, I have seen him eyeing me as if he thought the moment was come to be revenged. I could with pleasure have acted, as the young men before Joab, when each took his fellow by the beard, and thrust his sword into the side of his fellow. When I reached the upper part of the town, and approached the mosque, I saw my friend standing at the door of his cell, anxiously looking out for me. As I drew near he passed in, and I followed, salaming very low, as if I was paying reverence to the saint; for there were several people passing, but they took no such notice of me as to interrupt my entrance. The old man now took me by the hand, in his usual quiet and subdued manner, saying—

"'My countryman, did you think I had forsaken you? I fear you did; but it wasna sae. I have been earnest in my efforts in your behalf, an' hae a faint gleam o' success; but ye mauna be owre confident. There is yet meikle to accomplish, an' it isna free o' peril; but, if I'm no beguiled, ye hae a stout Scotch heart o' your ain to bear ye through.'

"I kissed the old man's hand, and requested him to point out the means, and leave the rest to me.

"'Weel,' he said, 'I hae been oot o' this Sodom o' a town amaist ever since I saw ye last, an' doon alang the beach on baith sides o't. On the left side, there are a wheen fishermen's huts, an' twa or three boats. I stayed amang them some days to mak them acquaint wi' my person, an' met wi' the same reverence from them that I do here. I lived in a hole in the rocks to the left o' the huts—you'll easily find it when it is wanted. You maun hae observed that British armed vessels are occasionally cruising along the coast, and whiles anchoring for a few hours at no great distance from the shore. Now, the first time you see such a vessel at anchor, ye maun come straight to me; for I'll no leave the sicht o' this place, or the road frae your master's, till then, an' I'll gie ye a dress the same as my ain, an' shave yer head, an' alter yer beard, to mak ye like mysel; for in that guise ye are safe, an' may gang whar ye like. Haud away straight to the huts, and sit down until dark, just as ye see me do; then take a boat and row oot to the ship. There is nae fear for me; for I'll bide in my cell until the ship sails, if I think ye hae time to be on board before then, or gie ye time to return to the city.'

"I need not tell you how I thanked the good old man from my heart, before I left him. That night I slept none, but, as soon as all was quiet, rose and opened the door of my hovel, and stood gazing on the expanse of water that stretched from the port. But the moon sunk in the west, and the sun rose and set, without the wished-for object heaving in sight. My heart began to sicken, and my spirits to droop, when one morning the first object that met my eye, as the sun rose, was a strange vessel, evidently a ship of war, about a league from the town, and just off the huts the santon had spoken of. My heart beat so quick I could scarce breathe. I waited anxiously for my master to arise to liberate me. Fortunately I did not require to ask his permission; for I was to go to the market for necessaries. I took my basket, and walked forth, with the joyous feeling that I should never enter his house of misery again. I walked straight to my friend's cell, where I found him seated at the door, as if he waited for me. His joy was equal to my own, but chastened by his sorrows. I was in hopes soon to visit a country he was doomed never to see, much as he loved it. I was soon arrayed in the dress of my deliverer; but did not take farewell of him until towards the afternoon. The vessel, whatever she was, had evidently suffered in a gale, and was refitting. Oh, how my heart bounded. With tears I bade a long farewell to my friend—my friend, indeed—and walked forth, imitating his look and step—the infidels imploring my prayers as I passed. All fear forsook me as I approached the gate; for even the rough sentinels salamed to me. However much I felt the inclination to run when outside of the gates, I restrained myself, and moved with the same solemn pace until I reached the spot I wished. The fishermen blessed me, and implored my prayers—happy that their huts were sanctified by my presence. The shades of night put a stop to this mummery. The lights from the cabin windows of the frigate—for I had made her out—shone like the beacon of safety across the waters; I feared every moment that she would get under weigh. At length the fishermen were hushed in sleep; I came down to the beach; one of the boats was afloat, moored to a rock. I leaped on board; and, in half an hour, I was a free man, and trod the decks of the frigate, in which I served until paid off a few days since, receiving my pay from the day I first was impressed."

TOM LENNOX'S CAPTIVITY.

"How should you like to go abroad, Thomas?" said Mr Williamson, one day, to a young man who was, at the moment, busily employed, in that gentleman's garden, in pruning some fruit trees—Thomas being to business a gardener, and giving promise of turning out a first-rate one. "How should you like to go to Italy, Thomas?" said Mr Williamson; and, when he said this, he held an open letter in his hand.

On this query being put to Thomas, who was a lively, active lad, he paused in his work, and, looking his master full in the face, replied, with a modest smile—

"I dinna ken, sir."

It was all he said, for he waited for further explanations.

"I ask you the question, Thomas," continued Mr Williamson, "because I have here a letter from an intimate friend of mine, who has settled in the neighbourhood of Naples, and who has requested me to find him a steady and skilful Scotch gardener, to take charge of the gardens of his palazzo. Now, Thomas," continued Mr Williamson, "although I should be extremely unwilling to part with you, I would by no means allow any such selfish considerations to interrupt your advancement in the world: on the contrary, I would rather promote it, as I hope I prove, by putting this offer in your power. My friend, Mr Carleton, is an excellent man, and I have no doubt your situation will be an easy and comfortable one. He will pay all your expenses out, (I will, myself, advance the money for this purpose, in the meantime,) and will give you a liberal salary. Now, then, Thomas, what do you say to this? But I'll tell you what," added Mr Williamson, "don't answer me just now. Think of it till to-morrow, or next day; weigh it well in your mind, and then let me know the result."

Saying this, Mr Williamson folded up the letter he had hitherto held open in his hand, put it into his pocket, and walked away.

"Queer business this," said Thomas to himself, on his master's departure. "Naples! wha wad ever hae thocht o't? Outlandish place. A' beggars and princes. Never mind. Weel paid, I fancy. Faith, I'll gang; it'll ay be seein a bit odd corner o' the warld, at ony rate; and it's but comin back again if it doesna suit me."

Leaving the young gardener to pursue such reflections as those just indicated, we shall interpolate a word or two of information regarding the parties whom we have introduced to the reader. There is not much to say; but what little there is, may as well be said. Mr Williamson was a gentleman of fortune, who occupied, at the time of our story, the handsome mansion-house of his family, in Dumbartonshire. We have reasons for declining to point out its special locality. Thomas Lennox was his second head gardener; a rattling, good-natured, through-going sort of lad. Knowing in his profession, steady in his habits, although not particularly averse to a harmless frolic now and then, Thomas' greatest fault was an uncontrollable precipitation, proceeding from an excess of animal spirits. Everything he did, was done with a kind of furious celerity—yet done well; for there was great manual dexterity, and a strong natural judgment, to regulate and guide the excitement under which he seemed constantly to labour. Of Mr Carleton, we have little more to say than that he was a gentleman of fortune; that he had gone to reside in the neighbourhood of Naples, for the benefit of his health; and that he was, as Mr Williamson represented him, a particular friend of that gentleman's. Having given these two or three particulars, we proceed with our story:—

After what has been said, the reader, we presume, will be quite prepared to learn that Lennox eventually closed with the proposal of his going to Naples. In less than a fortnight after the conversation between him and his master, with which our story opened, he was on his way to Liverpool, where, as the papers had informed him, a certain merchant vessel was about to sail for the Mediterranean—Naples being one of her intended destinations. On board of this vessel, Lennox ultimately embarked. Nothing particular occurred until the ship had a long way passed the rock of Gibraltar. Thus far Tom's voyage had been prosperous, but no further. A violent storm now came on, which drove the vessel towards the Barbary shore, to the great alarm of the crew. Their fears, however, were neither for the wind nor the waves, although these were appalling enough, but for the corsairs with which the whole Mediterranean, especially the African coast, was then infested—our story referring to a period upwards of forty years back. Nor were the fears of the crew of the *Matilda*, groundless. The wind having shifted two or three points, and having considerably abated, they were endeavouring to recover their course, when a suspicious sail, apparently bearing down upon them, suddenly presented itself. It was yet too distant, however, to enable them to decide upon its character, and they had therefore some time to wait before this was perfectly ascertained. The interval, however, was not long; for the stranger, who much outsailed the *Matilda*, rapidly neared them; and, when she had done so, there was no longer any doubt that she was indeed one of those much dreaded pests of the Mediterranean—an Algerine corsair. The turbans and short red jackets of her ruffian crew were already discernible even by the naked eye.

"What's to be dune, captain?" said Tom Lennox, who was standing beside the former, eyeing the approaching enemy with the same interest as others, but apparently with less of alarm than some of them.

"Why, I don't well know, my lad," replied the captain. "I'm afraid she's too strong for us; yet I am myself for fighting it out: but I must have the sense of my crew on this point; for if they are unwilling to fight, if they have no heart to it, although they may obey orders, we will do no good. What say you yourself, my lad, to begin with—fight or surrender?"

"I gie my vote for fechtin, captain, clean and at ance," replied Tom Lennox, buttoning his coat, as if the affair was to be decided by fists, and not by sword and bullet. "Never say dee. That's my creed in a' cases. Sae let the beggars come on."

"Bravo, my lad," shouted the delighted captain, slapping

Tom heartily on the shoulder. "You're of the right stuff."

"Real Scotch thrustle," replied Tom, smiling. "Can aye, at least, jag the haun that wad crush me."

The captain now lost no time in ascertaining the sentiments of his crew on the subject of resistance, and found that the general disposition was in favour of it. To the waverers he said:—

"You see, my lads, here's just the way the matter stands: If we don't fight, we have no chance of escaping; if we do, we have. So there's the short and the long of it. It's all within the circle of a midge's eye."

The determination to fight being now general, the decks were immediately cleared for action: the guns shotted and primed; and those not required to work the former, amongst whom was Tom Lennox, were armed with musket and cutlass.

In the meantime, the corsair approached, and, in a few minutes, was within point blank range of the *Matilda's* guns.

"Give it 'em now, my lads," shouted the captain. "Fire!" and instantly four or five guns were discharged. But they had been very indifferently aimed, for one only was observed to have taken effect.

Undaunted by this hostile reception, the corsair held on her way towards the *Matilda*, with the intention of running her alongside, and was thus soon within reach of the small arms. These were, accordingly, immediately called into service. A rattling fire of musketry was now opened on the enemy; and none were more active in this employment—none, indeed, half so active—as Tom Lennox.

"Come on, ye beggars," exclaimed Tom, as he discharged his first shot, and sent his ball through the turbaned head of one of the pirates. "That's through your dish-clout," added Lennox, on seeing the effect of his shot, and designating by that more familiar name the turban of the unfortunate wearer.

Reloading his piece, Lennox again took aim, and again hit his man, exclaiming, as he did so—

"That's the way to nick them. Ca' them owre like branchers. Faith, I'm the better o' my practice at the craws, although I little thocht, when I was pepperin them at Kittlemaloof, that I was learnin to shoot thae sort o' birds."

In the meantime, the Algerine, still undeterred by the spirit of resistance exhibited by the crew of the *Matilda*, held steadily on, without firing a shot, till she had fairly run alongside of the ill-fated vessel. This done, the pirates, sword in hand, crowded into the latter in such numbers, that resistance was unavailing; yet this resistance was made, and by none more determinedly than by Thomas Lennox. With a cutlass in his hand, which was soon dyed deeply with the blood of the assailants, Lennox laid manfully about him, exclaiming—

"Shave the beggars; doon wi' the tauty boggles; slice them doon like raw cucumers;" and, with every objurgation, Lennox either struck down or deeply wounded one of the enemy. But his own time was at hand: a blow of a sabre on the head, from behind, brought him senseless to the deck; and, in three minutes after, the *Matilda* was in possession of the pirates, who immediately made sail for Algiers with their prize, having previously thrown all the dead overboard.

Amongst these, Lennox was at first numbered by the corsairs, and two of them had seized him, one by the arms, and another by the legs, in order to toss him over the side, when a groan from the wounded man gave them notice of his being still in life.

On making this discovery, the pirates, in place of swinging Lennox overboard, pitched him into a corner, there to lie until he either gave up the ghost entirely, or came round, in which latter case he might turn out valuable as a slave—this consideration, and not humanity, being the motive of the pirates, for refraining from throwing him into the sea. The wound which Lennox had received having been more violent than serious, he soon so far recovered as to be able to sit up, and to comprehend the situation he was placed in. The pirates, perceiving that he was coming round, placed before him a quantity of cold boiled rice and a pitcher of water. Of the latter Lennox greedily partook, and found himself greatly refreshed by it. The rice he could not touch.

Having bandaged up his head, Lennox now found himself gradually gaining strength, and was so much improved, that, within four-and-twenty hours from his having received his wound, he was able, not only to stand upright, but to walk about the deck, which the pirates for a short time permitted him to do. It was not long, however, that they permitted this. On perceiving that he was apparently out of all danger from his injury, they handcuffed him, shackled his legs, and thrust him into the hold, where, for two days, he had nothing to live upon but a small allowance of boiled rice and water. Notwithstanding, however, of this severe regimen, Lennox continued to gain strength rapidly, and his wound was fast mending.

On the evening of the second day after the capture of the *Matilda*, the corsair was alongside the mole of Algiers; and, in half-an-hour more, had her prisoners—consisting, besides Lennox, of the captain, the mate, seven seamen, and a boy—safely landed on what is called the Fish Quay. Here the prisoners were mustered, and detained for some time, as if to await some decision regarding their ultimate destination. This, however, was not precisely the case. They were detained for the arrival of the owner of the piratical vessel by whom they had been taken, and who was every moment expected. He at length made his appearance. A tall, grave, but somewhat fierce-looking personage, of about fifty-five years of age, superbly dressed in the costume of his country. His splendid turban was decorated with rich and sparkling jewels. His slippers were of bright red Morocco leather. His wide trousers, of snowy whiteness. Around his waist he wore a rich cashmere or Indian shawl, in which was stuck a dagger or yatagan, whose handle glittered with precious stones. By his side hung a short curved sabre, with an ivory handle, and whose sheath either really was or appeared to be of pure gold; for, besides being of the colour of that precious metal, it exhibited a quantity of workmanship, so elaborate in detail, and so exquisite in execution, as would hardly be expended on baser material.

Such was the personage, then, who now claimed to be lord and master, not only of the liberties, but of the limbs and lives of the unfortunate captives.

On approaching the latter, El Archid—for such was the name of this trader in piracy—scanned the prisoners with a steady, deliberate, and scrutinizing look, but without uttering a word. At length his particular regards seemed to be fixed on Lennox, probably from his being the only one of the group who was not in the dress of a sailor.

Having looked at him for a few seconds, he turned to his captain, the commander of the corsair, and said—

"What is this dog's profession, know ye, Hushebad? He is not a seaman, I think."

"He's no seaman, I believe," replied the piratical captain; "but what he *is* I don't know."

To ascertain this point, on which the owner of the corsair was rather curious, an interpreter, or dragoman, was immediately sent for, as neither the captain nor his owner spoke a word of English, but were sufficiently acquainted with it to know that it was the language that Lennox and his companions spoke.

In the course of about a quarter of an hour, the desider-

ated translator of languages made his appearance. He was a little corpulent, cock-nosed Arab, with a great deal of importance in his manner, and an immense deal of grease and filth on and about his person and dress. He was, in truth, a dirty-looking little rascal; and his dirtiness was the more conspicuous, that his apparel was composed of articles which had been originally of the gayest colours, but which were now so soiled and faded, as to give the wearer at once a most fantastic and beggarly appearance

A few words having been addressed to this personage by El Archid, he turned to Lennox, and said, in very good English—

"My lord, here, wishes to know what profession you are of?"

"He wad like to ken, wad he?" replied Lennox, coolly.

"Tell him to try an fin't oot."

"Of this answer the little interpreter could make nothing. He understood, and could speak English very well, as we have said, but transmuted into Scotch, it was to him wholly unintelligible.

"What language dat you speak, friend?" inquired the little interpreter—a good deal discomposed at finding himself thus thrown out in his vocation; for he prided himself on the extent of his acquirements in the modern languages of Europe, all of which, up to this moment, he thought he knew. "What language dat you speak, dog?" repeated the little interpreter, getting angry at his own inability to comprehend the questioned.

"Dug! Wha are ye duggin at, ye worricow? wi' your tatterwallies fleein in the win, there, like a tauty bogle," replied Lennox, with great indignation.

As in the former case, the little interpreter could make nothing of the present objurgation; but he saw perfectly well the spirit in which it was delivered; he saw that it was in anger, and guessed that it was abuse.

Under this impression, the little Arab also got into a violent passion, and, clenching his fist, shook it in Lennox's face, exclaiming furiously—

"Yes, you are dog. All Christians dogs. Unbelievers all go to hell, and you go too."

"Hauns aff, frien," replied Lennox, who not knowing that the Arab, when he strikes, strikes with the knife, or other lethal weapon, and never with the fist, believed that the little interpreter was about to assail him.

"Hauns aff, frien," he said, "or, haunshaigled as I am," (shaking his chains,) "I'll thraw the neck o' ye."

During this scene, Lennox's future master was contemplating the actors with an amused look. A faint smile played upon his usually grave countenance; and, for some seconds, he did not seek to interfere with the disputants.

At length, however, laying his hand on the interpreter's shoulder, and speaking a few words to him, the latter repeated, in somewhat calmer mood, his question as to Lennox's profession.

"Tell him then, sin he maun hae't, that I'm a gardener; and muckle gude may the information do him. Ye may tell him too, that I was bred at a place they ca' Drumdroddum, near Kittlemaloof."

That part of this response which was intelligible to the interpreter, and which happened to be the most important part, namely, the profession of the responder—the former immediately communicated to El Archid. This personage seemed much pleased with the information, and immediately ordered Lennox to be separated from the others, and the shackles to be removed from his legs, leaving him thus secured only by the wrists.

In about half-an-hour after, Lennox, escorted by two armed men, was conducted out of the town, but to what destination he knew not. The direction, however, was inland, and mostly up hill, their route ascending the high grounds above Algiers. After somewhere about two hours' walking, the party came in sight of one of the noblest mansions Lennox had ever seen; and much did he marvel to see so elegant and magnificent a building in so wild and savage a land; but still more did he marvel at the vast extent, and surpassing beauty of the gardens and pleasure grounds with which it was surrounded. In Scotland, he had never seen anything at all to compare to it, and his late employer's was one of the handsomest country seats in that kingdom; but it sunk into insignificance when compared with this gorgeous residence of the barbarous Algerine. But Lennox had not yet seen half its splendour—he only saw it at a distance. An opportunity was soon afforded him to see the remainder; for this house was the destination of himself and escort; it was the residence of El Archid.

On approaching the mansion more nearly, Lennox found it exhibiting a degree of splendour, for which the more distant view, much as that had led to him to expect, had not prepared him. Terrace upon terrace, glowing with the richest coloured flowers and shrubs, and whose broad stairs and ballustrades were of polished marble, rose in stupendous magnificence from the valley, which the house overlooked, to the level ground on which it stood.

By and by the party reached an iron gate, in what appeared to be a garden wall, which was of great height. At this gate they stopped, when one of them drew forth a key, applied it to the lock, opened the gate, and all three entered. The gate was then carefully locked again on the inside, and the key carried away. Having, in a similar way, passed through several iron gates, the party at length arrived at the innermost garden of the mansion; and it was here that all the splendours of the place were first disclosed to the wondering eyes of the poor Scotch gardener.

In the centre of this lovely garden was a gorgeous fountain or *jet d'eau* of water, of the purest white marble. The garden itself was filled with the most beautiful shrubs and flowers, and with an immense variety of fruit-trees, all laden with the richest looking fruit, but mostly of kinds unknown to Lennox.

Even the circumstances in which he was placed, could not prevent Lennox, however, from contemplating the garden with a professional eye; and his doing so discovered to him that the place, after all, was nearly as much indebted to nature as to art for its surpassing beauty; that is, he perceived that the distribution and management of the ground and plants, and the manner in which the former was wrought, exhibited no great degree of professional skill; and that a rich soil and delicious climate were entitled to nearly all the credit of producing this terrestrial paradise. And, seeing this, Lennox began now to comprehend the purpose of bringing him thither, and that to which it was intended to devote his services. He now believed, in short, that he was to be employed in his professional capacity by his new lord and master. And the belief brought him no small comfort, as he had at first entertained little doubt that he was either to have been murdered outright, or immured in some horrible dungeon for life.

In the meantime, the party approached the house; and in this, also, Lennox saw much to wonder at. Everything in its appearance, and everything about it, was new and strange to him. Large as the house was, it had but few windows, and these extremely narrow, and all closely shut up with green Venetian blinds. Thus, the building presented on all sides scarcely anything but plain dull masses of white wall. Its appearance was thus exceedingly strange in the eyes of Lennox, accustomed to the large and many windowed mansions of his own country. He was yet more struck, however, with the appearance of the domestics belonging to this singular establishment. These were nearly all black, male and female, all slaves

and some of them gorgeously attired. They were in great numbers too; some running about as if busily employed, others sauntering listlessly in front of the house, apparently without anything to do. Lennox was now conducted to an isolated tower, which stood in the corner of the garden, and close by the mansion-house. This building had the appearance of a prison—which, indeed, it was. Instead of windows, it presented only two or three narrow loop-holes placed at wide distances; and even these were guarded with strong bars of iron. The door, too, was of unusual strength, and studded all over with the round broad heads of iron nails or pins.

Into this prison—which was the usual night's quarters of those of El Archid's slaves who were not of his domestic establishment, those employed in field work, and other similar descriptions of labour, and were no way distinguished by their master's favour—Lennox was thrown.

Locked in a small dark room, lighted by one of those narrow grated loop-holes already spoken of, and whose only furniture was a low truckle bed, Lennox was now left to his meditations. That these were not of the most pleasant description we suppose we need hardly say.

On being left to himself, Lennox, who was now relieved from his fetters, sat himself down on the truckle bed, and began to think over the strange series of events that had brought him into so strange and melancholy a situation.

"Weel, but this is a set o't," said Lennox to himself, as he sat on the edge of the truckle bed, with one leg over the other, and looking down on the floor, with a long and dismal face. "This is a set o't. Wha wad hae thocht it. No muckle mair than sax short weeks since, I was drinkin a bottle o' yill wi' Willie Hedderwick in Lucky Brown's at Kittlemaloof; and noo here I am in a jile, like a thief or murderer, in Africa, as I believe it is; and, I suppose, am to be wrocht, and maybe fed too, like a beast o' burden, and get my throat cut if I refuse. It's a bonny pickle I'm in, to be sure. A precious scrape."

In such reflections as these Lennox had indulged for nearly an hour, when his prison door was opened, and a turbaned black, with large gold earrings in his ears, entered, bearing a dish in one hand, and a pitcher of water in the other. These he laid down on the floor without saying a word, and retired, locking the door again when he went out. With more of curiosity than appetite, Lennox examined the contents of the dish that had been left by the slave, and found it to contain a piece of roasted lamb embedded in boiled rice.

"No sae bad this," said Lennox—auguring well of his future treatment from this improvement in the description of his food. "No sae bad ava;" and, tempted by the savouriness of the food he was thus negatively commending, he commenced eating with a better appetite than he thought he had, and eventually made a hearty meal of it. Feeling now somewhat invigorated, and, all together, more comfortable than before, Lennox threw himself on the bed, and soon fell into a profound sleep. In this sleep he had remained for about an hour and a half, when he was visited by a horrible dream. He dreamt that four huge black fellows, each with a large, clear, crooked knife in his hand, seized him, threw him on his back, and were about to cut his throat; he felt the edge of the knife sensibly; he started up with a murder-shout, and found, as he at first imagined, his dream realized; for beside him stood the same black slave who had brought him his provisions an hour and a half before. He had been shaking Lennox, and shouting to him to awaken, when the latter started up in the way described, and had been nearly knocked over by the violence of his movement, besides being almost as much frightened by Lennox's unearthly roar and furious spring, as the former had been by his imaginary murderers.

On recovering his propriety, the black grinned a laugh, and beckoned on Lennox to follow him. This the latter immediately did, and was conducted into the garden, then through several turnings and windings, until they came to an open space, where were a number of gardeners at work, under the eye of a superintendent or head gardener—an old man, with a long gray beard—and where, also, was the master of all, El Archid himself, overlooking their operations. At the moment of Lennox's approach, he was in conversation with his head gardener on the subject, apparently, of the work in which the men were engaged.

When Lennox drew near, El Archid, pointing to some garden tools that lay on the walk, but particularly indicating a spade, desired him, by signs, to take it up, and shew how he could use it. This Lennox immediately did, and soon satisfied both his lord and the superintendent that he knew well how to handle the implement.

Thus far assured of his acquaintance with gardening, the superintendent now set him to some other jobs probatory of his skill, all of which he executed in so neat, expeditious, and business-like a manner, as convinced his master that he was an excellent gardener, and, as such, would be a great acquisition to him, when he came to understand the nature of the vegetable productions of the country, and of its soil and climate.

From this day, Lennox's situation was much improved. Instead of being sent to the tower, with the other outworkers, to sleep, he was provided with a small, neat, and comfortable apartment in a wing of the mansion-house; and, in the article of food, had nothing to complain of: on the contrary, much to be satisfied with. The expectations which Lennox's master and the superintendent had been led to entertain of his future services were not disappointed. Wisely making the best of his situation, Lennox applied himself assiduously to the study of the nature of the plants now under his care, and soon acquired such a degree of knowledge in this particular as enabled him not only to treat them with success, but to suggest new and improved modes of raising and cultivating them. He also introduced a regularity and neatness of workmanship into the gardens of his master that they had never known before, and with which the former was much pleased.

By such means Lennox soon gained the favour of El Archid; and, by his frank and obliging disposition, that of his more immediate master, Mustapha, the old bearded head gardener—the latter an acquisition of even greater importance than the former, for the old fellow had much in his power as to rendering his situation comfortable or otherwise. This Lennox well knew, and, therefore, prudently, did everything in his power to secure the old man's favour; and in this the latter met him half way, in consequence of having a view, which he indeed eventually realized, of converting his own situation into a sinecure, by deputing to Lennox the charge of the workmen, and the general management of the gardens, while he lolled at his ease in a certain favourite arbour in the remotest of them, indulging in the luxury of the pipe, and in another propensity not so consistent with his religion or professions.

Mustapha was a rigid Mussulman, and loud in his declamations against all contraveners of the laws of the Prophet, but particularly against wine drinkers. Satisfied, however, with pointing out to others the sin of indulging in intoxicating liquors, Mustapha did not seem to think it at all necessary that he should abstain from them himself. Mustapha, in truth, drank hard, though secretly. In this bower of his he fuddled and smoked for whole days together; and thither Lennox was in the habit of repairing to him for orders. These, though notoriously half seas over, he always gave with the greatest gravity; indeed

this gravity was proportioned in intensity to the state of drunkenness in which he happened to be. The more drunk he was, the more grave, and solemn, and didactic.

It was seldom, however, that Lennox paid the smallest attention to these orders of the maudlin Mussulman: he asked them merely to gratify the old fellow, and to leave him some show of superintendence, taking his own way whenever he thought it the better. He, however, always gave Mustapha the credit of any piece of work deserving more than usual commendation, by saying it had been executed according to his orders; and most amusing it was to see the perfect gravity and self-complacence with which the old boy pocketed the compliment. Nay, he not only did this, but often went so far as to say that he knew such and such would be the result of such and such proceeding, and it was on this account he had recommended it. He recommend it! He had never seen nor heard of it before. It was Lennox's doing from beginning to end.

Such, then, was the position in which Lennox stood with regard to his master, and his master's deputy, Mustapha; and such as we have above described was the character of his position as regarded its general contingencies.

Lennox, in truth, was allowed every reasonable indulgence except liberty. This, however, was not permitted him: he was never allowed to pass through the garden gate. Indeed this was a privilege which a very few only of the inmates of El Archid's house enjoyed, and one which was extended to none of his slaves, who were always carefully watched and looked after.

Lennox had now been somewhere about nine months in captivity, and in the employment in which we have represented him as engaged, and, in that time, had learned and observed many things, but there were none of these things that possessed half so much interest for him as a certain discovery which he made in the last fortnight of the period named.

For some time previous to this, Lennox had observed the beauteous face of a fair girl frequently peeping through the *jalousies*, or green blinds of one of the most remote windows of the house, and looking with great interest on some captives who were employed in digging a small piece of ground immediately below it.

Who this fair lady was, Lennox did not know, nor, aware of the jealousy with which women—women of rank, particularly—are guarded in that country, did he it safe to inquire.

For some days, he saw no more of this lady than the small portion of her countenance which she cautiously exhibited at the window. At length, however, a female, richly habited, deeply veiled, and attended by a smart, lively, and good-looking abigail, appeared in the garden, where she took several turns, passing Lennox two or three times. Lennox was too modest, or, perhaps, too much afraid of consequences, to look her directly in the face. He, however, contrived to catch a furtive glimpse of her countenance, which an accidental, or intentional derangement of her veil favoured, and discovered that the face was the same with that which he had seen at the window. The feelings, however, which deterred Lennox from taking a more open look of the mistress, did not hinder him from taking a pretty round stare at the maid. This he did; and was greeted by a coquetish smirk, and a very encouraging blink of her large dark eyes, in return.

"Twa guid-lookin queens thae," said Lennox to himself, when the ladies had passed him. "Just real bonny lasses, altbough a wee thing owre broon, maybe. I wonder wha they are. But I guess, noo," continued Lennox; and he guessed rightly—"the leddy 'll be El Archid's dochter, and the ither her maid." It was precisely so; and Lennox, shortly after, learned that it was.

On the following day, the young lady and her maid again appeared in the garden, again passed and repassed Lennox, and again was Lennox blessed with the smile and the blink of the preceding day; but with no sign nor word from the mistress was he favoured. Day after day, for nearly a week, was this visit repeated; and its consequence was, at length, to give rise to some very strange notions in the head of Thomas Lennox. Thomas, as we have elsewhere said, was a very good-looking lad; and Thomas had a guess that he was so. It will not then very much surprise the reader, if he takes all circumstances into account, to learn that Lennox began to think that he had captivated the fancy of the daughter of his lord and master. He had, indeed, begun to think so; and, in this belief, he began to brush himself up, and to put on his best and smartest looks, expecting every day that his lover would break the ice, and give him a hint of the partiality she entertained for him. This, however, she seemed in no hurry to do, although, as already said, she daily presented herself in the garden. Her tardiness, however, in declaring herself, Lennox ascribed to modesty; and, under this impression, felt strongly tempted to make the first advances. But from this bold step, terror of the consequences, which he knew would be instant death, if discovered, deterred him. There was nothing for it then but just to wait patiently for some chance or some overt act, on the part of the lady, to bring matters to issue.

While things stood in this state, Lennox became naturally more alert in his surveillance of the proceedings of the fair Selima; for such was the name of the daughter of El Archid. He watched all her movements with the utmost interest, and, of consequence, with great vigilance, especially when she sat peeping from the window—peeping, as he had no doubt, at him. It was while observing this vigilant watch over the movements of Selima, that Lennox one day noticed a little circumstance that rather surprised and disconcerted him. He observed her cautiously slip something or other, he could not tell what, over the window into the area or space below, which was separated from the garden in which he wrought by a high wall. For several days, and frequently, several times in a day, he saw the same thing repeated. Lennox could not comprehend the proceeding, and did not altogether like it; seeing that it looked something like the secret communications of love, and yet brought no result to him, nor seemed to have any reference to him whatever. Who these little missives or billets-doux—for the former sometimes took the shape distinctly of folded slips of paper—were for, Lennox could not at all guess, as he could never see them alight in consequence of the intervening wall, and to the space it inclosed he had no access. He never had been there, and was not permitted to enter it. At the present moment he knew it was occupied by a number of captives like himself—although less fortunately situated, in consequence of their not being of any profession available to their lord and master—who were employed, as formerly said, in digging or trenching the ground. Who or what these captives were, Lennox knew not: they being all employed in rough out-field labour, he had never seen them but at a distance as they went out and came in in gangs to and from their work, and had never been allowed to approach them, still less to hold any communication with them.

It was some two or three days after Lennox had made the discovery of the fair Selima's inexplicable correspondence, and as he was one day employed in nailing up and pruning some trees which grew against the wall that separated him from the captives already spoken of, that he was surprised by something alighting close by him, which had been thrown from the other side. Lennox went towards it, picked it up, and found it to be the tough pliable leaf of a certain plant, rolled up into a ball. He

unfolded it, and found it to contain a slip of paper, on which was written, in plain English, and in a good current hand, the following mysterious communication :—

"Brother Briton, would you have your liberty? Would you attempt to gain it at the risk of your life? *I* mean to attempt it at the risk of mine. There is one who has both the will and the power to assist us; but your co-operation is necessary. With it there is little doubt of success, and with it you secure your fortune. Be at the large date tree, in the outer garden, to-night, half an hour after sunset, and one will meet you there who will explain all."

Lennox stood for some time in a state of distressing bewilderment, after reading this very strange document. He did not know what to think or what to make of it. He read it over and over again, and persevered in this task, until he read himself into some degree of composure, when he broke out into a mental soliloquy.

"Faith, but this is a queer concern; the queerest I hae met wi' yet, and I've met wi' twa or three gay funny anes. Wad I attempt to get my liberty at the risk o' my life? I dinna ken but I wad; for this is a weary place to bide in. I'm sick o't. But wha or what on earth is the writer o' this paper? An Englishman, that's clear, at ony rate. I'll take my chance !" added Lennox, with a sudden effort of resolution. "I'll be at the date tree at the time appointed, come o't what likes !" and having come to this determination, he destroyed the dangerous paper he had just received, and resumed his work; at least in appearance; for, in reality, he could do little else than think of the strange incident which had just occurred.

By and by, the day wore away, and the blazing sun of Barbary sank in the west. In half an hour after, Lennox was at the "trysting tree."

Here he had not been many minutes, when he heard a light foot tripping towards him, and, in an instant after, the lively abigail of the fair Selima stood beside him. Clapping her finger to her mouth, to impose silence on Lennox, and at the same time to warn him that the business she came upon was a secret one, she moved towards a still more retired place than that where they first met; when, after having looked cautiously around her for some time, she began, in a low but distinct, and, as Lennox thought, in a singularly sweet tone, to deliver the intelligence with which she was charged; for she, we need hardly say, was the person alluded to in the mysterious note that Lennox had received, as the one who was to give the information therein promised,

The Moorish maiden spoke in her native language—a language of which Lennox already understood enough to comprehend any ordinary piece of intelligence conveyed in it, besides being able to speak it so as to be sufficiently intelligible; and her communications gave Lennox a knowledge of the following curious circumstances :—

They informed him that, amongst the captives who were at work beneath the window at which he had so frequently seen the daughter of El Archid, was an English gentleman, who had been taken about a year before, together with the vessel in which he was a passenger, by one of El Archid's corsairs: That this gentleman had first excited the pity, and then the love of the fair Selima: That a secret correspondence had been long carried on between them: That its result now was, that Selima had determined on obtaining the liberty of her lover, and of sharing his flight, and afterwards his destinies: That Selima possessed immense wealth, independent of her father, having been left sole heir to a maternal uncle who had amassed a prodigious fortune: That, by dint of a lavish distribution of part of this wealth, she had succeeded in effecting all necessary preparations and arrangements for securing a safe and speedy flight: That a vessel was engaged, and waiting to receive them off the coast, three miles west of the city of Algiers. That horses, and an attendant or two, were also secured, and ready at a moment's notice to bear away the fugitives so soon as they should have contrived to get outside the walls of the gardens: That, however, herein lay the greatest difficulty of all—a difficulty so serious as to threaten to render all the other arrangements unavailing; for, over these lofty walls there was no possibility of getting without discovery.

The little dark-eyed maiden now came to the principal object of her mission. She now informed Lennox that there was no way of escaping but by the gates, of which, as he knew, she said, old Mustapha always kept the keys, never parting with them for a moment: That the old fellow, who had been thirty years in the employment of her master, was not to be bribed; and that her mistress, knowing this, had not attempted it, and could not, as any such attempt would be certain to end in the destruction of them all. The proposal then, that was now to be made to Lennox was, that he, as he was the only one whom Mustapha admitted to a personal familiarity with him, and to the honour of going about him in a friendly way, should abstract the keys of the gates, and participate in their flight. And, with this proposal, Zamara—for such was her name—ceased speaking. When she had done so, Lennox thought for some time without making any reply. At length—

"Weel, faith I dinna care though I try," he said—(we translate into his own vernacular, as he would himself have translated; but he spoke, on this occasion, in the best Moorish he had.) "I dinna care though I try, my bonny lassie," he said; "but it 'll be a ticklish business; for yon Mastaffy's as watchfu' as an auld hoose dug, and as ready to bite. But, an I can get him half-seas owre, as he often is, I think I micht manage to jerk him oot o' the keys. But the horses wad need to be ready whan it's dune; for we maun be aff like the win' after't, or a' our lives thegither 'll no be worth three ha'pence. It's a real neck or naething affair."

Zamara now assured Lennox that the horses and everything else would be in readiness at the outermost gate of the gardens, at any moment he might appoint as that when he should have secured the keys. She then added, with a certain significance of look and manner, that she intended accompanying Selima in her flight.

"Then," said Lennox, suddenly siezing her in his arms, and giving her a hearty smack, "if I canna get the mistress, I'll maybe get the maid."

Zamara pushed her obstreperous lover from her, but without any very marked expression of resentment.

It was now settled that, on the following evening, Lennox should make the bold attempt of abstracting the keys from Mustapha, and that, precisely at an hour after sunset, the fugitives, all prepared for flight, should join him at the first gate.

This arrangement made, Zamara and Lennox parted.

On the latter being left to himself, he began to indulge in some reflections on the perilous task which he had undertaken, and on the other circumstances connected with it. Amongst the latter were considerations that suggested the following communings :—

"I hae been clean oot," said Lennox to himself, "in my notions aboot the young leddy. It's no me she's been after ava. But it doesna matter muckle; I'll try and comfort mysel wi' her maid, wha seems to be a bit nice canty cratur. A bit fine warm-hearted thing, wi' a pair o' as bonny bit glowrin black een as I hae seen. I dinna ken but she wad mak a trig bit wifie. However, we'll see aboot that, if we can only get through wi' this business anything cannily."

On the following evening, just a little before sunset, Lennox, with a beating heart, repaired to Mustapha's usual retreat—the arbour before spoken of. He found him precisely in such a state as he wished; that is, maudlin, and enveloped in a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. The old fellow was in unusually good-humour, and received Lennox with more than ordinary graciousness, although he always received him kindly enough.

"Ha! my son, art there?" he said, raising himself to a sitting posture on the bench on which he had been reclining. "How goes matters in the upper garden? Didst water the plants as I told thee?"

Lennox replied that he had.

"It is well," said Mustapha. "Plants, thou knowest, my son, must have moisture," he went on, beginning to discourse a certain kind of misty and unintelligible philosophy, in which he was in the habit of indulging when under the influence of liquor. "They must have moisture, else the beams of the sun, piercing their substance, would dry up, exhale, and wither the sources of life, and the plant would die. The plant would die—perish, my son. Without water the plant could not live, because water is the source of vegetable life—it permenates, and invigorates, and refreshes its economy, and pusheth on its vegetating principles. Plants cannot do without moisture; and in some sense is man like a plant. He requireth moisture also, to act as an oil on the springs and machinery of life. He ought to moisten freely. But water overloads and distends the stomach too much, and is apt, if taken in excess, to impair or weaken the digestive powers. Then, what is he to drink? Verily, some generous liquor, such as wine. But he must drink sparingly thereof, otherwise it will make a sot, a beast of him. Now, our holy Prophet has forbidden wine to the faithful. But, I take it, that in this he has not been fully understood. He could only mean, that wine should not be taken to excess; and, not at all, by those who know not when they have had enough—who cannot control their appetites. This is my reading of our holy Prophet's injunction anent wines, my son; and I have no doubt—no doubt whatever, it is the right one." Saying this, he slipped his hand beneath the bench on which he sat, and pulled out a long-necked bottle, and small silver cup, which, having filled from the former, he presented to Lennox, saying—"Taste, my son. I seldom take any myself; but am compelled to keep a little past me, for a weakness to which I am subject. When seized with it, I just take a mouthful, and it refreshes me greatly."

Lennox drank off the proffered cup, and found it to contain excellent wine.

Old Mustapha then filled up a brimmer for himself, and, quite forgetting, or thinking it unnecessary to plead the apology of his weakness, turned it off with great gusto. Again he began to maudle, and again took another and another cup of the generous liquor, but without offering Lennox any more.

In the meantime, the latter was looking anxiously and eagerly around him for the keys of the garden gates, which usually hung, as Lennox had frequently observed, on a nail behind where Mustapha generally sat; but they were not there. Afraid that they might be still attached to the old superintendent's girdle, where he always wore them when going about, and where, if they still were, it would be utterly impossible to obtain them, Lennox cautiously glanced at the leathern cincture; but neither were the much desired keys there. Grievously disappointed at this unexpected interruption to his designs, Lennox had begun to consider the plot as effectually marred, when his foot accidentally struck on something that returned the jingle of iron. He slipped down his hand and felt. It was the keys. They had fallen down unnoticed by their maudlin keeper. Lennox, greatly rejoiced at this unlooked-for piece of good fortune, lost no time in securing the keys, which he easily effected, Mustapha being too much intoxicated, and too earnest in another philosophical disquisition into which he had entered, to pay any attention to what his companion was about.

Having obtained possession of the keys, Lennox was now anxious to get away; but he dared not interrupt the drunken philosopher in his lecture. He had therefore to wait, with what patience he could, for its conclusion, which, however, came sooner than he could have expected, in consequence of the increasing inebriety of the speaker.

"Well, go, go, my son," said Mustapha, on Lennox rising to depart. "Go, and see you recollect all I have been saying to you. For myself, I think I will rest me where I am for an hour or two—the evening is so cool and pleasant."

This the old debauchee said, as if his determination to remain where he was was matter of choice, when the truth was he could not have left the arbour were it to save his life. He was too drunk. He could not walk a step; and to have attempted it, would only, as he well knew, have exposed him. Having expressed his resolution to keep his present abiding place, Mustapha threw up his legs on the bench, and otherwise prepared to treat himself to a profound snoose. Well pleased at leaving the old Cerberus so favourably disposed for the intended operations of the night, Lennox now hastened towards the appointed place of meeting, although the time had not yet arrived.

There was no one at the gate when he first reached it; but, in about half-an-hour after, he heard footsteps approaching. In the next instant, three persons came up to him. They were Selima, her maid, and the lover of the former—a tall, handsome, gentlemanly-looking man. Not a word was spoken by any of the party; neither did Lennox utter a syllable; but, instantly applying one of the keys to the lock of the gate, was about to open it, when the party were suddenly thrown into the most dreadful state of alarm by hearing some one advancing towards them. It was now pitch dark, so that they could not see who the person was; but the gravelled walks over which he trod gave appalling intimation of his near approach. This approach, however, was slow, and, as Lennox remarked, though he said nothing of it at first to his companions, irregular and shuffling. At length—

"Auld Staffy for a pound," he whispered, to his countryman. "That's just the scloofy fit o' the auld he-goat."

And he was not mistaken. In a moment after—

"Ho, ho!" shouted the old mussulman. "Who's there—who's there?"

"I was sure o't," whispered Lennox, again. "We're nickit. The game's up. We'll be a' shued up in pokes, like as mony pigs, and pitched, head-foremost, into the sea. But before it comes to that, see you and get the women and yoursel oot o' the way, behint some o' thae bushes there, an' I'll face Auld Staffy, an' try if I canna draw a strae across his nose, for he canna be quite sober yet."

Taking the hint, and seeing nothing else for it, Selima's lover and the two women glided behind some tall shrubs that grew close by, while Lennox boldly advanced to meet the old superintendent, who was still bawling out his "Ho, ho! Who's there—who's there?"

"Whar are they? What is't, what is't?" exclaimed Lennox, rushing up to the old man in a state of well-affected alarm.

"Is it you, my son?" said the latter, on Lennox coming up to him. "Did ye not hear footsteps in the garden?—I did. Now there can be no good going on when people are in the gardens at this time of night, and I must find out who they are, and what they are about."

"Quite richt, sir, quite richt," said Lennox, with an air of great alacrity. It can be for nae guid, as ye say, that folk wander about the grounds at this time o' nicht. But dinna ye trouble yoursel about the matter. I'll gi'e a thorough search about, and if I fin ony lurkers, pity their hides, that's a' I say."

"Well, do so, my son, do so," replied old Mustapha, who was still, indeed, far from being perfectly sober; "for I feel a little weakish, in consequence of having exposed myself too long to the night air. But let us first go and examine the garden gate, my son, to see that all's right there," and the old man, to Lennox's great horror, put down his hand to his girdle to feel for his keys.

"Ah, I haven't them!" he muttered. "I have left them in the bower. But it doesn't matter. Let us, in the meantime, go and see if the gate be fast!" and, the old man taking Lennox by the arm for support, they proceeded towards it.

On reaching the gate, the former took hold of one of the bars, and shook it violently, to assure himself that it was all secure. He then stooped down, and examined the lock as narrowly as the darkness would permit.

Having satisfied himself that all was right, so far as the gate was concerned—

"Now, my son," said the old man, "you will see me to the house, for I will now retire to rest. You will then go to the bower and bring me my keys. I always sleep with them below my head. You will find them hanging on a nail close by the door. You will then call up three or four of the slaves, and, taking them with you, you will search every corner of the garden, to see that there are no lurkers. If you find any, lock them up till the morning, and we can have them put to death in the course of the day."

"An' weel deservin o't," here interposed Lennox, "an' waur if it war possible."

Without noticing this hearty concurrence in his very pleasant arrangements, the old Mussulman added—

"Now, you mark me, my son, and you will do as I have ordered you. But stay a moment. There is that bottle with the cordial, of which thou didst partake. It is under the seat, as thou mayst have observed. Bring it me also along with the keys, my son. It is empty, I believe, but I would not have it found there by any of our household; for there he scandalous and evil-tongued knaves amongst them, who might allege discreditable things of me, were they to find it there. So bring me the bottle also, my son, and do otherwise as I have ordered you."

"To a hair," replied Lennox.

The old man, still leaning on the latter's arm, now proceeded towards the house. Nor would he allow Lennox to leave him till he had seen him to bed.

"Now, my son, the keys, the keys," said the old man, as he extended himself on his couch. "Quick, quick! I can't sleep without the keys."

"In a moment, sir," said Lennox, but he could not help mentally adding, "Faith, an ye dinna sleep till ye get the keys, Staffy, ye'll lie wauken for a gay while, I'm thinkin." Thinking this, not saying it, Lennox hastened out of the house, but it was not to the bower, nor in quest of the keys he went; for these were at the moment snug in his coat pocket. He had, as we need hardly say, another destination, and another purpose in view.

Hurrying towards the place where he had left his party, "Whar are ye?" he said, in a low tone, on gaining the spot; "come oot, come! A's snug again, but there's no a moment to lose." In an instant, the Englishman and the two women were beside him.

"There's no a moment to lose," repeated Lennox. "Auld Staffy's waitin for the keys, which I promised to bring him. He has missed them, and thinks he left them in the boor; so when he fins that I din come back, he'll kick up the deil's delight. There'll be a dozen o' thae black rascals after us before ye can say sowens."

Having given his party this information, they again, but now with greatly increased anxiety and alarm, approached the gate, when Lennox once more applying one of the keys to it, opened it, and the party passed through—Lennox again locking it on the outside, to prevent immediate pursuit, in case of any discovery being made.

The party, still without breaking silence, now hurried on to the second gate, passed through it as they had done the first, and finally reached the third and last, through which they also passed, and found on the outside two saddled horses, apparently of high mettle and lightning speed, in charge of a turbaned groom, who was also on horseback.

"Are you a good horseman, friend?" now whispered Selima's lover to Lennox.

"Stick on like a burr on a yow's back," replied the latter.

"Mount, then, and take Zamara behind you; I take Selima," said the lover of that lady.

In an instant after, all four were mounted, when the ladies, taking hold of their respective companions, and the groom leading the way, they started at full gallop; and in less than an hour, reached the point on the coast where it was arranged they should embark. Those engaged for this duty were faithful to their trust. A four-oared boat was waiting the fugitives. They embarked in it, were rowed on board a small schooner lying at a little distance from the shore, and, in less than a quarter of an hour, were crossing the Mediterranean with a favourable breeze.

On the third day after, the vessel reached Smyrna in safety; and here Selima and her lover, whose name was Walsingham, an Englishman, and a man of fortune, were married by a Protestant clergyman—the fair Moor having embraced the Christian religion. And here too, and by the same clergyman, were married Thomas Lennox and Zamara, who proved a dutiful and affectionate wife.

From Smyrna the party proceeded to Naples, Lennox's original destination, and finally to London, where they arrived in safety in about six months after.

Here Lennox settled as a market gardener—a business which he carried on with great success, and on a great scale; having been presented by Mr Walsingham, in the name of his wife, shortly after their arrival in London, with £3,000 as a capital to begin with—to which was added an assurance of whatever farther assistance he might at any time require.

We have only now to say, that Selima had brought away with her an immense quantity of valuable jewels, in which consisted the great bulk of the fortune left her by her uncle. These were eventually sold in London for a sum exceeding £200,000.

Having added that Lennox grew, in time, to be a man of great wealth and no small consequence, we leave the reader to reflect at leisure on the curious, and, we trust, not uninteresting circumstances which marked the earlier period of his life, and ultimately led to the happy consummation of his fortunes, which we have just exhibited.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

A NUMBER of years ago, I chanced to pass a few weeks at a village, in the north of Scotland, which had acquired some fame for the salubrity of its air, the shelter of its situation, and the number of consumptive, as well as other patients, who had either experienced considerable advantage, or been completely cured, by a short residence there. In this village, as a consequence of the fame just mentioned, a number of invalids and idlers, belonging to the better classes, always made their appearance about the end of July or the beginning of August; some really ill, and expecting to be benefited by the real or supposed healthiness of the place; others labouring under fancied diseases, and anxious to get rid of complaints which "real pain, and that alone, could cure;" while a third class came merely to pass away the time which, as they knew not how to employ in any useful pursuit, always hung heavy on their hands when at home. For the comfort and accommodation of this yearly swarm—if I may use the expression—who came with money in their pockets, which they were willing to spend upon anything and everything which would please their appetites, or other senses, a number of new houses had been built, a number of old ones repaired and altered, and several inns established, and, in short, everything done which might tend to invite them.

Among the fashionable visiters of the place, or rather apart from them, there were also, upon some occasions, a few strangers of a different cast, for whose accommodation no provision had been made, and for whose comfort little care was manifested. Thither, at intervals, came the sickly seamstress, from the large town, whose constitution had been ruined, almost on the very threshold of existence, by late hours and constant confinement in an unnatural position; thither, too, came the palid artisan, with health impaired by unremitting application to an unremunerating trade; and, though the thing was rare, there also might have been seen one of the hardier inhabitants of the country, whose sunburnt complexion told whence he came, while his once muscular form, now extenuated by disease, and the hectic flush, instead of the rosy hue of health, on his cheek, made it matter of doubt if he would ever return. These had probably been assisted by friends who were warmly attached to them, and who could not think of seeing them go down to the grave without straining every nerve, and making a last desperate effort, to rescue them from it, by sending them abroad. Sent they had accordingly been, to seek for health in the usual way, though, in too many instances, it was painfully evident that, after all, they had been but indifferently supplied with the means of finding it. In cases of weakness, to make travelling at all serviceable, the mind as well as the body must be perfectly at ease; but here it was widely different. In one, perhaps, the musing eye, slow step, and hands hanging motionless, told of a wife and children, or other relations at home, who were pinching themselves to supply the means of sending him abroad; or, still worse, who were in want of the absolute necessaries of life, from the hand which was wont to provide for them being now paralyzed. In another—to take an instance from the softer sex—you might have seen the sickly female in a faded dress, which, however, was the best she could command, loath to confess her poverty, yet evincing it at almost every step by her ill-concealed parsimony; and, if further proofs were necessary, making it evident, by inquiring for "knitting or needlework," which she would make people believe she wishes to procure "only for amusement," but by which, in truth, she must in a great measure earn her scanty subsistence. And, among the rest, as a further evidence of the truth of what I have stated, the emaciated youth of eighteen or twenty might have been met with, with his hand in his pocket, counting over, in the secrecy of that recess, the few shillings which remained of his scanty stock, and calculating whether he might stop for another day, and still have as much as would defray the expense of his journey home. These were objects which attracted but little notice either among the inhabitants of the place, or its wealthy visiters—the former being in general too busy with their own cares and concerns, and the latter too intent on the favourite pursuit of pleasure, to bestow much attention on the appearance or the affairs of others. With me it was different: I had been myself poor and enfeebled, and at the same time haunted by that spectre, called *the Pride of Poverty*, which urged me to conceal all under the semblance of easy circumstances and indifferent health: I had acquired, from experience, a pretty accurate knowledge of the various phases which indigence will assume; and here I could see, at a glance, the real poverty of some individuals, who might have passed, with others, for people who were, at least, "well to do in the world." I could, indeed, do next to nothing in the way of relieving their actual wants, but still they were the objects upon whom my spare thoughts principally turned: when I was not otherwise engaged, I sometimes passed an hour in trying to imagine what their past fortunes might have been; and it is to this peculiarity of disposition that the reader will be indebted for any little pleasure he may derive from perusing the following pages.

It was still early in the season, being only the first week of July, and the crowd of visiters had not yet arrived. I had, however, already seen two in whom I felt sufficiently interested; but, concerning whom, as it frequently happens in such cases, I found it very difficult to procure any information. By this time the fanciful reader may perhaps have pictured to himself two beautiful young ladies, one of whom, from motives of the purest attachment, had accompanied the other, who had run away from her parents or guardians to avoid being forced into a marriage with some rich booby whom she hated; and, as a never-failing sequel to such stories, he may farther suppose that I am to fall in love with either the one or the other, and after rescuing her from innumerable perils, reap the reward of my labours by becoming "her protector for life." Let me however warn him against all such surmises as things likely to destroy any little interest which an unvarnished narrative may possess. I have only a plain story to tell; and the heroes of it, if such they can be called, were both of the uninteresting sex, and evidently belonged to the uninteresting, that is, to the humbler classes of society.

When I first saw them, they were walking in the shelter

of a plantation, which protected them from the east wind; while the afternoon sun, shining cheerily from the west, gave an air of warmth and comfort to the place. Though somewhat different in stature and appearance, there was a similarity of certain features, and a general family resemblance, which seemed to indicate near relationship, if not brotherhood. The elder of the two was evidently labouring under some deep-rooted disease. He had not, indeed, much of the perpetually teasing cough of what, in technical language, has been called *pthisis pulmonalis*; but, otherwise, there were too many of the symptoms of that fatal malady about him. His respiration was far too quick for being healthy: the air was expelled from the lungs, not gradually, as it should be, but by an effort and at once, as if its presence there occasioned irritation; while his head rose and fell perceptibly with every breath. In him, too, was to be seen the well-proportioned and once muscular form, reduced nearly to a skeleton; the sharp angle at the shoulders; the upper part of the spine bent gently forward; and the head inclining to rest upon the bosom. His complexion was not of the pure white and red, or *hectic tint*, which commonly characterises that disease. From having been embrowned by the sun, he had rather a hardy hue; but, in passing him close, it might have been seen that the skin was unnaturally dry, and that the whole was by far too sallow for health. There was also, in his deep blue eye, that mild and indescribable brightness, which has been often spoken of as a concomitant of the complaint alluded to; while the expression of his countenance seemed, at times, to indicate a certain degree of those pensive and half-subdued hopes which frequently delude the victim of that disease till within a very little of his end. The other seemed to be in perfect health; but "the paleness of thought" was on his cheek and brow; and there was a certain restless fire in his eye which, together with its quick and, as it appeared, almost involuntary start, bespoke a heart torn with apprehensions which he either could not or would not impart.

As they passed slowly along the road, they talked much: but the conversation, on the part of the one, was evidently forced; and, on that of both, low and confidential, as if they had long been accustomed to speak to each other only in such tones. It seemed as if the younger laboured incessantly to keep the attention of the other engaged, that he might thus be prevented from thinking of his own illness and its probable termination: he strove to interest him, by pointing out wildflowers at their feet, or objects in the distance; and, ever and anon, as his eye was fixed in the quarter to which he had directed it, he stole a hurried and fearful glance at his pale features and emaciated form; while his own heart appeared to shrink back in horror from the truth, which he still wished to disbelieve, but could now scarcely doubt. The invalid on the other hand, seemed to be perfectly aware of those distressing apprehensions which were weighing down the spirits and destroying the peace of his companion; and, while he appeared to have made up his mind to meet the worst which could befall himself, he endeavoured to dissipate the melancholy of that companion, by frequent smiles, and cheerful allusions to whatever was passing around them. Their intercourse was thus, in a certain sense, anomalous; each appearing more anxious on the other's account than on his own, while both carefully abstained from speaking of that anxiety.

The observations upon their conduct, which I had already made, induced me to make some inquiries concerning them at the people with whom they lodged: but these could tell me next to nothing of their lodgers; their very names were unknown. They paid for their lodgings regularly every night, and for those necessaries or medicines which they required when they purchased them; they cooked their own victuals, went on their own errands, and, if either of them had occasion to inquire for the other, the words "my brother" alone sufficed.

When I next saw them, it was during a terrible storm of thunder, wind, and rain, with which they had been unexpectedly overtaken, at a distance from any houses. They had fled for shelter to a large tree, which, together with a hedge, served, for a time, to protect them from the fury of the elements; and, having myself taken refuge under a tree immediately behind them, I had an opportunity of hearing their conversation.

"We must try to get home," said the younger and healthier of the two; "for I see the storm is likely to continue, and you *must* allow me to keep you as dryas possible."

"If you can keep us both dry, I have no objection," was the reply.

"For me to be wet is a small matter," said the former speaker; "I am in perfect health, and shall not be the worse for it: but if you were to get wet and catch more cold, how could I endure the idea of having been accessary to it?"

"And if you were to get wet, and catch *as much* cold," rejoined the other, "what do you think would become of me, and of your poor friends at home, with no one to care for them? When I attempted to save the poor girl from drowning, I thought, like you, that wet and cold were things which would not harm me; but the event has proved the contrary. Be advised by your brother, James, and take care of your health while you have it; for if you were to lose it, like me, you might perhaps seek it in vain. I would not alarm you, but duty bids me speak; enfeebled as I am, everything connected with me—even my life itself—is comparatively a matter of little importance. But, besides taking care of me and your poor friends, you may yet live to be of service"——

"George, George," interrupted the other, with a degree of passionate earnestness which he could not control, "do you think I would value serving the whole world a single straw, if I cannot serve you? Do not trifle with me thus. To see you standing out in this terrible storm, is to me worse—a thousand times worse—than the loss of health, or life itself. Come, come," he added, throwing off his coat, and wrapping it round the other to keep him warm—"Come and let us get to our lodgings as fast as possible; yet do not walk so fast as to fatigue yourself."

As he concluded, he took up the umbrella, which he had previously laid down to enable him to perform the operation just mentioned; and, taking his brother by the hand, began to draw him gently forward.

"You have certainly gone mad," said the individual thus addressed; "but I am too feeble now to oppose you, or to make you listen to my arguments, though you would have done so once, because you believed that I had more experience than yourself."

With these words, he reluctantly allowed himself to be borne away by his impetuous companion, who, divested as he was of a part of his clothing, exposed his person to the storm in the most fearless manner, that he might be the better able to shelter his suffering relation.

The house in which they lodged stood beyond the immediate precincts of the village, and near to the plantation already mentioned. By the time I passed it on my return, the evening was far advanced. The storm had abated; but the air, as is often the case after thunder, was piercingly cold for the season. The sky was completely obscured by a continuous mass of lowering vapour; and the violent thunder-shower had been succeeded by a continued rain. Before reaching the house, I saw the younger brother leave it, cross the road, and enter the plantation. His head was uncovered, and he still wanted his coat. He neither seemed to be aware of my approach, nor of the heavy rain which was falling around him; his eyes were fixed on the

ground; intense anxiety was pictured in his countenance; and his very soul seemed to be lost in some absorbing thought, which had shut up every avenue of sense. I had already supposed that he was an enthusiast, and a strange thought now struck me—"Could it be that his brother had died suddenly, and feeling life intolerable when he was gone, that he had determined on rashly daring his Maker, and rushing out of the world?"

In the hope that I might perhaps be able to save him from some desperate deed, I too entered the plantation, and proceeded, as noiselessly as I could, in the direction where I expected to find him. A few minutes, or rather seconds, brought him in sight. At the place which he occupied, the view from the public road was intercepted by a close screen of underwood, and, not being aware of my intrusion, he, no doubt, fancied himself concealed from every eye but that of his God. Before I discovered him, he had thrown himself upon his knees; and, heedless of the plashing rain, which was falling in heavy drops from the trees, and with which his hair was already drenched, in this attitude he remained, with his hands firmly clasped together on his bosom, and his eyes raised to heaven, for some minutes. From his suppressed breathing, knit eyebrows, and an occasional starting of the muscles of his face, it was evident that he was himself suffering intense pain: but this he seemed determined to bear without a complaint, and, what was more, without a sigh or moan.

"Great God!" I heard him at last say, in an audible whisper, "deal with me as thou wilt, but spare, I beseech thee, spare my brother. My head, as thou knowest, aches at this moment as if it would split asunder; from this, or from aught which a mortal may endure, I ask not to be freed; but smite me not, I intreat thee, in those I love. We are told, in thy Word, that even Death gave up his prey, and the grave unlocked its gates at thy command. That power which could control the laws of nature then is thine still; and, if ever thou didst listen to the cry of a mortal, let it now, I pray thee, be exerted to rescue him from the grasp of the grim tyrant; or, if thou hast decreed that one of us must go down to the dust, let it be the younger of the two; and do thou make me willing to leave him, and to leave the world and all it contains, which without him to me were nothing."

Fearful of being discovered, and fearful too lest the scene should become too touching for my own feelings, I left the place as silently as I had approached it, and hurried home, convinced in my own mind that the deep enthusiasm of the individual I had seen might, if his request were denied, one day drive him to insanity.

These strangers now occupied a very considerable portion of my thoughts, and it seemed as if fate had determined to throw them continually in my way. On the forenoon of the following day, I met them on the outskirts of the village. The elder brother looked paler and more exhausted than he had hitherto done, appearing as if he had risen from a restless sleep. On the brow of the younger there was also a shade of still deeper anxiety; yet their intercourse seemed to be kept up with the same spirit as formerly. Just as I met them, the invalid stopped, turned to the road-side, and leaning, partly upon his staff, and partly upon a low wall or dike which chanced to be at hand, appeared as if he felt himself unable to proceed even at that slow pace with which they usually pursued their walk. His brother started when he saw him stop, and inquired, with trembling eagerness, what ailed him.

"Do not be alarmed," was the reply; "I only feel a little faint."

Here I ventured to inquire if I could be of any service to them.

"None, none," was the reply from both brothers at the same instant. "But, stop," said the younger; "how far are we from the Post-Office?" and, as he spoke, he drew a letter from his pocket.

I told him that it was at the other extremity of the village.

He then wrung his hands in evident distress, and murmured—

"What are we to do now?"

The other was just beginning to tell him only to wait for a few minutes, and he would be able to accompany him, when I interrupted him by saying that I would pass the Post-Office in a few minutes, and, if they would trust a stranger, perhaps I might be able to save them from the necessity of going there.

"There is no alternative," was the reply from the younger. "I can neither leave my brother alone, to go there myself, nor can I endure the idea, now, of seeing him subjected to the fatigue of being dragged along with me. Take this," he continued, putting the letter into my hand—"be sure you put it in the proper place; and here is a sixpence to drink anybody's health you choose."

I took the letter, but declined the money; judging, from appearances, that the individual who offered it was far from rich, and that he either did it to conceal his poverty, or in a moment of agitation, which prevented him from reflecting on what he was about. At this he seemed rather disappointed:—

"I would not," he said, "that any one should move a single step in our service without being amply rewarded. This I learned from my brother in better days, when he was able to serve both himself and others; but now"——

It seemed as if he would have said something more; but, at that moment, his eye again fell upon the pale face of his companion, and there he saw the perspiration, which pain and sickness had forced out, accumulating in large drops over his brow, and in the hollows under his eyes. He stepped close to his side, to inquire if he felt worse; and, in a single second, the letter, and the bearer to whom he had entrusted it, seemed to be alike forgotten, in the intense feeling with which he regarded his brother's suffering.

My first care was to look at the back of the letter. It was adressed—"M. F. Rodwyn, Buckburn, by Glenalder." By pressing the edges of it slightly, I was also able to read the word "mother" on the inside. I had now obtained a sort of clue which might, perhaps, lead to the information I so much desired concerning these individuals. The letter was certainly intended for a father, or a mother, or both. Their names, I argued, must be the same as that on the address; and, though Glenalder was more than thirty miles distant, and I knew nothing of either it or its inhabitants, a far-off cousin of my own had lately settled there, and, by calling upon him, if there was anything at all remarkable about them, I should certainly be able to glean some particulars of their history; or, what was still more directly to the purpose, having at last got myself introduced to them, the next time we met, I might ask some questions about the place, or about my acquaintance, which would probably lead to a conversation, in the course of which I might learn something from themselves.

I was the more anxious to become acquainted with them and their story, from being convinced that, though they belonged to a very humble, or, perhaps, to the humblest class of citizens, still they were distinguished from that class by some qualities of mind, or some train of thought and sentiment, which separated them from their fellows, and might, if life were spared, bring them into notice at some future day. In this opinion I was the more confirmed by their language, bearing, and the whole of their conduct to each other and to strangers. They spoke English with a propriety never attained by people in their condition, without being accustomed to read and think. Money seemed only to be valuable in their eyes in so far

as it served to supply them with the necessaries of life, and saved them from the necessity of being troublesome to others; while those *favours* and gratuitous services, for which thousands stand gaping, appeared to be things which they never dreamed of.

Full of these ideas, I continued to frequent the places, where I was wont to meet them, for the two following days, but to no purpose; and, after much conjecture as to what could keep them within doors, when the weather and the season presented so many temptations to go abroad, I at last ventured to call at their lodgings. Here the mystery was at once cleared up. The elder brother had felt himself considerably worse after being exposed to the storm. During the night which followed, he had been so feverish and restless as scarcely to sleep at all. Next morning he was overheard saying, that he was getting tired of a sojourn among strangers, which was attended with so much expense, and from which he was deriving no advantage. He then expressed a wish to return home as speedily as possible; and, on the morning after that on which I had seen them, they took the coach—he being too much exhausted to travel on foot—and left the place, leaving the good people with whom they lodged in as much ignorance of what they were as when they came to it.

Here then was an end to all my hopes of being able to form an acquaintanceship with them; but still I did not give up the idea of being able to trace them out; and, somewhat more than a year afterwards, I learned the following particulars from my acquaintance at Glenalder, which, though they may, at first, seem to be connected with others, come ultimately to have a reference to them.

Angelina Woodford was the daughter of a colonel. She had fallen in love with a young peasant who was one of her father's servants; and, taking advantage of a season when her parents were from home, they were married. The consequences were such as might have been expected: she was utterly disowned, as one who had brought an indelible stain upon the honour of her family, and strictly prohibited from ever again entering the door of her paternal home, or even appearing in its neighbourhood. With some money, which it was not in the power of her parents to deprive her, her husband took a moderately sized farm; and, for a number of years, as far as appearances went, they seemed to prosper. In little more than a year after their marriage, they were blessed with a daughter, to whom they gave her mother's name; and, in the course of time, Angelina Hamilton, who was their only child, grew up, and promised soon to be a most interesting girl. Their prosperity, however, had all along been more apparent than real: Mr Hamilton had indeed paid his rent regularly, and made some improvements upon the place; but the latter had been done, principally, by means of borrowed money, for which the highest per centage chargeable in these realms was exacted; and this was, in itself, enough to neutralize any little profits which otherwise might have fallen to his share. His farm, moreover, lay contiguous to an extensive track of young plantation, in which *rabbits*—that well-known pest of the Scottish agriculturist—had begun to appear. The rapidity with which these creatures multiply is known to every one; and, as the proprietor had taken it into his head to preserve them for his own amusement, and no attempt worth mentioning was made to diminish their numbers, from year to year they extended their depredations farther and farther beyond the confines of their warren. At first this was not much thought of; but, by and by, the injuries which they inflicted on the crops began to be seriously felt in the diminished quantity of produce which could be brought to market, and the consequent diminution of the means which Mr Hamilton possessed for paying his rent. At last he complained to his landlord, and fairly insisted on either having the vermin destroyed, or a reasonable redress for the damage which they did. The landlord, however, was little better than a selfish voluptuary; he never thought of sacrificing either his interest or his pleasure to the principles of justice; and he settled the matter, for the present, by saying that something must be done, and, in the meantime, if Mr H. was not able to pay the full amount, he would not push him for arrears of rent.

With this evasion—for it was nothing else—Mr Hamilton felt satisfied, and things passed on for some years longer—he always paying as much for the farm as he could possibly collect from its produce, after defraying the expense of cultivation, and never coming to any settled terms. But with such a landlord it was scarcely to be expected that matters would always continue thus. At last came the remarkable year '26 of the present century, which, from the intense heat and total absence of rain which then prevailed, will long be remembered as *the drouthy summer*; and with it came the crisis of his fate.

It has been often remarked that, in years of scarcity, the lower animals suffer before man; and in this particular season, when animals, wild as well as tame, were suffering severely from want of pasturage, nearly the whole of Mr Hamilton's corn crops were either completely destroyed by the vermin from the plantation, or so much mutilated, that the small quantity of grain which they yielded would scarcely clear the expense of thrashing. With his eyes at last opened to the risk he was running, and the folly of remaining longer in a farm for which he had promised a high rent, but from which he could now scarcely reap as much as would enable him to cultivate it, he once more began to press his landlord for a final settlement, by avowing his determination to leave the place, and proposing to submit the whole of the intricate concern betwixt them to arbitrators. This was a result which that gentleman had not exactly anticipated, and which, as matters then stood, it was equally his interest and his inclination to avoid. To arbitration he never intended to refer anything which could be settled more to his own advantage without it. In the present instance, no arbitrator could decide in his favour; and, what was worse, there was nothing upon which he could seize. Mr Hamilton was therefore intreated to remain in the farm; it was agreed that the vermin should be immediately destroyed; and he was again assured, "upon the honour of a gentleman," that in the matter of arrears he would not be hardly dealt with. Had Mr Hamilton been shrewd enough to get these promises ratified in such a manner as to make them binding in the eye of the law, he might have been tolerably safe: but he was pleased with the condescension and civil treatment which he had experienced; and, judging of others by himself, he once more set about making what he considered "the best of a bad bargain," by preparing the soil for another crop.

Gamekeepers and others were now employed to destroy the vermin; and, before spring, their number was so much thinned, that they were seldom seen beyond their cover During the winter, the most unremitting care had been bestowed in prepaing the fields for sowing, and the seed was once more committed to the ground with a better prospect of its being allowed to spring up and reach maturity than had hitherto existed. The summer of 1827 being rather a wet one, was excellently suited to the light gravelly soil of which the farm for the most part consisted; and when harvest arrived, the crop was the most abundant which had been reaped for many years. Mr Hamilton's hopes were now high; he again looked with confidence for plentiful returns and prosperous circumstances. But what was his surprise when, on the evening of the day on which he had secured the last of his crop, a lawyer, with clerks and other assistants, from a neighbouring town, arrived to take an inventory of his whole effects,

and to place every article in his possession under sequestration. Shortly afterwards, the whole was exposed for sale, by public auction, or *at a roup*, as it was called in the district; and, with the exception of a few articles of household furniture, which, to save appearances, were left untouched, everything was disposed of at such prices as they would bring.

Notwithstanding the promises previously made to the contrary, every farthing of arrears was now brought forward: no abatement was made for damages, and no mercy shewn. All was settled according to the justice of the law, which, however excellent it may be in principle, can never be adapted in detail to every case which may occur; and when to those arrears was added the rent for the current year, together with that for the first year of the lease, it was found that the returns of the sale would do nothing more than clear the account. Thus, after being mocked with an offer of "the farm again at the old rent if he chose to remain in it till the lease expired," Mr Hamilton was turned out by a premeditated swindle, and left to begin the world again with almost nothing.

Having been early trained to toil, for himself he might have cared little; but he had been accustomed to see his wife—whose birth entitled her to look for better fortune—provided for in a style of comfort superior to that of common labourers; and, as the only means by which he could ever hope to see her again in such circumstances, he at last thought of going abroad. The small remains of his disposable property were accordingly sold off, to fit him for the voyage, and, before the end of the year, he had sailed for America, whither the tide of emigration was then flowing. His wife and daughter were left, in the meantime, to live with an unmarried sister of his own, in the hope that they would be able to make some shift for their subsistence till he could provide a comfortable home for them in the land whither he was going. But, alas! for one of them, fate was already preparing a home from which no future landlord would try to eject her. Carefully and delicately bred as Mrs Hamilton had been, her health and spirits had already suffered severely from their previous misfortunes. Of this she had never complained, nor had she even so much as spoken of it to her nearest friends, lest it should give them unnecessary trouble. But the pang even of a temporary separation from a husband who, hitherto, had cheered and supported her, was more than she could endure; and, shortly after he left Scotland, she sickened and died.

Though the mother had lived, the struggle must have been hard, but her death rendered it still harder to the daughter. The expenses of the funeral had divested her and her aunt of almost the last shilling; and Angelina Hamilton, now a girl of seventeen, felt the full weight of the curse—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." She had to toil for every morsel she consumed, as hardly as the poorest wretch upon earth, with the farther aggravation of never having been bred to the coarser sorts of labour by which she had now to earn her subsistence. Early in summer a letter was received from Mr Hamilton, stating that "he could already support his wife and daughter in comfort, but that it would be a considerable time before he could procure the means of paying their passage out." This was some alleviation; and Angelina, in her anxiety to reach her remaining parent, determined to try if, by the most persevering industry, aided by the strictest economy, she could not save as much, in the course of the season, as would carry her to America. Want of space forbids a detailed account of the means which she adopted; but that which promised most was the harvest season. She accordingly engaged herself as a reaper to Mr Wishart, the farmer of Buckburn, who, from being an old man of a rather benevolent and somewhat eccentric character, promised to give her *thirty shillings*, which was a female's full wages for the season, though he well knew she was an utter stranger to the work in which she was to be employed. So far all was good, but a very considerable difficulty still lay before her.

What was called *a man-shearer* and four women were allowed to every *rig*. Each of the men considered himself interested in having the women who were to compose his *bandwin* as stout and as dexterous at their work as possible, that he might be able to keep pace with the others, or to outstrip them in case of striving. Most of them, moreover, had favourites to whom they were to "mak the rape." These again had their own concerns to look after; and as soon as it was known that Angelina Hamilton was "fee'd to Buckburn bar'st," jealous, as it would appear, of her beauty, and the effect which it was likely to have on the hearts of their admirers, they strove to prejudice, each her own man, against the "young ledy," as they called her, by assuring him that "she couldna shear a single cut," and that "he was sure to be ahint if he took her upon his *rig*." Thus matters stood when the reapers were summoned forth to their toil.

"Now, Andrew Glaiks," said Mr Wishart, addressing one of his reapers, as they stood at the end of a field ready to begin; "now Andrew, ye'll just tak the poor lassie Hamilton for your neighbour; and if she shouldna turn out sic a guid shearer as ye wad like, ye may tak my word for't, nane o' them shall be allowed to gang afore ye."

"I'll tak nae sic thing," was Andrew's reply, who, from long service, knew when and where he might safely presume upon the disposition of his master. "I'll hae naebody upon my rig but them that can shear. What wud I do wi' the like o' her if a kemp were to happen?"

"I tell ye there's to be nae kempin this season," rejoined the master. I'm determined to set ye a' hame ower thegither, rather than hae my corn brockit and abused as it was last year wi' your kemps: sae ye'll just tak the lassie, as I desire ye."

"Ye tell us ilky year that theres to be nae kempin," said the pertinacious Andrew; "but there's aye plenty o kempin for a' that, sae I'll just hae Meggy M'Govish, wha was gree'd to be on my rig, for my neighbour, and nane o' your lassie Hamiltons."

Mr Wishart was an old man of an easy temper. This his servants knew; and, by dint of *wheedling*, with a proper mixture of resistance, they generally had their own way. In the present instance he tried two or three others, with no better success than had attended his attempt upon Andrew Glaiks; and at last, when he conceived he could do no more, he turned to Angelina, and said—"Deed lassie, I dinna ken what to do wi' thae sinners and you thegither; for no ane o' them can I prevail upon to tak ye. But I may maybe manage matters some ither way for a' that."

Poor Angelina, seeing herself thus despised and rejected by every one, could make no reply. The hope of reaching her father, which depended entirely on her being employed as a harvest labourer, was also cut off. This circumstance dispirited her still farther; and, turning away her head, she burst into tears, and began to sob aloud just as the two Rodwyns arrived.

These individuals were brothers, the sole remains of a family, who lived with their parents in a cottage on the farm of Buckburn, and were regarded in the place as young men of peculiar habits. Some accident had early directed the attention of the elder to mechanics and astronomy; the younger, as he grew up, had caught the same spirit with increased enthusiasm; and thus, like Ferguson, the celebrated mechanician and astronomer, who when only a poor boy herding cattle, employed himself in constructing a map of the heavens, by encouraging and assisting each other, they had made some progress in these difficult

sciences, when little more than children. When they began to toil for their bread, after ministering to their own necessities and those of their aged relatives, whatever money they could spare was employed in purchasing books and instruments; while the little leisure which a laborious occupation permitted them to enjoy, was carefully devoted to their favourite pursuit. Along with no common powers of investigation, backed by the most indefatigable perseverance, they possessed also hearts of the most benevolent cast; and though they were seldom seen in public, and seemed to take but little interest in the common concerns of others, no one was more ready to succour the distressed or assist the indigent than the two brothers. From living near the place, they had been less punctual as to the hour at which the reapers were to assemble; and on the day alluded to, they did not reach the field at which they were to commence till the little scene already noticed was about to conclude.

The attention of both was immediately directed to Angelina, who, with her face turned away, stood sobbing aloud. On learning the cause of her distress—"Send her here," said the elder brother. "If she can only clear a *heft fur*, James, who is to be our bandstir, can supply us with *rapes*, and myself and the other three, if we keep health and hale hands, cannot be far wrong with the rig."

This to the disconsolate and friendless maiden was—to use a common phrase—like life from the dead; and, humbled and dispirited as she had been, it was with an inexpressible feeling of gratitude, not unmingled with pride and determination, if possible, to deserve a better opinion than he seemed to entertain of her, that she took her place by the side of her patron. To her he "made the rape," placing her next himself, that he might have a better opportunity of "learning her to shear." At first she was extremely awkward; but she liked and wished to please her teacher; in a few days she was greatly improved; and, in the meantime, from being possessed of a considerable degree of muscular strength, aided by great dexterity in the manner of applying it, he found little difficulty in making his word good, by "the rig" always being as far advanced as any upon the field; and, before the end of harvest, so dexterous had his apprentice become, that had he sought for fame in that way, he might have left the best of them far behind.

While the reaping season lasted, Angelina was protected and treated with the greatest kindness by both brothers; and to both she appeared grateful in the extreme. At first her respect and esteem for the elder, who had been the first to speak in her behalf, and with whom she was more immediately connected, seemed to predominate; and to him she was always most ready to express her sense of what she owed; but during the last week of their intercourse, a degree of bashfulness and timidity appeared to have come over her; she seldom ventured to look at her former patron, and it was to the younger brother that her acknowledgments and her discourse were principally addressed, when their work was done, and they parted with smiles and kindly farewells. As she took her way to her aunt's, she turned to look back oftener than once, and she sighed deeply as she saw the forms of her late friends vanish from her sight behind a rising ground in the opposite direction. Neither of them ever thought of turning to take a farewell look of the grateful girl, though such would have been perhaps more soothing to her feelings at that moment than the most costly tribute of respect which they could have offered. While she was near, they felt for her—friendless and unprotected as she was—and a natural benevolence prompted them to do everything in their power to make her forget her misfortunes, and to make the short season which they were to spend together pass as happily as possible. But they were, and had been from infancy, all the world to each other; their minds were at the time too busy to admit of thinking of her afterwards; and scarcely had they turned their backs on her, when they were again engaged with their own concerns, and Angelina Hamilton, interesting as she had been, was forgotten in those absorbing pursuits to which their attention had been directed.

Angelina now wanted only a few shillings of the sum she had so anxiously desired; but, somehow, she felt less inclined to go abroad than she had previously done. The scenes of her nativity—the streams by which she had strayed when a child—the ancient forests in which she had wandered to seek wildberries—the everlasting hills which looked down upon her—and her mother's grave, from which she must be for ever separated—all seemed to rise up in her imagination, and, with one united murmur, forbid it. Her father, however, was living alone in a foreign land—duty prompted—necessity urged; and, at last, she resolved to go. In the chill month of November, with feelings almost as desolate as those which had visited her on the evening of her mother's death, she bade adieu to her aunt—who was, at the time, too ill to accompany her even for a short distance on the road—and she set out for the nearest seaport, at which a vessel was then lying ready to sail for America.

On her way, she had to pass the cottage in which the mother of George and James Rodwyn resided, and she had previously determined on passing it without calling; but, as she approached the door, her arm felt tired with the heavy parcel which she carried; she felt thirsty, moreover; and, at last, she thought she might just speak, and ask for a drink of water. She did so, and found both the sons at home. By them she was again treated with the greatest kindness; and, when the object of her journey was understood, the elder brother volunteered his service to carry her parcel, and see her safely on board. To this she offered many objections—such as putting him to unnecessary trouble, &c.—and even seemed as if she would have preferred going alone, or being assisted by the younger brother; but, in the midst of these objections, her eye glanced brighter through its tears, as she felt that she still had a friend who was willing to assist her; and, as she attempted to still the throbbing of her bosom, and dry the moisture from her pale cheeks, a slight tinge of red, like the shadow of the lightning, crossed them for a moment, and then vanished as quickly as it had come.

When they reached the harbour, it was n springtide; there was a swell from the sea; and the vessel, which was in continual motion, rode high above the quay. Her conductor would have given her his hand to prevent her from stumbling on the plank which formed the only communication with the ship, but this she declined, assuring him that he might trust to the steadiness of her nerves; and he passed on before her. She was, however, about to be placed in a situation entirely new to her. As soon as she saw the waves below her, she felt giddy, stopped short on the middle of the plank, and the vessel at that moment making a lurch, she fell, with a heavy plunge, in the water. The sailors bustled to get out a boat; but, before they could bring it to the proper place, she rose to the surface, and was again disappearing under the ship, when George Rodwyn—who, when a boy, had been an expert swimmer, and who had been watching for her reappearance with the greatest anxiety—plunged in, and, following her to the bottom, succeeded in grasping a portion of her clothes, and bringing her once more above water.

The time which she had been immersed, added to the terror of the fall, and both operating upon sensitive nerves, were too much for Angelina. A medical attendant had to be called; and, after seeing her safely lodged at the port, and doing everything which humanity could suggest to make her comfortable, her preserver hastened home, without taking time to shift his clothes.

As an unavoidable consequence of this accident, the ship, which was to leave the place with the receding tide, sailed for America without her intended passenger; and it even appeared that there was something providential in the circumstance, for she was never more heard of; and, in the interval, Colonel Woodford, finding himself dying, began to repent of his harshness to his late daughter—more particularly of the manner in which he had suffered her and her husband to be borne down with misfortune, without making any attempt to relieve them; and, as the only reparation he could now make, he left two thousand pounds to their surviving child, and soon after died.

Before Angelina could take the necessary means for apprising her father of this favourable turn of fortune, and indeed before she had fully recovered from the effects of the late accident, an American ship, with a letter from that father, and orders to take her and her mother on board, anchored at the same port. Angelina instantly determined to comply with her parent's wishes—not that she had now the slightest intention of settling in America, but she fancied that, were she there in person, it would, in some measure, lighten the blow which he must feel when informed of her mother's death. She also flattered herself that she would find it no difficult matter to persuade him to return and enjoy the plenty which now awaited him in his native land. She accordingly went without farther hesitation; and, when she arrived in the western hemisphere, she found that her father stood in the greatest need of her sympathy and her services.

The climate had not altogether agreed with his constitution; the change in his health thus produced had been at last aggravated into disease by his extraordinary exertions to provide for the future comfort of his family; and, when Angelina discovered him, he was in a very languishing condition. He had no objection to return home; and, for a time, he laboured assiduously to wind up his American concerns, and prepare for the voyage; but, before he could dispose of the property he had bargained for, and get clear of his other engagements in a satisfactory manner, he was taken suddenly worse, and, for a time, his medical advisers prohibited him from crossing the Atlantic. With the returning warmth of the season, he again seemed to get better; and, towards the end of summer, he embarked for his native country. His convalescence, however, was not destined to be permanent: they had only been a few days at sea when his old complaint returned, with all its former virulence, and he died just as they hove in sight of the Scottish coast.

Angelina was now left an orphan; and of her it might almost be said that she was alone in the world! Her mother's relations were still too proud of their fortunes to acknowledge her. On her father's side, she had no living friend except her aunt; and to her cottage she once more returned, as the only asylum she could find for her sorrow. She had got the remains of her father interred by the side of her mother; and, on a calm day, about the first of October, she went to visit their graves. As she bent over them, while her tears fell fast, and a bitter sense of the desolateness of her situation almost overpowered her, she felt the utter worthlessness of all worldly possessions without some beloved object with whom to share them. She felt, also, how light a thing it would have been to lay down her life and sleep with her parents. When this paroxysm of sorrow had somewhat subsided, her thoughts wandered back to former days—to the time at which she had been happy in the society of a father and a mother—to the misfortunes which had driven her from her natal home—and then, by a natural transition, to the cold reception which, in the midst of poverty and wretchedness, she had herself experienced in the harvest field, and the manner in which George Rodwyn had befriended her when all beside appeared to be her enemies. "Could he have heard of her father's death?" was a question which she could not refrain from asking herself; "and, if he had, would he sympathize with her now as he had done then?"

From this reverie she was awaked by some one climbing directly over the wall, and entering the churchyard. There was, she thought, in the general outline of the intruder's countenance, a something which bore a sort of resemblance to some one she had seen before; but, from the surprise and the confusion of ideas which it occasioned, she could not recollect where. Without appearing to be at all aware of her presence, he advanced direct to a new-made grave, and, stretching himself upon it at full length, eagerly embraced the turf which had been raised high by the mould heaped over the coffin. Fear made Angelina conceal herself behind a tall tombstone, as she saw him again rise and take a kneeling position at the head of the grave. After having remained thus for several minutes, with his hands clasped, and his body bent forward, as if to invoke the dust which lay below, he rolled his eyes wildly on either side, then before, appearing to be in anxious search for some object he could not discover, and then he began to speak:—

"He is not here," said he, in a low dejected tone; "and it is evident that I have prayed and invoked his spirit in vain! He is withheld, or I know he would come at his brother's call; for he was wont to come at my slightest word. But I will not be thus baffled. If it be true, as they say, that spirits shall know each other after death, I will soon see him again. Nor can that God, who would neither spare him to my prayers, nor take me in his stead, be angry with me for using the very means which he has thrown in my way to escape from a world which is now hateful, and get to one I love."

These were evidently the ravings which a maniac had adopted, to justify, in his own eyes, the horrid deed which he seemed to meditate; and, utterly repugnant to reason as they may appear, it were difficult to say how far a similar train of reasoning may have been used by others, who were less insane, for a like purpose. As he spoke, there was a something in his voice which sounded strangely familiar in Angelina's ear; but that, too, was so wild, and altered, and hollow withal, that she was utterly at a loss to recollect to whom it belonged. Terror now paralyzed her nerves and tied up her tongue. She would have tried to call for assistance, but there was no one within hearing, and, besides, she trembled at the idea of alarming one who was evidently prepared for the most desperate deeds. She would have fled from the place as silently as possible, but her limbs refused their office. She felt, in short, as if she had been deprived of the power of speech and motion, and chained to the spot by some horrid enchantment. While she gazed in the extreme of terror, the maniac had uncovered his bosom, and drawing forth a large knife, which, as it afterwards appeared, accident had thrown in his way, he again began to mutter to himself.

"The heart, they say—the heart is the quickest. The whole mass of blood passes through it, and a slight wound there destroys life in a moment! But I cannot discover where it lies. Yes, yes, I have it now—one—two—three."

As he counted the pulsations, he slowly stretched out his hand, with the knife turned inward, so as to give *momentum* to the stab which he seemed about to inflict. Angelina could hear no more; and, with a faint scream, she stumbled from behind the stone which hitherto had concealed her, and fell forward among the graves.

The scream and the noise which she made in falling, started the unhappy man; and, when he looked round and saw a young female lying senseless and motionless so near him, with a heart still true to those feelings of benevolence

with which it had once been so deeply embued, he forgot his fatal purpose, and sprang forward to give such assistance as the case seemed to require. He raised her gently in his arms, and, holding her face to the faint breeze which sighed through the tombstones, she soon recovered, and when she opened her eyes and turned them on her supporter, in that forgetfulness of the past which commonly characterises the first moments of sensation after a swoon, he immediately recognised her.

"Angelina Hamilton!" he exclaimed, in evident surprise; "what brought you here?"

As he spoke these words, the tones of his voice were natural and clear; and they served at once to enable the still half-senseless maiden to identify the speaker.

"Can it be James Rodwyn?" she said, as soon as she could command her voice. "This is indeed an unexpected meeting," she added, with a half shudder, as a faint recollection of what she had so lately seen began to dawn on her. "But where is your brother Geo"—— the name stuck in her throat, and she concluded by repeating her words—"Where is your brother?—you were never wont to be separate."

"He is there—he is there!" exclaimed the excited young man, pointing to the grave, while his eye again kindled into frenzied brightness. "He is there; and he will not come to me: but I must go to him, for I cannot live without him. Oh, my brother—my brother! He was my nurse, and carried me in his arms when I was a mere infant; he taught me my first words when I began to speak; and, when I grew a year or two older, he made little mills for me, which spun round in the stream before our door. He assisted me in all my boyish sports; and, as you rightly said, we were never separate. He gave me all the learning I ever got in my life: he taught me to read and to write, and read for me, while I sat entranced to hear him, before I could read for myself. He taught me to be humane, benevolent, and strictly just in all my dealings with others—to admire virtuous and honourable conduct in the midst of poverty, and to hate injustice, tyranny, and oppression, though the perpetrator were a king. But I am wandering. Indeed I think my mind has lately wandered more than was its wont. He taught me to toil for my daily bread; and made me more expert at most sorts of labour than my fellows; while he was ever ready to lighten my task when he was near, and to take the severest drudgery upon himself, that I might feel the hardships of our condition the less. As I grew up, and my understanding began to expand, he unfolded, to my wondering eyes, the mysteries of mechanics, and made me acquainted with the stupendous machinery of the heavens. He was ever ready to correct the errors and blunders which I made—to direct me in every thing I did; and, even when I quarrelled with him, which was but seldom, I only loved and admired him the more: in short, we had become a part of each other's existence; we were only happy when we were together. I cannot live without him—and I must go to him now. But you are pale—you are ill. My wild words have alarmed you.—I cannot leave her here," continued he, muttering to himself —"but yet"——

He pressed his hand upon his brow, and endeavoured to recall his bewildered thoughts; then, after a pause, he raised the drooping maiden in his arms, and said, in accents tremulous with agitation and tenderness:—

"Angelina—dear Angelina!—look up—nay, fear not—it is past. I am now calm; but I never meant to frighten you—only speak to me—and, do not tremble. I will assist you home. My brother—alas, I have no brother! But *he* would not have left you alone in this dismal place; nor will I. No, no! Come, Angelina, come away. For the present, I forego my purpose."

What remains of our story must be briefly told. This was a stunning blow to Angelina. In the midst of all her sufferings she had loved George Rodwyn, almost unknown to herself—loved him deeply and tenderly: she knew it now; and she seemed to care little who knew it beside. When the story was distinctly told, she considered herself as having been, in some measure, the means of bringing on his death; and to soothe, and save, and, if possible, restore to reason his demented brother, was now a debt which she owed to his memory as well as to her own feelings. By pretending to require his assistance home, he was allured to her aunt's, where two men were appointed to watch him secretly, lest he should be again tempted to lay violent hands upon himself. This, however, was unnecessary; for Angeline was almost constantly beside him; and her presence seemed to have nearly the same effect upon him as the presence of David, when he played upon the harp, had upon Saul. They had both been deeply interested in his departed brother. She took a melancholy pleasure in listening to everything connected with his untimely fate; and, in the effort of memory which it required to make these recitals, and the deep and solemn interest which he took in making them, the scattered senses of the maniac began to return. Others had tried to comfort him by endeavouring to drive his deceased brother from his recollection, and this, together with his own sorrows, had driven him mad; but she, by encouraging him to speak of the past, to give vent to those feelings which hitherto he had suppressed, restored him to reason, though not to that enjoyment of life which he formerly experienced.

The tattlers of the neigbourhood now confidentially prophesied a marriage, and even spoke of it as a thing near at hand; but, for the fulfilment of their prophesies they had to wait longer than they had expected. The heart of James Rodwyn, like that of others, might have been formed for love; the ardent affection with which he had regarded his only brother, is almost an incontestable evidence that it was so; and, in time, its sympathies might have extended to other objects. But, with all the endearing ties of brotherhood torn asunder, and all its hopes dashed to pieces by one fatal event, he wanted that mutability of disposition which might have enabled him to rise from the wreck. To him the past was everything, the present nothing, and the future a blank. With respect to Miss Hamilton, her hopes and affections had also received a shock too severe to be easily forgotten; and yet some sensible people were of opinion, that had she been urged in the usual way, she could not have rejected, for any length of time, an offer of marriage from the brother of one to whom she had once been so warmly attached—one who had been to her both a benefactor and friend, though he had never been a lover. Be the matter as it may, a number of years has now passed over them without producing any change in their condition. The money, which was left to Miss Hamilton by her grandfather, has been invested in land. James Rodwyn farms the little estate for her. They both live upon it, in different houses indeed, but more in the character of friends than in that of mistress and servant; and if they should never think of any nearer connection, it is now generally believed that neither of them will ever marry another.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

"Love's many miseries; its tears,
Like lava, not like dew; its fears
That make hope painful; then its trust
So often trampled in the dust,
Neglected, blighted, and betrayed,
A sorrow and a mockery made."—BYRON.

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of August, when the sun had just set, and its beauties yet lingered on the dark hills of Invervach, giving to the cottages below a dark but silent aspect. Here and there you could see a shepherd and his dog, lying down to rest themselves, after the fatigues of the day; and the poor servant girls driving home their cattle, the while they were singing songs to drive away their cares. Each one, to appearance, was happier than the other. Clad in drugget petticoats, surmounted with white dimity bed-gowns, there was about them an air of simplicity and neatness, at once attractive and prepossessing. The scene would have realized the utmost conception of an admirer of Scottish pastoral life.

Gazing on this delightful scene, from an eminence over Lochvach, sat two figures. They were those of a young and lovely girl of perhaps seventeen years of age, and that of a young man, dressed in the full Highland costume, about four years her senior. That particular spot had oft-times before been their trysting-place. Many and many an hour had Fergus betaken himself thither alone. A rocky stone—the beacon that served to guide them to the place—bore the result of his labours in those solitary moments, for on it he had carved the name of Susan Stuart, linked and entwined ingeniously with that of Fergus Graeme.

The sun sank behind the distant ocean, yet still there was light in heaven. The yellow moon had just uprisen, and now shed its broad and misty beams on tree, on hill, on cottage. A mysterious aspect fell upon the scene, well befitting the time:

"'Twas now the witching hour of night;"

and yet the pair still sat upon the hill, the blooming heather waving on its top.

"O Fergus, Fergus!" said Susan, taking his hand in hers, and gazing tearfully and earnestly in his face, "think of your promises broken and disregarded; think of the once sweet words you uttered, when you swore to love me, and me alone. Remember, Fergus, the day of reckoning is at hand, and tremble!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Fergus, disengaging himself from her grasp, "such idle nonsense is meet for silly minds."

"*Silly* minds," reiterated Susan: "if mine be so, say who has weakened it? You, Fergus, you alone! You tried everything in your power to win my heart, and now you would break it. Fergus Graeme, can it be possible that you who loved could leave me? You, who swore by heaven that I was dearer than life to you, could throw me off, a miserable object for the world to point at!"

With a frown upon his lip, Fergus looked upon the impassioned girl.

"Foolish thing!" said he, "you should have thought of all this ere now. You yourself are to blame as much as I. You were taught to consider men as deceivers. Believe me, they have been so from the beginning of the world, and they will continue so to the end."

"And am I deceived thus by one I loved as I loved my life?" cried Susan, in an agony of spirit. "The thought will drive me mad. Once I was happy, but, alas! my happiness is gone!—gone for ever! But I must subdue these emotions; and although you have deceived the girl, you shall have no longer influence over the woman! Farewell, for ever, ungrateful man!"

Saying these words, she rose to leave the spot, but was detained by Fergus, who, feeling some little pity for his unfortunate victim, was unwilling to let her depart in such a state of excitement.

"Stop, stop, my pretty Susan!" he exclaimed; "don't be so *very* hasty in your proceedings. You know very well that I am fond of you; and although marriage is a thing well enough for those who have no faith in each other's vows, it never possessed any remarkable attractions for me; yet, perhaps, I might be induced to change my opinions. All ties of kindred; resolutions made in by-gone years; everything appears as nought when put in competition with thy peerless beauty. I feel that for it I could make any sacrifice. Can you forgive me, Susan, for having spoken harshly to you?—and this day month shall see you a wedded wife."

This dialogue took place between a young Highlander, the son of a respectable farmer in Kilmaronich, and a girl, the daughter of a Lowland farmer, who had recently settled in Blair Athole. The father of Fergus having been in possession of his farm for several years, was now a comparatively rich man to what he had been when he first entered on his lease. Industry and assiduity had put money in his purse, which he determined to turn to as much advantage as possible. His wife, Margaret Davidson, was the daughter of a gardener in Perth, whose circumstances were far from affluent, but who, with the feeling which is said to be indelible in a Highlander, had, by much self-deprivation, contrived to give his daughter an education more ornamental than useful to one of her station in life. Being a showy girl, she had soon plenty of admirers; but, as the folks in her part of the world had too much sense to marry a girl merely for her good looks, she might have worn the willow, had she not met, at a country ball, with Duncan Graeme, who, struck with outward appearance, and, as he thought, fashionable manners, contrived to pick up an acquaintance with her, which, in a few weeks, ended in a marriage, to the great joy of herself and of her father, upon whose purse, scanty as it was, she had made a terrible inroad.

The consequences of such a marriage may be easily anticipated; for Mrs Graeme, being a woman of a frivolous mind, was not at all adapted for a farmer's wife—indeed she knew as little about the management of a house as any lady of fashion. In one word, she was utterly unfit for the place which had been allotted to her by Providence.

In due course of time, Mrs Graeme presented her husband with a son, who was christened Fergus, much to the annoyance of the father, who wished him to be called either after himself or his maternal grandfather; but to

this Mrs Graeme would not listen. She was determined her son should have a very fine name; and as she had some indistinct notions relative to the history of Scotland, which she had picked up at school, she pitched upon the name of Fergus, in honour of that monarch who, it is said, was the founder of the regal race of Scotland. Although she had afterwards another son and daughter, her first-born was the chief object of her affections, and, as might be expected, he became thoroughly spoilt. He was very good-looking; and, as he grew up, his mother fed his vanity, by assuring him he would make a conquest of some lady of fashion and fortune; and whenever the father remonstrated, and pointed out the necessity of Fergus being able to work, she desired him to hold his foolish tongue and mind his own matters, as she knew best how to bring up her own son.

The disposition of the boy originally was not bad, but the injudicious management of his mother gradually corrupted it. He became impatient of contradiction, and despised his father when he attempted to advise him. He was very selfish; and, provided he got what he wanted himself, he cared little what inconvenience or trouble he created to others. As he grew up, those defects in his character gradually increased—so much so, that, what with his petulance and his mother's folly, the old father had anything but a comfortable home. He was, therefore, glad when his wife proposed to send Fergus to a boarding-school in Perth. The lad was accordingly sent from home; but, as might have been expected, derived little benefit from his master. He acquired reading, and writing, a smattering of French, and a knowledge of dancing. As his mother thought that the farming was a vulgar occupation, she got her husband persuaded to place Fergus in a writer's office, where, if he did not learn law, he became a tolerable proficient in those vices which are but too common among young men of that class with which he associated.

At the age of twenty-one, Fergus cut the law, and returned home a fine-looking lad enough, but utterly heartless. Having nothing to do—for he positively refused to assist his father on the farm—he amused himself by flirting with all the rustic beauties in the village. Amongst these, Susan Stuart was pre-eminently distinguished for her beauty and innocence. She had been piously and virtuously brought up, but the early death of her mother deprived her of the parental solicitude of one who would have watched over her, and prevented the formation of any intimacy that might prove detrimental to her. Guileless herself, she suspected not guile in others; and, therefore, easily believed the flattering assurances of Fergus, who, an adept in intrigue, was quite skilled in those devices by which female hearts are too generally won.

On the evening on which the conversation already detailed took place, Susan had been more than usually urgent that Fergus should redeem the promise of marriage he had once made her. Fergus liked Susan, but he liked himself much better. He had no idea of "throwing himself away" upon a portionless rustic. Struck, however, with her impassioned appeal, and not being desirous that his villany should be disclosed just then, he made a promise which he never intended to perform, as he had every prospect, before a month could elapse, of taking unto himself a rich wife. His intended was the orphan daughter of a Glasgow manufacturer, who, at his death, had left her about seven thousand pounds. Whilst on a visit to a relation in Perth, she met Fergus at a party, who, having always his mother's words recorded in his memory, that he was to make his fortune by marriage, thought this a good opportunity for verifying her prophecy, he got introduced to Miss M'Callum, danced with her, and evidently made an impression which he followed up by visits, during which, every opportunity was seized upon still farther to ingratiate himself with the fair one. But Miss M'Callum was a girl of sense, and, although half-inclined towards Fergus, had sufficient prudence to decline a surrender until she had satisfied herself of the principles of her admirer. Fergus had art enough to conceal his bad qualities; and, as Caroline had no means of finding him out, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that, by degrees, he gained a complete ascendency over her; and the young lady believed him to be as correct in his morals as he was handsome in his person.

In all human probability Fergus would have carried off his prize before he had left Perth; for Caroline had acknowledged her love, and promised to be his. An accidental cause retarded their union. Miss M'Callum had an aunt, with whom, during the early part of her life, she had had much intercourse. This aunt was advanced in years, and had a few thousand pounds at her disposal. Of the existence of this person, Fergus had been made aware, and he thought that her money bags would be much better in the custody of his intended wife than of any other person. One evening he called as usual, and Caroline was in low spirits.

"Ah, my dear Fergus!" said she, on his entrance, "I have got news to vex me—you come in good time to raise my depressed spirits."

"May I presume to ask, my love," said he, "what has disturbed you?"

"My aunt is very ill; and, although she was very kind to me when young, I have neglected her long; for various matters came in the way which prevented me from shewing, by my attentions, how much her former goodness was appreciated by me."

Fergus, always alive to what he considered beneficial to his own interest, exclaimed:—

"What a pity, love—to a mind constructed as yours, it would be the source of everlasting vexation were you not ever known to pay her those attentions which she seems so justly entitled to. She is, I presume, not in affluent circumstances"—(he knew very well the contrary)—"and, therefore, any kindness shewn by you would be more thought of."

"Oh!" rejoined Caroline, "her circumstances are well enough, and that is the only reason why I have not already flown to her bedside. Perhaps," continued she, hesitating, "there is another—the pain of leaving you."

"My beloved girl!" said the cunning lover, "the pain of parting is indeed terrible, but I should never forgive myself were I to allow you, on that account, to neglect that which is evidently an act of duty."

"Fergus!" exclaimed Caroline, "you are a noble fellow. I will follow your advice."

"Do so, dearest, and you never will have cause to repent."

He spoke truly; but little did he think that his own artifice actually frustrated his attempt upon the purse of the being he had drawn within his toils.

The lovers parted with the mutual protestations common to such occasions, Caroline promising to write on the earliest opportunity. This promise she faithfully redeemed. The old lady lingered for about three months, and then died, leaving property to a considerable extent to her niece, "as a small testimonial" (so ran the words of the settlement) "of her regard towards her affectionate and dutiful niece." This addition to her fortune did not in the slightest degree diminish her affection for Fergus; on the contrary, she only rejoiced in her increase of wealth on his account, and, in evidence of her sincerity, agreed to become his wife when six months should have elapsed from the demise of her kind relation.

Fergus, as before mentioned, returned to the home of his father, where, unmindful of his vows to Caroline, he unfortunately formed that intimacy with Susan which terminated in her ruin.

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PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

When Fergus made a promise to Susan that he would marry her in a month, that period had only to elapse when he could claim the hand of Caroline; for which event every preparation was making on her part; and he was fearful, should his treatment of Susan become known and reach the ears of his mistress, that her strict notions of morality would break off the match. His object, therefore, was to gain time, and to arrive in Glasgow the night before the nuptial ceremony was to be performed. Thus, he imagined, he was secured against all chances; and, the knot once tied, he did not care one farthing what his wife might think of his profligacy. It was impossible, when matters came near a termination, for a man like Fergus to conceal his exultation at the brilliant prospect before him, more especially from his mother, and, under an injunction of secrecy, he disclosed the important secret to her. Delighted, but not surprised—for the silly woman thought her son worthy of an empress—she could not restrain her feelings, and, in confidence, told one of her own cronies, with an especial command not to tell any one, that her son was about to marry a rich heiress from Glasgow. In her folly she disclosed the name, and added, that she thought that it was no great matter, for Fergus was entitled to look to the first woman in the kingdom; "but" said she, "the boy is dreadfully in love, and we must make allowances, my dear Mrs M'Small, for youthful feelings. Her relations, who do not want her money to go out of their clutches, do not wish her to marry anybody, so it is prudent to keep everything private till the marriage is over, as, no doubt, they would throw every obstacle in the way."

Full of this important communication, Mrs M'Small told, in great confidence, the interesting fact to a friend; she in turn told it to another. The result was, that, in the space of four-and-twenty hours, the affair was pretty generally known and talked of. It soon reached the ears of poor Susan Stuart; for, as she had been particularly distinguished by Fergus in the different parties where they had met, the young girls of her own age, and especially those whose pretensions to beauty were not very great, were very much delighted at the idea of Susan being left in the lurch. The appalling news came like a thunderbolt upon her; but she had the good sense to hide "the deep depressing care, the agony of soul," which the intelligence occasioned her. She saw at once the cause why Fergus had latterly behaved so coldly to her. And then everything was so minutely detailed—ay, even to the very hour and minute of the day on which the ceremony was ordered to take place. There was no longer doubt—the fatal truth determined the line of conduct she ought to pursue.

It was upon the 25th of September, just three days preceding the one fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Fergus Graeme with Caroline, that circumstances led to a result fatal to all his ambitious projects. The hour of dinner is early in the country, and the meetings of Susan and her lover were, consequently, between the hours of one and five, when the country folks take tea. The trysting-place was the same as formerly; and it was not very usual for them to wander far from that spot, but Fergus, observing Susan approach, descended the hill, and meeting her, they proceeded along a footpath, which ran round its base, and terminated in a private road, which was at several places very precipitous, and overhung the river for nearly two miles.

After a silence of some minutes, during which they pursued their route along the footpath, Susan exclaimed, in a mournful tone of voice, "Fergus, have you forgotten that the month expires in three days?"

"True, my dear!—But what of that?"

"Nothing! only—only I wished to ask whether you had made any arrangements for our marriage."

"Why, Susan!" said Fergus, "I have not yet done anything, but"——

"Fergus, you are a villain! There is no truth in you. Your marriage with me shall never take place. Deeply, deeply have you injured me; and never, never will I bestow my hand on one so base."

"What is the matter with you, Sue?" asked Fergus, with a forced blandness of manner. "This is so unlike your gentleness. Believe me, I long for the happy moment which unites me to one so amiable."

"Perhaps so; but I regret that your longing will not be gratified. I spurn your alliance."

Fergus was very much astonished at being thus rejected by one whom he was at that very moment heating his brains for feasible excuses to get quit of. "You surely cannot be serious," said he.

"Quite serious," she rejoined, calmly; "as serious as you are in your intentions to marry Miss M'Callum."

He started as if stung by a viper—this moment his countenance was as pale as death, the next it was like crimson.

"Good heavens!" he cried; "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Such is your determination, can you deny it? Nay, do not hesitate."

"Pooh! 'tis all nonsense. Who could tell you such a falsehood?" And as he said this in an ill-assumed tone of jocularity, he tried to laugh, but could not.

Susan smiled contemptuously at the impotent attempt of Fergus; then replied—"This falsehood, as your are pleased to term it, I had from your mother."

By this time they had got over the foot-road overhanging the river, which, swollen by the recent rains, was flowing impetuously at their feet. Fergus spoke not; and Susan continued—"On the third day from this, I am aware you expect to be master of the lady's fortune, but 'there is many a slip between the cup and the lip.' Hear me, Fergus! you deem it manly, perhaps, to have betrayed a helpless female. It is a great triumph for you, no doubt. Do not think that which I am about to say is the result of passion. The news reached me yesterday; how it affected me matters not; at least you of all others shall never know my feelings at that moment. Had I been the only party concerned, my fate could matter little; but when the happiness of another is about to be sacrificed to the machinations of a villain, I resolved to discard all feminine weakness, and act as becomes me."

"What mean you?" breathlessly inquired Fergus, stopping and gazing on her with the eyes of a basilisk.

"To warn, by my fate, your proposed victim, and to let her see the gulf o'er which she stands."

"You dare not! surely you would never think of exposing yourself, from a mere feeling of revenge."

"Revenge!" echoed the dark-eyed girl—"No, no, sir, I am not actuated by such unworthy motives. You have admitted the charge, and that is enough: my course is plain. Last night I wrote a full detail of your conduct towards me, and this evening it shall be despatched to Miss M'Callum."

'For heaven's sake, Susan!" frantically cried Fergus, "think what you are about. Do not irritate a man in a state of desperation."

"I have thought; and you may as well attempt to move yon mountain from its base, as strive to change my fixed determination; and here we part, never to meet again. Farewell!"

She turned to depart. Fergus, bursting with passion, seized her forcibly by the arm. He tried to detain her; she resisted; a struggle ensued; and, in one moment she was precipated from the shelving rock on which she stood, into the foaming waters below, and her body was instantly swept down the stream by the force of the current.

Fergus stood for an instant horror-struck, and then rushed from the fatal spot. While crossing a field, at the bot-

tom of the hill, a farmer, who had known him from childhood passed. Fergus hardly noticed him. The man turned round, and looking after him, said, "Whar are ye gaun, my lad, in sic a hurry?" Fergus passed on in silence. The farmer, setting him down in his own mind as "clean gyte," *alias* "daft," went on his way, wondering what Fergus could have made of Susan Stuart, as he had seen them pass together some short time before.

Onward our hero went, and in a state of mind scarcely to be described. However, by the time he reached home he was somewhat more composed. He told his parents that, as his marriage was so near at hand, it would be as well for him to proceed to Glasgow forthwith; and as his parents had been apprised of the event, this arrangement occasioned no surprise. Having got his things ready, he departed that very evening for the place of his destination.

Fergus arrived a day earlier than was expected; but Caroline naturally supposed that anxiety to see her was the cause of this. Everything went on smoothly enough; and although his manner and speech were wild and incoherent, there was no one but what attributed his disturbed state to temporary excitement, occasioned by his approaching marriage. The writings were prepared, and ready for signing; the marriage-dress came home; and everything was arranged for the succeeding day; when, after the knot was tied, the happy pair were to set out on a jaunt to Edinburgh. Seated in the parlour of a pleasant villa, which Fergus thought would next day be his own, whose windows looked out upon the majestic Clyde, covered with steamboats, he and Caroline were talking over their future prospects. Usually temperate in liquor, Fergus had, on that occasion, taken rather more than his wont. His spirits rose, and he was more like himself than he had been the preceding day. Caroline was gay and joyous. Suddenly their conversation was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer gate, followed by the barking of the house-dog. Caroline started up, wondering who it could be; and Fergus assumed an air of as much composure as was possible. Presently the door of the room opened, and the footman entered and signified that Mr Graeme was wanted particularly, outside.

"Who the deuce can be wanting me?" he said, with impatience. "Say I am engaged."

"But, sir," replied the footman, "they say you must come, as their business cannot admit of delay."

"*Must;*—indeed!" ejaculated Fergus. "Impudent scoundrels; I'll soon send them to the rightabout. Excuse me, Caroline, for a few moments."

He left the room, to which he was never to return, and, proceeding to the lobby, followed by the footman, he was met by a man, who, without any ceremony, asked—

"Are you Fergus Graeme?"

"I am," replied he, haughtily.

"Then, sir, you are my prisoner."

"Prisoner! Impossible! I am not in debt; for my father, less than a month ago, settled every claim against me."

"Sir," said the man, "you would have cause to rejoice were it merely a debt. The warrant I come to enforce against you is for murder!"

Fergus saw at once that the fearful secret, which he imagined rested in no other breast but his own, had, in some way or other, come to light; but as he believed no one had seen the deed, he thought it best to act the part of an injured man, which he did with tolerable success. He entreated the officer of justice to allow him to return for an instant to the parlour; but this request could not be complied with. He was forced to a post-chaise, and, within five minutes, was on his way to Perth, where he arrived in safety, and was thereupon committed to prison. It may perhaps be as well to mention here, that, after a full investigation, or, as it is termed in the law of Scotland, "a precognition," the wretched man was fully committed to stand his trial, for the wilful murder of Susan Stuart, at the ensuing Circuit Court.

The astonishment of Miss M'Callum, at the sudden abduction of her intended husband, may be more easily imagined than depicted. When the conversation that had passed between Fergus and the criminal officers was repeated to her by the footman, although very much shocked at the accusation, she did not give the slightest belief to it.

"No, no! it is impossible," argued she with herself, "that my Fergus could ever have done so dreadful an act."

With a firmness that did honour to her, she persisted in the belief of his innocence till the very day of his trial. Nor was this all, for as old Graeme had greatly exhausted his means by paying his son's debts, she cheerfully agreed to defray all the expenses of preparing his defence, and of obtaining the first counsel to support it.

The day of trial at last arrived. The court-room was crowded; for the peculiar features of the case, and the aggravated nature of the crime, had created great interest. The necessary forms having been completed, witnesses were examined; but it is not necessary to do more than give a general outline of the nature of the testimony.

Duncan M'Pherson, farmer at Strathbran, swore to having seen Fergus and Susan together, walking along the footpath, between the hours of two and three, on the day on which the murder was committed. He had been on Invervach that day, looking after some sheep, and he remembered perfectly of seeing Fergus descend the hill to meet Susan. After having got his business completed, witness descended the hill himself to go home. When, quitting the footpath for the road above the river, and striking off into an adjoining field, he met Fergus returning, but without Susan. Fergus appeared much excited, and the witness made the remark to himself that he thought him daft. It was proved that, upon the disappearance of Susan, he had immediately given information to the father of the deceased, who, in company with two other individuals and his agent, had gone along the road where they had been last seen; when, at a particular spot—a considerable height above the river, and nearly precipitous—they observed evident marks of a struggle having there taken place; and the witness picked up a glove, which the father at once identified as the property of his daughter. It consisted with his knowledge that the river was searched, and that a shawl had been got; but the body was nowhere to be found.

This person's evidence was corroborated by another witness, who saw the parties together on that particular day, and at that time. The men who accompanied Susan's father also concurred as to the marks of a struggle, and to the finding of the glove and the shawl.

Already had the case assumed an alarming aspect towards the pannel, who had come into court very collected, having been assured by his counsel that, from a deficiency of evidence, the jury would, at the worst, bring in a verdict of "not proven." His fortitude was somewhat shaken as the proof proceeded; and, when it was fully established that he had been the last person seen in company with Susan, his alarm became apparent. The examination of the next witness completely overcame him; and, at its termination, he fainted.

Donald Hay, herd to Duncan Campbell, Esq., of Glenfruin, was then put into the witness-box. He swore distinctly and positively that, on the evening of the day set forth in the indictment, he had been engaged in herding the cattle of his employer at Glenfruin, which is situated on the opposite side of the river to the spot where the fatal struggle was supposed to have occurred. The witness was a young lad of eighteen, and fond of reading; and, having got the loan of a new book from one of his

companions, he threw himself down on the heather, and, for upwards of half-an-hour, was intensely absorbed in his studies. By this means, he was hardly visible to those on the opposite side.

He was roused from his reverie by voices; and, raising his eyes from his book, beheld a man struggling with a woman. In an instant, the woman, to the best of his belief, was thrown over the precipice into the river, by the man. Who the woman was he could not say; but the man he identified as the prisoner at the bar. It was difficult for him to get to the river, and more than half-an-hour elapsed before he could do so. When he reached the bank, he saw no traces of the female. He added that, at that time, the river was very "dark and drumly," having been swollen by rains, and that it was hurrying on with great rapidity.

The next piece of evidence was a letter found in one of Susan's drawers, after her disappearance. It was addressed to Miss M'Callum, and contained a distinct but affecting account of the manner in which she had been beguiled by Fergus. The handwriting was proved; and with this paper the evidence for the prosecution closed.

The pannel leading no evidence, all that remained was to address the jury.

The crown counsel spoke shortly, but to the purpose. He detailed the facts minutely to the jury, and contended that a clear case of murder was made out against the prisoner at the bar.

Mr Solomon Simper, a flowery orator, who, from his connection with the west country, held a brief for Fergus, then addressed the jury in a speech which lasted nearly three hours and a half, and which was, at least, nearly three longer than it ought to have been; but, having got a large fee, he appeared determined to give his client quantity, if not quality. The principal ground of defence was rested on the singular fact that the body had never been found; and that, therefore, it was not to be presumed that Susan Stuart was dead in the absence of direct proof of that fact. He, in addition, argued that, supposing the female who was observed by the witness, Hay, to fall, was really Susan Stuart, there was no proof that she was thrown into the water by the pannel. Only one witness deponed to the alleged fact, and might be mistaken, as he was at a considerable distance from the spot where the accident had occurred, and could not have seen it very distinctly.

It is unnecessary to pursue the learned counsel farther.

The judge then summed up the evidence. He told the jury that the absence of the body was no defence against a charge of murder; that, if such a plea could be warranted, the ends of justice would, in many instances, be defeated. For example, in cases of piracy and murder, where the body was thrown overboard, and where, as frequently happened, individuals were forced to walk the plank, it would be impossible to convict, if it were necessary the body should be found. In the present case, if the jury were satisfied that Susan Stuart had been thrown into the stream by the pannel, the not finding of her body could not liberate the prisoner from the charge of murder. He noticed it was in evidence that the river was in a very turbid state; and that the body might have been carried, by the rapidity of the stream, many miles from the place in which it was thrown. He next remarked that certain facts were proved indicating an extreme intimacy between her and the prisoner. Her letter to Miss M'Callum was good evidence of the nature and extent of that intimacy. He adverted to the fact of the prisoner having been seen going *with* her, and returning *without* her, in a state of mind which excited the surprise of the first witness. Then came the finding of her glove upon the top of a rock, from which she either fell or was thrown: and, what was more important her shawl was found in the river. All these facts, coupled with the testimony of Hay, tended to fix the crime on the pannel; but it was for the jury, not for him, to consider the proof, and he left the case in their hands, satisfied that they would dispose of it as honest and conscientious men, resolved to exercise impartially the painful office conferred on them.

During the subsequent part of the trial, Fergus was almost entirely ignorant of what was going on. Being restored from his fainting fit, his mind was evidently wandering, and he gazed with a vacant stare around him. The jury retired; and, in about an hour, returned—the foreman bearing in his hand a letter sealed—BLACK! There had been a difference of opinion; but the majority were for a conviction. The letter was handed to the judge, who opened it, and delivered the verdict of "Guilty!" to the clerk to record. The forms having been gone through, and the jury discharged, the crown lawyer moved for sentence. The judge, taking up the three-cornered hat which, according to ancient custom, was used on such occasions, placed it on his head—

"Fergus Graeme!" said he—but he had scarcely utterred these words when a disturbance arose at the court door, and the voice of a female was heard exclaiming—

"I must come in! Would you commit murder?"

"Officer!" cried the judge, "what means this tumult? Unless order is preserved, the court must be cleared."

"Oh, my Lord!" exclaimed a voice, "have mercy! Fergus Graeme is not guilty of the crime with which he is charged." The crowd gave way, and a delicate female figure, bearing marks of recent illness, rushing forward to the bar, electrified all present by saying—"I am Susan Stuart!"

And so it was. The unfortunate girl had, by the merest accident, escaped death. The place where she fell was deep, and she rose again to the surface. The water was very full, owing to the rains, and the impetuosity with which it had proceeded had torn away several of the young trees planted on its banks, she instinctively grasped a branch, and, holding it firmly, was carried a little way down the river, when her progress was stopped by a small neck of land which projected into the middle of the stream. By a lucky chance a traveller, or, as he is vulgarly called, bagman, was on the road which overhung the river, in a gig, and, observing a human body floating, he lost no time in jumping out, and, quickly reaching the spot, removed it from the water. Perceiving that life was not wholly extinct, and having his usual travelling companion with him—namely, a flask of brandy, he poured a small quantity of it down her throat, and had, shortly, the pleasure of seeing animation restored. Wrapping her up in his travelling coat, he placed her in the gig, and, as there was no place at hand to which he could take her, he drove rapidly to the nearest town, which was some miles distant; where, having procured medical assistance, everything was done to restore Susan to life. Mr Travers, for that was the traveller's name, was compelled, by his avocations, to quit the town; but he did not venture to do so, until he had procured comfortable lodgings, and a nurse, for his gentle patient, depositing with the landlady a sum to defray expenses till his return, which he expected would be in about a month.

It was not surprising that the injuries Susan had suffered brought on premature labour. For several days she was in a very perilous situation. Her senses wandered, and many weeks elapsed before she was able to leave her bed for a sofa. When she recovered her recollection, she was amazed to find herself in a warm bed, with every comfort around her. She remembered nothing from the time she fell into the water; and, as neither the landlady nor nurse could tell more than that she had been brought to the house by a gentleman, who had provided for every ex-

pense, she was lost in wonder how all this had been brought about. She thought of writing to her father; but then, a sense of shame induced her to forego what she would have given worlds to do. She, therefore, awaited the return of the person who had so mysteriously rescued her, ere she took any step. Nearly two months expired before Mr Travers revisited the town in question. When he saw Susan, he was struck with her appearance, which, though necessarily affected by her dangerous illness, was still singularly attractive and ladylike. She then, for the first time, learned the particulars of her rescue. Travers, from feelings of delicacy, did not press for any explanation of the cause of the accident, as he saw an evident reluctance on her part on the subject. Once or twice she was about to disclose her hapless story, but her resolution failed, and she, like most persons of sensitive feelings, delayed from day to day revealing that which her benefactor certainly was entitled to know. Her health gradually became re-established, and Travers, from daily converse with a beautiful and sweet-tempered girl, began to take a very deep interest in her. She was distant but respectful; and evinced, by her manner, how deeply she felt the obligation conferred upon her by her preserver.

Accident brought about that, at last, which poor Susan had felt herself so embarrassed about. Travers usually called at the lodgings once a-day, to inquire after the health of his interesting protegée; and, upon these occasions, he generally gave her all the news of what was passing. One evening he remarked—

"I should like to be in Perth to-morrow; there is a very singular trial coming on."

"Indeed! What may be the nature of it?"

"I can't tell you all the circumstances; but, if report speaks truth, the prisoner well merits the gallows."

"Is the case, then, so aggravated?"

"Very much so; for it is one of the vilest cases of murder I ever heard of. The scoundrel! I wish *I* had the settling of him."

"What are the circumstances?"

"Why, it seems the fellow promised marriage to a young girl in the neighbourhood, and then murdered her, in order that he might make a more wealthy match."

Susan started; the similarity to her own case struck her. She asked Travers if he remembered the name.

"Yes; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Graeme."

Susan tremulously ejaculated—"Graeme!"

"Yes," rejoined he; "and the girl's name was Stuart, by the way, the same as your own."

"Gracious Providence! Surely it cannot be!"

"What cannot be?"

"Tell me! oh, tell me!" she hurriedly cried, "is his Christian name Fergus?"

"I rather think so."

"It must be. Oh! what is to be done? O Mr Travers! little do you know how deeply this affects myself. Never could I have imagined that such would have been the result of concealing what, some day or other, must inevitably come to light. You have hitherto, kind sir, acted most benevolently and feelingly towards me. I never—never can repay you for your kindness. Add one more item to my account of debt to you, and take me instantly to Perth. But it is fitting you should know all."

Susan then disclosed her history to the Englishman, concealing nothing, and, only in one instance, deviating from truth. Perhaps it was, strictly speaking, no direct deviation; for she had brought herself apparently to the belief that her fall into the river was purely accidental. Still the degree of guilt, which attached to Fergus, was only diminished—nothing more—and Travers with difficulty restrained himself from expressing his heartfelt contempt of the cold-blooded seducer.

"Miss Stuart," said he, "your confidence in me is not misplaced—your secret shall never be betrayed by me: but no time must be lost; villain as he is, he must not suffer for a murder he never committed. I shall have a chaise in readiness early to-morrow morning; meanwhile, I entreat you, my dear Miss Stuart, to take repose. You are still weak, and unable to bear much fatigue. I shall therefore leave you, and, I trust, under the impression that in me you will always find an affectionate friend and admirer. Adieu."

The chaise came at the appointed time, and Susan, accompanied by Travers, set out for Perth; but, owing to accidental causes, they were unable to reach the court-house until the trial was concluded. The revival of one supposed to be in her grave, created an extraordinary sensation; and the judge was, in a few moments, satisfied of the reality of the fact. As it was, Susan came too late to prevent Fergus suffering the degradation of conviction, for the jury, having been dismissed after the return and the recording of the verdict, the judge had no power to do otherwise than proceed to sentence, which he accordingly did in the usual form, condemning him to be hung, and his body given for dissection. He noticed that he had no other alternative except this, but that he would transmit an account of the strange occurrence to the Secretary of State, and he could assure the prisoner that no time would be lost in procuring him a pardon. He concluded by bidding him remember the narrow escape he had made from the gallows, and imploring him to turn his attention to those religious studies he had apparently so long neglected, and endeavour to become a respectable member of society.

Fergus heard the address with the same apathy he had regarded everything that had occurred during the latter part of the trial. Even the reappearance of Susan, sudden and unexpected as it must have been, failed to produce any deep impression. Fear, intense fear, had paralyzed his faculties, so much so that, as sometimes happens, the agony which he was internally enduring actually changed his locks, which that morning were glossy black, to a mixed gray. He was removed from the bar, and, by degrees, he was somewhat recovered. When Susan's restoration was noticed, it seemed to be quite new to him.

"Strange," said he—"very strange."

It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded he was to escape hanging; and, even when his pardon came, he still thought it was a dream. Susan was examined by the procurator-fiscal as to the cause of the fall; but as she still persisted in maintaining it was accidental, the Crown gave up all idea of further prosecution.

Miss M'Callum, as might be supposed, had anxiously watched the whole proceedings. The extent of the atrocity of her betrothed was partially veiled from her eyes, and she would never have learned the full extent of his guilt, had not some unknown person transmitted to her the newspaper report, which was very full; and then, for the first time, she saw the precipice on which she had stood. Generous and noble-minded, she voluntarily offered to settle a handsome sum upon Susan, provided Fergus would marry her; but Susan rejected the proferred bounty, refusing even to see the misguided young man, whom she despised now as much as she had formerly loved.

Travers gradually became fonder and fonder of the being he had rescued from a watery grave—he esteemed her—he had recently been admitted a partner of the firm for which he used to travel, and could afford to marry. In place of that silly folly, sometimes miscalled love, he had a deep-rooted regard, based on respect for her character, and delight in her kindly disposition.

"Susan," he said, "I do not pretend to say fine things, or talk nonsense to you—to tell you that you are beautiful, and that I die for you; but I will say this, that I feel

that regard for you I never yet felt for woman, and if you will honour me with your hand, you will make me as happy as the evanescent state of things in this world can make a man."

"Travers!" she replied, "you know everything—I have concealed nothing from you; and if the humble and self-abased female before you dare hope for your good opinion, it is the greatest earthly blessing she can desire."

He took the hand that was proffered, and, catching her in his arms, impressed a kiss upon her lips. Her father, to whom she had been reconciled, rejoiced in his proposed son-in-law; and Susan, after a residence in a boarding school near London for some considerable time, was transported from thence to Liverpool; which important event was followed by a notification in the newspapers that—

"Upon the 26th day of June current, William Travers, Esq., was married to Susan, only daughter of Peter Stuart, farmer, Blairgowrie."

Fergus, after sojourning three or four months with his parents, as might be anticipated, was compelled to leave Scotland—he was a marked man, and shunned by all the respectable portion of the community. By the advice of a friend he changed his name, and, in a foreign country, endeavoured to mend that fortune which his misconduct had marred in his own. His imprisonment and narrow escape from death had partially effected a change for the better; but still, a portion of the old leaven remained, so difficult is it to eradicate vicious habits engendered in youth.

Before he finally bade adieu to his native land, he sought an interview with Caroline, but she declined to see him. The morning before he embarked, the following letter was put into his hand:—

"*Cartside Cottage, 2d March*, 1789.

"Fergus,—Although the recent dreadful events have placed an unsurmountable barrier between us, I never can forget how deep a hold you once had on my heart. Bitter, bitter has been my agony, but it is now all over; and you will, I am sure, feel relieved to know that, by the Divine mercy, I have surmounted my griefs, and am now in a serene and tranquil state of mind. In this world we, probably, shall never meet again; but I thought that, although unable to sustain a personal interview, it was my duty to let you know, ere you quit Scotland, that you have my forgiveness—yes, my full, my free forgiveness.

"Accept the enclosed trifle, which I can well spare from my useless wealth, and which your necessities may require. Do not attempt to write to me, for any letter will be returned unopened. Wishing you success here, and salvation hereafter, as a truly repentant sinner, I am your well-wisher,

"Caroline M'Callum.

"*To Mr Fergus Graeme.*"

The sum enclosed was a bank bill for five hundred pounds, payable by a mercantile house in Spanish Town, to which place Fergus was destined.

For the first two or three years of his residence in the tropics, Fergus conducted himself with considerable propriety, and had acquired the respect of many of the chief persons in Spanish Town. He knew well how essential it was for his future success in life to create an impression in favour of his general bearing; and he was sufficiently versed in hypocrisy to veil his vices from public view. As his affairs began to prosper, Fergus thought it high time to look about for a wife, who might add to his wealth, if not to his happiness, and he cast his eyes upon Maria Percival, the daughter and heiress of an opulent planter.

It was not difficult to procure an introduction; and our unprincipled hero—an adept in those little nothings which we are sorry to say, so frequently influence the female heart—soon created an impression that tended to the consummation he so devoutly wished. Fascinated by his manners, and attracted by his appearance, Maria began to look cool upon an individual of whom she had once thought well, but whose straightforward dealing and plain manners were not very advantageously contrasted with the insinuating address and courtly blandishments of the persevering Fergus. Skilled in this species of encounter, he always spoke well of the sterling worth and honourable character of his rival; but contrived, at proper seasons, to throw in a few words, as if by accident, with the view of directing Maria's attention to any little blemishes.

"I and Time will accomplish everything," said Cardinal Mazarin—and so thought Fergus Graeme, but erroneously, for time effectually blasted his well-concocted scheme, and, fortunately, before the regards of Maria had been deeply fixed, accident unmasked him. Our readers will remember that, during the trial, a young lad of the name of Hay had been examined, whose evidence told so strongly against the accused. His master, for the first time, had been made aware of the literary inclinations of the youth, by what then transpired; and, finding him clever, modest, a good arithmetician and penman, procured him a situation in a West India merchant's establishment in London, where he remained for two years. In consequence of his attention and correct habits, he was transferred to a branch of the concern in Spanish Town, under the management of Mr Banister, the suitor of Maria Percival.

Donald Hay, in consequence of his new employment, had occasion to mix occasionally with the traders of the place and was not a little surprised when he first saw Fergus, whose destination had been concealed by his anxious parents. The face struck him as familiar, but the name of Pitcairne mystified him; and being a prudent lad, he kept his suspicions, or rather his certain belief, to himself. Shrewd and observant, he latterly remarked that his employer was ill at ease with himself; and, with a little trouble, was enabled to ascribe his discomfort to its true origin—the apparently successful rivalry of Fergus.

In these circumstances—both in justice to the lady and Mr Banister—Donald resolved to disclose what he knew. One day, after apologising for the liberty he took, he asked Mr Banister if he had been long acquainted with Mr Pitcairne.

"About two years; but why do you ask?"

"I will explain immediately; but are your sure his name is Pitcairne?"

"Not I; but he calls himself so, and he is received under that name in society."

"One question more—is he a Scotsman?"

"I rather think he is—he settled here between three and four years since."

"Then, sir, I fear—indeed I may say I am certain that he is sailing under false colours."

"How?"

"His name, sir, is Graeme—he came from the same place as myself—Blair Athole—and he was compelled to leave his own country in consequence of circumstances of a very disagreeable and revolting nature."

"You astonish me—pray proceed."

Donald then gave his master a pretty accurate detail of the attempted murder; the trial, conviction, and pardon.

Banister was thunderstruck, but far from displeased at a communication which necessarily placed an eternal bar between Maria and Fergus. Being of a generous mind, however, and averse to any public exposure, he resolved at once upon the line of conduct to adopt, and, cautioning Donald to preserve silence, he took his hat and left the counting-room.

Mr Banister proceeded without delay to the residence of Fergus, who was at home.

"Mr Pitcairne," said he, "peculiar circumstances have induced me to seek a moment's conversation with you."

"I am most happy to receive you at all times; but what may be the purport of your mission?"

"Nothing very pleasant, Mr Pitcairne: will you allow me to ask if you ever knew a young woman of the name of Susan Stuart?"

Fergus, at the enunciation of these two fated words, lost all his presence of mind—he gasped for breath—endeavoured to articulate—and then sank down in his chair beside him.

"It is quite enough, Mr Graeme; I seek no further inquiry; but listen to me:—So long as I believed you to be, what you externally appeared, a man of honour and feeling, I scorned to interfere with your addresses to Miss Percival; and had you really been what you represented yourself to be, and had that lady preferred your suite to mine, I should have yielded to my fate, painful as it would have been. The last half hour for the first time disclosed to me the peril to which the young lady is exposed; and, with the knowledge I possess, you must see the impossibility of again addressing her. It lies with me to give to the public, that the reputed George Pitcairne is the individual who nearly suffered for a crime which he intended to commit."

Fergus groaned, but answered not.

"Hear me, sir," continued Mr Banister:—"I have no wish to turn a sinner from the paths of repentance, and as I hope and trust you may eschew the evil doings of your former years, I will preserve your secret; but the happiness of Miss Percival is not to be risked—he that has acted so perfidiously to two women already, must not expect to be allowed to tamper with the feelings of a third. You must henceforward be a stranger to that lady; and, perhaps, it would be as well that you remove to Kingston as soon as you conveniently can."

It was in vain to appeal against this decision; for, if the fatal secret once got wind, adieu to all hopes of fortune. Fergus therefore made the best of a bad bargain, expressed his thorough contrition for the past, thanked Mr Banister for his leniency, and, in a short time afterwards, took his departure for Kingston, where he ultimately settled.

Miss Percival was somewhat startled at the sudden evasion of her Adonis; but the attention of her former sweetheart soon made her forget the fascinations of her more recent one; and, in due course of time, the name of Percival was changed to that of Banister.

If Fergus was successful in Spanish Town, he was still more so in Kingston, and the lapse of not very many years made him a tolerably opulent personage. As his riches increased so did his original vices gradually return. So true is it, as Beaumont says, that—

> "There is a method in man's wickedness:
> It grows up by degrees."

Under his assumed name, he acquired a reputation by no means of an enviable description. Selfish and sensual, he cared for no one, and was as little cared for. Violent and vindictive, he was the terror of those under him; greedy and grasping in the acquisition of wealth he never gave away one farthing in charity, although he would lavish away hundreds to farther his own pleasures.

His career of vice terminated in such a way as might be anticipated; and Fergus, called to account for an insult offered to the wife of a planter, in whose house he occasionally visited, perished in a duel. Fortunately he had remitted, from time to time, such cash as he could spare, to Scotland, to be applied in the purchase of land, by which accidental circumstance his brother and sister were enabled to better their situation, to the extent of a few thousand pounds; but his effects in the West Indies, which were considerable, were dealt with in accordance with the usual practice in that part of the world, and passed into the hands of the lawyers, by whose kindly interference the executors were saved all trouble; and a merchant who, before his death, was perfectly solvent, was, to the astonishment of the uninitiated, declared to have died bankrupt.

Thus perished Fergus Graeme at the early age of thirty-five—the victim of his own vices—a being who might, under proper guidance in youth, have been an ornament to society.

Mrs Graeme died a few months after the departure of Fergus: she never recovered the shock her pride received from the humiliation of her favourite son. The father survived many years, and, in the kind attentions of his remaining son and daughter, was somewhat compensated for the sufferings he endured through the conduct of the mother's darling.

Caroline M'Callum remained single for upwards of two years after the dissolution of her engagements with Fergus; the shock she had received gave her a disgust to matrimony; but time works wonders, and the attentions she received from a gentleman in the neighbourhood, induced her to alter opinions hastily formed in moments of sorrow and suffering; nor had she cause to regret this change, for the union she subsequently entered into was productive of as much happiness as usually attends frail mortals in this sublunary world.

The rest of our eventful history is soon told: Susan Stuart made an obedient, faithful, and loving wife; she had her bitter moments, but, like a prudent woman, concealed them from her doating husband. Travers prospered in the world; he rose to the highest civic dignities in the city where he carried on business; and, having been deputed by his fellow-citizens to present a loyal address, upon occasion of the rejoicings attendant upon the recovery of King George III. from the malady with which his Majesty had been visited, he received the honour of knighthood, and thus the lowly Susan Stuart was metamorphosed into the Lady Travers.

The happy turn which attended the ultimate fortunes of Susan Stuart, is a peculiar, but by no means a common case; and although she did become Lady Travers, there was always present to her, even in the midst of gaiety, a sense of past misconduct, which preyed upon her spirit, and which even the many, many burning tears she had shed, were insufficient to wash away. Let no one, in the hope of one day being raised from that lowly station which they are born to fill, try to imitate her example; for, although such good-fortune may sometimes await the hapless victim of man's ingratitude, it is, alas! of rare occurrence. Fallen from her high estate of purity and honour, she who has erred, too often pays a penalty more—much more than commensurate to her error. The world's scorn, her lover's desertion, a broken spirit, degradation, penury, disease, and an untimely grave, are almost the invariable attendants of that girl who yields herself a prey to villanous man.

> "Frail mortal, pause! and from thy earliest years
> Pursue the paths of Virtue and of Truth,
> Lest years of future anguish bid thee mourn
> In vain the fatal errors of thy youth."

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE MONK OF ST ANTHONY.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
When the devil grew well, the devil a monk was he."

In that very ancient and very filthy quarter of the town of Leith called the Coal Hill, there flourished, in days of yore, a certain hostelrie kept by one David Wemyss. This house, which was distinguished by the figure of a ship, carved in high relief in stone over the lintel of the door, was one of good repute, and much resorted to by the seafaring people who frequented the port.

But it was not alone the good cheer and reasonable charges, for both of which "The Ship" was remarkable, that brought so many customers to David Wemyss: for this patronage he was as much indebted to his own civil and obliging manner, as to the considerations just mentioned, although, doubtless, these had their due weight with all considerate and reflecting men.

With all David's civility of manner, however, there was thought to be a spice of the rogue in him; just the smallest thing possible; but it was a sort of good-humoured roguery. In the small trickery he practised, there was as much to laugh at as to deprecate; for, being a facetious sort of personage himself, everything he did—good, bad, and indifferent—had a touch, less or more, of this quality about it; so that he could hardly be said to have been liked a bit the less for his left-handed propensities; the more especially that these were never exhibited in his dealings with his guests or customers, to whom he always acted the part of an obliging and conscientious landlord. He knew this to be for his interest, and therefore did he abide by it.

At the period at which our story opens, namely, the year 1559, the Reformation, if it had not yet driven papacy entirely out of the land, had, at least, compelled it to retire into holes and corners, and to avoid, as much as possible, the public eye. One of the last retreats of the denounced religion in its adversity, was the preceptory of St Anthony, in Leith. For the protection, or rather endurance, which it found here, it was indebted to the circumstance of the town's being, in an especial manner, under the patronage of Mary of Guise or Lorraine, the mother of the unfortunate Scottish Queen of that name.

Conceiving Leith to be, as it was, a convenient point from which to correspond with France, and well situated for the reception of such supplies as might be sent her from that country, to enable her to make head against her discontented nobles, Mary made the town, as it were, her own; and to identify herself still more closely with it, made it also, for some time, her place of residence.

To this circumstance, then, was it owing, that after they had almost wholly disappeared everywhere else, a few monks might still be seen moving stealthily and crest-fallen through the streets of Leith. These belonged to the preceptory of St Anthony, which stood at the upper or western end of the long, tortuous street, called the Kirkgate.

But even from this, one of its last places of refuge, was prelacy now about to be driven. The town, at the particular period to which our tale refers, was besieged by the lords of the congregation, aided by an army of three thousand English, under Lord Gray of Wilton, who had been despatched for this purpose by Elizabeth, to whom the Reformers had appealed in their necessities.

The reader, then, will understand that he is in a beleaguered town: that he is in Leith during the famous siege of that ancient seaport; when it was invested on all sides by the enemies of prelacy, and against whom it was defended, chiefly by a body of French troops, under a general of the name of D'Oysel, who had been sent from France to aid the Queen Regent in maintaining her authority in the kingdom.

Having despatched these preliminaries, we proceed with our story.

It was on a certain evening in the latter end of April, or beginning of May, 1559, that mine host of "The Ship" was suddenly summoned from his cellar, at a moment when he was employed in tapping a new hogshead of claret, by a gentle rap at a quiet back door which stood just beside the hatchway that led to the cellar in question.

This door, which had been contrived, or struck out, for the accommodation of private and confidential customers, who did not care to be seen entering "The Ship" by the front door, was accessible only through a complicated labrynth of mean buildings, on a spot still known by the name of the Peat Neuk, and so called, from its having been the public depository of that description of fuel, before coals came into the general use in which they now are, and have long been.

"Wha's this?" muttered David Wemyss to himself, on hearing the gentle rap at the back door above spoken of, and, at the same time, laying down a bright tankard of claret, which he had just drawn from the newly broached hogshead. "Lang Willie Wilson, the herrin curer, I dare say, or the skipper o' the Cut-luggit Sow o' Kirkaldy."

Thus conjecturing who his visiter might be, David Wemyss approached the door, undid its fastenings, and admitted, not Willie Wilson, the herring curer, nor the Kirkaldy skipper, but a certain worthy brother of the Preceptory of St Anthony, by name Peter Drinkhooly. Peter, who wore the dress of his order, namely, a loose, black cloth gown, had long been one of mine host of "The Ship's" private and confidential customers. He dearly loved a stoup of fresh claret; but both his character and calling compelled him to go cautiously about such carnal indulgences, and to trust no front doors with his secret.

Peter, however, although addicted to vinous propensities, was not what could be called a "jolly friar." He was rather a quiet, maudlin sort of a toper; neither boisterous in manner, nor reckless in disposition. He could, however, drink with the face of clay.

"Oh, father, is that you?" said David, on perceiving the black gown and slouched hat of his visiter. "I thocht it had been Willie Wilson, or the skipper. Stap awa in by there," pointing to the well-known sanctum of the back-door customers; "and I'll gie ye a tastin o' a fresh tap I was just at whan ye cam in."

Without saying a word in reply, Friar Drinkhooly glided

into the little dark closet indicated by mine host, and there awaited the reappearance of the latter from the cellar with the promised sample of the new butt. Both quickly came.

"Awfu' times—father, awfu' times thae," said David, placing a tankard of claret on the table, and seating himself directly opposite his guest. "If this siege continues muckle langer, guid kens what 'll become o' us. They tell me that some o' the Frenchmen hae ta'en to eatin their dead horses already, for want o' better provender. But they can cook up onything, thae Frenchers, and can mak, I'm tell't, a savoury mess oot o' a pair o' auld boots. But come, tak a mouthfu' o' that," continued mine host, shoving the tankard towards his guest, "an' tell me what ye think o' our new browst."

Father Drinkhooly, who had not yet spoken a word, or in any other way noticed what had been addressed to him, than by nods and shakes of the head, readily obeying the gratifying invitation, seized the tankard, and, at one pull, emptied it of half its contents. Having performed this feat, he replaced the vessel on the table, wiped his mouth with a quiet, composed air, and, in a soft under-tone, said—

"Fair liquor, David—fair liquor. What size is the cask?"

"It's a gey thumper," replied mine host; big aneuch, I hope, to see oot the siege o' Leith."

"Ay, the heretic is pressing us hard, David. The strength of the wicked is prevailing," said Father Drinkhooly; "but there will be a day of count and reckoning. It is coming, David, coming on the wings of the thunder, to blast and destroy the sacrilegious spoilers; to scaith and render barren this accursed land."

"Weel, I wadna wonder," replied David, looking very serious; for, although he cared little for either the new religion or the old, he had, if anything, rather a leaning towards the latter; at least, so was suspected; but this was a point not easily decided on, owing to the very accommodating nature of David's doctrines, which, at a moment's notice, could adapt themselves to any circumstances.

"I wadna wonder," said David; "for I'm sure the spoilin and ravagin that's gaun on is aneuch to bring down the judgment o' Heaven on us. Heard ye if there hae been mony killed the day?"

"Alas! a very great number," replied Father Drinkhooly. "There has been a terrible slaughter to-day, at the western block-house. The brethren and I have shrived some twenty or thirty departing souls, who fell by the cannon-shot of the enemy—two of them officers and men of rank in the French army—worthy, pious men—who have left something considerable to the brotherhood. But God knows if we will be permitted to enjoy it."

"Ay," said David, pricking up his ears, as he always did when money, or property in any shape, became the subject of conversation—"That was a lucky wind-fa'; for I dare say the brethren are no oot o' need o' a wee assistance o' that kind enow. Times are no wi' them as they used to be. What feck, noo, if it's a fair question, did the twa Frenchmen leave ye?"

"It's not usual for us to speak of these things, David," replied Father Drinkhooly—"not usual for us to make these things the subject of irreverent discussion; but, as thou art an old friend, I will gratify thy curiosity—doing the same in confidence. Here," continued the worthy father, slipping his hand under his cloak, and drawing out a leathern bag well-stored with coin, "here are a hundred and fifty crowns of the sun placed in my hands by one of these dying Christians, and here are three gold rings, worth fifty merks each, that were given unto me by the other, under pledge of saying fifteen masses for the well-being of the soul of the departed donor."

"My feth! no a bad day's wark," said David. "It's an ill win that blaws naebody guid. The siege is no like to be such a bad job for ye, after a'. Though ye should be driven oot o' the preceptory the morn, ye'll no gang empty-handed; and that same's a bless-in. But here's to ye, father, and Gude send us mair peaceful times;" saying this, mine host of "The Ship" cleared off the remainder of the tankard. On his replacing the latter on the table, brother Drinkhooly peered into the empty vessel with a half involuntary spirit of inquiry.

His host smiled. Then—"We maun replenish, I fancy," he said.

Father Drinkhooly simply nodded acquiescence, saying not a word.

In half a minute after, another tankard of claret reamed on the board, between mine host and his guest. By the time this second supply of the generous fluid was exhausted, brother Drinkhooly began to exhibit certain odd changes of manner. From being solemn and taciturn, he became energetic and talkative, thumping the table violently when he wished to be particularly impressive, and displaying, altogether, a boldness and vivacity which strangely contrasted with the quiet meekness of his demeanour but half an hour before. The claret then was doing its duty; for to its exciting influence were these changes in the moral man of brother Drinkhooly, of course, attributable.

It would not, we fear, much interest the reader to follow out in all its details the debauch now in progress of celebration by the landlord of "The Ship" and his worthy guest. Be it enough to say, that it finally ended in the latter's getting so overcome that he did not think it would be consistent either with his own character or the credit of the preceptory, to return to the latter until he had had, previously, an hour or two's sleep.

"'Deed, I dare say ye'll no be the waur o't," said mine host, on brother Drinkhooly's suggesting the propriety of this proceeding, "for that claret's gey an' steeve. I fin thae twa jugs touchin my ain garret a wee thing, and it used to tak sax to do that. But I'm no so able to staun't noo, as I was wont."

This was certainly true; but, even yet, David was more than a match over the claret stoup for any two men in the county. His capacity in this way was extraordinary; and no contemptible proof of the fact was afforded on the present occasion; for, while the priest was all but completely prostrated, his host had not, to use his own phrase, "turned a hair;" although he had drank quantity for quantity with the vanquished churchman.

Always kind and attentive to the wants of his guests, and, from a fellow feeling, especially tender of those who were in the helpless condition of brother Drinkhooly, David, desiring the latter to take his arm, conducted, or rather, smuggled him into a small back bedroom, helped him off with his gown and shovel hat, and tumbled him into bed, where he left him, with a promise to awake him at the expiry of two hours.

Having thus disposed of his clerical friend, David betook himself to the duties of the house: to the filling of measures of wine, brandy, and ale, to the running hither and thither, supplying the wants of one party of customers, soothing the impatience of another, and joining in the hilarious laughter of a third.

David was thus employed, when he was attracted to the door by an alarming outcry on the street. On reaching the latter, he saw a boy approaching at his utmost speed, and bawling out—

"A priest, a priest! For the love o' God, a priest to shrive a dying sinner. A priest, a priest!"

"What are ye screaming at, ye young rascal?" exclaimed David, intercepting the boy, and catching him by the breast. "Wha wants a priest?"

"It's a French offisher, sir, that has just been struck cnow wi' a cannon-shot on the ramparts," replied the boy; "and, as I was passing at the time, he bade me rin for a priest."

"Was there naebody beside him?" inquired David.

"No ane, sir; and there's naebody yet—for he's lyin doon at the east end o' the rampart, whar never a shot was kent to come before, as neither town's folk nor Englishers is ever in that quarter."

"Is he sair hurt?" said David.

"I'm thinkin he is," replied the boy. "But I maun awa up to St Anthony's, and get ane o' the brethren."

"Ye needna fash, myman," said mine host of "The Ship." "Hae, there's a groat to ye. There's ane o' the brethren in my house, and I'll send him up immediately to the puir man."

The boy, well enough satisfied with this conclusion to his mission, went his ways, seeking to have nothing farther to do with the matter.

Now, good reader, would you suspect it, that our friend David Wemyss was at this moment acting under the influence of one of the most wicked temptations that ever led an unhappy wight from the paths of righteousness? You would not; yet it is true—too true. Tempted by the exhibition of the bequests confided to brother Drinkhooly by the two wounded French officers, David Wemyss, beguiled by the devil, conceived the atrocious idea of arraying himself in the hat and gown of the unconscious churchman, and of officiating as father confessor to the dying gentleman on the ramparts, in the hope that he too would leave something to the preceptory, and make him the interim recipient of the bequest. Circumstances, David thought, were favourable to the adventure. The night was dark, and the wounded man was lying at a remote part of the rampart, where there was no great chance of his being annoyed with many witnesses. The whole affair, besides, he calculated, would not occupy many minutes.

Encouraged to the sacrilegious undertaking by this combination of happy circumstances, David Wemyss hastened, on tiptoe, to the chamber of the sleeping brother, and, in a twinkling, had himself bedight in the gown and hat of the latter.

Thus arrayed, he stole out by the back door, and, taking all the by-ways he could, hastened, as fast as his legs could carry him, towards the south-eastern extremity of the ramparts, where, as described to him, the wounded man was lying. David was thus pushing along, when he suddenly felt himself slapped on the shoulder by some one behind. He turned round, and beheld a man closely muffled up in a cloak, who thus addressed him:—

"Your pardon, holy father, for this somewhat uncourteous interruption; but the urgency of my case must plead my apology. An expiring sinner, holy father, claims your instant attendance. I will conduct you to her. Will you have the goodness to accompany me?"

"Impossible—impossible," replied the counterfeit monk, in great perturbation at this most unexpected interruption and threatened exposé. "I'm juist gaun on an errand o' the same kind enow, and canna leave ae sinner for anither."

"You will oblige me by accompanying me, good father," said the stranger, in a mild tone, but with a firmness of manner that was rather alarming. "You will oblige me by accompanying me, good father," he said, *looking* a little surprised at the style of the holy father's language, but making no remark on the subject.

"Canna, sir—canna, canna, canna, on ony account," repeated the unhappy brother of St Anthony, with great volubility, and endeavouring to push past the stranger, who stood directly in his way, and who kept dodging in his front to prevent his succeeding in any attempt of this kind.

"Nay, now, good father, if you please—now, if you please, and without more bandying of words; for the case is urgent, and there is not a moment to lose."

"Man, it's oonpossible—utterly oonpossible," replied David, with desperate energy. "I tell ye its oonpossible."

"Do not compel me to use force, good father," said the stranger, calmly but determinedly.

"Force—force!" reiterated the horror-stricken monk. "Wad ye use force to a holy brither o' the preceptory? That wad be an awfu like thing."

"I must; you drive me to it," said the stranger—"Heaven knows how unwillingly. My orders were peremptory. They were to accost the first of your brethren I met; to entreat him to accompany me; and, if he refused, to compel him. The first I have done; the latter I must proceed to do; but, rest assured, no personal injury shall be done you; and you shall, moreover, be well rewarded for your trouble."

Having said this, the stranger gave a low whistle, when he was immediately joined by two men, who had been concealed in a dark passage close by, and who the unhappy monk saw were well armed.

"Now, good father," resumed the person by whom the latter had been first accosted, "I trust you will see the folly of any attempt at resistance, should you—which God forfend!—be indiscreet enough to entertain any such idea. Excuse me hinting farther, holy father, that any attempt at outery, or at giving the slightest alarm of any kind, will be attended with unpleasant consequences."

"But—but—but"—exclaimed the distracted innkeeper, with rapid utterance.

"No buts, if you please, good father, but follow me," interrupted the stranger; and, saying this, he moved off, while his two companions placed themselves one on either side of their charge, and requested him to proceed.

Scarcely knowing what he did, but seeing very clearly that there would be imminent personal danger in farther remonstrance or resistance, the unlucky monk obeyed. This, however, he did only until he should have had time to reflect on his best course of proceeding—that is, until he should have taken it into due consideration whether he had not better brave exposure, and at once avow himself as no brother of St Anthony, but David Wemyss, landlord of "The Ship," on the Coal Hill of Leith—reserving to himself, however, the right of keeping the secret of his purpose in assuming the garb of the brotherhood. Having weighed the matter well, and taken all probable and possible consequences into account, David finally determined on making the confession above alluded to—hoping by this means to put an end to the awkward proceedings now in progress, and to accomplish, of course, at the same time, his own liberation. Having come to this resolution—

"Hey! hey!" he exclaimed, in a slightly raised voice, to draw the attention of the principal of his three guards or captors, who was still walking a little way in advance.

The person thus hailed stopped until David came up. The latter took him aside a little way, and whispered in his ear—

"I say, man, this is a' a mistak thegither. I'm no a monk. I'm no ane o' the brotherhood at a', man."

The man stared at him with surprise for a few seconds, without saying a word. At length, a satirical, or perhaps rather incredulous smile playing on his countenance—

"Come, come, now, father; that will never do," he said. "But I excuse your attempt, though a clumsy one, to impose on me; for the duties of your office have now become dangerous, and I do not wonder that you should seek to avoid them as much as possible. I was prepared for this—I was prepared for reluctance; and hence the

precautions I took to compel, in case of failing to persuade."

"But I assure ye, sir, most seriously, that it's true I hae tell't ye," exclaimed David, with desperate eagerness. "I'm nae mair a monk than ye are."

"And, pray, who the devil are you then?" exclaimed the stranger.

"'Deed, to tell ye a Gude's truth, I'm juist plain Davy Wemyss o' "The Ship" on the Coal Hill."

"Umph! oh! Don't know such a person; never heard of him."

"Od! that's queer," here interposed David, hastily. "I thocht everybody kent me."

"Not I, for one," replied the stranger, drily; "but, to cut this matter short, in the first place, I am not bound, good father, or hosteller, or whatever you are, to believe you; in the next, my orders were peremptory: I was instructed to accost the first person I met in clerical garb, and entreat him to accompany me; and, if he did not do so willingly, to compel him, as I told you before. So, there's an end of it. If you really be not what you appear to be, I can't help it. That's a point you must settle with others, not with me; I have nothing to do with it. My duty's done when I have brought you along with me; and that duty I am determined to do."

Saying this, the speaker, without waiting for farther remark or remonstrance, walked on, having previously made a sign to his two assistants to look to their charge.

What mine host of "The Ship's" feelings or reflections were, on finding himself thus cut off from all chance of escape from his awkward predicament, it would be rather tedious to describe. The reader will believe that they could not be very pleasant; and that is enough.

Whatever these feelings were, however, they did not hinder David Wemyss from entering, or rather attempting to enter, into conversation with the two men to whose charge he was confided.

"Od, men," he said, on their resuming their march, "this is an awkward sort o' business. I'm sure ye ken me weel aneuch—dinna ye?"

The only reply was a shake of the head.

"Davy Wemyss o' the Coal Hill? Ye canna but ken me, I should think," added the latter.

"No voord Ainglish," at length replied one of the men.

"Oh, ye're Frenchmen; ye belang to the Queen's Guard?" said David, now enlightened on the subject of their silence. "Weel, this is waur and mair o't," he continued. "Sma chance noo o' makin oot my case."

In the meantime, the party, who had taken their way by the quietest and most circuitous routes, were rapidly approaching the wooden bridge over the Water of Leith, which, in these days, formed the only communication between the opposite sides of the river.

Having gained the bridge, they proceeded alongst it; and, thereafter, made for a certain outlet in the ramparts situated in this quarter. This outlet, as might be expected, seeing that the town was at this moment under siege, was strongly guarded, and no egress or ingress permitted excepting to persons properly accredited.

Of such, however, seemed to be the person who had captured the unlucky hero of our story; for, on David and his escort coming up to the gate, they found the way prepared for them by the former, who, keeping still in advance, had arrived there before them.

Without word or question, then, they were permitted to pass through.

At this point, David was strongly tempted to make his case known to the guard at the gate; but, perceiving that they too were all Frenchmen, he thought it would be of no use, as they would not understand him. So he held his tongue.

The guard—who, we need hardly say, were staunch Catholics to a man—were, in the meantime, sadly annoying David with reverences to his clerical character. They formed themselves into two lines, that he might pass out at the gate with all due honour, and kept touching their caps to him, with the most respectful obeisance, as he walked on between their ranks.

Having gained the outside of the wall, Wemyss' escort, still led on by their principal, conducted him, by circuitous routes, towards the mills of Leith, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the town.

Here, under a shed, they found four horses ready saddled and bridled, in charge of a groom, who seemed to have been waiting their arrival. So soon as the party came up, the latter, without waiting for orders, disappeared for an instant; and, in the next, presented himself leading forth the four horses, two by each hand. On one of these David, notwithstanding his most earnest entreaties to the contrary, which he backed by earnest assurances that "he was nae horseman," was immediately mounted. His guards mounted one a-piece of the others; and the whole cavalcade now proceeded, at a round trot, towards Edinburgh—poor Wemyss bouncing terribly with the roughness of the motion, to which he had been but little accustomed.

On approaching the city, the leader of the party, who, on horseback as on foot, still kept in advance, suddenly drew bridle, and waited the coming up of the holy brother and his escort.

On the former drawing near—

"Our route, father, lies through Edinburgh," he said. "Now, as these are troublesome times for persons of your cloth, I would recommend your conducting yourself, for your own sake, as warily as possible. We shall take the quietest routes, in order to avoid observation; and I beg that you will neither say nor do anything while we are passing through the city calculated to defeat our caution or to attract notice."

Having said this, and without waiting for any reply, the speaker rode on, leaving his charge to follow with his escort.

The party had now passed the village of Broughton, when, turning in an easterly direction, they passed round the eastern base of the Calton Hill, descended to the South Back of the Canongate, traversed its whole length, and finally entered the city by Leith Wynd.

For some time, the horsemen passed along without attracting any particular notice; and, very probably, would have continued to do so, had it not been for an idle boy, who, catching a glimpse of the brother of St Anthony's flowing gown and slouched hat, just as the party had turned into the High Street, set up a loud cry of—

"Prelacy's mounted! prelacy's mounted! Hurra! hurra! Prelacy's mounted! and ridin to"——

Continuing to follow the cavalcade, and continuing his clamour also, the mischievous little rascal soon had a crowd at the heels of the horsemen. The boy's exclamations spoke the spirit of the times; so that others of a similar character soon arose from twenty different quarters, and from as many different voices.

"Doon wi' the limb o' Satan!" shouted one.

"Doon wi' the man o' sin!" shouted another.

"Pu' Papery frae its throne o' iniquity!" exclaimed a third.

"Strike your spurs into your horse's sides, and let us shew them clean heels for it," said the leader of the party, addressing his unhappy charge, by whose side he was now riding, and speaking in a low but firm and earnest tone.

"But, man," began the latter, who appeared to be in great trepidation.

"You'll be murdered else," said the former, interrupting him sharply, and, at the same moment, striking the spurs

into his horse's sides—a proceeding which instantly carried him clear of the crowd, and, shortly after, out of sight and out of danger.

The prudent example of their leader was quickly followed by the other two men, who also, clapping spurs to their horses, soon found themselves out of the tumultuous throng by which they were surrounded, to whose tender mercies they left their unhappy charge, who being, as he said himself, no horseman, was unable to extricate himself from the now fast-thickening crowd.

Despairing of being able to effect his escape by any effort of horsemanship, the poor innkeeper, though with little hope of being believed, determined on divulging the facts of his case to the mob—always however, of course, reserving to himself the original purpose for which he had assumed the unfortunate dress he now wore, the cause of all his trouble.

Having come to this resolution, he began to address the mob, some of whom had already laid hands on him, for the purpose of dragging him from his horse.

"Guid folks," began David, "I'm nae mair a munk than ony o' ye. I'm"——

At this moment, a well-aimed brick-bat took the unfortunate speaker on the right temple, and tumbled him senseless from his horse.

The mob, somewhat appalled by the suddenness of this catastrophe, and imagining that the unhappy man was killed outright, stood aloof for a few seconds, when David, almost instantly recovering from the stunning effect of the blow, which had unhorsed him, started to his feet, and, finding the press around him not very dense, pushed his way through it, and took to his heels.

This proceeding was the signal for a general chace, and it instantly took place. Relieved from the apprehension of having a murder to answer for, the mob, with shouts of exultation, started after the fugitive at full speed. Down Leith Wynd went David, instinct taking him in the direction of home; and down after him, like an avalanche, or raging torrent, went the mob, whooping and yelling as they rushed along.

Maddened and distracted with terror, David's progress was splendid, and, had nothing occurred to interrupt it, would soon have carried him out of the reach of his enemies; but the steepness of the street, which had aided his velocity, also increased its perils. For a long while he kept his feet on the abrupt declivity, like a winged Mercury; but a treacherous inequality in the pavement brought him suddenly, and with dreadful violence, down on his face, while, partly over and partly on him, went half-a-dozen of the foremost of the pursuers, tripped up by his abrupt and unlooked-for prostration.

Those who fell on the unhappy victim of popular fury, now instantly, and, as they lay, betook themselves to avenging their fall by tearing and worrying at the unlucky cause of their accident; while others coming up, added to his punishment by an unmerciful infliction of kicks and buffets, that quickly deprived him of all consciousness.

It was at this critical moment, that a person, apparently of consideration, approached the crowd, and asked some of those who were hovering around it, what was the meaning of the uproar.

"They're bastin a Papist—a fat priest o' Baal, they hae gotten haud o'," said a burly fellow who, from the leathern apron he wore, appeared to be a shoemaker. "Giein him a taste o' Purgatory before they send him to ——, just by way o' seasonin."

"What, is this more of the accursed doings of the spoilers and persecutors of the church," exclaimed the stranger, in a tone of deep indignation. "Are they about to add murder to robbery;" and, drawing his sword, he rushed into the crowd, calling out—"Stand aside, ye caitiffs! shame on ye; would ye murder a defenceless man? Would ye bring Heaven's wrath upon your heads by so foul a deed?"

The crowd, either awed by the bold bearing of the stranger, or taken by surprise by the suddenness of his assault, readily opened a way for him, so that, in an instant, he stood by the bruised, battered, and senseless body of our unhappy brother of St Anthony.

Seeing that the latter was in a state of utter unconsciousness, though still living, the stranger, after clearing a circle around the prostrate man, addressing those near him, said—

"Ten crowns will I give to any three or four amongst ye who will bear this unfortunate person whither I shall conduct them. It is not far: only to the southern side of the city."

For a few minutes there was no answer to this invitation; but it was heard with a silence which shewed that it had made an impression—that religious zeal and hatred were giving way to cupidity.

At length, a brawny-armed smith, with shirt rolled up to his shoulders, stepping out of the crowd, said—

"Well, I'm your man for one. I say, Bob, and you Archy," he continued, turning round, and selecting two persons from the mob, "will ye no join us in giein a lift to the carrion, Ten croons are no to be fand at every dike-side."

Without making any reply in words to this appeal, the two persons named came forward, although with a somewhat dogged and sullen air, and were about to seize limbs a-piece of the still unconscious victim of popular hatred, with the view of thus transporting him, as if he had been a dead dog, to the destination proposed for him, when the person who had now taken the unfortunate man in charge, objected to the unseemly and inhuman proceeding, and offered an additional crown for a bier or litter on which to place him.

The activity of the smith, stimulated by the increased reward, quickly produced the conveniency wanted. It was but a coarse and clumsy article; being nothing more than a few rough boards hastily put together; but it answered its purpose indifferently well.

On this latter, then, the body of our unlucky brother was now placed—his face dreadfully swollen and disfigured; and the procession moved off, with a shouting and laughing mob at its heels.

Leaving David thus disposed of, we will return to Leith for a space, to see how Drinkhooly came on, denuded as he was of his shovel hat and his gown.

On awaking from his nap, the worthy churchman, not well pleased that David had not come to rouse him as he promised, started up in great uneasiness, lest the gates of the preceptory should be shut, and his character as a regular living man be thereby injured.

What was the surprise of the good man, however, to find that he had been stripped of his gown while he slept, and left in his shirt sleeves. Alarmed at the circumstance, brother Drinkhooly began searching the apartment for the missing garment, and also for his hat, which he now found had likewise gone astray.

Being able to discover no trace of the missing articles, he commenced rapping on the door to bring some one to his assistance, although very unwilling to expose himself in his present predicament to any but his well-beloved crony, David Wemyss. He could not help himself, however. His gown and hat he must have. He could not leave the house without them, and without assistance they could not be got.

The worthy brother's rapping on the door being unattended to, he commenced with his heel on the floor, a proceeding which he had often found, as it has been facetiously termed an "*effectual calling*."

In the present instance, it brought mine host's wife into his presence. On her entering—

"Good woman, good Mrs Wemyss, I would say, know ye anything of mine outer garment? My gown, know ye where it has been deposited? I likewise lack my hat. good Mrs Wemyss; know ye what has become of it?"

Truly, your reverence, I dinna ken," replied Mrs Wemyss, beginning to bustle about the apartment in search of the desiderated articles; "but they canna be far aff surely. Does your reverence no mind whar ye laid them?"

"My hat, I recollect perfectly—there being no reason why I should not recollect it—I laid on this chair by the bedside here. Now it is gone. My gown I laid nowhere, but kept on me. So, of that garment I must have been denuded even while I slept. It is strange. Is my good friend David not in the way? He would, doubtless, explain all, and help me to mine outer covering and headgear?"

"Indeed, no, your reverence, David 's no in the way; and I canna tell whar he is. He's been missin oot o' the house thae three hours; and gaed aff without tellin ony o' us whar he was gaun, or what he was gaun aboot. Indeed, nane o' us kent when he gaed. Sae he maun hae slippit aff unco cannily."

In the meantime, the search for the missing articles of dress went on vigorously, but without any good result. They were nowhere to be found.

"What's to be done?" said the good father in a despairing tone, as he threw himself into a chair. I cannot go through the streets in this indecent condition, and, if I remain longer, I will be deemed a disregarder of canonical hours. What is to be done?"

"Deed it's an awkward thing, your reverence, and how ye are to gae hame in your sark sleeves, and your bald head to the win', I dinna see."

"I'll tell you what you'll do for me, my good Mrs Wemyss," said the worthy father, after thinking a moment: "You'll send up your little girl to the preceptory, and I'll give her a message to Brother Christie. I think he'll oblige me in a strait. He'll send me down a gown and hat wherewith I may hie me home, and your good husband, and my good friend, David, will, doubtless, find me mine own garments when he returns."

"Surely, your reverence, surely; Jessy 'll be but owre proud to do your reverence's biddin," replied Mrs Wemyss, and she hastened to call her daughter.

On the girl making her appearance, the worthy brother gave her her instructions.

He desired her to go to the preceptory; to ask a private word of Brother Christie; and to say to him that he, Drinkhooly, had got into tribulation. That, having some matters of private concernment to talk over with mine host of "The Ship," he had called on him, and that, while there, overcome with exhaustion, in consequence of his late fatiguing duties, he had fallen asleep, and that, while he slept, some one had removed his gown and hat, and that he could nowhere find the same, and could not therefore return to the preceptory unless his good brother, Christie, would furnish him with the loan of these two articles, the which, he had no doubt, he would readily do.

Charged with this rather long-winded message, the girl departed on her mission. In less than a quarter of an hour she returned, but brought neither hat nor gown.

"Has he refused them?" inquired the worthy brother, with a look of grievous discomfiture, when he saw the girl enter without the much-desired articles. "What did he say?"

"He said, sir," replied the girl, who was both too young and too single-minded to think of saving any one's feelings at the expense of truth, "that, if ye had drank less o' David Wemyss' claret, ye wad hae kenned better what had become o' your gown and hat."

"*O scandalum magnatum!*" exclaimed the indignant priest. "Doth he—doth Brother Christie accuse me of vinous indulgences? Him whom I have, a hundred times, helped to his dormitory, when incapacitated therefrom by the excess of his potations. And he would not give thee the garments?"

"No, please you, sir; he said ye micht gang without the breeks for him. He wadna send ye a stitch."

It became now matter for serious consideration what was to be done. It was true that the good father might easily have been arrayed for the nonce in a coat and hat of his friend, David Wemyss', and might, so attired, pass unheeded through the streets. But how was he to account for his appearance in such an unseemly garb at the preceptory. It might lead to some awkward inquiries as to how the good brother had spent the evening.

There was no other way for it, however. So, equipped in the deficient articles from mine host of "The Ship's" wardrobe, Brother Drinkhooly stole out of the house, slunk along the streets, gained the gate of the preceptory, knocked thereat, whispered two or three words of explanation to the porter, with whom he was fortunately in good terms, and, finally, got snugly to his own dormitory without detection.

To return to mine host of "The Ship. It was not for nearly twelve hours after the occurrence of the tragical affair of Leith Wynd, that David Wemyss was restored to a consciousness of existence. When he was, conceive, if you can, reader, his surprise and amazement to find himself in a superb bed, hung round with rich crimson velvet curtains, and whose coverlets were of satin fringed with gold. The room, which was also gorgeously furnished, was so darkened when David awoke from the refreshing sleep which had restored him to the possession of his senses, that it was some time before he discovered all the splendours with which he was surrounded.

When these, however, had at length begun to take his eye, he started up on his elbow, and, with a mingled look of perplexity, consternation, and bewilderment, commenced a survey of the magnificent chamber of which he thus so strangely and inexplicably found himself an occupant.

How or when he had been brought there, he could not conceive; neither, for a good while, had he any recollection whatever of the pummelling with which he had been favoured in Leith Wynd. The operation, however, of certain physical effects of that incident—namely, a painful aching of the bones, and an almost total inability to move either leg or arm, gradually unfolded to him, although only in a dim and confused manner, the occurrence of the preceding night.

In the meantime, David went on with his survey of the apartment, during which he perceived two objects that convinced him that he was in the house of a Roman Catholic—of one of those who still clung to the ancient religion of the kingdom, and who held in detestation and abhorrence the doctrines of the new faith.

These objects were a large painting, over the fireplace, of the Saviour on the Cross, and a small silver crucifix which stood on a table close by the side of the bed; there was also lying on the floor, opposite the crucifix, and near to it, a crimson velvet cushion with gold tassels on which were such indentations as intimated its having been recently knelt upon.

Having completed the examination of his new premises, David Wemyss threw himself back on the bed, in order to take a deliberate survey in his own mind of his present strange position, and of all the circumstances connected therewith.

"'Od, but this is a most extraordinar affair, and a dooms awkward ane," thought David, to himself. "Wha wad hae dreamed o't. Wha wad hae dreamed that sae simple a thing as me puttin on Drinkhooly's goun, wad hae led to a' this mischief.

"What'll they think's become o' me in Leith? And what'll I say for mysel whan I gae back? And what'll Drinkhooly do for his goon? Od, they'll excommunicat him; they'll ruin him. God help us, it's an awfu' business. But, whar am I?—Wha's house is this, and hoo got I till't? And hoo and whan am I to get hame again; for I fin' that I couldna keep a leg under me enow, an it were to mak me provost o' Edinburgh."

At this moment, David's somewhat disjointed, though pertinent enough reflections, were interrupted by the entrance of some one into the apartment.

The intruder, whoever he was, came in on tiptoe, as if fearful of disturbing the occupant of the apartment; and, on approaching the bed, peered cautiously into it, to see whether he was awake.

David, without saying a word, stared at the person, who appeared to be a serving man or cook, from his wearing a blue velvet cap on his head—the usual head-dress of such persons in those times, and his bearing a steaming silver posset dish in one hand.

David, as we have said, stared at the man, without saying a word—a line of proceeding which he adopted, in order that the other, by speaking first, might give him a sort of cue by which to guide himself in the impending colloquy.

Seeing that the patient was awake, the man, bowing respectfully, said:—

"I trust, holy father, I find you better. Here is a posset which has been prepared for you by the directions of our leech, worthy Dr Whang o' the Cowgate Head, which you will be so good as take."

"My man," said David, without either accepting or refusing the proffered posset, "I'm misdoubtin that there 's a sad mistak in this business a'thegither. Howsomever, let that flee stick to the wa' for the present. Can ye tell me whar I am, and hoo I cam here?"

"Most assuredly, holy father. You are just now in the house, and under the protection and guardianship of Lady Wisherton of Wisherton Mains, whose house is situated about two hundred yards south of the Kirk of Field. As to the manner of your coming here, holy father, it was this:—Her ladyship's son, Lord Boggyland, coming up Leith Wynd last night, found you in the midst of a crowd of sacrilegious ruffians, who were murdering you, and who had already, by their brutal treatment, deprived you of all consciousness. Seeing this, his Lordship, who, as all his family—his good and pious mother included—are staunch adherents of the old religion, instantly interfered in your behalf, and had you conveyed to his mother's house, where, as I have already said, you are at the present moment."

"Umph," muttered David. "Is that the way o't. Then, I fancy, I'm juist oot o' the fryin-pan into the fire."

The serving-man, not perceiving the applicability of the remark, although somewhat surprised at it, made no reply, but again pressed the posset on the suffering martyr.

"Weel, weel, let's see't then," said David, raising himself up in the bed. There can be nae great harm in that, I fancy. It 'll no mak things muckle war than they are. Is 't onything tasty?"

His attendant assured him he would find it very pleasant, being made by her Ladyship's own hands, who had long enjoyed a high reputation for manufacturing possets and comfits of all sorts.

Having raised the lid of the posset dish, and flavoured its contents, David pronounced it "savoury;" when, taking spoon in hand, he cleared out the vessel in a twinkling.

"A gusty mouthfu' that," said mine host of "The Ship," throwing himself luxuriously back on his pillow, "although I think it wadna been the waur o' a wee hair mair brandy in't."

The serving-man having done his errand, now left the room, retiring with the same careful step and respectful manner with which he had entered, and left David once more to his own reflections.

In these, however, he was permitted but a very short indulgence. His attendant had not been gone five minutes, when the door of the apartment was again gently opened, and an elderly lady, of tall and majestic form, arrayed in a close fitting dress of black velvet, with a gold chain round her neck, from which was suspended a large diamond cross, entered the sick man's chamber. It was Lady Wisherton herself. Approaching, with stately step, but with a look of tender concern, the bed on which her patient lay—

"It rejoices me much, holy father," she said, "to learn, from our good and faithful servitor, William Binkie, that your reverence begins to feel some symptoms of amendment."

"Ou, thank ye, mem, thank ye," replied David, with no small trepidation; for the dignified and stately appearance of his visiter had sadly appalled him. "I fin' mysel a hauntle better, thanks to your Leddyship's kindness—takin' ye to be Leddy Wisherton hersel', as I hae nae doot ye are."

"You are right in your conjecture, good father," replied Lady Wisherton, rather taken aback by the very peculiar style of his reverence's language, which she did not recollect ever to have met with in any other person in holy orders before. The circumstance, however, only puzzled her; it did not, in the smallest degree, excite in her any suspicion of the real facts of the case. "You are right in your conjecture, good father," she said; "I am Lady Wisherton."

"So I was jalousin, mem," said David, who, by the way, we may as well mention here, had made up his mind to endeavour to avoid exposure, by not saying or doing anything to undeceive Lady Wisherton as to his real character, and to trust to some fortunate chance of getting, undetected, out of the house.

"O father!" said Lady Wisherton, bursting out into a sudden paroxysm of pious excitation, "what is to become of our poor persecuted church? When will a judgment descend on this unholy land, for the monstrous sins by which it is now daily polluted. Oh, dreadful times!—oh, unheard of iniquity! that a priest of God—a father of our holy church—should be attacked on the public streets of this city, and put in jeopardy of his life by a mob of heretical blasphemers! When will these atrocities cease? Oh, when, when, when?"

"Deed, mem, it's no easy sayin," replied the subject of this pathetic lamentation. "They're awfu' times. Nae man leevin ever saw or heard o' the like o' them. There, doon at Leith enow, they're murderin ane anither by the dizzen every day, and no comin a bit nearer the point after a'. Heaven kens whar it's to end. In the meantime, they hae gien me a confoundit lounderin; I fin that in every bane o' my body."

"You have been sorely abused by them, indeed, father," replied Lady Wisherton. "But a day of retribution is coming. You will be avenged, terribly avenged."

"There was ae fallow, in particular, amang them, that I wad like to see gettin a guid ereeshin," replied David: "*that* was a great big scounneril o' a blacksmith, wi' his shirt sleeves rowed up to his shouthers. He was the warst o' the lot. I got mair and heavier waps frae him than frae a' the rest put thegither."

Again, Lady Wisherton looked surprised at the style of language in which her reverend patient spoke, his last remarks being particularly rich in the homely vernacular of the country, and greatly was her perplexity increased by the discordance between his calling and his manner, which was every moment becoming more and more marked; still she did not, nor could suspect the truth.

"Was it not a blessing of Providence, father," resumed Lady Wisherton, "that my son, Lord Boggyland, happened to be in Leith Wynd at the time you were attacked by these sacrilegious ruffians?"

"Feth, my Leddy, it was just that," replied David—"A Gude's mercy. They gied me a bonny creeshin as it was; but they wad hae dished me clean oot an it hadna been for him. Faith, yon fellows care nae mair for a man's life than they wad do for a puddock's."

"Your reverence's face is much swelled," said Lady Wisherton, suddenly attracted by the swollen and discoloured countenance of her patient. "Greatly swelled. You must allow me to bathe it with my lotion."

"Nae occasion, mem, nae occasion, thank ye; I dinna find it ony way painfu. Besides, I'll try and get up, towards the darkenin, and be steppin doon to Leith; for they'll be wonderin there what's come o' me."

It will be seen from this that our brother of St Anthony contemplated an early retreat from his present quarters; and further, that he meant to avail himself of the obscurity of night to effect that retreat. But this was a point not to be so very easily managed as he thought.

"Leave my house this afternoon!" exclaimed Lady Wisherton, in the utmost amazement. "That, with your reverence's leave, indeed, you shall not do. You shall remain where you are, under my tendance, until you be perfectly recovered, which we dare not hope for under a fortnight, at the very least. But, in the meantime, good father, you shall have every attendance, every comfort which you can desire, or of which your situation will admit. My son and I are but too happy, although we deplore the cause, of having been presented with an opportunity of testifying our reverence and love for a minister of our holy religion.

"As to your fears for any uneasiness on the part of your friends in Leith, on account of your absence, be not concerned about that, good father; I have provided for it. I have sent notice to the preceptory of your misfortune; relating all that has happened, and giving intimation that you were in my house, and in safety; so have no doubt that some of the brethren will be here in the course of the evening."

Here was a pretty piece of information for the already but too much perplexed martyr to the old faith. Intimation had been sent to the preceptory, and half-a-dozen of the brethren would be in upon him immediately, and a dreadful exposé would, of course, follow. It was a most trying crisis, and David but too sensibly felt it to be so. He felt as if he could have wished the house to fall upon him, and bury him in its ruins.

Appalled and horrified, however, as he was at this impending catastrophe, he said nothing, but, anxious to be left alone, in order to have an opportunity of thinking over his position, and of taking into consideration what had best be done, he began to affect drowsiness; when his noble hostess, taking the hint, quietly left the apartment.

Hearing the door close, David first opened one eye cautiously, and then the other; then turning gently round, peered over the edge of the bed to see if the coast was clear. Discovering that it was, he threw himself again on his back, and, fixing his eyes on the roof, began thinking as hard as he could how he was to get out of his present dilemma. The sequel will tell the result of his deliberations.

On that same night, about twelve of the clock, David Wemyss' worthy spouse—who had been in great distress at his sudden disappearance, and who was fully impressed with the belief that he had fallen over the quay and had been drowned—was startled by a low tap, tapping at the back door of "The Ship." Thinking it might be some one with tidings of her lost husband, she instantly got up, lighted a candle, and, although under no little apprehension and alarm, opened the door, when, lo! who should enter but her beloved David himself. She instantly set up a scream of delight.

"Whisht, whisht, woman," said David, stealing into a back apartment, as fast as he could. "This is no a business to blaw aboot. The calmer sough we keep the better."

"But, gude sake, David," said his wife, on rejoining him, after having secured the door, whar hae ye been a' this time, and whar hae ye gotten that awfu-like face?"

"I hae gotten a hantle mair than that, guidwife, although ye dinna see't," replied David. "I dinna believe there's a hale bane in my entire buik. I hae had a bonny time since I left ye; aneuch to serve a man his hale life time; and yet it was a' crammed into ae four-and-twenty hours. But gie me a mouthfu o' brandy, guidwife, and I'll tell ye a' aboot it."

David now proceeded with his narration, giving his wife a detailed account of the series of adventures related in the foregoing pages. To these we have now to add only a reference to one or two points, which will be considered, probably, as requiring some explanation.

First, as to how our brother of St Anthony escaped from Lady Wisherton's. This he effected by the simple process of stealing out of the house after dark. There was no other way for it, and he was fortunate enough to succeed in the somewhat hazardous attempt, by dropping himself from a window of a story in height, at the back part of the house.

Who the person was who first laid hands on mine host of the "The Ship," on his first appearance in his new character, or by whom he was employed, he never certainly knew, but suspected afterwards that he was a retainer of Lord Borthwick's, who was then in Leith with the Queen Regent. Whither, however, he meant to have taken him, or who the sufferer was for whom the last duties of religion were wanted, he never learnt; nor, indeed, for obvious reasons, did he ever inquire. The whole, in short, was a subject on which David Wemyss always thought the less that was said the better; and, acting on this opinion, it was one which he carefully abstained from making matter of conversation.

All his caution, however, could not prevent some hints of his adventure from getting abroad. These hints some of the little ragged scapegraces of the Coal Hill wrought into the following rhymes, which, in dark nights, they were in the habit of shouting in at the door of "The Ship," to the great annoyance of its landlord, who might frequently be seen rushing out, stick in hand, to inflict summary punishment on the offenders:—

"Davie Wemyss gaed oot a priest,
By filthy lucre temptit;
Davy Wemyss cam hame again,
And thocht nacbody ken

WRECKERS AND SMUGGLERS.

THERE still is, in the eastern part of that county which, by common consent, has been called *The Kingdom of Fife*, a considerable village, which, from a very ancient-looking church, and some other remains of antiquity, appears to have been a place of some importance in the days of old. Here, in the troublous times which occurred during the reigns of Charles II. and the last of the Jameses, lived Daniel Hardy, and his two daughters, Agnes and Helen. This individual was, at heart, a staunch Covenanter; and, in word and deed, a strictly honest man. He had been rather successful as a village merchant, and, from the profits of his trade, had accumulated a moderate fortune, which, in the event of his death, was to be equally divided between the "twa lasses," as he called them. This circumstance, perhaps, more than any other, made him careful to conceal his real sentiments with respect to the Presbyterian form of government; and thus, while he was ever ready to assist, in secret, those persecuted preachers and others who were suffering from the dominant faction, he seldom expressed his opinion of these matters in public. The words *money* and *property*, in all ages, and every country, have had a strange charm in the ears of young men; and Daniel's reputed riches did not fail to secure to his daughters at least a fair share of suitors.

"Father," said Helen—who was the youngest—one fine autumn afternoon, "auld aunty Jennet, owre at Luckliehill, ha been inviting me for mair than a month to come and see her; and as the day is so tempting, and some moonlight at e'en, if ye would let me, I was thinking to gang the nicht."

"By a' means, lassie," rejoined the father; "and ye can tak an ell or twa o' new *flannen*, to help to keep her warm against the coming winter; but see that ye dinna bide owre lang, like a gude woman.

While the merchant was employed in measuring and packing up the flannel, Helen, without asking at her father if he had anything of the kind, ran across the street to where a young man and his mother lived, to get from the latter "change for a shilling," which she said she would require; and, when all was ready, she set off for her aunty Jennet's. As was natural, she took the direct road; but she had not proceeded beyond the village when she met Abram Links, who accosted her with—

"Whaur is my young leddy gaun in sic a hurry, if I may speer?" And as he spoke, he approached her with a smile of as much courteousness as he could assume.

"South the country a bit," was the somewhat pettish reply of the maiden.

"North the country, ye surely mean, my dear; for that's the airth ye'r gaun," said Abram.

"Nae sic thing," rejoined the other. "I only cam this way for better road." And with these words she turned round a corner and took a contrary direction, leaving the swain, who appeared to be considerably beyond the meridian of life, looking after her in some dismay. As soon as she thought herself safe from observation, she again *doubled*, and, taking the proper direction, reached her aunt's without any other interruption.

Some time after she was gone, Daniel called his other daughter, and, pointing to some things which were lying on the counter, said:—

"I doubt, lassie, ye maun lend me your assistance the nicht. There's a remnant o' temmin for a cartoush, and a bit blue *daimus* for a gown that I promised to send owre by to Mrs Gowpen, at the Screedfitbank, this afternoon; and as the laddie has gaen a bellwauverin I kenna whaur, I fear ye maun tak them yoursel."

"That I will," said Agnes readily, "and count it no trouble."

"That's a gude lassie," rejoined her father; "and here is twa ell o' *winchy* for daidlies to the bairns: ye can just gang the east road and leave it at lucky Gilmore's as ye pass."

When Agnes had despatched the business with which she was entrusted, as she was returning, a man on horseback rode up. He seemed in a hurry, but still he seemed anxious to speak; and, taking her by the hand—

"My dearest," he said, "I am glad to see you; and yet gladness is a thing which is far from my heart; for, in these dangerous times, people holding our profession cannot promise themselves safety or even life for a single day; and I grieve to think our union must be in the midst of alarm."

"Edward," said the girl, with a smile which was full of meaning, "we must defer it till the storm blows over. I do not fear your constancy, and I hope I have given you no reason to doubt mine."

"You are something more than mortal," rejoined the horseman, pressing her hand warmly; and I must agree with you, at least till we can devise the means of getting my uncle out of the country, for whose apprehension a reward is now offered. Time presses, and I may not see you again for some days; but I will be on the watch for the safety of all with whom I am concerned. Good evening—I will not say farewell, for that is an ominous word."

We must now return to Helen, who, notwithstanding her father's injunction, "not to bide owre lang," tarried at her aunt's till the sun had set. But shortly after she had commenced her return, a young man rose from the middle of a whin-bush by the roadside, in which he had been previously concealed, and saluted her with—

"I am glad to see you at last, Helen; I thought you had taken some ither road."

"Jamie Wilson, what brought ye here?" inquired the maiden, affecting to be struck with surprise at his presence, "I'm sure I bade ye no come; and, I'm sure, ye kenned brawly that I wasna feared to gang my lane in a guid moonlight night."

"I might kenned, at least, that ye didna *bid* me come to meet ye; and I micht kenned, too, that I didna deserve the honour o' sic a meetin; but, as ye telled me whar ye was gaun, and that it would be near nicht before ye could leave your aunty, though I hae nae fortune, like you, to look for, when my relations leave this world, I thocht that it was the part of a humble friend to see that nae ill cam near ye."

"I was only jesting," said Helen, in a tone of more sincerity, and with a smile, to which the fading twilight,

gave a sweeter and richer effulgence than the broad glare of day could have done. "I was only jesting; and, if I must tell the truth, I am glad to see you—for I never liked to travel far alone, either by night or by day." The young man now approached her with an appearance of more confidence in his manner—they walked so close together that their shoulders frequently touched each other; while a low and confidential conversation was kept up between them. So deeply was their attention engaged in this way, that they did not observe the approach of the same horseman who has been already noticed as saluting the other sister; and it was not till the clatter of his horse's hoofs awakened them to something like a sense of danger, that they were aware of his proximity.

"Nay," was his courteous address, "do not let my presence disturb you. I have not yet forgotten the service which you did me, James, when, by giving timely warning of the approach of the dragoons, you saved my uncle's life, and kept me in my present situation. For some time past I have suspected your attachment. I know your worth, and I am not ashamed of the relationship which I yet hope to see established between us."

So saying, he rode on, without waiting for the answer which, in the midst of blushes and confusion, the other parties were endeavouring to frame.

His words seemed to have made a curious impression upon the hearts of both: both pursued their journey for a time; and when the trampling of his horse's feet was dying away in the distance, as if to get rid of, or rather to conceal those feelings to which his observations had given rise, and, at the same time, to break that unaccountable silence which had followed—

"I heartily hate that creature, Abram Links," said Helen; "and I really wonder what brings him so often to our house?"

"He is rich," was the brief reply of her companion: and he sighed heavily as he spoke.

"And I more than suspect," continued Helen, "that he has acquired a part of his riches in no very honourable way. I have often heard it whispered that his money was made by a secret connection with the smugglers of the east coast. And I really wish my father could be brought to think of him as he deserves."

"He has his own reasons for cheating your father into the belief that he is a saint," said James; "and he knows well how to do it."

"What reasons can he have?" inquired the maiden, with well-affected surprise.

"Alas! you know that better yourself than I can tell you," rejoined the other; "for what woman was ever blind in these matters?"

His companion blushed deeply, but was silent; and, after a considerable pause, he went on:—

"And now, Helen, pardon me, but—but the circumstances in which we are placed demand an explanation; and I must now tell you what I—I think you have guessed long ago. When our acquaintance commenced, I fancied that it was friendship that attracted me to you; with this idea I tried to deceive myself as long as it was possible to do so, and, widely different as our fortunes and prospects were, I believed their could be nothing very wrong in this; but time has at length taught me the truth, and, though my tongue may falter while I pronounce the words, it was—it *was* love!"

"What could you see in me to deserve love?" inquired the maiden, endeavouring to appear surprised, and, at the same time, careless of what he said; though an ill-concealed tremor in her voice, and the rising blood, which again crimsoned her cheek, bespoke deeper emotion than she would have been willing to confess.

"I saw much" was the reply; "and I have allowed it to make an impression upon my heart too deep to be easily effaced. But I have already seen your father's eye fixed upon me with a frown, oftener than once; I believe he suspects me, and I believe too that he intends to put an end to the matter by giving your hand to this same Abram Links, whenever he may think proper to ask it, which, I doubt not, will soon be the case."

"Abram Links!—he is more than fifty!" said Helen, evidently disgusted with the very idea.

"He is at least all you say," replied the other; "but what does that matter, when he is rich and your poor friend is penniless. But, as I was about to tell you, your union with him would be more than I could live to look upon. On honourable and equal terms I cannot offer myself as his rival. You have given me but little reason to suppose I would be successful, if I could; and, therefore, I must fly to some foreign country before such a thing can happen."

This was a conclusion for which Helen was by no means prepared. Their acquaintance had commenced at a time when both were too young to understand the value, or estimate the difference of fortune; and, though she had frequently treated him with such a degree of coldness as to make him believe that he was altogether indifferent to her, without being aware of it, she had already given him her heart with all its affections; and, when she heard him speak of leaving the country, in connection with the idea of being forced into a union with Abram Links, it came upon her like a sudden shock, which, for a time, deprived her of the use of speech. When she had recovered this faculty—

"Do not leave me," she said, in a voice which her utmost efforts could not keep from occasionally breaking down; "do not leave me, I beseech you. I have no friend in whom I can trust, save you—I have no friend to help me to escape from that wicked man, and I do not ask, I—I mean, I do not wish you to love me, only stay and be my friend!"

The reader must still recollect that part of our story at which the horseman parted from Agnes, the other sister, to whom we must again return. Sometime after she was left by that individual, as she was returning home, in the dusk of the evening, and just as she was approaching that part of the road where Helen had *doubled* for the last time, she met Abram Links, who was advancing slowly in a contrary direction, and appeared to have been looking for her.

"I am glad to see sae muckle beauty this far on the road hame;" he began, "and I must say, though the light is but indifferent, that I kenned the lovely Helen as soon as ever she came in sight, by her walk, which is like that of a princess."

As the worthy man delivered himself of this compliment, he drew near to her whom he addressed with a most gracious smile; but something very like disappointment superceded that smile, when the princess of his imagination dropped the scarlet plaid in which her face had been partly muffled upon her arm, and thus spoke:—

"Dear me, Mr Links, though the light, as ye say, is but indifferent, unless your sight had been failing, I would have thought that you would have known, at least, my name. But perhaps my plaid, which is the same as Helen's, has deceived you."

"*My* sight failing!" said the other, endeavouring to laugh at the mistake into which he had fallen; "my sight failing?" said ye. "What could bring sic a notion as that into your head? Yet I have reason to thank our great Lawgiver I have all my faculties in perfect perfection; and it was only yesterday I saw a sheep upon the east Lomond,*

* One of the highest hills in Fifeshire.

and kenn'd by its head and its fore legs that it was a sheep, when the rest of the fo'k that stood glowrin at it thought it was a wreath of snaw. But it was the plaid, as ye say, it was the plaid; and I maun even laugh at your observation, for ye are baith a droll and a clever quean."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," rejoined the damsel; "but, I doubt, you are the only man among my acquaintances who would give me credit for such qualities."

"Yet you may believe me when I say it," was the reply; "and, for that reason, I am less anxious upon your account than on your sister's; for I greatly doubt if she has that cleverness which will enable her to discover the real character of her friends, yet this is a thing which is greatly to be desired by young women who have to choose a yokefellow and helpmate for life.

What more might have been said upon this important subject, it were difficult to conjecture; but, by this time, they had reached the door of the house in which Miss Hardy lived; and there her father stood, ready to welcome her, and to invite Abram to come in. When the party were seated, and some preliminary remarks had passed—

"I am greatly concerned for that worthy man, Mr Greig," said Abram, "whose holy and righteous life is a reproach to those sinners in high places, who rule over us with a rod of iron; and, I believe, it is even the purity of his doctrine, and his zeal for the truth, which hath made them send forth their bloody and persecuting troopers to hunt after him, as though he were a partridge on the mountains."

"I am as much concerned on his account as ye can possibly be," said Daniel; "yet I hope he will escape from the snares which they have laid for him; and in this, if we believe that he is a preacher of the truth according to the Word of God, it is certainly our duty to aid him, as far as may be in our power. Indeed, my own conscience has frequently reproved me for the part which I have hitherto acted; but, I believe, it has been my misfortune to have some worldly possessions; and, when I looked at Agnes and Helen, puir lasses, I aye thought it was hard to risk all, and leave them to poverty and misery; and thus I have endeavoured to assist the servants of the Most High, as far as my ability would go, without making any open profession of befriending the cause. But for such conduct I can only hope that *He* will pardon me; for I have not been walking in the strait and narrow way."

"I agree in your view of the matter most perjinctly," rejoined Abram; "and yet I have acted with less prudence than you; for I have spoken words, in the hearing of the curate, whilk made his face as red as a raw collop, and his e'en blink like can'les; and I was *inspeckit*, not without reason, of having given information anent the coming of the troopers, when they last went forth to hunt for their prey."

"I thought it had been the lad Wilson wha did that guid deed," said Daniel; "and, though I bear him nae great respect, I was willing to give him credit for anything he might do to deserve it."

"Ahem!" ejaculated Abram—"abem! the lad Wilson did ye say? Aweel, if he gave ony information, it must have spunkit oot through me; for, I assure you, there was nane kenn'd o' their coming so well as myself; and I got it from Archy Davey, owre a pint o' yill, for whilk I paid plack and farthin, at the Guard Brig."

"Weel, I believe it must have been you, after a'," said the other; "and, I trust, the Lord will reward you for the care you manifested in this matter; but it may be that Mr Greig may again need the assistance of so true a friend before it is long."

"May the Lord strengthen me and enable me to perform whatever he may require at my hand," was Abram's response, spoken in a very solemn tone. As he uttered these words, he drew his chair close to that of the other, as if for the purpose of making himself heard in a whisper. "But wat ye aught," he continued, "of the good man's place of rest, or when we may expect to be blessed with his presence in our poor village again? for, in these days of tribulation, I would be glad to know that he is safe from his enemies."

"He is, at present, skulking among the hills to the westward," said the other, in a very low whisper; "but we look for him here next week, on his way to the muirs, where he intends to lie concealed till he can find the means of leaving the country; and then I expect to have the honour of sheltering him for a night."

Just as the conversation had reached this point, a boy, belonging to Flushing, whom Abram had kept in his service for some time past, and who was known among the neighbours as *Littledevil*, came to the door, rapping loudly, and calling for Mynheer Links. When admitted to his master, he told him that, "while he go a leetle way out, de piece of glass had been took from de back window, and de *catch* lift, and de box open, and de monee took out." He stated farther, that "he had seen one broad Dutch piece lie under de window; and, as he return, he see de Wilson run over de yard dike."

Abram scolded the boy most unmercifully for neglect of duty, and appeared almost inconsolable for the loss of his money; but, in the midst of his wrath and sorrow, he did not forget to use the proper means for its recovery. With all possible speed, he hastened to the proper authorities to get a *warrant to ripe*. This was no sooner procured, than it was put into the hands of two *offishers*, as Abram called them; and they were directed to proceed forthwith to the house of the Widow Wilson, and there make strict and diligent search for the money and the articles amissing. The surprise of the poor woman, when her visiters briefly and gruffly explained their errand, need not be described; but however great that surprise might be, it was increased a hundredfold when she saw them take from behind a chest, which stood close to a small window in the farther end of the house, a piece of very valuable silk cloth, a bag of silver, and two or three broad Dutch pieces of gold, which answered exactly to what the boy had mentioned before. In vain did the poor woman assure them that "Jamie hadna been in the closet for two days and two nights:" in vain, too, did she point to a small piece of glass which had been taken out, and put in again, on the outside; asserting, while she did so, that she had seen Littledevil examining the window, and tampering with it, that forenoon. Her son was believed to be the guilty person; and, while the officers went in search of him, Abram returned to Daniel Hardy's to lament over the wickedness of the times.

"You are yourself a good and an honest man," said he. "To you I may make my lamentation; and, verily, I believe that most of the evil which hath fallen upon this kirk and this people is owing to those *Nachans* who are in the camp of our Israel, wha, by their wicked deeds, have brought down the displeasure of the Most High upon us. Wha would have thought that this lad—this man—Wilson, with all his outward appearance of simple-heartedness, and all his *perdition* of honesty, would have been guilty of so base a crime?"

"Indeed," said Daniel, "it is hard to judge of men's characters; for, though I have my own reasons for disliking the lad, I would never have suspected him of so base and so wicked a part. But, my good friend, at what time did you leave your property safe?"

"Even at six of the clock this evening," said Abram; "when I went out, all was safe; so that it must be the very man whom we suspect; for, though he is sometimes from home, I knew from himself, yesternight, that he had

avocations to keep him in the village the whole of the past day; and now he hath only fled for a little since he committed the deed."

As Abram was uttering the last word, Helen entered, pale, breathless, and almost fainting. Her father began to question her rather strictly as to the cause of her having been so long abroad; but she could not answer him; and it was not till Abram approached her, and began to speak, that she seemed to hear, or attach any meaning to, their words.

"I hope and trust in the graciousness of Providence," said he, "that you have not been distressed with any accident, nor met with any one who has been unkind to you. If I had kenn'd that you were in perplexity, gladly would I have come"——

"I have met a villain!" said she, interrupting him.

These words were spoken in a tone of deep though suppressed indignation; and, as she uttered them, she moved back several steps, and drew up to her full height.

"Then you must allow me to condole with you," said Abram, who either did not observe or did not understand these symptoms of dislike. "Out of the respect which I bear to your father, you must allow me to condole with you, to comfort you, and to assure you that, though villains may have deceived you, still there are honest men who esteem and love you, and who would sacrifice their fortunes, unto the death, to serve you. By that fair hand I swear"——

As he uttered these words, he endeavoured to take the individual to whom they were addressed by the hand; but she again drew back, while a redder flush crossed her cheek, and a more indignant spirit seemed to sparkle in her eye. It is probable that, in one way or other, she would have made him aware of the little respect she bore him; but Abram too, who now, for the first time, seemed to guess the cause of her disquietude, left the house shortly after, though not till he had taken a formal leave of his friend.

He next hastened to the supposed culprit, who was awaiting his coming in the custody of the officers. When ushered into his presence, he began by lamenting pathetically the wicked lives which some young men led, and the manner in which they brought disgrace upon their friends, and upon religion, by the inconsistency of their conduct. He then proceeded to give some friendly counsels to the prisoner, advising him strongly to confess his guilt; and, as an inducement to do so, promising, at the same time, "to use whatever influence he might possess, as a man of some substance in the world, to get his punishment mitigated. This," he said, "might be very light in the event of his confession; but, if he remained *obdurable*, after the manner of hardened sinners, the law would run greatly to the rigour." The young man, however, still remained stubborn in his determination to confess nothing; and, as a last resource, Abram requested a private conference. This was granted; and, when they had retired to another apartment, while the officers and others stood at a proper distance to guard the doors and windows—

"This is a strange business," said he of the house; "and, assuredly, it will go hard with you, unless means are devised to strengthen you for your escape. Behold, the proof against you is as clear as the moon, which you may see from that window shining upon the righteous and upon the wicked; yet, for the sake of your mother, who is a poor widow, and for the memory of your father, who was an honest man, though he never had any substance in the world, I cannot bear to think of seeing you hung up like a craw-boggle, and left to waggle to and fro with the wind, till your immortal spirit be no more; yet this will assuredly be the case, if justice is allowed to do its perfect work!"

"If God hath decreed that the innocent must die, I am resigned to his will," interrupted the other.

"Hold your tongue, I command you," continued Abram "and learn of me to be meek and lowly, and to understand that your life depends upon what I have to propound. The evidence against you, as I have said, is very circumjack; and, assuredly, you will be hanged, if you fall into the hands of the men of the law; yet I—even I—who have been a very great sufferer, am willing to devise the means of your escape; and, if you will promise never to return to this country—which thing you cannot do without putting your neck into a hempen cravat—I will try to get you into a ship which will convey you to a country where you may live till the Most High see meet to call you to an account."

"To fly thus," said the young man, unauntedly, "were to confess a crime of which I am not guilty. I have sinned before God; but before man I am *conscious* of being innocent, and I will abide my fate—trusting that Eternal Justice will yet clear my character from those aspersions which malice or accident has thrown over it."

By this resolution he seemed determined to abide. On that night he was committed to prison; and, on the following day, he was brought before the sheriff of the county, for the purpose of having what, in Scotland, has long been called a *precognition* taken. Almost the only witnesses were the officers and Littledevil; the whole of whose depositions went directly to criminate him. Some other things, in the shape of circumstantial evidence, were brought forward to support their testimony; and the sheriff was about to commit him to take his trial for a capital crime, when a young woman, who hitherto had stood unobserved among the spectators, came forward, pale and agitated, and requested that she might be heard for the pannel. Some doubts were entertained as to her admissibility among the witnesses; but, as she alone seemed to have anything of an exculpatory nature to offer, and as several individuals present were willing to vouch for the respectability of her character, the oath was administered; and then she declared that she had seen James Wilson, at six o'clock on the previous evening, at a distance of four miles from the place at which the robbery was said to have been committed.

The evidence for and against the young man was now equal: one witness had seen him running from the house which had been robbed, and another had seen him at a distance of four miles from the place, nearly at the same time; but still there were a number of circumstances connected with the case, which seemed to give a preponderance to the testimony of the former, and it appeared that the declaration of the latter had only tended to delay, not to alter the nature of the sentence. The sheriff, however, still seemed to hesitate, and at last he asked if nobody else had seen the supposed robber at or near the time and place mentioned.

"Yes, there was one," said Helen—who had been the voluntary witness—hesitatingly. On further inquiry, she ventured to name Edward Greig; and at that moment the individual whom she mentioned, and who had arrived in the place only a few minutes before, was seen advancing to the spot. His testimony concurred so exactly with what she had said, that the sheriff declared, unless it could be proved that the robbery had been committed an hour earlier, he must believe the young man innocent. Abram appeared to be mustering breath to say something upon the subject, but he was prevented by Daniel Hardy, who now stepped forward and begged him to recollect what he said about "all being safe when he went out at six of the clock," on the previous evening. This set the matter at rest; and James Wilson was liberated amid the rejoicings of the crowd, many of whom, from the first, had been in-

clined to regard the whole as a trick which Abram had instigated Littledevil to execute, with the view of forwarding some favourite scheme of his own.

As soon as the excitement to which this affair gave rise had a little subsided, Abram called at his friend's, to express his astonishment at so mysterious an occurrence.

"It must have been the great enemy," he said, "or else some of those old women called witches, whom he constantly employs in his works of darkness, who had removed the articles from my house, and disposed of them where they were found, for a temptation to lead me astray. Yet, nevertheless, I am glad that the young man hath escaped; for, if so be that he is innocent, it would have been a hard thing for him to suffer." At the time alluded to, an absurd belief in supernatural agency found a ready echo in almost every bosom, and thus Daniel Hardy readily concurred in those sentiments.

Some days after, Sergeant Davey, disguised as an ordinary farm-servant, was seen wending his way to Abram's house. As soon as he was closeted with that individual, he lost no time in opening the business upon which he had been sent.

"My good master," he said, "you promised to give us all the information you could anent that sly fox whom we hunted the other day in vain; and Captain Saddleboard sent me over to see if you have any tidings of him yet. The captain says further, that if you can assist us in snaring him, you may still lay claim to them things called *a hundred pounds*, which have been offered as a reward—no trifle, you guess."

"Let me see," said Abram. "And if I should even serve you in this matter, how would it stand with those persons in whose house the said fox might be found: you understand me?"

"Why, as to that, I can't exactly say," was the sergeant's reply: if we were to find the drone of the hive, it is likely enough we might give him a ride, and free quarters for a time; but if there were nothing but women and children in the house, I dare say Captain Saddleboard would not care much about the matter."

"Aweel, aweel," said Abram; give my humble respects and great serviceableness to Captain Saddleboard, and tell him that I will assist him in this matter, as he shall hereafter have notice; but in consideration thereof, he must pretend to make diligent search after the person in whose house the fox may be found, without endeavouring to find him."

Abram then proceeded to give what appeared to be a number of very plausible reasons for making this request; and, when he had done—

"Well, well," said the soldier, "only let us know when to come, and let us have a guide if it chances to be dark, and I have no more to say."

When this affair was finally settled, Abram's next care was to wait upon the merchant; and there he introduced his business with some general observations on the troublous and dangerous times in which they lived. In the truth of these his entertainer readily concurred; and, when the conversation had thus received a proper direction—

"I have been pondering deeply," said the first-mentioned individual, "upon the coming of that holy man, Mr Greig, to this neighbourhood; and I have also been trying, even as I was strengthened from above, to devise the means of his safety, and the safety of those who shall give him shelter. Now, to eschew the danger which might come unto you, if you were found under the same roof with him—though I pray that no search may be made after so good a man—yet, lest such should happen, I have been communing with myself to have you to my poor house on that night, and then I will watch for you myself, while my boy shall watch for the good man; and, if evil come upon the place, assuredly ye shall both escape; for I have bargained with the master of a ship, with whom I have had dealings before, to tarry upon the east coast till the danger is over, and, if we see that you cannot be safe in this poor afflicted country, then I will myself accompany you and your family, and the good man, abroad, whither I have been thinking of going for some time past, until these perilous days are ended."

The reader need scarcely be told that the warmest thanks were tendered to Abram for all this care. We cannot, however, afford to follow him through the remainder of his somewhat circumlocutive speeches, nor do the limits of the present sheet allow of giving even an outline of all the arguments which he used. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that he succeeded in bringing his friend to take exactly the same view of the matter which he had been endeavouring to press upon him; and thus he had a fair prospect of getting him and his daughter, as it were, into his own possession, and becoming, in some measure, the arbitrator of their future fortunes—a thing which certainly formed, at least, part of his scheme."

Two nights before that on which the fugitive preacher was expected, James Wilson was seen several times passing the door of the merchant. In doing so, he uniformly slackened his pace, casting anxious glances at the entrance, as if he had been looking for some one whom he could not see; and when he was past, he was observed to look back at almost every second step. Once, when a female passed the window on the inside, he raised his hand and dropped it hurriedly; but the signal was unnoticed by her for whom it was intended, and again he passed on. This occurred as the twilight was darkening into night. He was, however, baffled in all his attempts to draw attention; and, after the ebon goddess had fairly veiled the world in her shadow, he ventured cautiously round to a small back window, with which he seemed to be well acquainted, and creeping close along the earth, till he came exactly under it, he raised his hand, and gave two very slight raps upon the glass, allowing a space to elapse between; these, after a longer pause, were followed by three others in rapid succession. The thing seemed to answer as a signal previously agreed upon; for, in less than a minute, the door opened, and a female form, on tiptoe, glided stealthily around the end of the house, and approached the place where he was still lying.

"Is it you, Helen?" were the first words spoken.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then give me your hand," said the first speaker, "and take me to some place where I may impart to you a most important secret."

The damsel did as she was desired, and led the way to a small outhouse, of which she already possessed the key When the door had been again secured in the inside, the young man proceeded to close up every crevice from which light could possibly issue. This done, he took a tinder-box from his pocket, struck fire, lighted a small taper, with which he was already provided, and, by the faint glimmer which it afforded, unfolded a letter. It was addressed to "Edward Greig, supervisor;" and the writing appeared to be a mass of unreadable nonsense. The following is a part of the first paragraph:—

"Raed nisuoc—Niatpac Draobelddas sah deviecer noitamrofni fo ruoy s'elenu gnimoc, dna sselnu uoy ekat snaem ot tneverp ti, htob mih dna sih reniatietne lliw eb dezies taht thgin," &c.

From this specimen, it is to be presumed the reader has gleaned very little intelligence; yet, when he is told that the spelling of the words is simply *inverted*—a plan which,

for greater secrecy, has been sometimes adopted by ingenious individuals—he will find that it is not without a meaning. The letter writer went on to state, in his own peculiar way, that his captain was getting tired of these night expeditions, and that he had sworn to omit no opportunity of bringing those who harboured the *fores*, as he called them, into trouble. When it was read—

"This comes from the captain's own servant," said the reader; "and I got it from his cousin, this forenoon, with directions to try if possible to make either you or your sister acquainted with its contents."

"But the means of escaping from the danger?" said Helen, eagerly; "you said something about that—do not keep me in suspense; for my heart flutters as if it would break. What can you do to help my poor father?"

"Alas! I can do but little!" was the reply; "yet, for the sake of one who is only less dear to him than she is to me, I would willingly purchase his safety with my life. Nor have I been wholly idle; for, since I got the letter—judging that I would have no opportunity of reading it to you before night—I hastened northward to see if there were any vessels in the Tay which might be expected to sail soon; and I was so fortunate as to find one which will leave the river, the day after to-morrow, for one of the Dutch ports. And now, if you can only prevail upon your father to be off in time, I will undertake to warn Mr Greig of his danger, and get him off also."

On the evening of the second day from that just noticed, as soon as it was dark, Abram Links called Littledevil to him, with an appearance of some anxiety on his countenance; and, after asking a few preliminary questions, to which the imp gave such answers as he thought proper—

"You must go to the Gavelburn Brig," said he, "and tarry there till Captain Saddleboard and his men come up. Then you must take the captain aside, and tell him that he will assuredly find the preacher in Daniel Hardy's; and when he hath secured that disturber of the peace, if it so likes him, he may search every house in the place for the merchant except mine own; but tell him, as he setteth value upon my assistance, that he must not think to enter my door at this time."

"You mean de merch-hant vil be vid yourself?" replied the boy.

"I said not so," was Abram's answer; "but go your ways, and do as I have directed; and take good heed not to blunder this matter, lest I send you again to the shipmasters, to be dealt with as they deal with the disobedient. Yet I know that you can keep a secret; and here is something," he continued, putting a small silver coin into his hand—"here is something to gar you steek your mouth upon this matter."

The boy took the money with an air which, though he durst not speak, shewed that he did not greatly relish the journey. He went on his way, however; and when he was gone, his master could scarcely refrain from chuckling at his own success.

At the time and place appointed, Littledevil met Captain Saddleboard; and when he had delivered his message in the manner directed—

"Where do you suppose we are likely to find this same merchant?" inquired the latter.

"Mynheer Links did not bid me say so," was the reply.

"Never mind what Mynheer Links bids you say," rejoined the Captain; "I can put an end to his biddings with a pistol bullet whenever I please, and I can close your mouth too with a morsel of the same kind if you provoke me; but if you are a good lad and a loyal subject, you know I can reward you. We must get rid of those vermin who continually keep open earths for the foxes, else we may tear ourselves and our horses to pieces, and hunt them through the longest half of that eternity about which they babble, without making them a bit the thinner. So, speak out. Where do you say we shall find him?"

"Wat vill you give me gin I do tell you?" asked the boy.

"Here are two merks for you, young Mr Mammon," said the soldier; "and if they wont do, you shall have ten times their weight in lead!"

The imp took the money, and then told him his reasons for suspecting that the individual whom he sought would be found at his master's house.

After waiting in a retired hollow till the proper time arrived, the whole party proceeded, with great caution, to surround the house of Daniel Hardy.

"Ho, Mr Hard-of-hearing," shouted the captain, while he thundered at the door with his foot, "I wish to talk a little with one of your guests, and therefore I have to request that you will be so kind as draw bolt and bar presently, and let me in."

To this noisy summons no answer was returned, and he again called out:—

"As your husband seems to be a little deaf or so, good Mrs What's-your-name, will you be so kind as open your door to one of his Majesty's loyal subjects, who wishes to treat all loyal ladies with becoming civility."

Still there was no answer. He lost patience, and, turning to one of his men:—

"Sergeant Davey," said he, "take up that stone and try if it will answer for a key to the good woman's lock."

The sergeant did as he was desired, and, by pitching the heavy missile several times against the door, the staple gave way, and it flew open; but all remained as dark and as silent within as it had hitherto been. In vain they searched the house from side to side, and end to end; neither light nor fire, nor human being was there; and when they had procured a candle, it appeared that its fugitive inhabitants had left little behind them which even a thief would carry away.

Enraged at this disappointment, the soldiers hastened to demand an explanation from Abram, without whose concurrence, their officer believed, such a mistake could not have happened; and when that personage, with a countenance full of embarrassment and perplexity, was brought before them—

"So, my good friend, Mr Links," said the captain, "I see you have been endeavouring to play the same game with us which you have been in the habit of playing with others; and therefore I would humbly propose to have you rebaptized, and that you shall in future be called *Mr Slinks*—what say you to this trifling alteration?"

"May it please your honour," said Abram, "I assuredly meant to deal fairly and honestly with you; but the devil has been at work to counteract the integrity of my purposes."

"Well," rejoined the captain, "we must even try and counteract the integrity of the devil's purposes, by searching your house for his emissaries. Serjeant Davey," he added, turning to another individual, "do you look close to the good saint himself, while I look over his apartments."

The soldier instantly obeyed his officer's orders, by twisting his hand into Abram's collar; and while the search was going on, he continued to amuse him with glowing descriptions of the *pistolings* and *hangings* which he had seen, till he fairly wrung from him the last farthing of ready money in his pockets—with which Abram readily parted, upon a very slight promise that he would intercede for him with the captain.

The search, as the reader has, no doubt, already anticipated, ended in the discovery of no one; and, when it was over—

"Come Mr Links," said the officer, "or Mr Slinks, or

Mr Slinky—whichever name may answer you best——you have brought us here to find nothing; and as we cannot return from the battle and from the prey empty-handed, you must even prepare to go along with us yourself."

"Your highness," rejoined Abram, tremblingly, "cannot possibly mean to do as you say unto one who hath been willing to serve you with his heart, and his soul, and his strength, all the days of his life."

"As to the nature of your services," replied the other, "we have had some evidence to-night; and therefore I have to request that you will give me credit for speaking the truth occasionally. So no more words, I beseech you. Come, lads," he continued, turning to the soldiers who stood around, "can none of you produce a spare *girth;* and if it is made of *hemp*, so much the better, as it will tend to familiarize the gentleman with the smell of the material of which he may yet have the luck to wear a cravat."

"Yet stay a little," faltered Abram. "I am poor and old, as ye know; but if all I have been able to save from the labours of a long life would suffice to save me from this great disgrace, I would willingly part with it; and the good sergeant here can tell you I am an honest man."

"I can tell nothing," was the sergeant's reply, "save that you are a hard-fisted, niggardly hunks."

Abram's proposal to give money for his release, was exactly what the captain had been endeavouring to draw forth; and he grasped at it eagerly, though, in the present instance, he did not think proper to unfold his real sentiments.

"Money," said he, "may do a little. A pretty present of the white and yellow kind to our colonel and the capon-eating abbot, with perhaps a trifle to my own men, might be of some service to you. So if you will even tell us where these *savings* of yours are to be found, we will look at them and see what can be done for you."

"May it please your highness," again said Abram, in a low deprecating tone, "they are contained in a small chest, in a very secret part of the house; and if the good sergeant here will only let go his hold of my throat, I will run and bring the whole before you presently."

"There might be some danger of you losing yourself, if we were to allow you to go alone into these secret parts," rejoined the former speaker; "or, at least, you might lose your way back, which would be nearly as bad; and so, in this labour of love, we must assist you. Do you therefore lead the way to the chest, while the good sergeant gives you his support; and I will follow myself with a candle."

Abram would have gladly dispensed with the support and the company which was thus thrust upon him; but there was no means of escape, and he proceeded to conduct his captors, with a most unwilling step, to an obscure corner of the house, where, by removing a board from the floor, they were admitted to a very narrow underground apartment. Here he tried to direct their attention to a very small trunk as that which contained the whole of his wealth; but the moment it was rifled, the captain, fixing his eye upon a larger one, demanded the key of it also. Had space permitted, an account of the unsuccessful shifts by which Abram tried to elude the importunity of his visiter, might have amused the reader; but as there is still another part of our story to tell, all we can say is that, after having taken between four and five hundred merks from these coffers, the soldiers left the house, leaving its master, at the same time, to wring his hands in an agony of bitter feeling, and curse the cupidity of the "red coated monsters," as he called them, and his own folly, by turns.

Shortly after this event, James Wilson, whose activity had drawn on him the suspicions of the adverse party, left the place, and retired to that wild and uncultivated region on the north eastern coast of Fife, which is still known as *The Tent's Moors.* This was, and, for the most part, still is, a dreary solitude, composed almost exclusively of drift-sand, which, in the lapse of ages, has been thrown up by the sea breeze into a number of fantastic and irregular ridges, resembling, if such a thing were possible, an ocean frozen at once, while its surface was agitated by the workings of a storm. Some stunted gorse, an occasional bush of heath, and tufts of coarse grass called *bent,* were the only productions of the place; but from these, several flocks of sheep, belonging to different proprietors, contrived to pick a scanty supply of food; while a few shepherds' sheilings, and perhaps a shepherd himself, standing upon some barren eminence from which he could survey his charge, with his plaid wrapped about his shoulders, and his dog crouching at his feet, were the only things which, by day, gave indications of its being tenanted by man. These, however, were not its only inhabitants. At a very early period of the country's history, bands of smugglers, and *wreckers,* as they have sometimes been called, had here taken up their residence. The wreckers were composed, in a great measure, of the shepherds and their families, who, from being removed beyond the pale of civilised society, had, to a considerable extent, lost that conventional sense of justice which must always support, and often supersedes the power of the magistrate. They had become accustomed to think of those spoils, thrown ashore by the ocean, as blessings sent them by the direct hand of Providence; and they even deemed themselves authorized to use such means as they possessed for procuring a supply from this quarter. Stories are still told of the manner in which they endeavoured to decoy vessels to that dangerous coast, in the dark and stormy nights of winter, by riding or running along the beach with a lantern, and then taking their station at some point where, if a ship chanced to strike, a total wreck was inevitable. It is still a well-known fact that, if a vessel gets "embayed" in that quarter, with an easterly gale, she can never succeed in working her way out to sea again; and thus the poor mariners, mistaking the treacherous light for a beacon kindled by some friendly hand to direct them to the safest part of the shore, not unfrequently ran their ship upon certain destruction. On these, as well on ordinary occasions, when one or more of the crew chanced to survive the wreck, it has been said that instances were not awanting of their having been murdered in cold blood, to get rid of these disagreeable ideas as to the rights of property.

To this solitude, as already said, James Wilson had come. His business was to tend a flock of sheep on that part of the coast which was reckoned most dangerous; and, as he neither connected himself with the wreckers nor the smugglers, in this peaceful occupation several years had passed peacefully and silently away. The last of the Jameses had abdicated the throne; William and Mary were acknowledged as the sovereigns of the realm; and tranquillity and domestic peace had succeeded to that spirit of persecution which previously prevailed. The afternoon was stormy, and a stiff gale from the east had brought a heavy sea into the bay, which broke in long white ridges along the shore, with a noise more deafening than that of thunder. To escape the storm, James had taken shelter behind some furze bushes which grew from the leeward side of a sandy eminence skirting the sea. As he lay in this position, completely screened from the wind, and, in some measure, *below* the ceaseless roar of the ocean, which passed over his head, his attention was attracted by two men, who, without observing him, had taken their station immediately above. When he first observed them, they seemed to be deeply engaged in contemplating some object in the distance.

"She is makin as muckle leeway as we could wish," he heard one of them say, in a rough voice.

"Ay is she," was the reply from his companion; "and she'll be on the Sheetwater bank an hour after dark, that's certain."

"And dry before midnight, if she haud thegither as lang," said the first speaker.

"Well, the devil and the deep sea take all on board, say I," rejoined the other. "But come, Tom, we mustn't lose time, so let us go, and give warning where it is wanted."

With these words they both marched off; and, when they were gone, the shepherd, on venturing a look toward the ocean, saw the subject of their speculations in a ship, which had unfortunately got within those headlands forming the boundary of that dangerous creek called St Andrew's Bay. Her appearance and situation seemed to engross his attention for a time; and, when his eye, wearied out with its gaze on the foaming waters, again sought the shore, at a point somewhat nearer to the vessel than that which he occupied, he saw an elderly individual scanning her with great care through a glass. When he appeared to have satisfied himself as to her identity, he too marched off with a hasty step, as if he had been, in some way or other, interested in her fate. When all were gone, the young shepherd continued for some time to look with striving eyes at the vessel, which was still vainly endeavouring to clear the land. He saw her remaining sails split to tatters, and then, sitting down, with his head resting upon his hand, he fell into what might have been deemed a *brown study*. It was of short duration, however; for, in a few minutes, he rose again, began to pen his flock, though it still wanted half an hour of the usual time; and, when this was done, hurried off in the direction of St Andrew's.

Night came on; and, in a little after the time spoken of, the vessel was aground, in such a manner as, at once, to put an end to all hopes of ever getting her off again. The crew, anxious to save their lives, took to the boats, leaving some passengers whom they had on board to their fate; but, in endeavouring to pass the boiling surf, the boats, one and all, upset, and their lifeless bodies were, shortly after, washed ashore, to the no small satisfaction of nearly a dozen of men, who were now assembled on the beach. As soon as the tide had receded so far as to make the attempt safe, these men were on the deck of the wrecked vessel, and commencing their work of pillage without hesitation. On reaching the cabin, however, they were delayed for a few minutes by two elderly men and two females, one of the former of whom claimed a part of the cargo as his own, while the other, by a solemn warning of punishment in a future state, tried to dissuade them from appropriating to themselves that which belonged to others.

"Handspike the dotard, Tom," cried a rough voice; "you're the bravest fellow on all the coast for giving the law to them blackguards who would deprive us of the blessings of Providence."

"Is there never a pistol among us?" inquired the individual thus addressed—who, in fact, had once been a pirate, and who did not seem at all averse to the work pointed out to him; "is there never a pistol?" he continued, "which would be a more genteeler way of settling the ould gentleman."

"Ay, ay, here is twa," cried a third person, handing the weapons to him who last spoke; "and diuna forget to clear us of the squalling of the *ginkies*"—meaning the females.

While this was passing, three of the passengers veiled their faces with their hands, and an involuntary shudder passed over them; but the fourth, who, from the solemnity of his manner, seemed to have been a preacher, looked the ruffian steadily in the face, and addressed him as follows:—

"God hath said, *Thou shalt commit no murder*; and he has said farther—*The land shall not be cleansed from blood, but by the blood of him that shed it.*"

"I will let you hear an amen to your sermon presently," interrupted the other; and, as he spake, he raised and cocked one of the pistols; but, before he could fire, a second party of men rushed into the cabin, and a general scuffle ensued, in which it was discharged without doing any harm.

"O Abram, Abram! save us from these monsters," shrieked one of the females; but the individual whom she thus addressed only muttered between his teeth:—"I've gotten eneuch of you already," and persisted with his companions in indeavouring to drive the first intruders from the ship, which, he said, contained nothing but what was his. A desperate battle followed; for both parties seemed determined to defend their supposed rights to the last. Some blood had been already spilt, and the sacrifice of life appeared inevitable; but, before anything could be decided, a body of dragoons arrived, and took both wreckers and smugglers into custody.

When this had been done, a young man entered the cabin, and, taking the oldest of the four passengers by the hand—"My uncle," he said, "welcome to your native land again. Thank God, the persecuting days are over, and we may now meet in peace."

"Let us thank God for this signal deliverance!" said the venerable man. "But, may I ask, Edward, if you have forgotten your promised bride, and your intended father-in-law, that you salute neither?"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man. "I have forgotten neither;" and he hastened to take a hand of each.

"Next to God," said Daniel Hardy—who, as the reader may have guessed, was the other male passenger—"we owe to you the debt of our lives; for ye came, as if by a divine commission, to save them in the day and the hour of extreme peril."

"Not to me," was the reply, "but to this young man, but for whom I had probably never heard more of you upon earth;" and, as he spoke, he brought forward James Wilson.

When they were leaving the ship, the unfortunate Abram caught a glance of Mr Greig, and called out in the most supplicating tones—

"Good and holy Mr Greig, will you not try to save me from these ravening wolves, who have now laid hold on me, even as I tried to save you in the day of your trouble?"

"Save ye, indeed," said Serjeant Davey, who now had him in charge. "Save you, as you tried to save him, when you sent Littledevil to bring Captain Saddleboard to the very door of the house in which you expected him to lodge, for the sake of them hundred pounds."

To the initiated story-reader, farther details would be altogether superfluous. Suffice it to say, that the two sisters, Agnes and Helen, were soon after married, by the Rev. Mr Greig, to the respective objects of their affection. Mr Greig himself was promoted to a kirk, in which he continued to preach till his Divine Master saw meet to call him to that rest above for which he had contended below. Daniel Hardy again prospered as a village-merchant. The *ci-devant* pirate was hanged; and Abram was so heavily fined for smuggling that he never recovered from the blow, but died soon after, in extreme poverty.

EARLY ATTACHMENTS.

"It is a tale better, perhaps, untold—
A dark page in the history of mankind,
Which would be better wholly blotted out.'
It grieves me much to speak of evil things,
Thou knowest—yet thou urgest me to speak,
Well, then, draw near and listen."—*Lady Bulwer.*

Marion Sommerville was a nice, lively, good-looking girl of eighteen, the heiress of the wide domains of Clarnsdell. An only child, she lost both her parents when very young; and, during her minority, which was, by her father's will, to extend only till the period of her marriage, she was under the guardianship of her maternal uncle. She was a good-natured girl enough; but, having been petted when a child, she had, what few women are unprovided with, a will of her own, which she exercised indiscriminately, according to the dictates of impulse. There was a want of determination too about her as regarded herself: she was too facile of purpose.

Even at the advanced age of eighteen, Marion still dwelt "with deep affection and recollection" on the happy moments she had spent at the village school of Anderton, some twelve years before. Although situated about twenty miles from her estate, Anderton was the nearest place where reading, writing, arithmetic, and needlework were taught in a genteel manner; and thither had she been sent, to the care of her deceased father's sister, an old maiden lady, for the purpose of being grounded in the rudiments of those polite accomplishments, prior to her being doomed to undergo the miseries of human life, at the rate of eighty, or perhaps a hundred guineas a-year, in an Edinburgh or a London boarding-school.

At the Anderton establishment there was a mixture of girls and boys; and, as is usually the case on such occasions, there was a deal of what children dignify with the name of "sweethearting;" which is neither more nor less than the girls—for they are always the first to make advances—putting themselves under the protection of those boys who happen to be in the daily habit of going the same way, or part of the same way, home. Marion's companion was a pretty little fellow, with curly auburn locks, two years older than herself, named Arthur Warrington; and, although it took him a considerable distance off his own road, he invariably accompanied Marion to the very door of her aunt's house. Marion felt proud of his attentions, and determined in her own mind never to quarrel with him, however much people might ridicule her for going with him. One day—one eventful day—having been rewarded by the schoolmaster with a half holiday, or, in other words, the schoolmaster having rewarded himself with a few hours relaxation from his very arduous duties, Marion and Arthur thought they might, as they thus had plenty of time upon their hands, go home by Hardy's Mill, which was about two miles farther round than their usual way. Accordingly they set off through the fields in high spirits gathering buttercups and daisies as they went; and it was late in the afternoon ere they arrived at the brink of the stream below the mill, which was crossed by a single wooden plank. With great glee Arthur ran across first, and then called to Marion to follow him. Terrified not a little, she began to creep along the plank upon all fours in a state of nervous trepidation; and when about the middle of it, her fears overcame her, she let go her hold, and fell into the stream, which, luckily, was rather shallow in the summer-time. Instantly Arthur leapt in after her, and, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in bringing her to the opposite bank, "all dripping wet." With a feeling of gratitude, her first impulse was to throw her tiny arms around his neck, and sobbed out—"Dear Taddy, I love you much!"

When she reached her aunt's house that night it was almost dark. Her aunt, Miss Wilhelmina Fizgig, had begun to entertain some fears for her safety, the servant maid having been despatched about six to the schoolhouse, to ascertain whether Miss Marion had been "kept in;" but, the dominie and his wife having gone out to tea, no one was visible but a little sootbedizened girl, with her wiry hair done up in choicest whiteybrown, who acted as maid of all work to the family; and she "didua ken naething aboot it." Thus was Miss Fizgig's servant compelled to return as wise as she went. Another hour having elapsed, during which Miss Fizgig had repeatedly pulled up her drawing-room window, and vainly peered out into the road, for the purpose of obtaining the first view of the little culprit, and the first tidings of her approach, the maid-servant was desired to leave off *scouring* the dishes in the kitchen, and to perform the same operation to the country round, and more particularly to the village of Anderton. These directions the maid-servant promised implicitly to obey; but, like Mrs Maclarty, not being overwilling to be "fashed" with the performance of what she deemed superfluous labour, the more especially at a time when she was momentarily expecting a call from her *pro-tempore* sweetheart, John Dowdle, who, when he had nothing better to do, made love to her purely for the sake of the supper and aquavitæ with which she was wont to regale him, made a feint of leaving the house by the front, but almost immediately returned by the back door. At eight o'clock she once more went out, and came in again instantly, carrying the information, that "she couldna see Miss Marion," up stairs to her mistress, who thus allowed herself to be egregiously deceived into the belief that "the faithful creature" had actually done as she had desired her.

In about half an hour more, the young lady made her appearance *in propria persona*. She was well rated by her aunt for her extraordinary want of punctuality, and for the consequent trouble she had occasioned; and, after Miss Wilhelmina Fizgig had scolded her trembling little niece to nearly her heart's desire, she caught her up by one of the arms, and nearly jerked it off in an attempt to impress with effect upon her mind the unparalleled evil of the deed of which she had been guilty. As for the frock and trousers she had on, they were now rendered hardly fit for the meanest drudge to wear—at least so said Miss Fizgig, who concluded the evening's amusements by calling Marion "a little pest," and sending her supperless to bed. The next morning she was packed off to her uncle at Clarensdell. From that time, Marion had never seen Arthur; yet she thought not of him but with delight,

and ended by fancying herself desperately in love with him.

Having been invited to spend a day or two with a friend of her's, whose father's house was in the immediate vicinity of Clarensdell, Marion rose betimes, and set out immediately after breakfast, accompanied by her waiting-maid, Barbara. Part of her road lay through the wood of Blantyre; and, when about the centre of it, she was not a little surprised to meet a young gentleman coming in the opposite direction. This was the more remarkable as the hour was so early, and the road not much frequented. He saluted her with a "Good morning, madam!" and passed on. There was something in the tones of his voice, ay, and in the features of his face too, which struck Marion as being familiar to her. She could not, however, bring herself to recollect where she had seen him. It was strange that an incident so commonplace as this could make any lasting impression upon Marion's mind; but so it was—she could not for the life of her banish the recollections of the form and voice of the stranger. It was unaccountable even to herself. He haunted her waking thoughts all that day, and her dreams all that night. The next morning it was still the same. Marion became silent and contemplative. Her friend, Miss Falkland, could not imagine what had come over her, but looked forward to an entertainment which her father intended giving the ensuing night as a thing to raise Marion's depressed spirits. And it did so; for at that entertainment Marion again beheld the stranger who had passed her in the wood the preceding morning. He paid her very great attention; and, when together, they were as happy a couple as were in the room that night. They invariably danced together, to the great annoyance and envy of sundry young ladies and gentleman, who were sadly shocked at the monopoly.

Once, during a sprightly conversation with the gentleman of the wood, Marion smiled one of her sweetest smiles. He started. She gazed at him with astonishment.

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed; "but when you smiled then, you called up before me the image of a little girl I once knew."

"Indeed!" said Marion, while her heart fluttered as she spoke.

"Yes!" said the stranger with enthusiasm. "She was the sweetest, kindest, prettiest child I ever met with."

"And pray," inquired Marion, "what may have been the name of the little divinity?"

"Marion!" was the reply.

"What else?"

"Really, I cannot tell," said the gentleman, who, Marion felt assured, was no other than Arthur Warrington. "I never knew her by any other name than Marion."

"How odd!" exclaimed Marion, not wishing, as yet, to acknowledge her identity.

Shortly after this the party broke up, and Marion retired to her couch that night in a much better humour with herself and everybody else than she had been for the last two days.

A week elapsed ere Marion Sommerville again beheld Arthur Warrington. She was strolling in the same wood in which he had so suddenly re-appeared; and, ere she was aware of any one's approach, Arthur was again by her side. He spoke; and Marion felt she loved him. His converse was chiefly about *the* Marion who had been his school companion in days gone by. He said that now being in a situation to marry, he should like to look upon Marion again; and if he saw in her the same being he had once seen, if he beheld the same perfection in the woman as his boyish dreams had ascribed to the girl, he would not hesitate for a moment to offer her his hand. He then recounted the adventure he and his little sweetheart had had at the mill-stream. Marion hung upon his account of it with breathless delight; and when he reached that part where she had thrown her arms around his neck upon his rescuing her from the water, and was about to repeat the words she had uttered on that occasion, she stopped him, and, looking archly in his face, asked whether she would not tell him what his Marion had said; but, ere he could return an answer either in the affirmative or in the negative, she came out with—"Dear Taddy, I love you much!"

Arthur Warrington, on hearing those words spoken in nearly the same tone of voice as his remembrance assured him he had once heard them before, gave an involuntary start as the pleasant truth flashed across his mind.

"And are you indeed my own Marion?" he cried; "then the visions of my boyhood were not delusive. Marion," he continued, more calmly, "I have no fine gilded words with which to woo you; but believe in my truth and my sincerity, when I address you in this plain and simple phrase—I love you."

And the affection Marion entertained for him was reciprocal—at least she thought so, and, after a while, she confessed it to him. Arthur was happy. He proposed, and was accepted, with the full consent of Marion's uncle. At the end of the week, however, business of importance called him home; and he tore himself reluctantly away, promising to return in less than a month, which was the time fixed upon for the solemnization of their nuptials. Thus deprived of the sweet solace of communion with her lover, except through the cold medium of the post-office, Marion's spirits, which, during his stay, had been in the highest possible state, now fell considerably below zero. She pined in thought for more than two days, during which,

"Slumber soothed not, pleasure could not please."

During all that time, she looked eagerly for a letter from him her heart held dear, as the only thing that could raise her soul beyond the pale of calm indifference to every object around her.

On the third morning, the post-boy brought two letters for Marion—one was from Arthur Warrington. It was the first love-letter—certainly the first from Arthur Warrington—she had ever received. There was a strange flushing of her cheek, a fluttering at her heart, and her pulse beat quicker as she undid the seal, the impress of which was a dove bearing a letter, and the motto underneath was "*Répondez vite.*"

"What a mysterious feeling is that," says Lady Bulwer, in her talented novel of "Cheveley," "which we experience, upon beholding, for the first time, the writing of the person we love addressed to ourselves! However commonplace the subject and the words may be, yet to us they have a meaning and a mystery the same words never had before, and never will have again. They are looked upon again and again, in every possible direction: we try to discover if our names are written more clearly or more tremblingly than the rest; and, in either case, our hearts are satisfied with the omen. Even the paper is scrutinized to its very edges, as though we had never seen a sheet of paper before, or as if that sheet of paper must of necessity be different and superior to any that had been previously made, like characters traced in milk, which are weak and invisible till exposed to the heat of the fire: each time we gaze on this mysterious paper, the warmth of our own imagination brings out a force and a meaning that was imperceptible before; then every word is kissed as passionately as if they were the lips that could have uttered them."

All this did Marion feel; and a full hour passed unconsciously away, ere she laid down Arthur's letter, and took up the other which the post-boy had brought. It proved to be an invitation to spend a fortnight with a friend at Lilburn—a little village thirty miles distant; and her uncle,

observing the depressed state of her spirits, advised her to accept it. Accordingly, the next morning, after writing to Arthur, she departed for Lilburn.

Mrs Esdaile, the friend whom she went to see, had been the daughter of a most intimate companion of her mother; and having recently bestowed her heart and hand upon Mr Esdaile, a gentleman who had once belonged to the army, but having sold out, he lived by those imperceptible means which many in this world live by; that is, his neighbours could not comprehend how he contrived to live in the manner he did without a profession, trade, or calling of any kind whatsoever, and he did not seem disposed to enlighten them on the subject.

It was the first time that Marion Sommerville had seen her friend since her marriage, and the reception she met with was warm in the extreme. When Marion arrived, Mr Esdaile was not at home. Her friend said, that he had gone a short way into the country. Marion was rather pleased than otherwise at his absence, as it afforded her an opportunity of hearing and telling those many little nameless circumstances which female friends, who have been sometime parted, always have to tell.

After tea, Marion, at Mrs Esdaile's desire, sat down at the piano and played over several of those airs with which they were both familiar. One song in particular, entitled, "I ne'er can love again," had been a great favourite of theirs, and Marion was called upon to repeat it more than once. The words ran someway thus:—

Alas, he's gone!—all hope is o'er;
No joy—no joy for me;
Within this blighted heart, no more
May comfort ever be.
All that the world affords, can bring
Not such delight as when
We pledged our faith beside the spring:
I ne'er can love again.

A suitor comes from distant land,
Where happiness doth live;
I cannot offer him my hand,
When I've no heart to give.
My rosy cheek, mine eyes so bright,
That won the praise of men,
Are faded, dim, and joyless quite:
I ne'er can love again.

The flowers are withering on the stem,
The leaves upon the boughs;
But I shall fall long, long ere them,
The sport of broken vows.
Oh! when I die, let me be laid
In yonder peaceful glen;
Beside the spring let my grave be made,
Ne'er to know love again.

Ere Marion had finished the singing of this song for the third time, Mr Esdaile and another gentleman entered the apartment unperceived by her. Seating themselves quietly on a sofa near the fireplace, "they spoke not, they moved not, they looked not around, but earnestly gazed" upon the fair vocalist, as if attention had been suddenly aroused within them, demanding at their hands the respect of silence. When the air terminated, they arose and drew nearer the piano; and Marion, in turning towards Mrs Esdaile, for the first time observed them. They were instantly introduced by the lady of the house, as her husband, and his friend, Mr Walsingham. Marion thought she had never before seen so elegant a man as Mr Walsingham. His figure was tall and commanding, his eyes dark and penetrating, his manner agreeable; and he possessed that peculiar beauty so grateful to the eye of the female sex, black whiskers. In the course of the evening, he rallied her upon the burthen of the song he had heard her sign.

"I trust," said he, "that the words, 'I ne'er can love again,' were not uttered by you in sober earnest, else I shall certainly insist on all unmarried gentlemen adding a drop of prussic acid to their nightly toddy."

Marion, in the plain simplicity of her heart, answered him, in the most matter-of-fact manner possible, by saying that at the time she was singing a song she took no heed of the actual meaning of the words, but merely looked on them as so many partners of the notes, without which it was almost impossible to give due effect to the air. When considered apart from the music, they were usually, she said, a collection of meaningless sentences, often amounting to the absurd, tagged together promiscuously.

Marion could not tell how it was, but she felt a sort of restraint in Walsingham's presence, which effectually put to the rout all her accustomed liveliness, and she could not converse with him in the same manner as she could with other people. Hers was a feeling of respect almost bordering upon awe. And yet Mr Walsingham's conversation was comprised of nothing more than the merest commonplaces; certain it is, however, that some people have the art of bestowing on the commonest words an interest and a novelty of expression that others would fail of imparting to the most original ideas. Besides, Mr Walsingham was in the best spirits imaginable, and seemed determined to gain the good graces of Marion. It is astonishing how the wish to please ensures success; about the only wish, alas! that does ensure its own fulfilment, and therefore I wonder that it is not a more universal one. That night, when Marion went to bed, her dreams were of Walsingham, and Arthur was forgotten. Notwithstanding the awe she felt in Walsingham's presence, it was evident that he had made some slight impression on her heart.

During her stay, Mr Esdaile was polite and gentlemanly towards her, but his attentions were cold and commonplace when compared with those of Mr Walsingham. So handsome and accomplished too as Mr Walsingham was—at least she, from want of experience, considered him accomplished—there could be little wonder that Marion felt proud of his attentions. He was a daily visiter at Mr Esdaile's, and in the evening—for it was yet but early autumn—they all strolled out together, on which occasions Walsingham was invariably the companion of Marion, nor did they usually think of retracing their steps, till after the moon had risen. On their return to the villa, they had always music, for Marion could sing, Mr Walsingham could sing, Mrs Esdaile could sing, and Mr Esdaile could sing—a little; that is to say, he did not know a single note of music, but, having a pretty correct ear, he could lilt over a song after hearing it once or twice sung. Mr Walsingham's knowledge of music was nothing very extraordinary, but he always contrived to sing a tolerable second when the person who sung the first was a young and handsome female.

Many a girl, older and more experienced than Marion Sommerville was—ay, and many a young man too, have felt the powerful aid that moonlight walks and music, particularly duet singing, afford to the engenderment of love. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that Marion herself should have fallen a ready victim to such mysterious fascinations, when, in addition, her always constant companion was a handsome man who strove on every occasion to render himself agreeable.

Walsingham praised her eyes, her hair—indeed every feature she possessed—in the most enraptured manner; and for so doing, Marion deemed him a sensible, nay, a very sensible, man. She thought of Arthur; but he fell far into the shade when she attempted to compare him with her new-found friend, Mr Walsingham. Arthur had never praised her eyes, and, as she felt well assured that they were exceedingly pretty, she began to entertain the idea that he was utterly insensible to their beauty. He had never even uttered one word of flattery. Oh! he was not for an instant to be put into competition with Mr Walsingham. Yet, for all this, her better nature prompted, and

she resolved to keep the vows she had pledged to Arthur. Poor girl! unskilled in the world's ways, she did not know that an elevated and sincere affection despises the arts of flattery, and that it is only a feigned love which delights in them.

There is, however, it must be owned, an extraordinary fascination in flattery, that makes its way even against the iron hearts of the votaries of long experience. There is nothing so likely to conciliate your good opinion of others, as to find that they either entertain or profess to entertain exaggerated notions of yourself. "A gift," says Solomon, "perverteth the wise;" and what gift so pleasing to the vanity of the human heart, as that one which, after all, costs least to offer—FLATTERY! It is impossible, if not ungrateful of you to judge impartially of those who have judged favourably of you. The smoke of the incense which they offer you, rises up between you and them, and you see them through the coloured medium of that cloud, with all their good qualities magnified, and all their imperfections dimmed.

The evening preceding the day which Marion had fixed on for her return home, she found herself suddenly left alone in the room with Mr Walsingham. Conscious that this might be viewed as improper by any one who might enter, she rose to retire. Mr Walsingham gently detained her.

"Stay, Miss Sommerville;" he said, "I wish a moment's converse with you."

Struck with this appeal, Marion turned, and demanded to know his wishes. Walsingham cowered beneath her glance; this action was but momentary, yet it did not pass unnoticed by Marion. She observed too, a strangeness in his manner, and an unusual flush upon his cheek. He paused; and it was not till Marion had asked him a second time what he required of her, that he could summon fortitude enough to speak.

"I have long panted for this opportunity," said he, "and, believe me, it shall not be lost. Marion, it is needless to disguise my feelings—I love you! Then say at once my own beloved, will you consent to become mine?"

As he uttered these words, he attempted to press Marion to his breast. She repulsed him indignantly: at the same time, quite overpowered with the abruptness of his offer, silent as a statue, she turned to leave the room. She caught the handle of the door, and tried to open it. It was locked, and there was no key.

"You see," said Walsingham, smiling a ghastly smile, "every precaution has been taken; and, unless you consent to become my wife before to-morrow at noon, you cannot be permitted to leave this room."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Marion, "a prisoner! And by what right, sir, do you presume to detain me? I will alarm the house. Mr Esdaile shall know."

"You may save yourself the trouble, my dearest Marion. My friend Esdaile and his wife are aware of my design, and they have purposely left the house."

At these words, Marion threw herself down upon the sofa in a paroxysm of disappointment, covered her face with her hands, and gave vent to her grief in tears.

Upwards of an hour elapsed, and affairs wore the same aspect. Marion was still a prisoner, and Walsingham continued pressing his suit with the most indefatigable ardour. Driven to the verge of desperation, Marion rushed to the window, with the fixed determination of throwing herself over into the gardens below; by which act she would, in all probability, have only maimed, not killed herself, as she imagined she would, for the room in which they were was on the second story; but Walsingham, foreseeing such a proceeding on her part, had had the window carefully secured. Her efforts, therefore, to raise the casement proved unavailing, and she once more sunk down upon the sofa. Still Walsingham urged her to accept him, as the partner of her future life, the sharer of her joys and of her sorrows; and he vowed he would be more to her than ever husband had been to wife before—he would be always her adoring slave. Wrought up to a more than ordinary pitch of excitement, by the conflicting powers of fear, grief, and despair, and, perhaps, believing in all that Walsingham had vowed, the poor girl at length yielded a reluctant consent to his proposals.

Early the next morning, Marion rose, and was preparing for her departure—for she considered the forced consent she had given Walsingham as by no means binding—when Mrs Esdaile entered her apartment, and expressed astonishment at her proceedings.

"It is quite impossible, you know, my dear," she said, "that you can return home until you have fulfilled the promise you last night gave to Mr Walsingham."

Marion attempted to remonstrate with her on the injustice of such a proceeding, knowing, as she did, her engagement to Arthur Warrington. Mrs Esdaile was inexorable; and poor Marion was compelled to accompany her, Mr Esdaile, and Mr Walsingham, to the house of a justice of the peace, where the indissoluble knot was tied. That evening Marion fled from the house of her friend, Mrs Esdaile, and returned home.

The object of Marion's being invited to Mrs Esdaile's had been accomplished. Esdaile and his friend Walsingham were gamblers, and ruin was staring them in the face. The luck had gone against them. Reduced to such extremity, a desperate, but lawful act—by which they could obtain a supply of money, to enable them to redeem their recent losses—was all that remained to them. Marion Sommerville was an heiress, and Walsingham was unmarried. The snare was laid, and their victim was entangled in its meshes.

A day or two after Marion's return to Clarensdell, Arthur Warrington arrived to fulfil the contract. Not a word did Marion whisper of her broken vows. She thought that Walsingham would never dare to claim her, and therefore was she silent. Better would it have been for her had she confessed all to Arthur, and thrown herself upon his mercy; but, no, she could not summon resolution enough to do so, for the confession would, in some degree, implicate herself. With as much calmness, therefore, as she could summon to her aid, she went with Arthur to the altar, and there pledged her faith to him.

Arthur had taken a small but delightful little cottage in the vicinity of the town in which his warehouses were situated, and thither did he carry his bride. Months rolled by in harmony and joy; and Marion, in the enjoyment of pleasant dreams, thought that Walsingham, having repented of his conduct, was determined to leave her unmolested. How much, therefore, was she surprised, when, one morning, a card was brought her, the address of which she at once knew to be in Walsingham's hand-writing. She opened it with no little trepidation, and read:—

"DEAR MARION,—There is a large oak tree growing at the extremity of your garden. Meet me beneath its boughs to-night at twelve. Fail not to come. I have much to say to you. Deny me this meeting, and Arthur Warrington shall know all. A court of law shall settle our disputes.

"Yours affectionately,

"EDWARD WALSINGHAM."

At twelve, Marion stood beneath the shadow of the oak. She had obeyed the summons of Walsingham, from a fear of the threatened consequences. She felt she would rather make any sacrifice than that Arthur should come to a knowledge of her deceitful conduct. Ere she left the house, she had satisfied herself that her husband slept.

As the last stroke of the hour died away upon the breeze, Walsingham was at her side.

"Marion," he said, "I have sought this interview to tell you how greatly I am reduced in circumstances since the last time we saw each other." And he opened his cloak, and shewed that the dress he wore was in tatters. Marion recoiled from him. "Nay, shrink not," he continued. "Marion! this night you must fly with me. Beggar as I am, I claim you as my wife."

"Oh, have pity on me!" said Marion. "Say, will nothing move you?"

"Yes; money. Give me money!"

"How much," faltered Marion—"How much will you take to leave this country for ever?"

"Not all that you could give me would force me to become an exile from my native land. With all its faults, I love it still, and trust I shall never be compelled to quit it."

"And this man," thought Marion, "will be a basilisk in my path till my day of death. If I give him money now, he may make the same demand again and again, accompanied with the threat of exposure if I refuse. Better, at once, to fly far, far from hence. Yes; it shall be so. On Thursday night," she added, aloud, "I will again meet you on this spot, and bring a sum to satisfy your present need."

Ere then she hoped to be beyond his reach.

"On Thursday be it then. Here will we meet at twelve!"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the figure of a man, unbonneted, rushed forward, and confronted him. It was Arthur Warrington.

"Villain!" cried Arthur, choking with passion, "I know not who you are. It matters not; my vengeance must be satisfied."

So saying, he struck at Walsingham with his sword. Walsingham drew forth a pistol; but Arthur, dashing it to the earth, run him through the body with his sword. Walsingham fell. Then Arthur, seemingly nowise horrified at what he had done, turned towards the half-fainting Marion, and said—

"Traitress! viper! hence!—hence from my sight for ever!"

"Dear Arthur!" exclaimed Marion, embracing his knees, "I am innocent—indeed I am!"

"'Tis false!" said Arthur, as he disengaged himself from her frantic grasp, and rushed from the scene.

In the morning, the body of Walsingham was nowhere to be found. That very night the cottage of Arthur Warrington fell a prey to the flames, and Arthur himself narrowly escaped with his life.

Shortly after these transactions, he wound up his affairs, and left the country, unknowing of the fate of her on whom his almost constant thoughts had dwelt for many a day, and with whom he had expected his after life would have been happily spent.

* * * * *

We must pass over a period of twenty years, during which Arthur Warrington had amassed a considerable fortune in America, and had returned to his own native isle to enjoy it. He settled in England; for in Scotland, where his miseries had been, he knew that he could not be happy. Besides, as a country, he admired England most. "For my own part," says a modern novelist, and we are inclined to coincide with the sentiment, "there is to me an indescribable charm in the calm, the quiet, the soft, the cultivated, and, above all, the home look of English scenery, which neither the gorgeous, Balshazzar-like splendour of the east, the balmy and Sybarite softness of the south, the wildness of the west, nor the frozen, but mighty, magnificence of the north, can obliterate or compensate for. England (the country, not the people) *is* merry England still. There is a youth about England that no other country possesses—not even the *new* world; for there the vast and hoary forests—the rushing and stupendous torrents—all seem like Nature's legends of immemorial time."

The lord of the manor, Arthur Warrington, lost no opportunity of ministering to the comforts of his tenantry, and of doing good to everybody: in short, he led the life of—

> "A good old country gentleman,
> All of the olden time."

He was still a bachelor, or, as he was pleased to style himself, a widower; for the deceit which had already been practised upon him by one woman, had engendered in him a dislike for the whole sex.

Within a plantation on his grounds, at the period of which we treat, two persons, of a vagabondish appearance, had reared a temporary habitation; and thither had they retired with their wives; their chief employment consisted in taking short excursions, and returning to their hut well stocked with game, poultry, and other provisions. The population of several of the henroosts belonging to the cottars around began daily to become

> "Small by degrees, and beautifully less;"

and they had, in consequence, preferred several complaints to the steward on the subject; but, as Arthur Warrington, from mistaken motives of compassion, had given strict orders that the people in the plantation should not be disturbed, he could afford them no redress, although he plainly understood who were the depredators.

"I say, Walter," said the taller of the ruffians, as they sat by their peat fire one evening, after they had made an unusually large collection of delicacies, "don't you think the old fellow that this estate belongs to is afraid of us, that he lets us do as we choose, without taking the least notice of our proceedings."

"I don't know," returned the other; "and, what's more, I don't care; for, if he or any of his servants were to attack us, blow me if I wouldn't sarve out every mother's son on 'em with a brace of pistol bullets."

"Manfully spoken, Walter," said a woman with a very red face, the evident produce of ardent spirits and the heat of the fire, who sat on a stool at the farther corner, and who seemed, from the charge she took of him, to be his wife. "Manfully spoken; and I honour you for the sentiment. But," she added, rising, "it is time I were off to Melton for some more brandy; for, as Macheath says in the play—'My courage is out.' Good-bye, Walter." She then saluted him, took a quart bottle from a shelf, and, concealing it under a faded red cloak which partially enveloped her limbs, left the hut.

"Now, why can't you be as bold and as fearless as Amelia?" said the ruffian who had first spoke, to a slender-looking woman, the only remaining inmate of the hovel. "Why, Amelia would go through fire and water to serve her husband, and why can't you do the same, instead of being the pale heartless thing you are?"

This was spoken in a taunting tone of voice, and the poor woman did not seem inclined to venture any answer to it. All she did was to turn her lack-lustre eyes upon her interrogator, and then burst into tears. It was plain she was afraid of him—one could read so in her look, and to him she evidently attributed all her misfortunes. But this mattered nothing now—for the grief that had for years been gnawing at her heart-strings had nearly completed its work.

"Come, Walsingham!" cried he who had been styled Walter; "leave your high-born lady there to weep in private. Sorrow and solitude go hand in hand, my boy. Besides, I have something to say to you, which is for your ear alone."

So saying, Walter passed his arm through that of Walsingham; and the amiable pair took their departure, without deigning to cast another look at the poor heart-broken victim of their machinations. No sooner were they gone, than Marion—for it was indeed the once proud heiress of Clarensdell—put on her bonnet, and prepared to follow them. That there was some diabolical scheme *in petto* she felt assured of. The close observation of many years had enabled her to detect, by a glance at Walter Esdaile's countenance, the inward workings of his heart; and she clearly saw that the communication he was about to make to Walsingham was one not scrupulously exact in principle.

Throwing a peat or two upon the waning fire, and pulling to the door of the hut, she stood alone on the outside

> The little stars sat one by one,
> Each on his golden throne;
>
> The evening air passed by her cheek,
> The leaves above were stirred;
> But the beating of her own heart
> Was all the sound she heard."

She listened, and, after a moment, she thought she heard a crackling sound, at a short distance, as if some one trode heavily among the underwood. She was not mistaken; and cautiously advancing in the direction whence the sound proceeded, she discerned two figures, who, she doubted not, were Esdaile and Walsingham. She saw them go on a little farther into the thickest part of the wood; and she could perceive Esdaile, ever and anon, turn round his head for the purpose, perhaps, of observing whether they were followed; but she took care, by cowering down among the underwood, not to betray herself. They passed on to a rude seat they had constructed beneath the boughs of a wide-spreading oak; and Marion followed as quickly, yet as noiselessly as possible, even to the very trunk of the tree beneath which they sat, and concealed herself behind it, so as distinctly to hear their conversation.

"But how," said Walsingham to his colleague, "is the thing to be accomplished? The fellow himself keeps at home of an evening; and, besides, his servants are so cursedly honest that there's no getting access to the house by fair means."

"My plan is this. I have discovered that he has given liberty to all his servants to go to a ball at Melton to-morrow evening; so that he will be alone in the house, and not a soul within call. It will then be an easy matter for either of us to enter by one of the lower windows, and make off with whatever valuables we can lay our hands on. That task be mine; while you will remain outside, ready to stab the fellow to the heart if he should pursue me; for, encumbered as I will be with the booty, it will be almost impossible for me to use my pistols."

"The plan is excellent," returned Walsingham; "but how gained you the intelligence regarding his servants?"

"No matter—I am certain of the truth of it. To-morrow evening, at seven, it will be pitch dark. Let that be the hour. I will leave the hut first, and you can follow me in about ten minutes afterwards, in order to prevent the suspicions of that lady wife of yours, who, I feel convinced, has her eye on us at every turn."

"Pooh! Not she—she *dare* not. She is too much afraid of her handsome husband. Ha! ha!"

"Well, then! to-morrow evening at seven be at your post, ready to strike to the earth my pursuer."

"It is settled," said Walsingham. "At seven o'clock, one stroke with the hand"——

"Must level with the earth the *second* person who shall pass from the house."

"'Tis well. Your hand. Now let us return."

They rose from the seat, and proceeded onward through the wood in the direction of the hut.

All this time, Marion had been trembling behind the tree, fearful of being discovered. She could hardly believe her ears, when she heard the pair talk in so cool and deliberate a manner of their intention to murder a fellow-creature. And who was to be their victim?—Evidently the possessor of the wide domains on which they had built their hut, and to whose forbearance they owed their means of living.

From the many strange scenes that had met her eyes, during the twenty years she had followed the fortunes of Walsingham, Marion was prepared for much, but certainly not for murder. She had seen her estates sold, and the purchase-money lost at the gambling table by her unprincipled husband; she had encountered want with him; she had borne curses from his lips, and blows from his hands; but all these bad deeds of his were trifles when weighed in the balance with the one to which he had but now given his ready acquiescence. Murder! She repeated the word aloud, and the very echo of her own voice startled her. Something must be done, and speedily, to prevent the completion of their base design. Once she thought of flying to the manor-house on the instant, and confessing all she had heard; but the next moment this was over-ruled by the thought that she would thus denounce, as an intended murderer, her own husband. At last she resolved to wait patiently till the next evening, and, by her presence at the manor-house, at the appointed hour of seven, shame Esdaile and Walsingham from the commission of the crimes they had meditated. Thus resolved, she rose from the ground, and hurried off by a cross path, in order to reach the hut before them.

Marion passed a sleepless night, and all next day there was a fearful anxiety hovering around her heart; but she happily succeeded in concealing it from her companions. The day drew towards a close, and the evening came on apace. As the clock struck six, she saw Esdaile depart, and, shortly afterwards, he was followed by Walsingham. Now was the time for action. Mrs Esdaile, the virago of the past evening, with the illumined countenance, was fast asleep on a pallet bed in the corner of the hut, on which she had sunk down, quite overcome with the strength of the remains of the brandy she had purchased the preceding evening at Melton. Everything was propitious; so, wrapping her mantle closely around her, she proceeded towards the manor-house. Concealing herself behind a sun-dial on the lawn in front of the house, she had not remained long there before she saw Esdaile advance from one of the sides of the building, and walk past the very place where she lay concealed. Presently he was joined by Walsingham.

"The coast's clear," Esdaile said, *sotto voce*, to Walsingham. "Conceal yourself behind yonder tree;" pointing to one a short distance off. "I have," he added, "succeeded in unclosing one of the lower windows of the right wing of the house, and everything shall shortly be ours. Now, to your post. Here is the knife."

So saying, he placed a dagger in Walsingham's hand; and, as Walsingham proceeded to take his station at the tree, Marion, on whom this conversation had not been lost, glided swiftly along, unobserved, to the right wing of the building, one of the windows of which, as Esdaile had said, was open. Without loss of a moment, Marion crept into the room, and she had just time to secret herself in one of its darkest corners, when Esdaile entered, and carefully closing the window, made towards the door, which he opened, and Marion was again alone in the room. Her first intent had been to creep softly towards the room in which the only occupant of the house was, and, having locked him in, to carry off the key, thereby preventing him

from discovering Esdaile, and endangering his own life; but this the quick advance of Esdaile had prevented. She still resolved, however, to attempt this, notwithstanding the chance she ran of encountering Esdaile; and had already got the length of the centre lobby of the house, from which broad stairs to the flat above ascended, when she heard a noise in an apartment overhead, a shuffling of feet, a pistol fired, the sudden opening of a door, and some one rush along the passage above. She saw the flutter of a garment at the top of the stairs, and heard the sound of a voice with which she thought she was familiar. Then, and only then, came the wish of saving herself from discovery by flight. It was almost impossible for her to retrace her steps the way she had come; for many winding passages intervened between the place where she then was and the window at which she had entered; but the large door at the end of the lobby promised her the ready means of escape. To this she flew. The key was in the lock. One turn of it and she was free. Scarcely had she gained the outside, when a man was close upon her heels. She had ran forward but a few paces, when she heard a scream behind her, and the report of a pistol; and, turning round, more from terror than surprise, she beheld two bodies stretched upon the ground, writhing in the agonies of death. In pity, she approached, and, to her horror, beheld the forms of her husband and his villanous companion. Foiled in his attempt upon the life of the owner of the manor-house, who had discovered him in the act of abstracting some part of his valuable plate, Esdaile had rushed from the house, glad to escape with his life; but his accomplice, Walsingham, having received strict injunctions from him to plunge his dagger in the heart of the *second* person who came forth from the house, had obeyed those injunctions to the letter, and stabbed Esdaile to the heart. A loaded pistol was in Esdaile's hand at the moment, which, as he fell, accidentally went off, and Walsingham was instantly stretched a corpse beside him.

Little more remains to be told. Marion lost no time in unfolding to the gentleman whose life had been attempted, and who now came from the house, all the particulars of the intended robbery and murder. He listened to her story with the utmost patience; and, when he had heard all, he was unbounded in his thanks towards her for having saved his life. He promised to befriend her, and he afterwards did so. The sound of his voice had seemed familiar to Marion; and when the blaze of light within his manor-house revealed his features to her, she almost fainted when she saw them, for she knew she again stood by the side of Arthur Warrington.

THE NEW FIRM.

A LEGEND OF MUTTONHOLE.

"Great and Advantageous Opening.—No Deception.—Snooks & Grubb respectfully inform the public of Muttonhole and its vicinity, that they have opened those large and commodious premises in Drybob Street, where they have constantly on hand every description of soft goods, at prices 50 per cent. lower than any other house in the kingdom. Mousseline de laines from 3½d. to 1s. 3d. and upwards.

"N.B.—No mousseline de laine dress, of any description whatever, is worth more than 1s. 8d.

"To prevent disappointment, ladies should make an early call."

The above, with the usual abundant sprinkling of italics, capitals, and full-faced type, was the only new advertisement in the columns of *The Muttonhole Gazette*, on the morning of the 29th of February, 18—. "Who *are* Snooks & Grubb?" inquired the old ladies of the village. "Who *are* Snooks & Grubb?" echoed the young ladies, who, after studying the Hymeneal record, also glanced at the advertisement.

Snooks & Grubb, two enterprising young men, who had served their apprenticeships in one of the London warehouses at Edinburgh, had decided on connecting themselves in business, and astonishing the natives of some country town with a collection of goods, obtained on credit from some of the Manchester houses, who are accustomed to take such risk upon themselves. Muttonhole happened to be the place pitched upon; and so rapidly was their migration effected, and the business of "opening" performed, that, until they were ready for customers, not one knew that such a thing was in contemplation. What! commence business without making six months' preparatory talk! The thing was preposterous and unprecedented. But they succeeded, nevertheless. The young women had become tired of shop-worn commodities, especially when sold by a crusty old benedict; and the temptation of new goods, and two young bachelors, were irresistible.

Awful was the alarm created in Muttonhole by the new shop. Old Mr Maddox, the proprietor of the old shop, stopped taking in *The Muttonhole Gazette*, because he liked an "independent press," and the Gazette had had the impudence to publish the advertisements of Snooks & Grubb, to his manifest injury.

The star of the young firm had been for some days on the ascendant, and, after a good day's work, both parties waited in the back parlour of the shop, as if each had something to tell the other, with which it would not answer to trust any walls but their own. Each made awkward work of his communication; but it will be as well to leave unrecorded their stammering preface, and merely state, that each had come to the resolution of taking unto himself a *sleeping* partner.

In a few days, *The Muttonhole Gazette* put forth the following:—

"*Married*—At Glasgow, on the 4th inst., Ferdinando Augustus Snooks, Esq., to Miss Anna Matilda, eldest daughter of Hugo Groat, Esq., merchant.

"At Edinburgh, Mr John Grubb, to Miss Mary Tidd."

The effect of this announcement, upon the weak nerves of the inhabitants of Muttonhole, was astounding. The old ladies were indignant that this news burst upon the community without giving them even a nibble of it in advance of the general promulgation; and the unengaged young ladies, each of whom had secretly, and in her own mind, appropriated one of the firm to herself, began to think of returning their patronage to Mr Maddox. Things began to look squally, when, as is often the case in emergencies, a something was found to stem the current, and save the falling fortunes of the house of Snooks & Grubb. This was nothing more or less than their giving a "blow out," to which all the *elite* of Muttonhole and its vicinity were invited.

* * * * * *

It was over. The party had broken up. Old Maddox, who had lingered the last of the guests, as if determined to do his full share in eating out the substance of the young men, had at last taken his hat. Mr and Mrs Snooks sat alone.

"My dear," said the lady, "I do not see why you should have invited all that *canaille* to our house."

"Policy, Anna Matilda. I wish to become popular with the Muttonhole people."

"Well, Mr Snooks, I don't like to be bored to death. I hope you have not so soon forgot my standing in society. My father was never anxious to please the rabble."

"Mrs Snooks. I hope you have not so far forgot my in-

terest as to stand in the way of my business. The distant jingle of your father's gold will not support *us* here."

* * * * * *

"John," said Mrs Grubb to her husband, as they walked home, "I am afraid I have done you no credit to-night: you know I always told you I was unused to society."

"Why, Mary, I thought to-night you succeeded to admiration, particularly with the mothers and daughters."

"Oh, yes! and I have a great many pressing invitations to visit them. But I am dreadfully afraid of Mrs Snooks. She came and sat by me to-night, and said something about the 'Great Unknown.' I didn't make any answer; and then she said, that Waverley alone is enough to set him up. What did she mean, John? Is there to be another shop in the village?

Grubb gently explained her mistake to her. It was a bitter evening in conclusion for both parties; one had to drive away his wife's hysterics with *sal volatile*, and promises of indulgence; the other, to console an intelligent though uncultivated mind, for the lack of that information, which one evening had convinced her was all essential to her creditable appearance.

On the morrow, Mrs Anna Matilda Snooks went back to the house of her father, to recover, as she said, from the effects of an excessive infliction of rusticity. The simple Mary Grubb grew daily in the good graces of the dwellers in Muttonhole. The minister's wife thought it a pity "she had been neglected," but declared her an intelligent woman, nevertheless. Some others might make the same remark, but all loved her; and, through her popularity, the tide set sadly against the warehouse of Mr Maddox. At the end of a few weeks Mrs Snooks returned.

"My dear," said she to her husband, "I have brought you a present."

"You have brought yourself, Anna Matilda, for which I thank you before opening this package, lest you should accuse me of selfishness in thanking you afterwards." The direction was in the counting-house-hand of Mr Groat. Snooks broke the seal, and found documents possessing him of a large landed property, and a check for several thousands. "Anna Matilda, after the unthinking remark I made a few weeks since, I cannot accept of this."

"Mr Snooks—Mr Snooks!"

There was something hysterical in her tone, and Snooks hastily interrupted her by saying, "Allow me at least to secure this to you. I"——

"No, no! take it as I offer it, or"——

Poor Snooks, he pleased his wife alternately with volatile and sugared words; the latter of the remedies brought her to, because they imported an acceptance of her father's gift. It is said of his Satanic Majesty, and the wight who accepts his favours, that the latter becomes bound to him. I do not intend to compare Mrs Snooks to the devil, but her present was the purchase money of—the inexpressibles Snooks was sold to her from that day.

* * * * * *

"Those people pay a great deal of attention to your partner's wife, Mr Snooks."

"They would pay you the same, if you would accept it."

"But I shall not. Who can endure to drink tea out of earthern cups, and hear disquisitions upon coals, bread, stocking-yarn, the price of eggs, and the quantity of potatoes requisite to dine a family of thirteen. I cannot, Mr Snooks?"

"Mrs Grubb does."

"Mrs Grubb! It is her element, the hateful ignorant creature. I desire you will not ask her or her husband to the house again."

"He is my partner, my dear."

"Your partner! I don t see why you need such a partner. You can hire a good clerk cheaper and not be obliged to court him and his ignorant wife. I wish you would discharge him, Mr Snooks. *I* don't like the idea of finding Grubb capital to trade upon."

A few days afterwards saw the following announcement in the first column of *The Muttonhole Gazette*:—

"Dissolution of Copartnery.—The business heretofore carried on under the name of Snooks & Grubb, was this day dissolved by mutual consent.

"P Fletcher, *witness*, F. A. Snooks,
"G Auld, *witness*. John Grubb."

"By *mutual* consent;" yes, "mutual" is the word when a strong man kicks a weaker out of doors.

Agreeable to this arrangement, Mr Grubb and his poor ignorant wife, after making their round of calls, with light hearts, and a purse, which honest gains had pretty well ballasted, stepped into the Muttonhole omnibus, which was to convey them away from that romantic village. Every one who knew them regretted their departure, except Mrs Snooks and Mr Maddox. Indeed, the latter had reason to be pleased; for Grubb's withdrawal would, he knew, be for his own immediate benefit. And he was right. The tide soon turned into its old channel, and old Maddox saw, with delight, all the old faces back to his counter, with the exception of perhaps a few, who trimmed their bonnets like Mrs Snooks, and esteemed it an honour to get a nod from her. In proportion as business lessened, she, thinking the dowry she had brought inexhaustible, doubled her expenses. She figured in the walks around Muttonhole, in dresses which would have attracted notice, for their expensive quality, even in the streets of Edinburgh, and crowds of the family connections, and the family connections' connections, of the Groats, settled on Snooks to rusticate, devouring his substance, like a swarm of locusts.

It was not long, therefore, ere old Maddox had the satisfaction of reading, in the public journals, this notice:—

"The creditors of F. A. Snooks, draper in Muttonhole, are requested to attend a meeting in the Town Hall, on Friday, the 21st, at two o'clock, precisely."

* * * * *

Years had passed. Two persons met in the Trongate of Glasgow. There was a look of uncertain recognition.

"Grubb!"

"Snooks!"

A hearty shaking of hands followed.

"How is your wife, Grubb?"

"Well. She has become acquainted with Mr Waverley."

"And mine has forgotten her hysterics."

The four met on the following Sunday at the country residence of Mr Grubb, who had, by industry, become possessed of considerable property. Snooks also, taught wisdom by his reverses, had retrieved his pecuniary affairs. The husbands came in from the garden together, where they had been walking for an hour.

"Ladies," said Snooks, "we have entered again into copartnership. Anna Matilda, do you think you can invite that hateful Mrs Grubb to my house?"

"Mary!" said Grubb, "are you afraid of Mrs Snooks now?"

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that the utmost joy and harmony soon after prevailed between the two families, and they had the satisfaction of seeing a closer alliance, by reason of the intermarriage of their children.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS.

AND OF SCOTLAND.

ALEXANDER ROSS, OR THE SANTON.

> "Another lord now rules these wide domains,
> The avaricious tyrant of our plains;
> Far, far from hence he revels life away—
> In guilty pleasure our poor means must pay."

With a buoyancy of spirit to which I had long been a stranger, I took my place on the top of the coach from Portsmouth to London. As the vehicle rolled on, the idea that every stage, was reducing the distance that separated me from the home I longed to reach, filled me with delight. All that I had suffered during the war only gave a keener relish to the happiness of my present situation. On my arrival in the great city, my spirits were so elevated, that, I feel assured, had it not been for the prudence and self-command of my cousin, Hugh Scott, his brother and I would have acted over again the follies of Portsmouth. Well aware of our weakness, and of the temptations to which we were liable, he called a coach as soon as we drew up at the "Bull and Mouth," and drove us to Wapping Old Stairs, to a lodging-house he was in the habit of frequenting when he was in the Leith trade. Here we were quietly put up until the smack sailed for Leith, when I bade adieu to London almost as ignorant of it as if I had never been in it. This, however, I did not regret; for, if my knowledge of this mighty city was little, I had the satisfaction of knowing that my purse was all the heavier. When I went on board, I found a jovial company of messmates. There were twenty-seven of us—all Scotch lads, on their way home to the "Land o' Cakes," after various terms of servitude on board the fleet. All was mirth and jollity as we glided down the majestic Thames; yet its quiet and low banks looked tame in our eyes, when we thought of our own mountain-descended streams; and each had some remark in favour of his native rivers, the Clyde, the Forth, and the Tay. We had one English gentleman—a cabin passenger—on board, who had, for some time, listened to our remarks in silence. At length, however, he joined good-humouredly in our conversation. I happened to be next to him; and, as we came up to the different reaches or bends, he pointed out to us, with a glow of exultation, the lordly mansions, with their verdant parks and lawns, that were scattered thickly over the smiling land, called our attention to the majestic breadth and sweep of the Thames, and asked if it was not, for an island river, a noble stream. I readily acknowledged that it was; when my cousin, Bill, broke in, saying—

"What, Elder, will its windings compare to those of the Forth, or to the Friths of the Clyde or Tay?"

Before I could reply, Hugh said for me—

"This is all very good, my mates; but cast adrift the subject. No man here shall cry louder than myself, "Scotland for ever! hurrah!"

"Well, cousin Hugh, I must and will only add, I think the Thames the noblest stream in the world, because, like the country of which it is the boast, it is great without noise or ostentation; the channel of wealth and civilization to mankind."

The sun was just setting when we left the mouth of the Thames, and went below. The wind, which had blown in angry gusts for the last few hours, had now increased to a perfect storm: but this gave us no uneasiness; for we were in an excellent sea-boat, and snug below deck. So, as she was well manned, and required none of our assistance, we all tumbled into our berths, and fell sound asleep, undisturbed by the pitching of the vessel, save when the alarm of some of the landsmen awoke us. On the following day, the weather still continued boisterous, with heavy showers of rain, which confined us below, and made the time hang heavy on our hands. Embracing the opportunity, I requested my cousin to tell as much of the Algerine saint's* life as he had heard from him; which he did, nearly as follows:—

"It was upon my second visit to the abode of the good old man that he gave me an outline of his sad history. Poor fellow! I think I see him at this moment, as I saw him then, squatted upon the floor, asking questions, and devouring every word I uttered in reply; while his venerable face betrayed his varying emotions, and a tear at times swam in his eye, as thoughts arose in his mind of long past events.

"To gentle birth, or wealth, he laid no claim. In the neighbourhood of Collington and Currie, on the banks of the Water of Leith, his forefathers had been, for ages, small farmers, contented and happy in their humble sphere. His mother was a robust good-looking young woman, while the lady of the laird was sickly and in delicate health, and was unable to nurse the heir, which, after long and anxious waiting, she had the happiness to give birth to. Neither were young, and their hope was, for a time, feeble and weakly. This was a source of great anxiety to them. The cheerful turn of mind, and good looks of the farmer's young wife, won the hearts of the anxious parents; but she would on no account part with her own only son even for one day. A compromise was agreed to, and Alexander's mother accepted the office of nurse to the young laird, and removed to the big house with her infant son, just one month older than her new charge. Thus did her own son and her lord's divide her care. They were reared like twins until they were two years old, when his mother returned home, and left her boy to be the companion and playfellow of his young master; and they grew up like brothers. Their education was conducted by the same master—an expectant of a living in the church, for which he had long been licensed. Perhaps this would not have been the good fortune of Alexander, had it not been that the young laird often yielded to the wishes of his playfellow what neither the remonstrances of his tutor nor the importunities of his fond parents could obtain; for correction of any kind was not, for a moment, thought of by them, or allowed to be resorted to by his teacher. Thus the happy period of childhood passed over his head; and, by the time he had reached his sixteenth year, he was a better scholar, and more expert at manly exercises, than his young master. Indeed, there were, at this time, few masters of the art more dexterous at sword play than Alexander, who was strong and alert, with a cool temper and quick eye, to back the science he had acquired

* See No. 277.

both from his master, and his continued practice with the young laird, who was passionately fond of the art, and wished to excel in the use of the sword—an accomplishment at this time held in more esteem by young gentlemen than learning.

"Until this time, all had been sunshine with Alexander. He had lived happy, and free from all care for the future; yet not inattentive to what might occur to him in the event of any change of circumstances. His father had instructed him, as far as he could, and at every opportunity, in the management of his small farm; for, although he eat and slept in the big house, his heart was ever at home; and, accompanied by his friend and foster-brother, he spent the greater part of his hours of amusement at his father's farm. Alexander had just entered upon his sixteenth year, when the mother of his companion died; and, before he had completed the year, he followed the father also to the tomb. In this double bereavement his grief was as great as was that of their own son; and great was the change it made to him. The young laird, although lord of all, was a minor, and under trust to strangers, who knew not his habits or feelings.

"When the lawyer came from Edinburgh, with one or two distant relations, of whom the young gentleman knew little, to attend the funeral, and examine the settlements left by his father, he looked upon them as intruders upon his grief and rights; but, when they unceremoniously explained to him their powers as tutors and managers of his affairs, until he was of age, his anger overcame his grief, and he left the room to seek consolation in the bosom of his friend. Bitter were the tears they mutually shed at the idea of being parted; for it had been intimated to the young laird that he was to be sent to the University to complete his education, and to reside with one of his tutors. To Alexander nothing had been left—not so much as a renewed lease of his father's farm, which must expire in a few years: but for this his young friend bade him not fear; saying that, as soon as he was of age, he would give it to him in liferent. Many were the schemes the young friends proposed to avoid being separated. Would Alexander have given his consent, the young laird would have fled with him, and, for a few years, forsaken all. At length the dreaded day arrived; the young gentleman left for Edinburgh; and Alexander returned to his father's house, and cheerfully devoted his whole attention to aiding his father in his farm.

"For the first two years, the young laird never came to visit in the neighbourhood, or to reside for a time in his own mansion, without calling on his humble friend: but, gradually, these visits became more rare; and, latterly, there was a distance and hauteur in the young laird's manner, indicative of a change of feelings, that chilled the warm heart of poor Ross, and induced him to wish he would refrain from visiting him. In the meantime, the lease of the farm was about to expire. Alexander was too proud to mention the circumstance to the young laird, or to remind him of his promise; but his father did, when the latter came to take leave of them, just before he set out upon his travels. The good old people felt happy and secure when the young laird promised to speak to the lawyer to renew it for them; and his friend's heart felt a glow of pleasure at the warmth with which the promise was made—more for the sake of his parents than his own; and the laird left the steading with the ardent well-wishes and prayers of all. Some months after the latter's departure, Alexander received a letter from him, dated Paris, urging him to set off immediately and join him there, upon a matter of the greatest importance; at the same time desiring him to call upon his lawyer, who would give him the necessary cash, and instructions how to proceed, and concluding by again requesting him not to delay a moment, if he loved him.

"With all the alacrity of friendship, Alexander hastened to obey this extraordinary summons; setting out instantly for Paris, where he arrived safe, having used all the speed with which travelling could be accomplished at the period. Eager to be of service to his friend, he hurried to his hotel, where he was received with all the warmth of early regard. Alexander was surprised to witness the alteration these few months had made upon his friend. He was thinner and paler than when he left Scotland, while an air of melancholy would at times steal over his features, amidst the joyousness and hilarity of spirits which he would occasionally assume.

"Little, however, did Alexander dream of the change which had come over the young laird since his father's death. He had now the air and manners of the accomplished gentleman; but they had been acquired at the expense of his moral rectitude: in short, he was, at this time, sporting upon the verge of destruction, whirled round in the vortex of dissipation, amidst the profligate fashionable society of Paris. When Alexander requested to know in what he could serve him, and to be informed of the reason of his sudden and unexpected call to Paris, he refused to inform him until the following day.

"Jaded and fatigued by the journey, Alexander retired to bed, but not to sleep; his mind was too busy in conjecturing the purpose for which he had been sent, and in endeavouring to discover some plausible solution of the mystery, to allow of his sleeping. On the following morning, he arose early, in hopes of seeing his friend, and having his object made known to him; but he was told he could not be seen. Impatient of delay, Alexander requested the French valet to shew him to his master's room. He refused; saying that he dared not, for his master had been only a few hours in bed—having been with a party till a late hour of the night. It was towards the afternoon before he was admitted to the bedroom of his friend, whom he found pale, sick, and listless—the shadow of his former playfellow. The look of sorrow and regret with which Alexander gazed upon him, made the thoughtless youth feel abashed. Neither spoke for a few moments. Alexander's heart was too full for utterance. At length, the laird said—

"'My dear friend, I know I am acting foolishly towards myself; but would that this were all my folly. Do not, however, lecture me at the present. Your prompt coming here, at my request, speaks the goodness of your heart, and the strength of your friendship, more than a thousand lectures. I am at this moment in need of a friend, and you are that friend who alone can save my honour. Shall I ask in vain?'

"'Certainly not, if it can be done with honour to myself,' replied Alexander. 'In what way can I serve you? I am all anxiety to learn.'

"'It was a foolish and a rash assertion on my part, backed by a bet to a great amount—no sooner done than followed by the most bitter regret; for it involved a second party, and that party was yourself. The money I value not; but my honour is at stake, and the honour of Scotland. The matter happened thus:—There has been in Paris, for these some weeks past, a famous sword-player, who is much admired by the gentlemen of the city. I have played with him, and he is very expert; yet, I think, not more expert than you. As my evil genius would have it, dining one day with some of my French acquaintances, several of whom had also measured swords with the professional fencer, and the latter happening to become the subject of conversation, I spoke lightly of his skill. I scarce remember what I said; but one word produced another, till I thought of you and former days, when I rashly said I would produce a Scottish peasant a better swordsman than their boasted countryman. They smiled at my

assertion. I backed it by a thousand Louis-d'ores. My bet was accepted. Now, Alexander, you know how I am situated. I am in your hands.'

"'I am extremely sorry for it, my friend,' replied Alexander. 'You say the truth when you say it was rashly done; for it is a thing I cannot bring my mind to. To fight, like a gladiator, before a company of people, without quarrel or anger, or even ever having spoken to or seen my opponent! I do not think that I can do even it, on principle; for, great as my love and friendship for you is, I could not sacrifice my sense of right for friendship.'

"'My dear friend,' said the young laird, 'there can be no violation of right principle in the case. Do not the gentlemen of every country fight duels? This is for the honour of Old Scotland. I have no doubt that you will add another triumph to her martial fame, by carrying away the palm from the hero of Paris; but, perhaps, I have been mistaken in you, and you fear the Frenchman?'

"Thus did the young laird craftily work upon the simple youth, whose anger began to rise, and he replied—

"Fear, sir; fear; and alleged of me by you, my earliest acquaintance? Well do you know that, were you attacked, no matter by what odds, and I at hand, I would defend you with my life.'

"I cannot now rehearse all that passed between the selfish, thoughtless laird and his friend; but, at length, he triumphed, and the latter agreed to meet, in single combat, the redoubted champion of the sword; and the day was set, at Alexander's request, as soon as could be done: all he requested was, that he might be allowed to remain in private until then. The interval he employed in practice for the eventful day, which, short as the time was, appeared to lag heavily to him, who was, for the first time, about to peril his life in a foreign land, without a quarrel, and in cold blood.

"It was a lovely morning, early in spring, when Alexander Ross stepped into the coach, accompanied by the laird, to proceed to the arena, where he was to act a part so foreign to his nature. The praises and assurances of his early friend fell coldly on his ear, for his esteem had departed; yet, fear had no part in his feelings; he but grieved to think his early friendship had received so rude a shock. When they entered the large hall in which the exhibition was to take place, it was crowded to excess. Almost all the younger nobility, at the time in Paris, were present, with many British and foreigners. In the centre of the hall was a large platform, upon which stood the prize-fighter—a powerful, tall, and good-looking man. His face would have been fine, had not a certain air of arrogance and defiance sat upon it, as he strode from one side to the other to make remarks to his friends.

"When Ross and the laird entered, all eyes were turned upon them. A smile of derision sat upon the faces of many, while the backers of the Frenchman looked as if their triumph was already secured. Ross looked pale and abashed, scarcely raising his eyes from the ground after his first hasty survey. At this time he must have been a model for a painter in his person; for, even when I left him in Algiers, he was a powerful, good-looking old man. At the time I am speaking of, he must have been rather above than below six feet in height. He told me he was always of a spare make, and firm as a rope in all his muscles. Gradually he felt assured, and leaped upon the platform at a bound. A murmur of applause ran through the assembly, so nimbly and unexpectedly was it done; for his first appearance had caused many to doubt if he would even mount the platform at all.

"'*Scotland, well done!*' said one or two voices near the laird.

"Ross looked around with calm assurance. The mention of his country had changed the current of his ideas. It appeared no more to him to be a private affair—he stood there, he thought, for the time, the champion of Scotland. His whole frame seemed to enlarge, and his soul to be fit for any effort to obtain the victory. It would be of no use, even if I could, to go through the details of the fight. All I need say is, Ross had a tough set-to with the Frenchman, and it was for a long time doubtful where the victory would fall. So equally were the antagonists matched, it was a sight of the most intense interest to witness them. The rapidity of their movements, the flash of the weapons, and the harsh clang or rasp of the steel, sounded appallingly on the ears of the bystanders. In all the immense assembly the utmost stillness reigned—each had his whole mind and thoughts engrossed by what was passing on the stage. Both had drawn blood more than once, slightly. The French sword-player, who had been taught not to think lightly of the Scottish peasant, put forth all his skill; he had until now acted the assailant, as if he had had it in his power to have ended the play when he pleased, was, in the long run, put on his own defence; at length, the contest, the best played and most exciting that had taken place in Paris for many years, terminated. At the final close, Ross received a thrust in the thigh, at the moment his sword passed through the body of his opponent. So nobly had the contest been maintained, that a shout of applause arose from the whole assembled throng. Alexander was declared the victor. His wounds were bandaged on the stage. The wound of his antagonist was found not mortal—he recovered in a few weeks. Ross returned to the hotel, accompanied by the young laird, who was profuse in his praises of Alexander; but they made no impression on his mind—he longed to return to his parents.

"It was while he was confined in the hotel by his wound, that he became fully aware of the ruinous course that the young laird was running, and, for the first time, to feel alarmed for his father's lease, which was now on the point of expiring. The laird had offered him a sum of money, which he had refused, the day after the affair, having no doubt that he had given instructions to his man of business to renew the lease, according to his solemn promise. Yet he had misgivings, when he saw the levity and thoughtlessness of the young man, and resolved to inquire into the matter the first time he came to see him, which, however, was not for some days, the latter having contented himself with merely inquiring how he was recovering. At length, poor Ross became so anxious, that he requested an interview. When the laird, entered with many apologies for his absence, Ross could scarce restrain the bitter feelings that filled his breast; but, as calmly as he could, inquired if he knew whether or not his man of business had renewed his father's lease. The colour forsook the young laird's face, and he sunk abashed upon the bedside. For a few minutes a painful silence ensued, which was at length broken by the laird, in an agony of shame, confessing that it had entirely escaped his memory, but assuring him, that he would write by the next post, and give him, upon his return home, his written authority; and they parted not to meet again for years; for, in a day or two afterwards, Alexander was roused out of his sleep during the night, by the entrance into his room of several gend'armes in search of the foolish young man, against whom Lettres de Cachet had been issued, to lodge him in the Bastile, for insulting some one of the Court favourites, in some of his drunken orgies.

'Bitter were poor Ross' feelings on this occasion, both as regarded his early friend, much as he had fallen in his esteem, and as regarded his own and his father's interest. Still unable to travel, from his wound, which healed but slowly; and, besides, not over well provided in cash,

to defray his expenses in the hotel where he was confined, he began to fear that a French jail might be the end of his adventure, until his parents could remit him money. This was the first really miserable night he had spent in his life. Towards the afternoon of the following day, a lady called upon him, and was admitted with difficulty; for the hotel was still guarded by the gend'armes; one of whom entered the room where Alexander lay, and listened to their conversation; but she merely inquired whether he was getting better, and made him a present of some grapes and oranges in a small basket, which the officious soldier narrowly examined, before he allowed it to be left. Astonished at the unexpected occurrence—for, save the laird, there was not a person in Paris, male or female, whom he knew—his first thought was that the visit had not been intended for him, but had happened through some mistake; for, although he could read French very well, he spoke it but indifferently, and the lady appeared more anxious to leave her kind gift, and be gone, than to enter into conversation. He looked listlessly upon the little basket, which stood upon the table by his bedside, for a time, then turned his head away, and sunk into a melancholy reverie. After a time, the thought occurred to him, that the laird might be concealed somewhere in the city, and that the gift was from him, and had been sent as an assurance of his attention to him. The idea gave him new spirits. He lifted one of the oranges, and began to peel it, when, to his surprise, he found it contained several Louis-d'ores. He opened the others, and found, in all, twenty. Curiously concealed in one of the bundles of grapes he found also a note, written in a female hand, which informed him that the laird had been obliged to fly in such haste that he had not had it in his power to see him in person, which he much regretted; and, still more, that it was not in his power, from the same circumstance, to send him a greater amount of cash. The writer concluded with expressing a hope that they should meet in Edinburgh under happier circumstances.

"Ross' mind was now at ease. He knew the worst, and his whole anxiety now was to get well, and return home as soon as possible. His wound, although it disabled him from travelling, was not so ill as to prevent him being removed, so he at once resolved to leave his present expensive hotel, and retire to a cheaper lodging; although afraid that his bill, if the laird had not discharged it, might make a fearful inroad upon his store. It was, therefore, with no very confident tone, he requested to know the amount. With many profound bows, the landlord told him that his board and lodging, up to the end of the month, one half of which had yet to run, had been paid for by the lady who had visited him, and concluded by expressing a hope that he was satisfied, and had no wish to change. Before the end of the month, Ross was on his way to Scotland, anxious to see his parents, and in hopes of meeting the laird when he reached Edinburgh. It was late in the evening when he arrived in that city; yet, fatigued as he was, he would have gone on the six miles farther to Currie, had he not thought it better to make inquiry if his early friend had returned, or if any communication had been received from him. Full of hope and expectation, he walked direct to the Parliament Close, to call on the young laird's man of business, to make the necessary inquiries, but he was from home, and would not be seen until the following morning. On the following morning Alexander called, but the only information he obtained was, that the laird's last letter was dated from Milan. With a presentiment of evil that would not be shaken off, poor Ross left the lawyer's door, and commenced his walk to Currie under great depression of mind; nor did his usual buoyancy of spirits begin to return until he reached Slateford, and once more saw his beloved Water of Leith. With renewed energy he proceeded on his way, and, at Currie Muir End, left the high road, to reach his home by a nearer way. The day was beautiful, and his depression had passed away like a summer cloud, dispelled by the pleasing anticipation of seeing his parents. He was now within a few yards of his early happy home; a thick hawthorn hedge, every stem of which was familiar to him, still concealed it from his view. He was only fearful some one might recognise him, and carry the happy news of his arrival before himself. To prevent this, as far as possible, he had passed several of his acquaintances on the road without speaking to them. When he came to the end of the hedge, and close by the gate that led to the yard before the house, he stood still for a few minutes, with a palpitating heart, expecting every moment to enjoy the luxury of hearing the sound of some well-known and much-loved voice; but all was still as death: not even the clacking of a fowl fell on his ear. The stillness had something in it more appalling than the presence of the most imminent danger. He stepped hastily round the fence; but what pen can depict his feelings at the scene of desolation that stood before him. The yard shewed no sign of any one being there. The doors stood open. No smoke issued from the chimney. He rushed into the house, and called upon his parents; but it was deserted, and there were none to answer him. The tears gushed from his eyes, and sobs rose so fast that he felt as if he would have choked, had he not hurried to the door, where he sank upon the dais, and wept like a child. Yes, my mates, he told me so himself, and I thought none the less of his manhood for it; and he who does, why, I think nothing of him. Well, to get on again:—

"He had sat thus for some time, his face covered by his handkerchief, when he was roused from his stupor by Touch, his dog, who had come to visit his former home. When the sagacious creature saw his master, he came bounding forward, and leaped upon him, whining as if he shared his sorrows. Ross hurriedly dried up his tears, and endeavoured to resume his composure—thinking that his father might be near at hand; but after waiting some time, no one made their appearance, and he rose to go, he knew not where, in quest of his parents. Addressing his dog—

"'Touch, my poor Touch, we have no home now.'

"The dog looked wistfully in his face, as if he understood him, wagged his tail, and ran out of the open gate, Ross following him, in hopes of being conducted, by the sagacious animal, to where his parents were. As they proceeded along, Alexander met one of his acquaintances, a neighbouring farmer, who, when he saw him, uttered a cry of alarm and surprise, and endeavoured to avoid him, his looks betraying great fear. Ross, in surprise, inquired what was the cause of his agitation. It was some time before the farmer could speak a word; at length he said—

"'*His* presence be wi' me, Sandy Ross! are ye a spirit, or are ye in the body? In the name of God, answer in truth.'

"Alexander, in astonishment, replied—

"'What mean your foolish question and abjuration? I am alive and well; but what has happened to my parents? In mercy tell me.'

"'Why, Sandy Ross, it is a cruel story, and sooner told than remedied. You were scarce well away from home, when it began to be whispered about that the laird was spending his money faster in foreign parts than he could well afford, and that the lawyer who has the management of his affairs was furnishing money upon bonds, more for his own advantage than the imprudent young man's. We had the more reason to believe the truth of this report, that when he came out to visit the estate, he spoke to us all in quite a different manner from what he used to do. He

talked as if the land was already all his own; planning alterations here, and changes there, and giving us long lectures about the improvements now making in the farming line, and the great advantage of throwing three or four small farms into one, and getting men of capital to tenant them. We at first only smiled at the conceit of the man's cutting and carving on another man's land; but I was not without fear that he would put evil enough into the laird's head that would vex us all. But your father had none, he said; he was secured by the laird's promise of a renewal of his lease; for he had voluntarily made it, just before he went abroad. From the way the agent spoke, however, I had my doubts; but said nothing. Scarce were you a month away, when word came here that you had been killed defending the laird, and that he had been locked up in a strong prison, called the Bastile, for life. We were all in great concern at the news; for we were likely to be sufferers under the agent; but your father was like a man bereft of his judgment. He gave up all care for his concerns, after his return from Edinburgh, where he had been to inquire regarding the report at the agent, who gave him but little consolation. All he said was, that he did not believe you had been more than severely wounded: but whether the laird was in the Bastile or not he could not say. The only thing the hard-hearted lawyer was positive in was, that your father must leave his farm, as the lease had expired, and he was resolved not to renew it. Your father, although his heart was almost broken, spoke of the laird's promise. The agent declared the latter had mentioned no such promise to him, and inquired if your father had any writings to that effect. When he said he had not, he civilly bowed him to the door, and the following day he sent a summons of removal.

"'Your father has since told me, that he knows not how he would have got home, had his horse not known the way —so stunning was the effect of what the agent had told him. I was with your mother on the day your father was in Edinburgh, endeavouring to comfort her the best way I could. She was in great distress on your account, having no doubt that you had been killed. We were standing at the gate when your father arrived, more like a corpse than a living man. He dismounted, and entered the house without uttering a word, sunk upon a seat, and, covering his face with his hands, a sigh as if his heart had burst escaped him. I would have spoke, but words were denied me. Your mother wailed aloud—

"'O James, my bonny lad, I may well say Ichabod, Ichabod;' and she continued repeating the word, when, seeing that my presence was an intrusion on their grief, I left them.

"'On the following forenoon, I again called on them. Your father was more composed, but your mother was confined to bed, where she has remained ever since. Last week, your father left his farm, and has retired to Currie, after having sold off all his stock and implements. But I trust your safe return will restore your mother's health and your father's energies.'

"It was some minutes before poor Ross recovered from the stunning intelligence he had received. Thought crowded on thought through his mind so fast, that he felt bewildered, but all of them were bitter in the extreme. He felt a spirit of hatred and a thirst for revenge rise in his mind, of which before he had thought himself incapable. Had the cause of his present misery been within his reach, dreadful must have been the consequences; his acquaintance became alarmed at the change in his countenance and manner as he stood before him, for his teeth were firmly pressed together, and ground audibly upon each other, his right hand clenched, and stretched forth as if in the act to strike, while his eyes glared fiercely from under his knit brows; but, gradually, these feelings gave way to grief for his parents, and the soothings of his friend as they moved from the desolate mansion of his happier days. All now felt changed to him, and wore an appearance of sadness; even the rushing of the water over its stony bed, sounded in his ears a note of melancholy import, unlike its former tones. Thus, with chastened and subdued thoughts, far different from his first gust of passion, poor Ross, accompanied by his friend, proceeded to his father's house; but he only arrived in time to receive his mother's blessing, she dying shortly after. In a few months more, she was followed by his father. During all this melancholy interval, Alexander's mind was a prey to suffering on account of his parents, whose hearth he never left save to accompany them, one after the other, to the silent tomb. Neither had the laird returned to Scotland, or ever written to him. If he ever wrote to his agent about the farm, the latter never would own it. All the friendship Alexander had ever had for his former playfellow, was now, if possible, surpassed by his hatred and scorn for him whom he now looked upon as the shortner of the lives of his parents. Soon after the burial of his father, Alexander turned all his effects into cash, and bade adieu to Scotland, intending to enter into the service of some foreign state, in hopes of meeting the laird, and demanding satisfaction for his breach of promise; for the foolish young man had so deeply mortgaged his estates, that his agent had taken the entire management of them into his own hands, and was warning off the tenants whose leases were already expired, or buying up those which had a few years to run.

"Nearly two years after the death of his parents, Ross, who had wandered over the greater part of France and Italy, arrived at Leghorn, where he had only been a few days, when, in going to the port, a person of a pale and emaciated countenance, indifferently dressed, and altogether exhibiting the appearance of a broken-down gentleman, passed him. Scarce had he walked a dozen steps beyond this person, when the thought crossed his mind, that he must have somewhere met him before. Under this impression, he stood and looked after him. The stranger's gait appeared familiar to him; but when or where they had met, he could not call to mind. On the following morning, he was astonished to receive a letter from the waiter of the hotel, with this address—"To the English gentleman." The waiter said, in reply to his inquiries, that there was no mistake; that the letter was for him. Ross opened it, and found it to be an humble petition, requesting pecuniary aid for an English gentleman, reduced to the greatest extremity by want and ill health. It was signed by the laird. Ross' anger was in a moment turned into pity. The sad reverse his early friend had brought upon himself, disarmed him of all his resentment. Time had assuaged his grief for his parents, and more Christian thoughts had now possession of his mind. He desired the waiter to shew the gentleman to his room; but, before he had made up his mind in what manner to receive him, the same person that had attracted his notice in the street entered. He now, at once, recognised the ruins of the gay young man he had last seen in Paris, and turned away his face to hide the tears that rose in his eyes. His feelings prevented him from speaking for a second or two. At length, on turning round, to motion to his visiter to be seated, the latter recognised him, and, uttering a groan, sunk upon a seat and covered his face with his hands. This was more than Ross could bear. He grasped one of the unfortunate man's hands, and said:—

"'My first, my only friend, the companion of my happiest days, do I meet you thus—forsaken and destitute? I have not much; but what I have you are welcome to. My animosity was directed against the cold-hearted haughty superior, not the child of despondency. Had we met as

we last parted, our strife had been to the death. Pardon this burst of feeling! But, as it is, we now meet as we were wont, upon the banks of the Water of Leith. All that we then possessed we held in common. My dear friend, shall it be so again?"

"After a pause, during which the laird gazed upon Ross, the blush of shame colouring his thin and wasted face, to be succeeded by the flush of admiration and hope, he gave utterance to his feelings.

"'O Sandy, my brother—my more than equal—my generous friend—how humbled I feel before you, and how readily acknowledge the superiority of mind over birth and riches. I have erred, and I justly suffer. I knew not the value of money until I had squandered all I had; but what adds poignancy to my degraded situation, is the reflection that I have involved others in my fate. You yourself, I have since learned, are the greatest sufferer; yet that I I am guilty of the crime without the intent, I implore you to give me credit for. That day I left your father's house, before my departure for the Continent, I had no intention to evade; nay, it was my earnest wish to fulfil my promise, but I was so much occupied with my new situation, and with the preparations for my tour, that it drove every other thought from my mind. I neglected to cause the lease to be written out. I, indeed, once mentioned to my agent that it was my wish, but he delayed to do it, and it never occurred to me again. I now see that he had a sinister object to serve, and delayed everything regarding the tenants until I had left Scotland. The only thing he was anxious about, was to supply me with money, even much more than I required. After being in London a few weeks, I found, as I then thought, this to be the most valuable property he could possess, and lavished away hundreds upon hundreds; but what were hundreds to me who knew not, at the time, the value of money, nor thought of how it was obtained; or at what sacrifice to me, who had been indulged in every wish, and knew not what it was to feel restraint; all appeared to be as it had ever been, and would continue. No hint of the consequences ever reached me from my agent until it was too late to retract, even had I had the wish. Until my last demand, I had always a prompt supply. But it was in Paris my ruin was consummated. I was soon introduced into the first company as a young Scotsman with money at command, and gambling came of course. I have lost large sums to people of the first rank in the state, who took their earnings, but neglected to pay their losses. It was at one of these parties that I betted upon your expertness at sword play. I won many thousand Louis d'ores by it, but never fingered one.

"One of the blood royal was a loser. Before you were recovered we were at play. I had been unfortunate. He was the gainer. I was at the time flushed with wine, and civilly reminded him that he was my debtor on the bet on you, to double the amount. I had just lost, and requested the balance. He hesitated, and words arose; I became warm, and used language unfit for royal ears, and was forced to fly to avoid the Bastile; otherwise I would have sent home with you my mandate for the lease, not only for your father's life, but yours. After my arrival in Rome, I wrote to my agent to make out the lease and give it to you; but I too soon learned that it was now out of my power. I had squandered all; and, instead of receiving further supplies of money, was called upon for a count and reckoning; my agent telling me I had already had far above what my land was worth, and upbraiding himself for the folly his good-nature and love of me had induced him to commit. Along with this letter, was a fearful account of expenses incurred for management of my affairs, and sums advanced to me. The writer concluded, by offering to discharge me from the obligation of repayment, and advance me three hundred pounds, upon condition that I sold him my estate for the whole amount, and wrote him to that effect; he having already taken the necessary steps to secure his right of repayment. My eyes were now opened to the whole depth of misery and degradation into which I had been so blindly led by my lawyer and agent: but I had now no choice left. I was in debt, and without resources in a foreign land, and the horrors of an Italian jail staring me in the face. I renounced my birthright, and, in due course, received the last instalment. In desperation I went to the fatal gaming table, the spendthrifts' first ruin and last resource. I soon lost all. This life of intense anxiety and dissipation soon told on my frame. Sickness and decay have seized me as their prey, and I feel I have not long to live. I have, with great effort and much suffering, after going through the usual vicissitudes of the gambler, sometimes comparatively rich, at others without a coin, all in one and the same evening, reached Leghorn, in hopes of procuring a passage home, that my bones, unworthy as I am, may mingle with those of my fathers.'

"It were no use, my mates, to tell you, even could I recollect it, all that passed between the friends. Ross thought the unfortunate companion of his childhood not so much reduced by disease as he imagined, and hoped that, by care and attention, he might yet recover. But his purse was now become fearfully light, careful as he had been; and this new demand upon it theatened to exhaust it altogether. All that remained was between sixty and seventy guineas. That this sum might be made to go as far as possible, Ross immediately left his hotel and took a small house at a little distance from the town, where he hoped, by engaging in some little traffic, to earn a sufficiency to support himself and his unhappy friend, whom he took to live with him, till the latter should have so far recovered as to be able to endure the voyage home. For several weeks the laird appeared to be recovering his strength, and Alexander felt happy in the prospect of his recovery. A happiness which was increased by a great degree of success in his mercantile speculations, and the anticipation of acquiring wealth.

"One night, at supper, the laird's spirits were more than usually light, and Ross was enlarging on their future prospects—for he looked upon the former as his partner; and, having resolved to go in a trader to Sicily, with a venture, and to return with fruit for the English market, he took farewell of his friend before going to bed, as he was to embark early in the morning. Never did friends part with more love for each other, or with higher hopes of a happy meeting. In the morning, Ross left the port on board the galliot, everything promising a happy voyage; but, towards the evening, the wind chopped about, blew fresh from the eastward, and continued so long in that quarter, that they were forced to stand for the west, off Cape Corso, and run up the coast of Corsica, in the hope of the weather moderating before they reached the Straits of Bonifacio, or shifting a point or two. But it was a steady and easterly breeze when they made the straits, so that there was nothing for it but to run down the coast of Sardinia, and double Cape Tavolaro. This was rather disheartening; for the corsairs had been rather troublesome for some time past, and had captured several Italian vessels; but there was nothing else for it, as the wind was still against them. They had doubled the Cape, and were bearing down for Messina, their destined port, holding as much to the north as they could; for the wind had shifted to east by north. They had made the island of Elicusa, and were passing it on the southern side. The fears of the crew had now given way to a sense of security, for Cape di Gallo was between them and the African coast, when, as they doubled a point of the island, a Tunisian corsair shot out from the land, and laid them alongside before they were aware, and, after placing poor Ross and

the rest of the crew in irons, carried them to Tunis, where they arrived on the morning of the second day after their capture, spent with thirst and hunger, and fainting from the heat of the confined hold they were pent up in.

"It was like deliverance from death when they were allowed to breathe the free air upon deck before they were driven ashore. So great had been their sufferings, that even the horrors of slavery were forgotten in the enjoyment of it; but soon the whole extent of their misery was made known to them.

"Poor Ross was kept by the proprietor of the galley, and compelled to pull at one of the oars when she left the port. Starved and abused by his tyrannical master at all times, his life become so great a burden to him, that he often prayed for death. When the galley was in port, their cruel proprietor gave them no allowance of food, but left them to earn it by any means they could. Several of the other slaves who had been long in the port, had learned to practice different handicrafts, and contrived to live, even at the prices they got from their unfeeling purchasers, who gave them what they chose, often taking their little articles by force, without remuneration of any kind; and if remonstrated with, replying by blows. Had it not been for the humanity of his fellow sufferers, Alexander must have died of want; but they shared their scanty earnings with him, until he learned to provide for himself; for, save the little agricultural skill he had learned with his father, he knew nothing beside; but neither this nor the learning he possessed were of avail to him as the abject, starved, and maltreated slave—for the captives were not allowed to leave the city, and were strictly watched, sleeping at night upon the bare benches of the galley.

"Several years had passed on in this miserable manner. Alternately at sea tugging at the oar, or languishing at the port, poor Ross' mind, broken down by suffering, had sunk into despondency. The captain, his master, had become, if possible, more cruel and morose than ever; having been for several trips unsuccessful in making any captures. Indeed, he had taken no prize of any value since the capture of the unfortunate vessel in which Ross was taken; neither had he ever ventured so far from the port as on that occasion; his usual cruising ground being between Cape Bon and the coast of Sicily. Once again, however, he resolved to venture a cruise round Cape di Gallo, even as far as the Lipari islands. Having collected as many associates for the enterprise as he wished, his slaves were ordered on board; for the others were volunteers, and sharers of any capture that might be made, receiving no pay, and scarcely obeying his orders—save that the vessel was his, there was no distinction of rank. They had been out a few days without seeing a sail of any kind, and had stretched down past the island where Ross had been taken, when they saw a strange sail a few leagues to the south of them, which they must have passed during the previous night. All now became bustle and animation on board the corsair, when the stranger was made out to be a large merchant brig, carrying several guns. On perceiving the Tunisian galley, the former ran up the English ensign. This caused the pirates to hesitate for a short time; but the prize was too tempting, and they did not want for courage. There being little wind, the pirates were certain of being able to lay their prey alongside, and carry her by boarding, from their immense numbers. The resolution was no sooner taken than acted upon. The weary slaves were, by blows, urged to their utmost exertions; one or other of the pirates running from bench to bench, dealing blows to the sinking wretches as they exerted every muscle to please their tyrants and avoid the lash.

"The merchant vessel seemed to be aware of the character of the galley, and was busy making every preparation to defeat the object of those on board of her. When the latter came within range of her guns, ball after ball passed over or fell short, and, after a bound or two on the surface, sunk harmlessly to the bottom; the pirates answering each gun by a shout of triumph. As the sun rose above the horizon, the wind began gradually to ripple the surface of the ocean, and the merchantship wore round; bringing her broadside to bear full on the galley, which was now close at hand. This done, three guns, charged to the muzzle with grape-shot, were fired right into the pirate, with terrible effect. Nothing daunted, the latter, with cries of rage and defiance, strove to lay her alongside and board, but her sails were now bellying to the breeze, and she avoided her enemy. Again her guns sent death and destruction along the decks of the crowded galley; for she raked her fore and aft. Fear for their safety now took place of their former assurance of conquest. As their tyrants began to despond, hope awoke in the bosom of Ross and his fellow-sufferers, and, sunk by fatigue and bruised by blows as they were, they for a moment lost the sense of their misery in the hopes of deliverance. While confusion and dismay reigned on board the pirate, at the sight of their mangled companions, the captain alone, of all on board, retained his usual ferocity and undaunted courage. Ross and his fellow slaves uttered fervent prayers for their capture, and gazed with anxious eyes upon the merchant vessel, which again poured into her opponent a murderous fire. As their last hope was to close if possible, and delay was destruction, urged by the captain, another vain attempt, attended with greater slaughter than before, was made by the pirates to board. Flight was now the only resource of the Tunisians, and the slaves were urged to their utmost. Several who had sunk from their places had them supplied by their terrified oppressors. In the midst of his agony, Alexander looked to see if there was any hope of being overtaken by the merchant-ship; but his heart sunk within him, when he saw that she had relinquished the chase, content to have beaten off the pirate; and so great was the revulsion from hope to despair, that his faculties forsook him, and he sunk from his bench insensible.

"How long he remained thus he never knew, or how long he remained afterwards in a state of mental derangement; but it must have been for many years: for, when he again awoke to the consciousness of existence, his hair was grey, and he found himself an object of esteem and reverence amongst his former oppressors.

"The first dawning of returning reason found him seated in a Mausoleum, a little from the walls of Tunis. He was attired in a tattered Turkish dress, and felt as if he had been in a dream. His mind, however, was still far from being quite restored; for, at times, for many months after, he was afflicted with a total want of recollection. But this first morning, he sat as if entranced; musing upon his former days, and all that had passed. Still, to him, it had all the appearance of a dream. How long he sat thus he knew not, but at length several peasants, who appeared to be going to their daily toil, brought him some dates and milk; setting them before him, and requesting his blessing. His astonishment at this singular proceeding was so great, that he could not utter a word, but looked upon his visiters with a vacant stare, and began to doubt that he only dreamed. To ascertain this, he placed his hands upon the dates, lifted a few and eat them. He was now more bewildered than ever. How came he where he was? He tortured his recollection in vain to account for it. The last thing he remembered was sinking from his seat, as if into the arms of death, in the galley. Could this be his state beyond the grave? Yet he knew he was at present in a tomb, which he had often seen from the bay; and there was the blue waves of the Mediterranean before him.

and the walls of the city. While he still sat thus, lost in conjectures, a venerable Tunisian came to the spot, and, falling down on his face, began his devotions aloud. After the old man had repeated his 'La illa illella, Mahomud du rasoul allah!'—that is, 'No God but the God, and Mahomet is his prophet!' as often as there were beads on his rosary, he rose, and was departing, when Alexander inquired how he had come to the Saint's Tomb. The old man gave a start of surprise, and cried, 'Bis milla' (in the name of God) 'the saint speaks again, my prayer is uttered in a happy time.' Ross repeated the question; but all the answer he got for some time, was either "Allah akbar,' (God is great) or 'Al hum'd allah,' (praise be to God.) At last, the old man recovered from his surprise, and began to converse, but not until the supposed saint gave him his blessing, which he did to satisfy him, and when requested, sat down at a humble distance, and gave him the following account of the long interval which was such a blank to him.

"'I was standing on the mole, when Alkenim's galley came in after his unfortunate trip. As it neared the port, you gave signs of life; for our prophet had wrought a miracle on you. You had become a Mussulman, and for days and weeks you continued to repeat our confession and holy exclamations. Even in the night you were often as fervent as in the day; while no other expression ever escaped your lips loud enough to be heard. Although you muttered much at times in your native language, the sentences of our holy faith you shouted aloud. The utmost care was taken of you by order of the mullah, and you resided long in the mosque uttering praise. Indeed you were in every way a holy person; for your mind was abstracted from all worldly concerns. For years you have been the object of our veneration, whether the spirit of praise or silence was upon you. In the mosques, or among the tombs, for these many moons you have been silent, and happy am I that I am the first to hear your voice again, for I shall, 'Al hum'd allah,' (praised be to God,) be fortunate.

"Poor Ross heard this strange account with much astonishment, and sunk again into silent musings, and the old man retired. When alone, he poured out his soul in praise to God, who had so wonderfully preserved him, but soon a dark cloud of despondency came over his mind. He felt in all its loneliness his isolated situation. He was alone on the earth, amidst a people almost heathen, and with whom he had no feeling in common. There was not a human being in life for whom he cared. All were long since in the silent grave. Even the lovely banks of the Water of Leith would appear desolate to him were it in his power to return to them. In the bitterness of his heart, he lay down upon the ground and wept. For several months he had, at intervals, a return of his malady: but they were periods of comparative happiness; for they relieved him from the torture of his thoughts. At length he became more composed and resigned to his fate. The world and all its ties were become to him as if such things did not exist. His only wish was for death to remove him, and he cared not where they met when the appointed time came. As he said to me, were I to accompany you to Scotland, the very face of the country would be unknown to me, so great are the changes you have described; and is there an individual alive I could address as having ever seen before. I am too old to earn by my labour a livelihood. I would be there a beggar and despised; here, I am honoured, and have all my wants cheerfully supplied. I worship Jesus in the midst of infidels. If they look upon me as a follower of their false prophet, I cannot help it. I, of my own free will, did nothing to deceive them. If in my delirium, from the sufferings they inflicted upon me, I uttered the expressions that were ever sounding in my ears, exciting fear and hatred in my mind, it must have been caused by the same feelings haunting me even then. In my sane moments I never gave utterance to one of them. I hold my peace, and never exchange a word with any one. I feel no call to make a martyr of myself; for it would not convert one of them; and were I even to make a public profession of my faith, so very bigoted are they, that I would not be believed. They would say some evil spirit had taken possession of their santon.

"But, to go on with his narrative, after he had resolved to finish his remaining years where the greater part of his life had been passed, he became restless, and began to wander from place to place. Everywhere his presence was hailed as bringing in good fortune. His food was the free-will offerings of his admirers; his sleeping places were amongst the tombs, or recesses in the rocks. In cities, as at Algiers, if there was a place near the mosques, he made it his home. It was in one of his ramblings he had, fortunately for me, come to Algiers only a few days before we met. It was one of his sane intervals, and the words he heard me say, awakened anew all his love for the scenes where he had passed his youth. I am not the only sufferer he had been the means of freeing from a miserable slavery. He had done more good amongst the Christian sufferers than the money subscribed by pious Catholics to the monks, who make the delivery of Christian captives the object of their vows, and I for one bliss the good old Scotchman."

Just as my cousin had concluded his account of the Mussulman santon, a shout arose from the crew of the smack; for, as it was dark and stormy, the landsmen on board had been confined to their berths, save two Edinburgh citizens, who had also suffered, but less than the others. One of them arose from the table and began to crawl up the companion; for the sea ran very high, and the smack pitched heavily, to ascertain the cause of the shout. It was the May light having hove in sight; but scarce had he reached the deck to gratify his longing eyes with the welcome sight, than the smack gave a lurch, and he was thrown upon the lee bulwark and immersed in the surge. We heard the doleful cry—"Oh, I'm gone;" and the rough voice of the man at the helm exclaiming, "Plague on him for a fool," and adding, that he had got his deserts; for had he it in his power he would not be on deck." The terrified landsman came again amongst us, drenched to the skin, and uttering bitter complaints against the unfeeling seamen, who had mocked him when he thought himself upon the brink of eternity. All the answer we made was a few nautical jokes at his expense, and a hearty laugh at the deplorable figure he made.

But now, all else was a matter of indifference, I was once more in the Frith of Forth, with the Bass and Island of May between me and the ocean which I had so long traversed against my will, and, late in the afternoon, I once more stood a free man on the pier of Leith, which I had, more than seven years before, left so foolishly. Never before had the same springiness of limb, or elasticity of feeling possessed me, as I leaped from the deck to the pier, and never was there a more joyous shaking of hands, and congratulations exchanged, than was by us returned seamen.

THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

"I'll sing you an old song, that was made by an old pate,
Of a worshipful old gentleman who had an old estate;
And who kept a good old mansion up, at a bountiful old rate,
With a porter old to give relief to the old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old country gentleman, all of the olden time."
Modernized Old Song.

"STILL I see nothing of him. He was not at home perhaps, or my messenger——. I am uneasy that he comes not. What's o'clock, Dolly?"

So said Emma Courtley, as she alternately glanced across the common through the window of Dame Cornrigs' cottage, and turned towards the dame herself, who was busily engaged in knitting in the farther end of the apartment.

"Lord bless your little impatient heart!" was the dame's reply; "you asked me what o'clock it was about a minute since, and I told you. But no wonder, poor thing. It was just the same when I was in love myself, five-and-thirty years ago. Come, come, though, don't look so grave. What the dickens, Miss Emma, can have happened since last night, when you and kind Mr Darley parted, and in such spirits?"

"Nothing—nothing of importance; I am a strange silly girl: but we have all our follies, and I sometimes think that we should never know true felicity if it were not for the intermixture of sorrow. I could not help crying this morning, Dolly; but to-morrow I shall be as gay as a lark."

"Well, Heaven send that you may!" said Dolly. "I like to see people merry; ay, and to be merry myself to. Odds heart, when I was your age, I was as fat, ay, as fat as neighbour Porson's pig: my cheeks were as red as my Sunday petticoat, and I could sing like a blackbird;" and the dame, heated by the recollection, began to shout with all her might—

"Chip chow, cherry chow, fol de rol de riddle dow."

And there is no saying how long she might have continued reiterating this burthen of a most mournful ditty, had not the entrance of Maurice Darley afforded her the hint to take herself off, which she accordingly did, under pretence of going "to feed her poultry."

"I trust," said Maurice, as soon as the good dame was fairly gone—"I trust I have not kept you waiting. Your note, Emma, it has alarmed me; tell me what has happened."

"O Maurice!" cried Emma, "what happiness it is to call you friend. I know you love me, for you have told me so; and you have a countenance on which deceit ne'er drew a line—a tongue that never moved by the impulse of falsehood." As she uttered this, she held his hand in hers, and gazed up earnestly in his face. He shrunk beneath the maiden's glance.

"Deceit! falsehood!" he exclaimed. "O Emma! I may have been frail, guilty of error, but, may shame lash me through the world if ever I abuse your love."

"I do believe you," said Emma, earnestly. "But," added she, "let me not thus sport with the shortness of time. You know, Maurice, that, for some time past, my father has been making many alterations in the apartments of the western wing of the hall, and seemingly preparing for the reception of visiters. I have frequently asked the occasion of all this, and he has as frequently assured me that it was only to entertain an old friend, who had promised to spend a month with him.

"I dread the sequel of your story. But proceed."

"Last night he laughingly confessed he had imposed on me, and told me that he expected Sir George Molesworth, and his son and daughter. Sir George, I have heard, is a ridiculous old fool; Miss Molesworth a romantic young lady; and her brother, young, handsome, not inclined to either prudence or economy, and rendered rather too conspicuous by his fashionable propensities."

"And this man"——

"My father insists shall be my husband. My father's commands cannot be obeyed. I find it is more natural to resist than to comply with them. He has threatened me harshly should I prove disobedient; and if *he* forsake, who will protect me?"

"Ay, with my life—till the last moment of my life." So saying, he clasped her to his breast in a passionate embrace.

"And till the last moment of mine," said Emma, "you shall have my affection and confidence. If my father abandon me, from that instant shall I regard you as my protector. We will suit our means to our fortune; and in some friendly and far distant cottage, we will invite, and endeavour to make our constant guests, content and rural happiness. My father, in time, may forgive us."

Young ladies, in general, have strange notions regarding the precise amount of cash requisite for setting agoing and maintaining a family establishment. "Love in a cottage, and five pounds a-year," sounds all very well in poetry and novels; but it won't exactly do when reduced to the rule of practice; yet there are some young ladies fools enough to believe, or affect to believe, that it is quite practicable. Such professions are, perhaps, often made for the sake of appearing amiable, otherwise the young ladies who make them are utterly ignorant of the world, and merely repeat what has been said to, or read by, them. It would probably be as well that such inexperienced practitioners should, ere they venture to talk on such subjects, call to their recollection the golden rule of matrimony—"Multiply by one, and divide by six."

"Oh, Miss!" cried Goody Cornrigs, entering the cottage, "here's Michael, your father's teetotum, acoming down the side of the hedge. I do think Sir Jacob has sent him to look for you."

"Think ye so," said Emma; "then farewell, my dearest Maurice. Let hope be your companion in my absence, which I trust will not be long. Adieu!"

"Farewell! farewell!" He imprinted a kiss upon the carnation-dyed cheek of Emma; and the lovers separated.

Courtley Hall, the residence of Sir Jacob, the father of Emma, stood at a short distance from the rainy little village of Belford, in Northumberland. One of those neat sunshiny mansions it was, which abound in "Merrie England," and in the more civilized parts of Scotland. A smooth green lawn before the door was bottomed by a thickly-planted hedgerow, which ran along even to the outer gate, skirting the avenue, and serving as a protection to the ancient elms, and those most elegant of all trees, the

silver firs, which lined it. There was about the place an air of comfort and neatness, a cosiness, as it were, that would make even those most indifferent to a life, removed from the shock and hum of cities and the strife of men, involuntarily exclaim—"I wish this were mine!"

There was an ancient, an antiquarian appearance, too, about the place, that made one feel the owner of it was attached to "the good old days, when there were good old things." Behind the hedgerow, that bordered the lawn, there lay a small garden, ornamented after the much admired fashion of our ancestors, the trees being tastefully cut into various forms and devices; a fashion which, it is much to be regretted, is not prevalent at the present day.

Sir Jacob Courtley himself was a true sample of the fine old country gentleman. He was generous to a degree, warm-hearted, kind, affectionate; yet, when crossed, he would, like other men, sometimes allow his temper to get the better of him. He was a noble fellow, though, for all that. His years might be about threescore and ten; but, save that his hair was whitened, and a crow's foot or two were visible on his good-natured countenance, Time's effacing fingers had set no seal upon him. He rose with the lark, and lived as merrily. It was the joy of his heart to see all around him as happy and as merry as himself.

He was blessed with an only child—a daughter—as kind and as light-hearted a being as her father. His wife had been dead for some years. The rest of his household was contained in the person of his sister, Mrs Grigsby, who, after having lived a spinster for thirty-five years, had been married to a Suffolk squire, and had enjoyed the married state but two short years, during which time her husband had contrived to reduce her portion and his own patrimony to about four thousand pounds. She had now been a widow for nearly twenty years.

At the period at which our tale begins, Emma Courtley was turned nineteen. She was a pretty piece of womanhood enough, and was as good as she was pretty—at least so said all the old dames in the neighbourhood around. Many were the suitors for her hand; but on none of them would she bestow it, for with it her heart could not go—it was not hers to give. She had placed her affections in the keeping of Maurice Darley, who, with his sister, inhabited a cottage on the outskirts of her father's grounds. Who this Maurice Darley was, none of the people about could discover, though they tried very hard to do so. What was it to Emma Courtley who or what Maurice had been—she loved him, and he returned her affection. All allowed that he was a gentleman in manners, and she presumed he was so also in birth and conduct. Her father had been the first to seek his acquaintance; and, during the year that had rolled over their heads since his first introduction to Courtley Hall, the old gentleman himself had acknowledged that he had never seen anything displeasing or improper about Maurice Darley. Emma was not so ungenerous as to think, with the cold-hearted world, that where there is mystery there is guilt; but felt half-assured that the cause of Maurice's silence regarding his bypast life was alone on account of his sister, Mrs Selwyn—at all events, she could not help thinking that she was in some way or other connected with the mystery.

The sentence composed by Shakspere, (as his name is now spelt,) regarding the course of true love never running smooth, has been so often quoted, that it has now become a household phrase, and many are the bosoms that have responded to the truth of it—none more so than that of Emma Courtley. Her father, quite unconscious of her attachment to Maurice Darley, had entered into an arrangement with his old friend, Sir George Molesworth, regarding the union of their two families, through the medium of his daughter and Sir George's son, Richard. Grieved to the heart's core was Emma Courtley, on being informed of this by her father, and that Sir George, with his son and daughter, were on their way from London to fulfil the agreement. She retired to her room, and, throwing herself upon her couch, gave vent to her anguish in a flood of tears. Oh! what a relief to the aching heart are tears. After a while, Emma's grief became more subdued, and she rose from her couch, and, hastily penning a note, despatched it to Maurice Darley. The sum of its contents were, that, immediately on receipt of it, he should come to her to the place where they had parted the preceding night. It was in the cottage of Goody Cornrigs that she and Maurice were in the habit of meeting, and the result of their interview on the present occasion has already been shewn.

None hailed the intended nuptials of Emma Courtley and young Molesworth with more delight than Mrs Grigsby. Ever since she had consigned the remains of poor Matthew Grigsby to the cold deep grave, had she been seeking for another and more able protector. She had been told, and she believed it, that women of her age and complexion were now more regarded than younger ladies; and she had little doubt that if she accompanied Emma to London, she would there meet with some amorous *spark*, in whose bosom the glances of her light grey twinklers must speedily raise a *flame*.

Sir Jacob was not a little annoyed at what he was pleased to term the obstinacy of Emma in not yielding to his wishes; at the same time he could not but feel some slight inclination to give her her own way in the matter. He was debating with himself—shortly after the breakfast things and the women had been removed—as to the best method to be pursued in the subjugation of an obstinate girl, when Sir George Molesworth was announced, and immediately upon the heels of the announcement came Sir George himself.

"Ah, Sir George!" said Sir Jacob, rising and shaking him cordially by the hand, "I am delighted to see you. But may I ask what you have made of your young folks?"

"They stopped, some six miles off, to look at a waterfall," was the reply. "Matilda was seized with a poetical fit, and Richard doats on the beauties of nature as well as of art."

A cold-blooded dog, thought Sir Jacob. Six miles from the finest girl in England, to stop to look at a waterfall. "But I suppose we may expect them soon?" he observed to Sir George.

"If the object be very grand," was the reply, "Matilda will probably linger till she can pen a sonnet. If common, I dare say, as their horses are of exquisite blood, the three tourists will be here in half-an-hour."

"Three, Sir George! Did you say three?"

"Oh, yes—I had forgot. Richard was rather unwilling to come till his friend, Tom Bonar, agreed to be one of the party. Tom is the best tempered lad in Europe. You must know Tom; he's a suitor of Matilda."

Sir Jacob, of course, told Sir George that it would give him much pleasure to be introduced to any friend of his, or of his family.

Such commonplace matters being speedily adjusted, the two old gentlemen began talking of the affair which was uppermost in their minds—the proposed marriage.

It did not give Sir George the least uneasiness to be informed that Miss Courtley was averse to the proposed union, for he felt assured within himself—so confident was he of his son's attractions—that the moment she saw Richard she would go mad for him; but Sir George was a conceited old fool—chiefly resulting from a surfeit of wealth.

About fifteen years before, his wife having been detected in the commission of a *faux pas*, which had created some

stir at the time, he had deemed it prudent to sail for India; "not," as he said, "on vulgar speculation, but to see his brother Frank, who had lived there a considerable time."

After ten years' residence in India, his brother was seized with an apoplectic fit, as he sat at his own table with a party of friends around him, which carried him off. At the very moment of this sudden call, he was raising a glass full of Tokay to his lips. "It *rather* affected me," Sir George usually said, when he mentioned the circumstance to any one, "to see him grasp the glass in his convulsions. "But," he instantly added, smiling, "he left me a hundred thousand pounds."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Jacob, to whom he told this, "did he leave no family?"

"Oh, yes!—two sons and two daughters."

"Zounds! he must have been immensely rich. A hundred thousand pounds to you after providing for so many children."

"Providing for *them*, Sir Jacob! Ha! ha! ha! They had a black woman for their mother, and were illegitimate. But he left them a trifle; and I gave them five pounds a-piece, previous to my departure for England."

This confession, to which Sir George had been inadvertently led, did not raise him much in the estimation of Sir Jacob. Twenty pounds among four children, who ought legally to have received as many thousands! What extraordinary generosity! What unbounded liberality! But while Sir George Molesworth was wallowing in wealth thus surreptitiously acquired, there were those who better deserved to be rich, slaving whole days and nights for a mere pittance, and that too at the most laborious of all work—writing for the press. Among these was Maurice Darley. Riches were all that were required to bring about his union with her his heart held dear. Had he wealth, or the steady means of acquiring it, he might yet wed her, despite the preparations for her marriage with another. But he was poor, and he dared not think of it. Notwithstanding all the consolation a sister could afford him, his heart was wrung by despair.

"Nay, Maurice," Mrs Selwyn would say, "don't be downcast; you may yet obtain her."

'Obtain her!" echoed Maurice, as she repeated this consolatory reflection on his return from seeing Emma in Dame Cornrigs' cottage. "Obtain her! how?—by what means? The hopes I have formed, vanish like the beautiful clouds that lose their tints in the summer sky. Gloom, melancholy gloom, succeeds. Had I not enough of misfortune before? and must the consolation which I frantiely dared to call my own, never reach this long-tormented breast of sorrow and wretchedness?"

"Sorrow first implanted by me," sighed Mrs Selwyn. "Wretchedness endured on my account."

"Forbear!" exclaimed her brother. "I will not listen to your self-accusations. But how to act I cannot determine. There's danger in remaining here—there's death—madness! To this cottage, in which we have lived; to these trees, under which we have talked of our misfortunes; to these hills and valleys, where I have, delighted, strayed with Emma, I must instantly bid farewell. To Emma, herself, if my heart will suffer me, I must say 'Adieu, for ever!'"

"Be not rash," advised Mrs Selwyn. "There's no occasion for your immediate departure."

"There is!" replied Maurice. "We will be gone to-morrow. I have the affections of Emma, but shall I decoy her from her father, break the old man's heart, and reduce her from affluence to poverty? No, no; I will leave you, dear Emma, and may the guardian angels of innocence be ever near you."

During this conversation, Maurice Darley and Mrs Selwyn were seated upon a rudely constructed chair beneath the honeysuckle which mantled their cottage. It was a day in July; neither sultry enough to enfeeble the zephyrs, nor airy enough for them to do otherwise than merely stir the leaves. It was such a day as invariably brings a lightness to the spirits of all save those whose hearts are oppressed with a grief too deep for tears; and such was that of Maurice Darley.

As Maurice and his sister thus sat, the little white gate, at the far end of the garden, was cautiously opened, and a tall but genteel-looking man, clad in sable, advanced up the pathway towards them. His swarthy cheek proclaimed him the child of parents in one of whose veins there had flowed negro blood. One glance sufficed to shew that he was a Creole. There was an air of gentility about him, not usually to be met with in those of his race, which bespoke him as one that had mixed in the best English society. Maurice started when he saw him, and his brow darkened. Without speaking, he rose up and went forward to meet him.

"You know me then?" said the stranger to Maurice. "It has cost me some time and trouble to trace your footsteps; but all this is now repaid, for I have at last discovered you."

"Fiend! devil!" cried Maurice, when he had led the stranger out of his sister's sight and hearing. "Why do you thus pursue me? When, oh, when, will your persecutions cease?"

"Never!" said the Creole, with an impressive air; "never, until you, or I, or both of us, sleep the long sleep of death. I have sworn it, and my oath is registered in heaven?"

"Tell me," said Maurice, hastily, "in mercy tell me, how I have injured you. I never gave you cause to hate me."

"'Tis well you think so! But no more. My vengeance still shall follow you."

Ere Maurice had time to speak again, the Creole was gone; and although he ran instantly forward to the garden gate, and gazed along the vast expanse before him, he could not discern him. All that met his sight in the "form and pressure" of human beings, were Sir Jacob Courtley, and his friend Sir George Molesworth, coming across the common.

"Hollo, Darley!" cried Sir Jacob, when they were near enough, "what's in the wind, eh? You look, for all the world, as if you had seen a ghost.

"Nothing," said Darley, "only"——

"Only what, Maurice? Come out with it."

"Then, did any one pass you a short distance from this?"

"Not a soul! But it is just as I thought; he *has* seen a ghost. Ha! ha! poor Maurice!"

And the old gentleman laughed, and so did Sir George Molesworth, though he could hardly tell what he was laughing at.

"Enough!" said Sir Jacob. "But now to the business which brought us here at present. I came to ask you, Maurice, to dine with us to-day."

What! thought Maurice; invite me to dine with the man who is to tear my Emma from me. No, no, I cannot—I feel I cannot do it. Then, addressing Sir Jacob, he declined the invitation in a respectful but gentlemanly manner. After a short time passed in desultory conversation, Sir Jacob and Sir George were about to take their leave of Maurice, and were just shaking hands with him for that purpose, when the Creole suddenly appeared before them.

"Hold!" he cried; and Sir George Molesworth fell back two paces. "Know you the man you thus honour?" he asked of Sir Jacob. "Know you what this Maurice Darley is?"

"Do not believe what he tells you," exclaimed Maurice, "What he would say is false."

"It is true," said the Creole; "I call Heaven to bear witness to the truth of what I am about to utter. Maurice Darley is"——

"What!" exclaimed Sir Jacob—a feeling of unconscious anxiety filling his mind.

"A murderer!" replied the Creole, exultingly. "See how his cheek blanches and his lip quivers. Is there no truth in this?"

"What say you, Maurice, to this charge; are you guilty?"

Maurice was silent.

"He speaks not," said the Creole. "Innocence is never thus attended. Beware, Sir Jacob Courtley of this man! Let him not cross the threshold of your house, if you respect your daughter's purity or your own honour. Disobey my injunctions, and my vengeance shall fall heavily on you all."

So saying, the Creole departed.

* * * * * *

It was not till about an hour before dinner-time that Miss Matilda Eliza Molesworth, Mr Richard, and his chum, Tom Bonar, arrived at Courtley Hall. There were none of its inmates in the way to welcome them except Emma, who fain would have been spared the task; but, as they all, shortly after their arrival, retired to the respective apartments allotted to them, to dress for dinner, a period was put to her awkward situation. Sir Jacob and Sir George had not yet returned, and Mrs Grigsby, having determined to reserve herself till the arrival of "the young people," and not lavish her spirits and vivacity in entertaining the old ones, had, about half-an-hour before, walked out to enjoy a solitary ramble, which would serve the additional purpose of calling up a healthy glow into her parchment-like cheeks.

Proceeding through a field adjoining her brother's property, it was her fate to encounter Smash, Mr Richard's valet, who had been sent before to announce his master; but his horse, having taken fright at an old woman with a red cloak, had run away with him, thrown him over the hedge into a dry ditch, and he was only now making the best of his way to the hall. He was rejoicing at having escaped a dislocation of the shoulder blade or a broken neck, when Mrs Grigsby appeared in view.

"Heavens! what an enchanting youth," said Mrs Grigsby, to herself, quite quiet. The fellow certainly *was* handsome, and, being dressed in plain clothes, looked as much like a gentleman as his master did. "If he be half as gallant as he is handsome—I'll try—I'll throw out one of those lures, which so often effect the designs of us pretty women. One of those little irresistibles;" and being now almost alongside of Smash, she stopped and simpered—"Pray sir"—— but whatever she was about to say was for ever lost by his asking whether she had seen his horse, for he observed a diamond ring on her finger which took his fancy amazingly.

"Your horse, sir!" exclaimed she, with some slight demonstrations of surprise. "I trust no accident has happened."

"Spilt ma'am, merely spilt—Alexander and Bucephalus—a full trot and a tumble. Look at my arm, ma'am." And she did look at his arm, at the same time exclaiming—

"Broken! I shall die if it be broken."

"Oh, no!" responded Smash, "only bruised—severely bruised."

"But in the presence of such an angel as yourself," he went on to say, "I can feel no pain."

"Sweet, poetical youth!" inwardly ejaculated, Mr Grigsby. "Ye Gods! with such a man as this"——

"May I perish," said Smash, with enthusiasm, unaware of the interruption; "may I perish, if I would not consent to be hurled from the top of St Paul's to the bottom of the Red Sea, if I were sure of falling at the feet of a woman whose charms were equal to those on which I now dare to fix the eye of admiration."

"I am overcome. This is too much, sir. Your arm. But without waiting till he gave it, she laid hold of it and hung lovingly upon him. "Your horse, sir," continued she, about to call to his recollection, the fact, that it had ran away.

"Perish the brute," interrupted Smash, "and let him speed to chaos and eternal night."

Smash had at one period of his existence been the principal comedian of a strolling company; and thus at once is his "forcible vernacular" accounted for.

He must be a man of fashion, thought Mrs Grigsby, on hearing this heartless exclamation about his horse, for she well knew that fashion and feeling seldom travelled in company.

"But, sir, the furious beast may kill some of the cottagers' children."

"The world, the whole world must be sacrificed before I can leave the first best ornament of it. I see in your face a combination of the richest charms; your cheeks are full-blown roses; your eyes resemble those of the wood-pigeon; and your breath is—excuse the freedom of a sudden, but irresistible passion," and he ended the parenthesis by kissing her, much to his own horror "Oh! it is heavenly!"

"Oh, you flatterer!—you too eloquent seducer!"

"And then this arm," continued Smash. "Place it before the Venus of medicines, and it would be all Dicky with her! These fingers! How long, delicate, and tapering. This is a pretty ring—these charming fingers;" and, as he kissed them, he again remarked—"A pretty ring indeed."

"It was the first gift of my dear husband," observed the lady.

"Your husband. Ah, married; then I am heart-re for ever. I love you, madam. Fate has put this bar between us, and I will tear myself away as fast as I can."

"Stay, sir! My husband has been dead some years. Do not let us part."

"The devil he has!" muttered Smash. "It must be," he said to her. "The pale-faced destinies *will* have it so. Take this ring." As he said this, he pulled an imitation pearl one from his finger, and placed it on hers. "And when I am far away, drop a tear on it, and bestow one melancholy thought on him who gave it."

"And take you this," she added, presenting him with her diamond ring, "and, every night when you place your head on your pillow——. I can say no more—my emotions overpower me."

"Then, dearest girl," cried Smash, anxious to be off, now that he had obtained possession of the ring. "Adieu!—Farewell, for ever."

"Nay, nay, we part not thus," the lady cried. "Promise to grant me one more interview, to-morrow evening, on this spot; and, if we then must separate, I will not repine. Do you consent to this?"

"I do," said Smash, reluctantly, which hesitation Mrs Grigsby set down to the account of his overcharged feelings.

Another kiss was imprinted on her shrivelled lips, and when Mrs Grigsby raised her eyes from the ground whereon modesty had transfixed them, the youth was gone.

The evening passed better than might have been expected, considering the embarrassed state into which the feelings of Sir Jacob had been thrown, and Emma's repugnancy to her intended husband. Sir Jacob made an effort to appear gay, and paid particular attention to his guests; and Mrs Grigsby did so too, only in a more subdued manner; and Tom Bonar strove to be amusing, and succeeded in keeping Sir George Molesworth in a perpetual roar of laughter—no very difficult matter; and Richard Molesworth talked long and largely on general

topics; and his sister sometimes joined in the conversation, turning it to a debate on the merits of various fashionable novels and poems; and even Emma Courtley was unusually merry. All this, with dinner, tea, cards, and supper, constituted the amount of the evening's entertainments; and then—to bed.

"My dear papa," said Miss Courtley, next morning at breakfast, "I have been thinking all the morning, and Matilda is quite of my opinion, that, instead of spending the day a-moping here at home, we should make up a party among ourselves, and pay a visit to Warkworth."

"Oh, yes," insinuated Sir George Molesworth, who had bought himself into various literary and antiquarian societies in London; "by all means, let us go to Warkworth. It is a very ancient place, I believe, and I am just in want of a subject for an essay to be read at the opening of the Antediluvian Society, in October." Not that he had any intention of writing an essay himself; indeed, if the truth must be told, it was wholly out of his power to do so, but, the circumstance of his having been at Warkworth, would inspire him with some degree of confidence in the delivery at the aforesaid society meeting, of a dissertation upon the antiquity of that town, for the writing of which he could easily pay some poor scribe about London, who, perhaps, never had been there, and who would feel far too hungry to dispute the authorship of it, were it worth his while, with so great a man as Sir George Molesworth.

Mrs Grigsby, and both the young men, agreed to the motion of Miss Courtley; the day was so fine.

"But how are we to proceed there, my dear?" inquired Sir Jacob, of his daughter. "The horses our friends brought with them are so jaded with yesterday's journey, and there are only my cream-coloured ponies fit for use. They, to be sure, can draw the carriage; but that, again, only holds four, and there are seven of us."

The two young gentleman thereupon agreed to remain at home; but, at this announcement, Miss Matilda Eliza having exhibited a strong inclination to pout, and fearful lest she too should, after it, prefer remaining at home, Emma suggested that Mr Richard and his friend could be accommodated with donkeys, and somebody could sit on the box with the coachman.

"Donkeys!" cried Matilda. "The very thing; and I have no objection to take one also. It is so romantic and uncommon to travel in a manner in which almost no one else travels. I'll have a donkey;" and, in jumping up from the breakfast-table, she nearly upset Mrs Grigsby, to such an altitude had her animal spirits risen.

The motion of the donkeys being carried *nem. con.*, Sir Jacob and Sir George went to give orders for their harnessing, the ladies betook themselves to their apartments, the breakfast things were cleared away, and Richard Molesworth and Tom Bonar remained the sole occupants of the parlour.

"What think you of Miss Courtley—eh, my boy?" inquired Tom, for the first time, of the proposed benedict.

"I like her much!" answered Richard; "and after so long a gaze on the studied beauties of a city, I own this rose of the wilderness fascinates and charms me."

"Then put forth your hand freely," said Bonar. "Pluck and wear it: it is within your reach, and may be the property of your bosom."

"Never!—My father has long wished me to marry, and encouraged me to address the daughter of Sir Jacob, who is willing to bestow on her a noble fortune. To amuse him—to vary the scene of life, I am come hither; but matrimony!—oh!—no!—no!"

"Perhaps you think the girl does not like you? And yet you were once a coxcomb, Dick."

"And you always, Tom. But you miss the mark. You know my story, Tom. There is only one woman in the world I can ever marry—*Is* she in the world?—O Tom! I shudder every time I put that question to myself; I tremble, and confess myself a villain."

"Desist, desist, thou self-tormenting devil!—Ha! ha! ha!—a fellow who, for the last four years, has pursued every dissipation, now comes to me—to me of all the world—exclaiming, 'Oh! I confess myself a villain!'"

"Yes, I have been idle—dissipated; but, Tom, I must reform—I must, indeed. I lost two thousand pounds last Tuesday, and three more on the following night, that I would not have the governor know of."

"Come, now, that's too bad," blandly insinuated Tom, "On my word, unless you leave off gaming, I shall forswear your society entirely."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Richard, gravely; for, to tell the truth, he was rather a matter-of-fact gentleman, was Richard, and implicitly did he believe that Tom Bonar was speaking seriously. "Pshaw! have I not told you I mean to do so. Sir, I sallied forth from the gaming-house, half mad with the remembrance of my follies; and, half drunk with the Burgundy I had swallowed. A girl in the streets asked me for money, and I offered to see her home. She had *no* home. She only wanted a little to carry her back to her father's cottage in Hampshire. My life on it, she was a penitent. I gave her my last guinea, and she thanked me on her knees. She left me; and I said to myself—'Three thousand pounds will not satisfy the rapacity of a gambler; but one poor guinea may heal the wounds of an aged heart, and save a miserable soul from perdition.'"

"Egad, Dick, you were extremely sentimental in your cups. But, come, I hear a noise without—I'm sure our party must be waiting. Do you sally forth to keep them in countenance, and I will join you presently. I'm only going to get something from my portmanteau that we'll require on our way." So saying, he darted from the apartment, and Richard slowly made his way forth from the house.

The cream-coloured ponies were being fastened in the carriage, and a groom was caparisoning the donkeys, under the immediate superintendence of the two old gentleman; a large basket of provisions, covered with a towel, fixed with twigs, was reclining on the door-step; but none of the ladies had yet made their appearance.

"Dick!" cried Sir George, on seeing his son, "I wish you'd send forward that fellow of yours with the provisions, for I fear they will crowd the carriage, and inconvenience us too much."

No sooner said than done. Smash, who had by some means or other regained possession of his steed, was, by the orders of his master, shortly afterwards cantering along the road in the direction of Warkworth, with the basket of provisions tied behind him, in the same manner as we can conceive Rob Roy was fastened behind Ewan of Briglands, prior to his celebrated escape.

"Well, here we are, papa, at last," said Miss Emma Courtley and Miss Matilda Eliza Molesworth, to their respective progenitors, as they tripped down the steps of Courtley Hall in company with Mrs Grigsby. "But," exclaimed Matilda, in solitary continuation, "where's Tom Bonar? Dear me, where's Tom?"

"Pooh! he'll be here directly, I warrant," observed Sir George. "In the meantime, take your seats, ladies."

"I'm for a donkey!" cried Matilda.

"Then I had better take the other," said her brother; and, without further ceremony, he assisted her into her saddle, and took possession of the other himself, while Sir George was gallantly handing Mrs Grigsby and Emma into the carriage.

"Ah! here's Tom! here's Mr Bonar!" were the exclamations, as that clever young man made his appearance, lead-

ing his horse, which he had found fresh enough for the proposed journey.

"Why, Tom. How now? What's that you've got?" asked Sir George, on observing that Tom was stowing away a bottle and a long white paper parcel into the capacious pockets of his pea-jacket.

"I insist upon knowing," continued Sir George, as Tom rather seemed to avoid answering his question.

"Oh, nothing. Merely a small bottle of Tente, and a Frankfort sausage. I thought perhaps we'd require them on the way, as it is such a trouble to be always opening the basket."

"A sausage! and one of those nasty Frankfort ones too! Pagh! don't come near me; the smell will make us all faint."

Sir George took his seat in the carriage, and away scampered the cortége, carriage, donkeys, and all; and, except a little stubbornness and stoppage now and then, on the part of the donkeys, the party reached Warkworth without anything remarkable having occurred.

Shortly after they started, however, the sun had begun to increase his heat, and Miss Matilda Eliza naturally enough wanted to put up her parasol, but entirely forgetting that she had placed her telescope among the folds of the silk, for facility of conveyance, that instrument of vision, on the first indications of the parasol being opened, fell plump out, hitting the young lady's donkey a thump on the head, which made him gallop for nearly a mile. Richard picked up the telescope, and forced his donkey to imitate the example of its brother, and the carriage followed at a respectful distance.

"Papa!" cried Matilda, as soon as the animal on which she rode began to slacken its pace.

"Are you hurt, my dear?" asked Sir Jacob, from the carriage.

"Or are you frightened, Matty?" said her father.

"Neither, thank you," said the young lady, assuming as much show of courage as she could at that precise moment conveniently muster, and venting her pent-up rage upon the head of the donkey with her riding switch.

"You'd better come into the carriage," suggested Mrs Grigsby.

"Or," said Tom Bonar, "I'll give you my place, and I'll take the donkey."

"Not for the world!" said Matilda. "I only wish that pa would take charge of my telescope. Richard, give the telescope to pa."

Richard did as he was bid; and the old gentleman, carefully wrapping up the telescope, put it into his pocket The caravan then proceeded.

Arrived at Warkworth, the coachman was desired to put up the carriage, horses, and donkeys, at a very comfortable-looking little inn on the right hand side of the principal street, and to go in search of Mr Richard's valet, with directions to take the basket of provisions to the open green behind the castle, while the party were seeing the Hermitage.

Of all pretty little English towns, Warkworth is among the prettiest. An ancient castle, smooth-flowing river, and the varied scenery around, are seldom so happily concentrated as in this sweet spot.

Having found the boatman, Sir Jacob and his companions were soon rowing up the Coquet on their way to the far-famed Hermitage.

"How beautiful!" was the universal exclamation, while gazing on the trees which graced the bank on either side, and whose boughs almost canopied the stream.

"Ah! there's the Hermitage at last," cried Sir Jacob.

"So it is," said Sir George. "Well, that is an odd-looking place. I think it must have been built by William Rufus, because I see it's got a roof."

An admirable reason, truly, thought Emma.

"Now, papa," impatiently cried Matilda, "my telescope!" And her father took a paper-enveloped parcel from his pocket and handed it to her. With haste she undid it, that she might have the advantage of a peep at the Hermitage from the river, in order to help her out in her description of it in a sonnet which she was contemplating. What was her astonishment on opening the parcel to find that it contained—not her telescope, but—a German sausage! Horror! she could have borne anything but this. To be affronted in this manner before so many people, was more than her philosophy could stand, and she hid her face in her pocket handkerchief, and mopped her eyes therewith.

All, save Tom Bonar, were as much astonished as Matilda herself, at this sudden transformation of a telescope into a Frankfort sausage; but Tom, gallantly stepping forward to where she sat, produced her telescope from his own pocket, and acknowledged, that, as he handed Sir George from the carriage, he had adroitly drawn the telescope from that gentleman's pocket, and substituted his sausage in its place. Wicked, wicked Tom Bonar! The trick was forgiven, as it was thought, even by Sir George himself, to be immensely clever, and smiles were again restored to the countenance of Matilda Eliza Molesworth.

Our party having viewed the Hermitage, both outside and in—having seen the altar—the half finished form, chisseled out in rock by the hermit's own hands, of her for whom the hermit had become a hermit—and having viewed the stake nets in the Coquet for catching salmon, and the hermit's garden wherein he used to grow his own cabbages—and, in short, all that was to be seen, they returned down the river again, and sped forward to the Castle.

There's more of melancholy than of joy mingles in our feelings as we gaze on an ancient ruin. Could those crumbling stones but speak, they would tell us that on that grass-grown courtyard many an ironcased heel has clanked; many a steed has pranced in long, long past days; and these old walls have echoed back the sound of mirth and revelry to which some grim old warriors gave birth. What scenes of love, too, have been acted here; vows have been uttered, perhaps to be forgotten; tears have fallen; and the laugh has rung; and all that remain of these eventful hours are dust and mere oblivion.

"What a nice bleaching-green this would make," was the observation of Mrs Grigsby, on entering the courtyard of Warkworth Castle. Sir George Molesworth looked daggers at so Gothic an observation, and, without uttering a syllable, proceeded to pluck some of the grass and wrap it up along with a piece of stone reft from the gateway, as his next contribution to the museum of the Antediluvian Society. Every one of the party thereafter having slaked their curiosity by gazing on the majestic pile around them till they were tired, Tom Bonar hinted that they now ought to see whether the servants had taken the provisions to the place they had been desired to take them to. All defiled from the castle accordingly, and having found the servants and the provisions reclining on the mound at the back, seated themselves on the green turf, and began the serious business of mastication.

> "Heard you the din of dinner bray,
> Knife to fork, and fork to knife;
> Unnumbered Waithmans in the civic strife,
> Through fish, flesh, pies, and puddings cut their way."

Mrs Grigsby looked and looked at the person of Smash, running backwards and forwards, and waiting upon the company, and could scarcely believe her eyes. No! she must be deceived—it cannot be the same youth to whom she gave her diamond ring but yesterday—preposterous to think of it!

"Smash," said Richard Molesworth, at Sir Jacob's suggestion, "go down to the inn and tell them to have plenty of boiling water in readiness, as we shall take our toddy there. We have yet time enough for that!" he observed to his friends, "and be back to Courtley Hall, as Sir Jacob informs me, long before tea-time!"

"Yes, sir!" said Smash, and walked away to fulfil his master's commands.

Those two words were sufficient; they came like an electric shock to the heart of Mrs Grigsby. Unperceived by the rest, she instantly rose, and hastened after Smash, who had just turned the corner of the wall. The spot which he had reached, when Mrs Grigsby overtook him, was very favourable—not a soul was in view; and the old castle was between her and her friends.

"Stop!" she cried, and Smash obeyed her. "There was some mistake on my part yesterday," she continued, "or I could not have debased myself in talking so long and in such a manner to a footman. Had I then known who you were, sir, I should certainly have gone into fits! Give me my ring again!"

"Take it!" said Smash, without exhibiting the least symptoms of surprise. "Take it from my finger—but no—I cannot part with it—I must—I feel I must look at it, when I place my head on my solitary pillow!"

"I insist on having my ring back—a footman, indeed, to presume"——

"Forbear, madam!" interrupted Smash, with an air of affected and extravagant dignity. "The opinion I have entertained of you, would have honoured a princess; your allusion to my situation in life cuts my soul to the quick, and fills my eyes with cowardly tears!—Did not particular reasons induce Alfred the Great to assume the disguise of a peasant? Circumstances the most unhappy have obliged me to seem what I am not. Suffice it to say, my family is noble. A villanous steward robbed me of £5,000 the very day a jury of my countrymen brought in a verdict of £20,000 damages against me, for having been found in a lady's chamber, when, on my soul, I was innocent!"

"I do believe you, sir!" was the tender rejoinder.

"The following week, my noble mansion in the country was reduced to ashes. Mr Richard Molesworth had been the companion of all my gay hours; and, yet now, I submit to be called his servant. He is my friend, my very sincere friend!"

"And yet I heard him say to you, not half-an-hour ago, 'Curse you, you rascal, why don't you bring me the mint sauce!'"

"Yes, yes! He is obliged to say those things now and then, to carry on the mystery; but when we are alone!—Ah, ma'am! if you could only see him while we are alone!"

"My heart believes you truly."

"By the bye, talking of hearts, ma'am, mine is in a pitiable condition. You have stuck in it a long and desperate dagger, which"—He stopped short, for he perceived the form of Sir George Molesworth looming in the distance; and, without Mrs Grigsby observing, he took to his heels as fast as he was able.

"My heart is the repository of love!" said Mrs Grigsby, with downcast eyes, imagining she was addressing Smash. "I will not trust my eyes to dwell on your too perfect form; but the honey of my lips shall again hang on yours," and she threw her arms round the neck of Sir George, who had just come up.

"Zounds!" cried he.

"She looked up; and, seeing it was not the fellow she had thought for, gave a scream, and fell into Sir George's arms—a movement which, unfortunately, the old gentleman not having reckoned upon, it upset him, and he and Mrs Grigsby both rolled over on the greensward together

It would serve little purpose to inform our readers that the rest of the party came upon the unlucky pair just at the crisis of their fall, and that they all burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and how, thereafter, Sir George stormed a little at first, and Mrs Grigsby was very much annoyed indeed, and how, soon after, they all became good friends again, and had their toddy at the whitewashed inn, situated in the principal street of Warkworth; but it is indeed necessary to say, that, as they all prepared to depart, to their utter horror, they discovered that one of their number was awanting, and that one was, Miss Matilda Eliza Molesworth.

Search was made for her in vain—inquiries were instituted, which, after some time, were answered by the landlady informing them, that the young Miss in question had ordered the riding-horse to be saddled, and after having thrown a crown into the hostler's crownless hat, had galloped off.

"Pooh!" said Sir Jacob, "the girl has not quite forgotten the telescope, and, in a pet, has sped homewards. I'll warrant me she's snug at home by this time."

Upon this assurance the company were completely satisfied, and off they set for Courtley Hall. Mrs Grigsby having expressed a desire to return home upon the back of the unoccupied donkey, while Tom Bonar should take her seat in the carriage, she was hoisted by the ostler into the saddle; but the spirited animal, as if aware of the paltryness of its rider, refused at first to budge an inch. By dint of coaxing and thumping, however, he was at length prevailed upon to exhibit symptoms of a canter, which did not long continue, for the cunning brute moved forward sideways to the wall, and coolly proceeded to rub the skin off Mrs Grigsby's knees, by a spirited application of them to that stony boundary. Mrs Grigsby screamed, and, in her fright, fell off the donkey's back. This latter circumstance, however, she always attributed to the fact of Miss Molesworth having taken away the lady's saddle, and left a gentleman's upon the animal.

Mrs Grigsby was picked up by Tom Bonar, amidst the laughter of the bystanders; and he himself having taken her place upon the donkey, while she returned to the carriage, the animals moved forward without any further reluctance.

On their arrival at Courtley Hall, no Miss Molesworth was there, nor had any of the servants seen her since she went to Warkworth that morning. Great was the agitation and consternation on the occasion. One thought one thing, and another another, but no one could account for her mysterious disappearance.

Leaving his guests under the tutelage of Miss Courtley and Mrs Grigsby, to consider what was best to be done in the matter, Sir Jacob proceeded to the library, where he was informed Maurice Darley had been awaiting him for some hours. Sir Jacob had been all the morning thinking over the extraordinary occurrence of the previous day. He could not allow himself to think that Maurice was the guilty being the Creole had proclaimed him to be. But then, if he was innocent, why had he quailed beneath the charge? Why be silent at a moment when he was most required to speak? Why allow any man to beard him in the presence of his friends, as the Creole had done, without resenting it? There was a mystery in the whole affair which Sir Jacob could not fathom. The Creole, too, had spoken of Maurice as harbouring designs against the purity of Emma Courtley. This he could not bring himself to believe. It had often occurred to him that he was wrong in allowing Maurice to gain a footing of so strong intimacy in Courtley Hall, and thereby affording him an opportunity of falling in love with Emma. "He is a handsome dog," he would say to himself; "sensible, and well bred; but my Emma has too much discretion to admit his atten-

tions." And he hugged himself in this belief. Poor old gentleman, it never once occurred to him that love and discretion seldom fly in couples.

On Sir Jacob's entrance into the library, Maurice rose, and, apologising for trespassing on his time, said—"As I am soon about to quit this part of the country, for ever—indeed, ere to-morrow's dawn, I shall, I trust, be far from hence—I have taken the liberty of calling on you, to discharge a small sum you advanced to me some time since, and"——

"Oh!" interrupted Sir Jacob, who, in spite of Maurice's alleged guilt, still felt a strong esteem for him. "Never mind such a trifle as that—any time will do for its return."

"Oh, sir!" cried Maurice, sinking upon one knee, "you are indeed kind; kinder—you will forgive me when I say so—kinder than I expected you would have been after what you heard yesterday."

"Rise, Mr Darley," said Sir Jacob; "rise; and, be assured, until I have stronger proof than what has already been shewn to me, I cannot believe you guilty of the crime laid to your charge."

"Blessings on you for that thought," said Maurice, rising and kissing the old gentleman's hand. "But, hear my story, and judge how far I am to blame."

"Be seated then," said Sir Jacob, kindly placing a chair for Maurice, "and tell me all."

"Sir Jacob, my father was a man of family and fortune," Maurice Darley went on to say; "but he was dissipated and extravagant; and when I attained the age of eighteen, I found myself in the most unpleasant circumstances. My father died, and his creditors were scarcely to be appeased by the wreck of his property. My sister had an annuity of fifty pounds, which an old maiden aunt had left her. With this we retired into the country, and remained there two years, when I proposed to go, for a short time, to Italy, the birth-place of my mother. We effected our design, and established ourselves in a delightful village. My mother's relations were all dead. I resolved to see as much of the Italian scenery as I could; and, when my sister was settled in her cottage, I left her, and was absent six months, during which, my pencil and imagination were continually employed. I would have stayed away longer, had I not, while in Florence, met in the streets with a noble-looking man, of about fifty years of age, who accosting me, said he knew me, had known my father, and that my sister was anxiously awaiting my return; if I did not hasten to her, I might come too late. Ere I had time to inquire of him, how he was aware of my sister's presence in Italy, he was gone. I took his advice, however, I returned to my sister, and flew to embrace her. She was pale, terrified, and almost insane. I asked a thousand times, the cause of her behaviour, and, at length, she confessed that an English gentleman had appeared during my absence, had won her heart, and completed her ruin. The name of her seducer—her villanous seducer—was Wilson. I cursed him in my rage; I even cursed my sister; but I afterwards took her to my heart, and I swore to love her still. Wilson had professed the most sincere love, and promised immediate marriage. I sought him out, and, after taxing him with his crime, desired him instantly to fulfil his vow. He would not; though he confessed his arts, and that my sister had fallen by them, he would not do her the justice I required. I repeated my curses, gave him his choice of pistols, received his fire; and, O horror! shot him dead on the spot. At that moment, he whom I had met in Florence stood before me. There was visible in his countenance an expression of demoniac exultation. I was awe-struck, and fell fainting to the earth. When I came to my senses, neither the stranger nor the dead body of Wilson were anywhere to be seen.

"Then I hurried away with my sister, and barely escaped the justice that pursued me closely. We arrived in England, changed our names, and experienced many vicissitudes. My poor heart-broken sister suffered much. While in London I had the good fortune to form a connection with some of the principal periodicals, which has, till now, afforded me the means of living in a style which I could not otherwise have done. We came to this part of the country, where, my crime being unknown, I met on all sides with nothing but kindness and respect. From you alone, sir, I have experienced much of both, which, believe me, I shall not soon forget. I deemed myself happy here, and thought that I should long remain undiscovered. The events of yesterday, however, have roused me from my repose of fancied security. My persecutor—he who has never revealed himself to me but to marr my happiness—is again upon my heels, and I must fly, whither, I know not, but this very night I must be gone."

"It would be useless for me, Mr Darley, after what you have now confessed, to press you to stay in a place where your fair name must be for ever blasted, and when you have no means of repelling the charge of murder brought against you. All the consolation I can afford you, is, that I conceive you acted as became a man. Had I been placed in the same situation, I would have done precisely the same thing. You nobly staked your life in defence of your sister; and the killing of your antagonist was purely the result of that fate which ever hovers over the good cause. God speed you on your way; and should you ever want assistance, fail not to let me know; you shall ever find a friend in me."

"I thank you, sir," said Maurice, while the tear of gratitude started to his eye. "I thank you; and wherever my future footsteps may be bent, I shall always remember the kindness I met with in Courtley Hall. And now, sir," he said in continuation, "before I go I must entreat your forgiveness for my presumption in a matter which concerns you."

"I promise to forgive you, Mr Darley, ere you speak it."

"Listen, then, to my further deviation from the path of honour. Sir Jacob Courtley, I have dared to love your daughter. Nay, start not," he added, on observing the surprise of Sir Jacob. "I am poor—an alien to society—but affection will glow in the breast of poverty, will flourish amid the solitude of a wilderness. Let me conjure you to regard your daughter's happiness. *I* shall never see her again. Be kind, be tender to her; and if she speaks of me with affection, do not despise her for it."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Sir Jacob, attemping to veil his agitation under covert of this question.

"But little," resumed Maurice Darley. "By this alone," handing a small packet to Sir Jacob, "can I repay the pecuniary debt I owe you. Farewell, sir! Heaven preserve you and—Emma!" A moment, and he was gone.

Sir Jacob at first could scarcely convince himself that the by-past scene was in the slightest degree allied to reality. The packet which he held in his hand, however, at length dispelled all doubt. What could it contain? With some hesitation in his manner, Sir Jacob opened it, and was somewhat amazed to find that its contents were an assignment in his favour of Maurice Darley's furniture and a twenty pound bank-note. The sequel will tell the rest.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE CREOLE.

BEING A SEQUEL TO "THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

"Sorrow and Guilt,
Like two old pilgrims guised, but quick and keen
Of vision, evermore plod round the world,
To spy out pleasant spots and loving hearts;
And never lack a villain's ready hand
To work their purpose on them—*Hear ye me!*"
Mariner's Story.

Sir Jacob Courtley, on discovering what were the contents of the packet, was at some loss what to make of them. He was much struck at the honesty of Maurice, in thus returning, with interest, a sum which he had lent him several months before, and which, from its having been, in his estimation, a mere trifle, he had entirely forgotten. He therefore determined on sending back the packet to Maurice, accompanied with a check for one hundred pounds, to take him on his journey. With this determination, he was about to leave the library, when Emma entered, pale and almost breathless. The sight of her at once recalled to his recollection "the impudence," as he was pleased to term it, of Maurice Darley, in daring to love her; and he forthwith began the process of fermenting himself into a tolerably decent passion, with the intention of discharging the phial of his wrath upon the devoted head of his daughter, for having given encouragement to Maurice's advances; but Emma saw the approaching storm, though without knowing its cause, and therefore resolved to act according to the method pursued by the more cautious among the inhabitants of Scotland—"tak the first word o' flyting."

"Father," she said, with as much composure as she could assume, "I have just heard, from Sir George Molesworth, strange accounts of our friend, Mr Darley. Can you tell me whether there is any truth in them? Sir George said that he and you were present yesterday when a stranger appeared and accused Maurice—I mean, Mr Darley—of a fearful crime."

"Sir George is right," answered her father; "I was present with him on the occasion you mention. But this Mr Darley—this Maurice——. Emma, I know all. He has dared to love you; and you—no, no, I cannot bring myself to think that you have so far forgotten yourself as to bestow your affections upon a nameless stranger—on one of whom you know nothing."

"O father!" cried Emma, throwing herself upon his shoulder, and bursting into tears, "speak not so harshly of him. That I love Maurice Darley, fondly, affectionately, I will not, cannot deny. If I have erred in leaving my heart to the freedom of its own will, all I ask from you is your mercy and forgiveness."

"Emma," said the old man, raising her up and gazing in her face, while a tear stood in either eye, "I am sorry—truly sorry that this has happened. I will not be angry with you; for I feel I myself am partially to blame for having been the cause of his first introduction to you. But I am afraid that this mutual affection has grown up in other soil than that of Courtley Hall. Emma, you must have met this man in other places than beneath my roof."

"I have, indeed, my father," said she, blushingly, and burying her face in his bosom.

"I thought so. This, then, accounts for your frequent absences of late—for your visits to your nurse's cottage. Zounds! I could annihilate that vile old woman!"

"Nay, nay, dear father," said Emma, lifting up her eyes to his; "do not talk thus. Be calm. The dame is not so much to blame."

"Not to blame!" echoed Sir Jacob, disengaging himself from his daughter's grasp—"Not to blame! To be sure, the old wretch has only aided a disobedient daughter in deceiving a fond, doating father."

"O heavens!" exclaimed Emma, sinking into a chair, "am I so lost indeed?"

"Come, come," said Sir Jacob, moved by his daughter's sorrow, "dry up your tears, Emma, and be a good girl again. There now! Promise me that you will never see this Mr Darley more—never think of him again with affection."

"Dear father, 'tis a hard task you have given me to do, but, if Maurice be indeed guilty of the crime laid to his charge, my pride, at least, must force me to act as you desire."

"Do you promise, then?"

"I do!"

So saying, Emma hurried from her father's presence.

Sir Jacob was not a little annoyed at what had just passed. The very thing which he had deemed almost an impossibility had been brought about—*his* daughter had bestowed her affections upon one who was her inferior in wealth and station. Although she had just given her solemn promise that she would not wilfully see or speak to him again, Sir Jacob knew the human heart too well to think that her love could be ever changed. The first love of a woman endures to the last; and, though its victim, from circumstances, may marry another than him on whom she has placed her affection, still will her heart, in spite of herself, point to that object to which it was first directed.

In the plenitude of his sorrow for that which it was too late now to remedy, Sir Jacob could not help being angry with himself for having been the first cause of it and, when one gets angry with himself, as a matter of course, he gets angry with all the world besides. It is not a very pleasant thing, however, to work one's self into a passion when there is no one present on whom to bestow the benefit of it; and this Sir Jacob soon felt. He could certainly have rung the bell, and vented his pent-up rage upon the poor wretch who answered it; for the more harmless the victim is, on such occasions, the better. But Sir Jacob did not exactly wish to make a fool of himself in his own house, considering that there were visiters in it at the time. Maurice and Emma were the legitimate objects for his wrath to burst upon; but they were not present; and, in their absence, Goody Cornrigs was thought upon as the party next entitled to his tender mercies. Accordingly, while the fit was on him, Sir Jacob put on his hat, and, leaving the hall, was speedily on his way to the Goody's cottage.

Goody Cornrigs had, when a girl of seventeen, been married to the forester on the estate of Mr Faucus,

whose daughter Sir Jacob Courtley had espoused. At eighteen, she became a mother; and, her own child having died, Mrs Faucus engaged her as wet-nurse to her daughter, then scarcely three months old. During the days of Miss Faucus' childhood, she had been in the habit of visiting "nurse" almost daily, and she really felt an affection for her.

It was a joyous day to the dame, when her little favourite became the wife of Sir Jacob Courtley; and her happiness was complete when, the succeeding year, Lady Courtley became the mother of little Emma, and appointed her to the same charge over her infant as she had once held over herself. Sir Jacob, too, placed her and her husband in a neat cottage on Courtley Manor, where she had now lived for nearly twenty years, without having been called on to pay a farthing of rent.

Dame Cornrigs' husband had, for ten years, been Sir Jacob's forester; at the end of which period he had been struck with paralysis; and Sir Jacob, ever generous to those who were deserving of his favour, had dispensed with his services, and regularly paid him his wages till the very day of his death, which happened about five years afterwards.

Besides the child that died, the dame had given birth to a son, who, when he reached the age of sixteen, left his home during the night, in consequence of his father having severely reprimanded him for his habitual idleness, which was occasioned entirely by over-indulgence on the part of his mother. For some years his parents could learn no tidings of him; and they began to consider him as dead, until, one day, a letter, bearing a foreign post-mark, addressed to "Mrs Cornrigs," was brought to the cottage. It proved to be from her absent son, who entreated her forgiveness, and that of his father, for his past misconduct. He informed her that, on his leaving home, he had never for a moment thought of the difficulties which he had to encounter in the great world. He could get no employment; and, without money to help him on, he had no other alternative than to enlist; for his "pride" (he called his feelings by that name) would not consent to his returning home. He mentioned that he had been in various parts of the world, and that he was, with his regiment, now stationed in Malta. He ended by earnestly beseeching his mother to use every exertion in her power to procure his discharge from the army, for, he was compelled to confess, he did not by any means relish a soldier's life.

The first act of Dame Cornrigs, after receiving this communication, was to carry it to Sir Jacob Courtley, and endeavour to interest him in her son's behalf. The kind-hearted baronet readily complied with her request; and he had, shortly afterwards, the pleasure of seeing the lost son restored to his parents' arms.

That son afterwards became a steady active man, and, for years, pursued the occupation of a joiner in his own native place; but, upon his father's death, anxious to minister, as well as he was able, to the comforts of his mother's declining years, he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he soon got into good employment; for steadiness and activity will ever carry a man through the world, and ensure him the respect of his employers, and the esteem of his companions. From time to time, he remitted sums of money to his mother, and occasionally visited her, until "that fell serjeant, Death," put a period to his filial exertions, and left his sorrowing mother childless. She was now solely dependant on the bounty of Sir Jacob Courtley.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the dame, on the entrance of the baronet into her cottage. "What, Sir Jacob Courtley! This is such an honour. Pray, sit down, sir. Here's a chair." So saying, she dusted the bottom of a high-backed wooden chair with the corner of her apron, and set it forward for Sir Jacob.

"No! no!" said he; "I shall stand, if you please, Mrs Dolly; for, I assure you, this is not a visit of ceremony."

"You are angry with me, sir. Tell me how I have offended you? I would not for the whole world wish to do anything that would call down your anger upon me, for many's the good turn you've done to me and mine, sir."

"Pshaw, Dolly! don't be hypocritical," said Sir Jacob, testily. "*You* would not wish to anger me. My daughter, Mrs Cornrigs—Manrice Darley—I know they have had their private meetings here."

"True, sir! and I hope to live to see them married; and you cannot be a good father, if you cross their affections. Old as I am, I think I should dance for an hour if I were to hear the bells ring at their wedding."

"I'll bear this no longer. I'll be revenged on all of you. You shall not spend another month in this house. It's mine. I'll pull it down. I'll seize all your goods, for the rent you owe me. I'll make a beggar of you; and your days shall end in a workhouse."

"With all my heart," responded the dame, resignedly. "My journey will not be long; and after this I can have nothing to fear from the overseers. You will seize my goods, too? Do. There's an old clock that was my grandmother's. Then, there's poor old Dick's saddle. There's the bed he died on; the horn with which he used to rouse you to the chase Take them; they won't bring much money; but—they are yours."

However good-natured, however kind-hearted a man may be, it is not impossible for him to work himself into a tremendous passion at the merest trifle, and when his absurd wrath has expended itself on the nearest living object, his better nature returns, and he feels as if he could make any reparation, however great, to the being whom he considers he has injured, so angry yet so sorry is he with himself. Thus it was with Sir Jacob. He would have given the world to have unsaid what he had said within the last few minutes. As it was, however, he only contented himself with replying to the dame in the same testy manner as he had hitherto used.

"You lie, you old woman—they are *not* mine. Mine indeed!—why you"——

"Then there's my old wheel," the dame went on to say, without paying any attention to his exclamations; "my pots, and pans. There's the picture of Lord Nelson; and the stories of 'Death and the Lady;' and 'The Blackamoor'—all in mahogany frames. Take them—sell them—burn them. I have no business here any longer."

After the dame had delivered herself of this tirade, she was on the point of leaving the cottage, when Sir Jacob stept between her and the door, and asked where she was going?

"To the overseer's!" was the reply; "and from thence to where you said you would *send* me, you hard-hearted man. O heavens! that I should have lived to see this day!" And so saying, the dame sunk down in the chair she had placed for Sir Jacob, and burst into tears.

Now Sir Jacob was one of those too kind-hearted men who cannot bear to see a woman cry, and he forthwith commenced "the soothing system."

"My dear Dolly," said he, "I am sorry for what I have said. Stay where you are. Live a hundred years; and you may have this cottage all that time rent free!"

All the apologies—all the promises he could make, however—were for a while in vain; the dame refused all consolation; but there she sat crying, ever and anon calling Sir Jacob all the hard-hearted beings in existence, and vowing that "she would rather perish in the fields than live under such a landlord." It was some time ere he could succeed in bringing her round again; and this was only effected by his reminding her of some more than usually happy days she had spent during the lifetime of Lady Courtley, and thereby leading her on unconsciously to talk of bygone times—a theme which ever soothes the spirit of those whose sojourn

upon earth has been long. The result was, that Dame Cornrigs parted that day with Sir Jacob Courtley in a happier mood than she had been in for years; and ere she went to bed, she prayed that he might long be spared to minister to the comforts of the poor, and to diffuse joy everywhere around him.

* * * * * *

As Maurice Darley slowly pursued his way down one of the gravel walks leading from the hall, a servant overtook him, and, thrusting a letter into his hand, withdrew. One glance sufficed to shew him that it was from Emma. He undid the seal, and read:—

"Mr Darley.

"Sir,—My father's friend, Sir George Molesworth, has just apprised me of your having been charged, by a stranger, with a crime too horrible to name. I deemed it false, until I questioned my father on the subject, and he has not denied but that there is some foundation for it. At the same time, he has desired me to cast you from my heart for ever. O Maurice! it is a hard request, and I feel I cannot comply with it. But until this stain upon your name be removed, I must so far act in obedience with my father's orders as not to see you or speak with you again. God bless you, Maurice.

"Yours,

"Emma.

"Courtley Hall,
Wednesday Afternoon."

This note bore evident marks of having been hurriedly written. Emma, impressed in some degree with the idea of Maurice's guilt, had certainly intended to write calmly and formally; but the feelings of the woman having gained their ascendancy over her, she could not help saying a word in kindness. After the letter had been despatched, she half repented of having written it; for, in spite of all that had been said against Maurice, and her first conviction of his guilt, she began to entertain thoughts of his innocence, and repented of having thus condemned him unheard.

While these scenes were enacting in one corner of Courtley Hall, the rest of its inmates were in great bustle and agitation concerning the fate of Miss Molesworth. Several of the servants had been sent by Mrs Grigsby in quest of her; and Richard, with his friend, Tom Bonar, had voluntarily sallied forth on the same errand; and Sir George had quietly seated himself in the parlour to read the newspapers.

"Pooh! Dick," said Bonar, "there's little fear of her; she can't be far off, and there can be little doubt of her soon returning home." Richard seemed rather soothed at Tom Bonar's repeated assurances of the safety of his sister, as he had some idea that Tom knew where she was.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, Dick," Tom continued—"My object in bringing you out was for a special purpose. There is a pretty young damsel lives alone in yonder cottage. I saw her this morning when I took my walk before breakfast. She would not speak; but, from the look she gave me, I had intended paying her a visit this evening. Unfortunately, however, I have business calls me to Scotland for a day or two, and, as I must start for Edinburgh to-night, I cannot have the pleasure of seeing her. I therefore beg to make her over to you. Upon my soul, she's pretty!"

"Say you so!" said Dick, forgetting all his vows of reformation in the enthusiasm of the moment. "Then I'm your man. I'll see her, and judge for myself!"

"Then, adieu, Dick! I'll see you, in all probability, the day after to-morrow. I must return to the hall to take leave of Sir Jacob. Adieu!" And thus the friends separated.

Mrs Grigsby, so soon as she saw every one fairly off, thought it a fitting opportunity to keep her assignation with the unknown youth, who, she felt assured, would be at the appointed spot, notwithstanding his abrupt departure from her at Warkworth Castle that forenoon. Although not very well pleased with him for having left her in the way he had done, and thereby entailing upon her the most awkward consequences, she considered it quite useless to entertain the smallest enmity against him, as the opportunity of getting married was not of everyday occurrence. She had resolved, however, to give him a slight reprimand for his conduct, just to shew him that she could keep her own part; but when she went forth into the field and saw the handsome young man waiting for her, her ire evaporated, and she felt struck all of a heap with a sudden diffidence.

"To meet you here, and alone,' she said to him, "is so rash, so impudent, I almost sink with confusion."

"So do I!" was the meek response. "But when I abuse your love and confidence, may I become the scorn of those exquisite eyes, and the detestation of that swan-like bussom. But let me go, and"——

"No, stay!" cried Mrs Grigsby. Your conversation enchants me. You said, to-day, your family was noble. Tell me your name, and"——

"Ghosts of my ancestors," said Smash, addressing the invisible air, "look down and calm my perturbation!" Which prayer being ended, he turned fully round to Mrs Grigsby, and, striking an attitude, exclaimed, "I am Sir Geoffrey Peajacket!"

"I always thought there was something noble about you," she said; "and this generous confidence tells me I was not deceived. You gave me, this morning, a slight sketch of your history. Be kind enough now, Sir Geoffrey, to fill up the picture. You need not be afraid to make me your confidant. I can excuse the indiscretions of gallantry."

"Can you?" said the assumed baronet. "Listen, then, to the story of one whose ardent love for your sex has been his ruin. On the 24th of last January, I was at a fancy ball. At the supper-table, and on my right hand, I beheld a Crazy Jane eating a beef sandwich, and drinking a glass of Madeira. She was beautiful, and her face so much resembled yours, that while I thus fondly gaze"——

"Oh, happy, happy Jane!—But proceed, Sir Geoffrey."

"She was accompanied by a little bandy-legged gentleman, in the character of Ganymede. I followed her closely, told her my name, and gave her my miniature—a silhouette I think it was; but, in the course of two hours, I lost her in the crowd. I now abandoned myself to despair. Some few nights afterwards, as I was going through Hatton Garden, I was struck with the warblings of some unseen angel from the second floor of No. 6. I stopped to listen. A lamplighter was then taking his rounds to extinguish the lights, and I gave him half-a-guinea to let me mount his ladder. I ascended to the window, and peeped in. There, to my joy, I beheld my divine Crazy Jane! She was sitting on a yellow satin sofa, attired in a transparent muslin *chemise de nuit*, gazing on a silhouette portrait, and singing the doleful ditty of, 'All Round my Hat.' I threw another guinea into the nab of the oily genius of intrigue, and gently entered in at the window. The lady screamed; the house was alarmed; and I was glad to make my escape, that time, as nimbly as I could. In a week, I saw her again. No longer did she scream, no longer did she alarm the house; and, ever after, she

"'Received me when I came.'

"In a short time, Lord Piddikin, her husband, brought his action against me. In vain my lawyer pleaded: in vain he spoke of my general character—of the agreeable-

ness of my person. A verdict of twenty thousand pounds damages was returned. I was obliged to hide myself immediately; and, on the Saturday night following, the blooming Lady Piddikin put a period to her existence with twopence worth of white arsenic, bought at No. 478, Oxford Street. These tears! Oh, excuse me!"

"I never heard so moving a tale," observed Mrs Grigsby. "Tom Thumb's tragedy is not half so shocking!"

"I had a villanous steward," continued Smash, "who, just at that time, robbed me of five thousand pounds; and, in the same month, my noble mansion in the country was reduced to ashes. My friend, Mr Molesworth, often advises me to repair my fortune by marriage. 'I love you too well,' he often says, 'to see you thus degraded. Fly to Germany and marry the lovely Countess of Krumpenküttlebreech.'"

"Oh! pray don't take any such advice."

"Since I have seen *you*, I certainly cannot. I have only two wishes. The one is to compromise the business I have mentioned with Lord Piddikin; the other, to have the possession of your hand and heart. To make you Lady Peajacket, and shew you—as a rich jewel of love's mysterious cabinet—in the fashionable circles to which I pant to return!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mrs Grigsby. "I think I should like to go to Germany, if it were only to mortify the pert Countess. But any place with you must be Paradise. To-morrow morning, my dear Sir Geoffrey, I shall furnish you with the means of compromising the affair with Lord Piddikin. How much money would it require?"

"Why, I dare say that it might be done for about two hundred pounds."

"You shall have it—on this spot—to-morrow morning."

"My preserver. Till then, farewell!"

"Farewell!"

One chaste salute, and Mrs Grigsby returned to Courtley Hall.

* * * * * *

The shades of evening were drawing around as Richard Molesworth hastened towards the cottage of Maurice Darley; for it was thither he had been directed by Tom Bonar. Without any hesitation, he lifted the latch and entered the cottage. One being was in the apartment—it was Mrs Selwyn. When he entered, she was seated with her back towards the door, engaged in reading.

"Ah! Maurice," she cried, without lifting her eyes from her book, "you've been a long time gone!"

"My charming creature!" said Richard, running up to her, after having secured the door. She turned, for she knew the voice was not that of Maurice. Richard Molesworth stood transfixed with astonishment.

"Merciful Heaven!" was his first ejaculation, on slightly recovering himself. "It is—it is my Victorine!"

"Ah! Wilson! Wilson!" exclaimed Mrs Selwyn, nearly fainting. "Have I my senses? And do you still live? Away, away, sir!"

"I cannot obey you, Victorine. To find you here, when I thought, when I feared—Victorine, I would wipe away my crimes, and tenderly heal every wound my cruelty has inflicted. Do not weep."

"Surely they are tears of blood! Oh, my heart cannot endure these agonies. I thought you dead. That you still live, Heaven be thanked; but, from this moment, never let our eyes encounter each other."

"One moment. I fear to ask you. Your brother?"

"He will be here in a few minutes. He has not deserted me: he is still my protector."

"Plead for me, Victorine! Ask him to extend to me the hand of friendship; to take me to his heart for ever."

"Would you again encumber it with misery and shame. He thinks you are dead, and—begone, Wilson! The sight of you creates new horror, and almost fills my brain with madness."

"Hear me for a few moments. I have never yet divulged my real name. It is Molesworth, and I am now on a visit to Sir Jacob Courtley, whose daughter my father wishes me to marry. But no; my heart is yours, and yours alone."

"Mine," said Mrs Selwyn. "Oh! hateful hypocrisy."

"Shame has followed me ever since I saw you last. Forgive!" And Richard Molesworth knelt. "On my knees I implore you to forgive me. Suffer me to take you to my heart. Pardon my crimes, my cruelty, my madness. My father is at Sir Jacob's, Victorine. Give me your hand; let me lead you to him; and say, 'this is my choice; give your blessing to the destined wife of your son.'"

At this moment a knocking was heard at the cottage door.

"'Tis my brother," said Mrs Selwyn. "Fly, I conjure you, fly;" and she opened a window in the back of the cottage, and pointed to it as the best means of his escape.

"But when will you see me again?" Richard asked.

"Oh, never!—never!"

"Then I cannot go. I have long sought for you. Let me dwell with you for ever—love you till the last hour of my existence. What say you, Victorine?"

"Only leave me now. I shall lose my senses if you do not comply with my request."

"I go; but expect to see me again shortly, for all my hopes of happiness depend on you. I confess, I dare not meet your brother at this moment; guilt has made me a most abject coward. Farewell! farewell!"

The knocking had been twice repeated ere Richard Molesworth would consent to depart. He leaped from the window; and that instant he was gone, Mrs Selwyn flew to the door, and undid the fastening, and Maurice Darley entered. With a sorrowful heart he now, for the first time, informed Mrs Selwyn of his intended departure that night. He had been to the neighbouring town of Belford, and had secured a conveyance from that to the next town, and which he had engaged should be in readiness at two o'clock in the morning. The distance across the common was not very great, and Mrs Selwyn and himself could walk it, while a man could carry all the luggage he purposed taking with him. Maurice was not a little surprised on being told by Mrs Selwyn that Wilson was still alive; and his heart felt lighter when he found that the blood of man would not stain his hand, when it should be raised to Providence for mercy.

Leaving Mrs Selwyn to pack up the few necessaries she herself intended to take, Maurice Darley left the cottage, just as the clock was striking twelve, for the purpose of looking once more upon Courtley Hall—upon that fane which enshrined the being his heart held dear. As he approached the building, he was not a little amazed to see the reflection of a red glare of light upon the dark sky behind the eastern wing. In that wing he knew Emma's apartment was situated; and his alarm was great when, as he neared the hall, he discovered that it was on fire. Not a moment was to be lost. He would save Emma, or perish in the attempt. Leaping the outer gate, he ran forward to the house, and knocked loudly. The door was opened; and Maurice, having hastily informed the servant, who made his appearance, of the danger in which the eastern wing of the building was, seized the candle he held in his hand, and rushed past him into the house. With steps quickened by fear for the safety of Emma, he ran along the galleries and passages in which the hall abounded, and soon reached the entrance to the eastern wing. The passage was filled with smoke, and the glare of the flames was shining from beneath the door of Emma's apartment. Nerved by despair, Maurice Darley raised his arm, and

drove in one of the pannels; and, though the smoke which emerged amounted nearly to suffocation, he passed through the aperture into the room. It was evident to him that the wooden partition which separated this chamber from the next was in a state of conflagration, as well as the whole roof. Pieces of the burning rafters, ever and anon, fell upon the floor of the apartment. The curtains of Emma's bed were yet untouched by the flames, and Maurice groped his way to it. The window of the room was open, and the breeze which entered at it cleared the smoke partially away, and enabled Maurice to observe her in bed and asleep. By the bedside stood the Creole, with an uplifted dagger in his hand.

"Hence!" he cried to Maurice; "hence, or I plunge this dagger in her heart."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Maurice, rushing forward and staying his arm.

There was a struggle of a few moments, during which Maurice was slightly wounded in the arm; but, although the Creole was a taller, and, consequently, a more powerful man than Maurice, Maurice, armed as he was in defence of virtue, wrested the dagger from the miscreant's hand, and, ere he could recover himself, Maurice struck him a heavy blow on the face with the handle. They were, at that moment, just beside the window. The Creole staggered backwards from the effect of the blow, and fell through the casement into the garden beneath. All this had taken much less time to act than we require to detail it, so that the fire had not made much more progress than when Maurice had entered the room, only that the curtains of Emma's bed were now a prey to the flames. Still Emma slept on, unconscious of her danger—for, in such cases, sleep is deeper. Without delay, therefore, Maurice caught her up, and, throwing her across his shoulder, ran down stairs with her into the open air, just in time to see the entire roof of the eastern wing fall in. There were assembled on the lawn in front of the house, Sir Jacob, the other inmates of Courtley Hall, and Mrs Selwyn, who had followed her brother, fearful of his committing some rash act, as he had left the cottage in a strange mood of mind. Assistance had been sent for to the neighbouring town of Belford; and Sir Jacob was running about like one distracted, offering a large reward to any of his servants or the villagers who would attempt the rescue of his daughter. His joy was, therefore, unbounded when he beheld Maurice approach with his beloved child. The cool air had awakened her, and revived her from the stupor into which the suffocating atmosphere from which she had just been rescued had thrown her. She was placed in an arm-chair, which the foresight of one of the servants had induced to bring out to the lawn, and closely covered up with blankets, to shield her delicate frame from the night air.

"Is my daughter alive or dead?" was Sir Jacob's first inquiry. "Does she live?" said he, addressing the servant who had placed her in the chair.

"Live, sir!—I hope she'll live these fifty years."

"O Heaven! I thank thee," said Sir Jacob, fervently. "Maurice, you are a good, brave——Emma, my dear daughter! look up!—look up to me instantly. Why, your cheeks are burning. One of you mount your horse immediately, and ride over to Dr Hemlock."

"Oh, I want no assistance," said Emma; "your consent is all I ask—your consent to my bestowing my hand upon my preserver."

"Upon *him!*" said Sir Jacob, "after what has been said of him?"

"All that has been said of me," returned Maurice, "is false. I am not guilty of the crime whereof I am accused."

"Indeed! You confessed"——

"No matter," retorted Maurice. "You may compel Emma to marry the wretch to whom you have promised her, but you have no power over the affections of my heart."

"Hang the fellow," muttered Sir Jacob. "But I like him for his spirit. What wretch, sir?—whom do you mean?"

Maurice took Sir Jacob aside, and said—

"Sir! I have no hope of happiness. This day I told you my story, and the Wilson I mentioned to you"——

"Was certainly an infamous scoundrel!"

"There stands the hero of my tale," he said aloud, at the same time pointing to Richard Molesworth, who stood moodily apart. "I thought him dead; but he still may have many noble triumphs to complete."

"What—Richard Molesworth! He that——Zounds! I can't believe it!"

"I here assert the truth of it. Droop not, Victorine. Hate the serpent, but no longer fear it."

"Father!" ejaculated Richard, starting forward, "I implore you to hear me. Sir Jacob, Maurice, Victorine, turn not from me. I have indeed been base and villanous; but I am not so much to blame—I was another's dupe. Maurice Darley, the wound you gave me, and which you thought had occasioned my death, was not half so painful as those which conscience afterwards inflicted."

He ended by imploring pardon of Maurice, and beseeching Victorine to become his wife.

"My heart," observed Maurice, "has not yet ceased to bleed for its misfortunes."

"Oh! do not say so," cried Richard. "Your sister—can you refuse?"

"Her happiness is mine, and she must determine for herself."

Richard appealed to Victorine; and, as he clasped her to his breast, she murmured forth a free consent.

When Sir Jacob found that Maurice's hand was not stained with human blood, in gratitude for his daughter's rescue, and her future welfare, he gave his consent to her union with him, promising to supply his want of fortune.

In the meantime, the servants and the villagers were not idle. They had done their best to subdue the fire; and they effected its complete extinction by the aid of those who had arrived from Belford.

The body of the Creole had been conveyed into the hall. The blow, and the subsequent fall he had received, had stunned him, and it was nearly an hour ere he could be restored to his senses. On his recovery, he gazed fearfully around him. He cast a withering glance at Maurice Darley; and Richard Molesworth hailed him as the man who had urged him on to Mrs Selwyn's ruin. When questioned, he would give no reason for having set fire to the eastern wing of Courtley Hall. He did not deny, however, that he was the person who had done so; and, as soon as efficient assistance could be procured, he was conveyed to the jail at Alnwick.

The day after saw Tom Bonar and his wife, late Miss Matilda Eliza Molesworth, returned to the hall. They acknowledged that the lady's mysterious disappearance at Warkworth had been concerted between them, and that same evening Tom Bonar had joined her at Belford, and both had set off to Gretna to get married; for, though no one would have objected to their union, Miss Molesworth was averse to a wedding that was not every way romantic.

Mrs Grigsby, as if not to be outdone in matrimony, publicly announced, at breakfast, one morning shortly afterwards, her proposed nuptials with Sir Geoffrey Peajacket.

"Who is Sir Geoffrey Peajacket?" inquired her brother.

"Oh! you will **not** be long a stranger to him," she re-

plied. "I believe Sir George Molesworth has some acquaintance with him. Eh! Sir George?"

"Not I, on my honour, madam," said Sir George

"I love Sir Geoffrey," she continued. "Without a blush I confess it. My fortune, my heart, and person are entirely his; and here, brother, is a letter, which the amiable, disguised baronet desired me this very morning to deliver into your own hands."

Sir Jacob took the letter, and read as follows:—

"Sir Jacob,—It is at the request of your foolish old sister that I trouble you with this. Her absurdities have amused me. The two hundred pounds she has just given me, will take me to London with *eclat*, and release me from the bonds of servitude, which I have ever despised. She offered me her person, but I could not think of making so great a sacrifice to age, ugliness, and folly.

"Your obedient Servant,

"Smash."

Unbounded was the rage of Mrs Grigsby, when she thus discovered the trick that had been practised on her. She stamped, tore her wig, and ended by rushing to her own room, and drowning her cares in a tumbler of gin and water.

The Creole stood his trial at the next assizes for wilful fire-raising, was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. A few days before his execution, the jailor, on entering his cell, found him stretched on the floor a corpse. The following document was found on the table:—

"To Maurice Darley.—Hear the words of a dying man, whom it grieves much to leave this world and his scheme of vengeance unfulfilled. I was your father's bosom friend—his choicest boon companion. I married while he was yet a bachelor. She whom I took to wife was one as fair as ere the sun shone upon. I loved her devotedly—madly. She deceived me, and fled my house—fled with the very man I had once called friend. What satisfaction had I left?—To pursue, and challenge him—to expose my own life to the weapon of him who had dishonoured me. 'Tis a wise country we live in. A man, upon the brink of starvation, may steal a loaf to save the lives of his family for one day more, and he is doomed to the gallows for it; but another may decoy his friend's wife away, and, by that act, plunge a husband in the deep grief of years, her family in a dishonoured name for ever, and yet there is no punishment for the seducer. Your father and I met. I received his shot in my breast, and fell wounded to the earth. Many months I lay upon a bed of pain; and when I arose I swore eternal vengeance against him and his. I allied myself with a gang of sharpers, whom I persuaded to lure him to the gambling table. His vast wealth speedily decreased. By the advice of some of those kind friends, who advised him at my solicitation, he cast off her whom I had once been proud to call mine. She soon sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. She died on a dunghill, and I exulted in her end. My vengeance was not yet satisfied. Your father married, had children—you and your sister. His wife brought him store of broad lands, and good red gold. Those, by my machinations, were lost at the gambling table, and your father died bankrupt, after having sent your mother, broken-hearted, to an early tomb. You and your sister left this country. I followed. By my design your sister was betrayed; and you became—at least you thought so—the murderer of her seducer 'Twas I that removed the body of Wilson when you fell stunned to the earth. I deemed it best that you should live on in the belief of your being a murderer. I knew the serpent-sting of conscience would prey upon your heart. You fled so quickly, that having also changed your name, it was long ere I could trace your footsteps. I found you though at last. I knew of your love for Emma Courtley, for I overheard your conversation with her in the cottage, and I resolved to mar your happiness. I denounced you as a murderer in the presence of her father, trusting that he would forbid you his house for ever. You gained access to Courtley Hall once more, and he pitied you. It was then I thought of removing from this earth the object of your affections. I fired the room wherein she slept, as being the easiest method, and the one least liable to detection; and was on the point of retiring when I heard you enter the garden. I returned to her room, resolved to stab her to the heart, should her rescue be attempted. You came; and—curses light upon your hand—you gained the mastery. I fell, stunned by a blow inflicted by your hand, was seized, conveyed to prison, tried, and condemned to death; but, ere a human eye shall glance across those lines, I shall be food for worms, my last crime shall have been committed, and the gallows cheated of its due.

"Robert Duvergne."

THE MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

In East Lothian there dwelt, some eighty years since, a gentleman of the name of Mortimer. He was in possession of two good estates—one his own patrimony; the other left by his wife's father to her issue male, and which, in failure of that line, was to revert to a grand-nephew of his own, whose name was Sinclair, then about six years of age.

At the time of her father's death, Mrs Mortimer had no child whatever; but, very soon afterwards, a young Mortimer did make its appearance, which, to her utter disappointment, proved to be a daughter. Not daring, therefore, to trust to any future contingency for ensuring the inheritance, she bribed the midwife and nurse to proclaim the child a boy. The year following, a farther addition was made to her family, in the person of another daughter.

Her husband died soon after the birth of this second child; and, during the twelve years that she survived him, she used all necessary precaution to guard the secret of her imposture from detection. She kept Master Frank, as the heir-apparent was called, in her own chamber; dressed and undressed *him* herself; and took the whole charge of the rudiments of his education.

When Master Frank arrived at the age of nine years and some months, Mr Bannatyne, the testamentary guardian appointed by Mr Mortimer's will, insisted that it was now high time the boy should receive more literary and liberal instructions than it could possibly be in the power of a female preceptor to give him. She was, consequently, compelled to hire a private tutor for him, alleging, as a reason for the boy receiving his education in the house, that she had no great confidence in the proficiency to be arrived at in provincial schools; and she wished, besides, to watch over his morals until he should be of sufficient age and acquirements to enter a course of study at the University of Edinburgh. At the same time, she stipulated with the tutor that he should never *whip* Master Frank, however ill prepared his lessons might be.

Thus matters went on until Mrs Mortimer, having been seized with a severe illness, and her case being given over by the surgeons as a desperate one, found herself in a very perplexing situation. To whom could she venture to confide the secret of Master Frank's gender? There was no one save Master Frank himself who could have an interest in keeping up the delusion, however much others might profit by revealing the circumstance; and, accordingly, with her last breath, she yielded up the secret to his keeping, which, to his astonishment, metamorphosed him, Master Frank, into Miss Fanny.

On the death of Mrs Mortimer, the orphans were taken home by their guardian, Mr Bannatyne. Miss Fanny, seeing the full force of the policy in keeping her sex still a secret, continued to preserve all proper seeming as before.

Fanny and her sister Louisa grew and grew the more like each other every day; and when the one had attained the age of seventeen, and the other that of sixteen, they were scarcely to be told from each other, save that Fanny was attired as a boy and Louisa as a girl. It happened that, about this time, their cousin, Mr Sinclair, the reversionary heir to their grandfather's estate, being just returned from his travels on the Continent, came to Haddington to pay them a visit. He, being a young man of a warm temperament, fell desperately in love with Louisa, and became much attached to Master Frank; but, although he was possessed of the most estimable qualities, and, withal, "a marvellous proper man" to please a lady's eye, Louisa could not entertain for him more than the feelings of friendship—her heart being pre-engaged to Mr Farquharson, a young man of fortune, then resident with a friend of his, who lived at a short distance from Haddington, and who was a constant guest at Mr Bannatyne's. They had entered into a private engagement with each other; and, provided he could obtain the consent of his father, whose estates were situated in Cumberland, and Louisa that of her guardian, a marriage was to be the result. This compact, they agreed, should be kept secret from every one, until such time as the concurrence of their tutors and curators could be obtained.

Mr Sinclair, with every one else, except the parties themselves, being quite ignorant of all this, paid his addresses to Louisa, for some time, with great assiduity; but, finding them only received as the usual gallantries of young men to good-looking damoiselles, he confided his passion to his friend Master Frank, begging that he would use his kind offices with his sister Louisa. This Master Frank accordingly did, but, of course, without effect. Louisa said that "marriage was a matter of too great importance to be hastily resolved on; besides, she was too young yet to think of such things."

The ardour with which Fanny had thus presented the suit of Mr Sinclair, coupled with the former regard which she had entertained for him, made an indelible impression on her own heart. Philosophers have said that friendship between men would become love could either of the parties change their sex. This had already been effected in the case of Miss Fanny, who, until now, had acted the part of a man to her own content; but when she thus suffered the feelings of the woman to gain the mastery, she could not help loving him who had professed for her the most unalterable friendship.

Louisa's lover, Mr Farquharson, having obtained his father's consent to their union, solicited that of Mr Bannatyne, to complete their happiness. Although Mr Bannatyne had no objections to this alliance, he declined returning a final answer until he should have first taken the opinion of Louisa's brother, Master Frank, with regard to the matter. Frank, or rather Fanny—for the woman's wit was at the bottom of it—on this being submitted to her, immediately saw through the speciousness of her sister's moral philosophy regarding marriage, and why poor Mr Sinclair's passion for her had been so summarily treated; and, since she was now convinced of the utter impossibility of Sinclair's obtaining Louisa's hand, she resolved, since she could not forward his happiness with Louisa, to endeavour her own with him. "Not only does love prompt this measure," she argued with herself, "but justice demands it, as, by this means, the estate to which he has the sole right will fall to him as a matter of course." Thus do mankind, and womankind also, never feel at a loss for an excuse to cover any dishonourable action of which they may be guilty. Yet, although, in the present instance, deceit had been practised upon Mr Sinclair, and he had thereby been cheated out of an estate, we cannot but sympathize with her who was the cause of it, and excuse her from preferring a love-suit to a law-suit, which would assuredly have been the ultimate result of her retaining possession in the character of Master Frank, as she felt she could not keep up that character much longer.

Acting upon this resolution of hers, she went in quest of Mr Sinclair, and, as his friend Frank, acquainted him with Mr Farquharson's proposal for Louisa's hand, and her guardian's approval of it; but concealing from him the certainty of such a union ever taking place. She told him she had prevailed on her sister to end at once this contest of lovers, by entering into an engagement with him that very night, which no guardian in the world could ever break.

Mr Sinclair was in ecstasies at this intelligence, and repaid the messenger with a kind embrace, which was returned with perhaps more than friendly warmth. It was thereafter arranged between them, that, at twelve o'clock that very night, Mr Sinclair should bring a clergyman with him to the old cathedral, when Master Frank should so manage that he would obtain possession of the key of the eastern division, and there, alone, without lights or witnesses, would his mistress be ready to exchange mutual vows with him. Sinclair wished Frank Mortimer to be present; but to this Frank objected, on the ground that his sister did not desire it; and that, in the event of their nuptials being made known, Mr Bannatyne, the guardian, would be thus effectually prevented from attaching any blame to him.

Punctual to time and place was the impatient Sinclair, with the clergyman; and Fanny, arrayed in a female garb, which she had secreted from her sister's wardrobe, personated the expected bride. The ceremony was gone through with as much precipitation as possible, and Fanny obtained her wish of becoming Mrs Sinclair. The lovers then parted for that night, to prevent suspicion—Sinclair leaving the churchyard by the eastern gate, to wander for an hour along the banks of the Tyne, to quell his agitation; and Fanny by the entrance at the west side.

The following morning, Mr Bannatyne, having obtained Master Frank's sanction to the union of Louisa with Mr Farquharson, hastened to communicate the fact to the lady herself. In due time Mr Farquharson was made acquainted with the unanimous acceptance of his proposals, and lost no time in proclaiming the success of his passion to all his friends; which, reaching the ears of Mr Sinclair, who considered himself quite secure with the lady, inasmuch as he imagined that he was her husband, it so piqued his honour and his pride, that, in company with the clergyman who had performed the marriage ceremony, he waited upon his rival.

"Mr Farquharson," he said, on finding himself placed face to face with that gentleman, "understanding that you have circulated pretty freely the report that you are about to wed Miss Louisa Mortimer, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you to request you will instantly contradict the report, and in future refrain from visiting that lady."

"You are either mad yourself, or you take me to be so, sir!" was the hasty remark of Mr Farquharson, who, also considering himself secure in the lady's affections, thought Mr Sinclair's request a very odd, not to say impertinent, one.

"No trifling, sir!" continued Mr Sinclair, waxing wroth. "You must either do as I have desired, or take the consequences."

"And by what authority, may I ask, do you, Mr Sinclair, take it upon you to prefer this very modest request?"

"No matter!" replied Sinclair. "It is sufficient for you to know that I have a *right* to impose such an injunction upon you."

There is no saying how far these two hotheaded young men might have proceeded in this business, had not Mr

Muir, the clergyman whom Mr Sinclair had brought with him, interrupted them, and requested Mr Sinclair to enter into an explanation of the mystery, which all this certainly was to Mr Farquharson.

When one has been at the pains of working himself up into a passion, it is not such an easy task to bring himself down again on the sudden, more especially if his antagonist has been equally warm with himself; and this Mr Sinclair now ascertained, if he had never done so before; for he felt he could not, after acting in the impetuous manner he had just done, bring his haughty spirit under sufficient control to allow him to enter calmly upon an explanation of circumstances. He, therefore, stood for a few minutes in sullen silence, which not being at all to the liking or enlightenment of Mr Farquharson, that irascible gentleman was again relapsing into a fit of choler, when Mr Muir himself stood forward and informed him of the transaction which he had been witness to, and in which he had borne so prominent a part, the preceding night. Mr Farquharson heard, and having implicit confidence in the faith of the worthy clergyman, he had no cause to doubt the truth of this testimony. Surprise and resentment for a while struggled in his breast; and thinking that he had now no further measures to preserve with his faithless mistress, he openly acknowledged his prior contract with the same lady. Mr Sinclair was as much astonished at this avowal of Mr Farquharson, as Mr Farquharson had been at that of the clergyman; and he set forth to seek his confidant, Frank, with all possible despatch; as did Mr Farquharson to call at Mr Bannatyne's, for the purpose of seeing and reproaching the treacherous Louisa.

"I am truly happy, my dear Charles," said Louisa to Mr Farquharson, as he entered the parlour in which she was sitting alone, eagerly devouring the contents of Massinger's admirable play called the "City Madam"—"I am truly happy to find that your negotiations with both our superiors have proved successful; and I should hope," she added, artlessly, "that your happiness does not fall short of mine."

"Madam!" he answered, not deigning to accept the proffered seat which Lousia had kindly set for him, "I came not hither to listen to stories of your pretended happiness. Of the deceit and tricks of womankind I have often heard; but, until now, I charitably believed them to be fabulous. Your past conduct, ma'am, has completely opened my eyes to the full force of such deceit; and the sole purpose of my coming here at this moment, is to release you from those vows you plighted to me, to declare to you my thorough contempt of your conduct, and to request that you will, in the course of the day, return those letters which I have been foolish enough to write you, as I shall most certainly return those of yours which are in my possession."

"Charles! Charles! what means this? Will you have the kindness to inform me what is the cause of this sudden and strange humour?"

"It is quite superfluous, Miss Mortimer, for me to recapitulate those events which entirely preclude the possibility of our ever being united, and which you must be too well aware of yourself."

Louisa was so much surprised and vexed at this unaccountable behaviour of Mr Farquharson, that she could not offer the least syllable in her defence. She stood mute and quite confused, which Mr Farquharson mistaking for an additional proof of her guilt, he exclaimed—"If I required anything more to assure me of your utter perfidy, the confused state in which I now behold you were enough for my purpose. Farewell, Louisa! Farewell, for ever!" So saying, he rushed from the room, ere Louisa could call up sufficient presence of mind to bid him stay.

Meanwhile, Mr Sinclair had talked over the affair with Master Frank, otherwise Mrs Sinclair, who, alarmed at the unforeseen consequences of a stratagem which the blindness of her passion alone had prompted, entreated Sinclair to keep quiet on the subject until the evening, when she promised to produce, in the drawing-room of Mr Bannatyne's house, before all concerned, the real offender as a suppliant for their mercy.

Accordingly, Mr Farquharson and Mr Bannatyne being duly apprised of the meeting, at seven o'clock those gentlemen made their appearance in the drawing-room, and were shortly thereafter followed by Mr Sinclair. They had just begun to debate among themselves what motive had induced Master Frank to summon them there, when the folding doors of the farther end of the room opened, and in stepped the subject of their remarks *himself*. The wig and three-cornered hat, which he usually wore every day, retained their places on his head, according in no very agreeable manner with the rest of his dress, which consisted of an ample horseman's cloak, swathed entirely round him. Louisa entered the apartment with him, being one of the invited.

"Gentlemen," he said, advancing a few steps, "I promised to unravel the mystery relating to my sister here, which has perplexed and annoyed some of you to-day. Start not when I inform you that *I* alone am the culprit; and here I cast off my manhood, and throw myself at the feet of him whom I have most wronged." As she said this, she doffed the hat, wig, and cloak, and appeared in her own proper habiliments.

"What means all this?" inquired Mr Sinclair, at the same time extending his hand to raise her from the posture into which she had flung herself.

'Nay," she cried, "do not bid me rise until you have heard all. I am really what I now appear to be—a woman; but, from my birth, my mother had imposed upon me the semblance of manhood, for reasons which must be sufficiently obvious to the wronged Mr Sinclair. In seconding Mr Sinclair's addresses with my sister, which she declined, my own heart, unawares, caught the flame with which I had endeavoured to inspire hers; and I here confess, to my shame, that, impelled by passion, I was tempted into a *ruse d'amour*, the ceremony of which was passed last night, between Mr Sinclair and myself; and this device it is which has occasioned so much perplexity to-day. But to shew you all that I am possessed of sentiments not unworthy of the habit I have so long worn, I here not only surrender to Mr Sinclair his estate, but release him from the engagement into which he has been unconsciously deceived."

"My noble girl," said Sinclair, "I cannot, after this avowal, release you from your engagement to me; and, believe me, the heart of him who pledged his hand to you in the dark, is freely given to you in the blaze of the noonday sun."

Need it be said that Fanny embraced this kind offer of Mr Sinclair to ratify their contract?

This confession of Fanny's, made two other people happy for it explained away the doubts which Mr Farquharson had entertained of Louisa's constancy. He asked pardon for his hasty belief. Louisa freely forgave him.

One day served for the union of both pairs of lovers; and never was their a happier one passed under the roof of Mr Bannatyne.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

DOCTOR DOBBIE.

The particular day in the life of the worthy disciple of Esculapius to which we desire to direct the attention of the reader, was raw, coldish, and drizzly, in the morning, but cleared up towards noon; and although it never became what could be called warm—(it was the latter end of September)—it turned out a very passable sort of day on the whole; such a day as no man could reasonably object to, unless he had some particular purpose of his own to serve. In such case, he might, perhaps, have wished more rain, or, probably, more sunshine, as the one or the other suited his interest. But, where no such selfish motives interfered, the day must have been generally allowed to have been a good one. The thermometer stood at—we forget what; and the barometer indicated "Fair."

Personal Appearance, Character, and Peculiarities of the Doctor.

The doctor was a little, stout man, not what could be called corpulent, but presenting that sort of plump appearance which gives the idea of of a person's being hard-packed, squeezed, crammed into his skin.

Such was the doctor, then—not positively fat, but thick, firm, and stumpy; the latter characteristic being considerably heightened by his always wearing a pair of glossy Hessian boots, which, firmly encasing his little, thick legs up nearly to the knees, gave a peculiar air of stamina and solidity to his nether person. The doctor stood like a rock in his Hessians, and stumped along in them—for he was excessively vain of them—as proudly as a field-marshal, planting his little iron heels on the flag-stones with a sharpness and decision that told of a firm and vigorous step.

The doctor was no great hand at his trade; but this, it is but fair to observe, was not his own opinion. It was the opinion only of those who employed him, and of the little public to whom he was known. He himself entertained wholly different sentiments on the subject. The doctor, in truth, was a vain, conceited, little gentleman; but, withal, a pleasant sort of person, and very generally liked. He sung a capital song, and had an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits.

One consequence of the latter circumstance was his being much invited out amongst his friends and acquaintances. He was, in fact, a regular guest at all their festivities and merry-makings, and, on these occasions, used to get himself fully more strongly malted than became a gentleman of his grave profession.

When returning home of a night in this state, the little doctor's little iron heels might be heard rap-rapping on the flag-stones at a great distance in the quiet street, for he then planted them with still more decision and vigour than when sober; and so well-known in his neighbourhood was the sound of his footsteps, so audible were they in the stillness of the night, and so habitually late was he in returning home—his profession forming an excellent excuse for this—that people, even while sitting at their own firesides, or, it might be, in bed, although at the height of three stories, became aware, the moment they heard his heels, that the doctor was passing beneath; and the exclamations, "that's the doctor," or, "there goes the doctor," announced the important fact to many a family circle. All unconscious, however, of these recognitions, the doctor stumped on his way, reflecting the while, it might be, on the good cheer he had just been enjoying.

On these occasions, the doctor, while he kept the open street, got on swimmingly; but the dark and somewhat tortuous staircase which he had to ascend to reach his domicile—the said domicile being on the third flat—used to annoy him sadly. When very much overcome, as, we grieve to say it, the doctor very frequently was, the labour it cost him to make out the three stairs was very serious. It was long protracted too: it took him an immense time; for, conscious of his unsteady condition, he climbed slowly and deliberately; but we cannot add quietly; for his shuffling, kicking, and blowing, to which he frequently added a muttered objurgation or two on missing a step, as he struggled up the dark stair, was distinctly audible to the whole land. By merely listening, they could trace his whole progress with the utmost accuracy, from the moment he entered the *close*, until the slam of a door announced that the doctor was housed. They could hear him pass along the close: they could hear him commence his laborious ascent: they could hear him struggling upwards; and, anon, the point of his boot striking against a step, which he had taken more surely than necessary: they could hear him gain the landing-place at his own door, signified by a peculiar shuffle, which almost seemed to express the intelligence that a great work had been accomplished: they could hear the doctor fumbling amongst his keys and loose coin for his check-key, and again fumbling with this check-key about its aperture in the door, the hitting of the latter being a tedious, and, apparently, most difficult achievement; and, lastly, they could hear the door flung to with great violence, announcing the finale of the doctor's progress.

Over and above the more ordinary and obvious difficulties attending the doctor's ascent, on such occasions, and under such circumstances as those of which we speak, there was one of a peculiar and particularly annoying nature. This was the difficulty he found in discriminating his own landing-place from the others—a difficulty which was greatly increased by the entire similarity of all the landing-places in the stair, the doors in all of which were perfect counterparts of each other, and stood exactly in the same relative positions. This difficulty often nonplussed him sadly; but he at length fell upon a method of overcoming it, and of ensuring his making attempts on no door but his own. He counted the landing-places as he gained them, pausing a second or two on each, to draw breath, and impress its number on his memory—one, two, three, then out with the check-key.

Now, this was all very well, had the doctor continued to reckon accurately; but, considering the state of obfuscation in which he generally returned home at night, it was very possible that he might miscount on an occasion, and take that for three which, according to Cocker, was only two, or that for two which, by the same authority, was but one.

This was perfectly possible, as the sequel of our tale will sufficiently prove. In the meantime, we proceed to other matters; and, to make our history as complete as possible, we start anew, with—

The Doctor's Shop.

It had not a very imposing appearance; for, to tell a truth, the doctor's circumstances were by no means in a palmy state. The shop, therefore, was decidedly a shabby one. It was very small and very dirty, with a little projecting bow-window; the lower panes of which were mystified with some sort of light green substance—paint or paper, we don't know which—in order to baffle the curiosity of the prying urchins who used to congregate about it. Not that they were attracted by anything in the window itself, but that it happened to be a favourite station of the boys in the neighbourhood—a sort of mustering place, or place of call, where they could at any time find each other. The typical display in the doctor's window consisted of a blue bottle, a pound of salts, and a serpent; the second being made up into labelled packages of about an ounce weight each, and built up with nice skill against one of the panes, so as to make as much show as possible. The serpent was a native of the Lammermuir Hills, which a boy, who drove a butter-milk cart, brought in one morning, and sold to the doctor for a shilling.

The inside of the doctor's shop, which, besides being very dirty, was very dark, had a strange, mysterious, equivocal sort of character about it. Everything was dingy, and greasy, and battered, and mutilated. Dirty broken glasses stood in dark and dirty corners; rows of dirty bottles, some without stoppers, and some with the necks chipped off, and containing drops of black villanous looking liquids, stood on dirty shelves; rows of battered, unctuous looking drawers, rising tier above tier, lined one side of the shop, most of which were handled with bits of greasy cord, the brass handles with which they had been originally furnished having long since disappeared, and never having been replaced.

What these drawers contained, no human being but the doctor himself could tell. In truth, few of them contained anything at all. Those that did, could be described only as holding mysterious, dirty-looking powders, lumps of incomprehensible substances, or masses of desiccated vegetable matter of powerful and most abominable flavour.

For all these, the doctor had, doubtless, very learned names; but such as we have described them was their appearance to the eye of the uninitiated.

To complete the charms of the doctor's medical establishment, it was constantly pervaded by a heavy, unearthly smell, that, we verily believe, no man but himself could have inhaled for an hour and lived.

Notwithstanding the unpretending and homely character of the doctor's establishment, it boasted a sounding name. The doctor himself called it, and so did the signboard over the door, "The —— Medical Hall"—a title which the envious thought absurd enough for a place whose proudest shew was a blue bottle, a pound of salts, and a serpent. But these people did not recollect, or did not choose to recollect, the high pretensions of the doctor himself. They did not advert to the numerous degrees, honorary titles, fellowships, &c., which he had acquired, otherwise they would have looked to the man, not to the shop. Probably, however, few of them were aware of the number of these which he boasted; but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the doctor could, and did, on particular occasions, sign himself thus:—"David Dobbie, M.D.; A.B.C.D.; E.F.; G.H.I.K.L.; M.N.O.; P.Q.R.S.T.; U.V.; W.X.Y.Z.; Z.Y.X.; W.V.U.; T.S.R.Q.; P.O.N.M.; S.K.; J.H.G.; F.E.D.; C.B.A."

Now, had the doctor's right to all these titles been taken into account, and, so taken, been appreciated as it ought, there would have been fewer sneers at his Medical Hall than there was as matters stood.

The Invitation.

In another part of this history, we have stated that the doctor, being generally liked, was much invited out to feastings and merry-makings, and convivialities of all sorts, from the aristocratic roast turkey and bottle of port, to the plebeian Findhorn haddock and jug of toddy. But all, in this way, was fish that came in the doctor's net. Provided there was quantity—particularly in the liquor department—he was not much given to shying at quality. He certainly preferred wine, but by no means turned up his nose at a tumbler. Few men, in fact, could empty more at a sitting.

It was observed of the doctor, by those who knew him intimately, that he was always in bad humour on what he called blank days. These were days on which he had no invitation on hand for any description of guzzle whatever—either dinner, tea, supper, or a "just come up and take a glass of toddy in the evening." This seldom occurred; but it did sometimes happen; and, on these occasions, the doctor's short and snappish answers gave sufficient intimation of the provoking fact.

In such temper, then, and for such reason, was the doctor in the forenoon of the particular day in his life which we have made the subject of this paper. He was as cross as an old drill-sergeant; and, what made him worse, the affair he had been at on the preceding night had been a very poor one. He had been hinted away after the third tumbler—treatment which had driven the doctor to swear, mentally, that he would never enter the house again. How far he would keep this determination, it remained for another invitation to prove.

In the mood, then, and at the time already alluded to, was the doctor employed, behind his counter, in measuring off some liquid in a graduated glass, which he held between him and the light, and on which he was looking very intently, as the liquid was precious, the quantity wanted small, and the glass but faintly marked, when a little boy entered the shop, and inquired if Dr Dobbie was within.

"Yes. What do ye want?" replied the doctor, gruffly, and without taking his eye off the graduated glass.

"Here's a line for ye, sir," said the boy, laying a card on the counter.

"Who's it from?" roared the doctor.

"Frae Mr Walkinshaw, sir," replied the boy, meekly "and he would like to ken whether ye can come or no."

"Come; oh, surely. Let me see," said the doctor. "Come; ay, certainly," he added; his tone suddenly dropping down to the mild and affable, and speaking from an intuitive knowledge of the tenor of the card. "Surely; let me see;" and the doctor opened the note, and read, his eyes gloating and his countenance dissolving into smiles as he did so:—

"Dear Doctor,—A few friends at half-past eight. Just a haddock and a jug of toddy. Be as pointed as you can. Won't be kept *very* late. Dear Doctor, yours truly,

"R. Walkinshaw."

"My compliments to Mr Walkinshaw," said the doctor, with a bland smile, and folding up the card with a sort of affectionate air, as he spoke, "and tell him I will be pointed. Stop boy," he added, on the latter's being about to depart with his message; "stop," he said, running towards his till, and thence abstracting threepence, which he put into the boy's hand, with a—"there, my boy, take that to buy marbles." The doctor always rewarded such messengers

but he did so systematically, and by a rule of his own. For an invitation to breakfast, he gave a penny, thus estimating that meal at all but the lowest possible rate; for an invitation to dinner, he gave sixpence; for one to supper, threepence, as exemplified in the instance above.

In possession of Mr Walkinshaw's invitation, the doctor continued in excellent spirits throughout the remainder of the day.

The Guzzle.

At the height of three stories, in a respectable-looking tenement in a certain quarter of a certain city which shall be nameless, there resided a decent widow woman of the name of Paton, who kept lodgers.

At the particular time, and on the particular occasion at and on which we introduce the reader to Mrs Paton's lodging-house, there was a certain parlour in the said house in a state of unusual tidiness. Not to say that this parlour was not always in good order; it was; but in the present instance, it displayed an extra degree both of *redding*-up and of comfort.

An unusually large fire blazed in the polished grate, and a couple of candles, in shining candlesticks, stood on the bright mahogany table. On a small old-fashioned sideboard was exhibited a goodly display of bottles and glasses, flanked by a sugar basin, heaped up with snowy bits of refined sugar; a small plate of cut cheese, another of biscuit, and a third bearing a couple of lemons.

Everything about the room, in short, gave indication of an approaching guzzle. The symptoms were unmistakeable. The only occupant of the room at this time was a gentleman, who sat in an arm-chair opposite the fire, carelessly turning over the leaves of a new magazine. His heart, evidently, was not in the employment; he was merely putting off time, and doing so with some impatience of manner, for he was ever and anon pulling out his watch to see how the night sped on.

This gentleman was Mr Walkinshaw, the doctor's inviter, head clerk in a respectable mercantile establishment in the city; and, we need hardly say, one of Mrs Paton's lodgers. Neither need we say, we fancy, that he was just now waiting, and every moment expecting the arrival of the doctor, and the other friends he had invited, nor that the preparations above described were intended for the special enjoyment of the party alluded to.

"Five-and-twenty minutes to nine," said Mr Walkinshaw, looking, for the twentieth time, at the dial of his watch. "I wonder what has become of the doctor: *he* used to be so pointed."

At this moment a ring of the door bell announced a visiter. Mr Walkingshaw, in his impatience for the appearance of his friends, and not doubting that this was one of them, snatched up the candle, and ran to the door himself. He opened it; when a little thickset figure, in Hessian boots, wrapped up in an ample blue cloth cloak, with an immense cape, and having a red comforter tied round his throat, presented himself. It was the doctor.

"How d'ye do? and how d'ye do? Come away. Glad to see you!" with cordial shaking of hands and joyous smiles, marked the satisfaction with which the inviter and the invited met. The doctor was in high spirits, as he always was on such occasions; that is, when there was a prospect of good eating and drinking, and nothing to pay.

Having assisted the doctor to divest himself of his cloak, hat, and comforter, Mr Walkinshaw ushered him into his room; and having kindly seated him in the arm-chair which he had himself occupied a minute or two before, he ran to the sideboard, took therefrom a small bottle, and very small glass of the shape of a thistle top, and, approaching his guest, said, in a coaxing tone, filling up at the same time—

"Thimble full of brandy, doctor; just to take the chill off." Anything for an excuse in such cases.

"Why, no objection, my dear sir," said the doctor, smiling most graciously, taking the proffered glass of ruby-coloured liquid, wishing health and a good wife to his host, and tossing off the tiny bumper.

The doctor had scarcely bolted his alcohol, when the door bell again rung violently.

"There *they* are at last!" exclaimed Walkinshaw, joyously.

And there they were to be sure. Half-a-dozen rattling fellows all in a lump. In they poured into Walkinshaw's room with hilarious glee.

"Ah, doctor. O, doctor. Here too, doctor. Hope you're well, doctor. Glad to see you, doctor!" resounded in all quarters; for they were all intimate acquaintances of our medical friend, and were really delighted to see him.

To this running fire of salutation, the doctor replied by a series of becks, bows, and smiles, and a shaking of hands, right and left, in rapid succession.

All these, and such like preliminaries, gone through, the party took their seats around the table, and the business of the evening began. It soon did more: it progressed, and that most joyously. Jug followed jug in rapid succession. The doctor got into exuberant spirits, and sung several of his best songs, in his best manner. But, alas!—

"Pleasures are," &c. &c.

They are, sweet poet, and no man could be more strongly impressed with, or would have more readily allowed the truth and happy application of thy beautiful similes, than the doctor, on the occasion of which we are speaking. Enjoyment was quickly succeeded by satiety; and alert apprehension, and quick perception, by that doziness and obfuscation of the faculties which marks the *quantum suff.* at the festive board.

The doctor was a man who could have said with the face of clay—

"And cursed be he who first cries hold, enough."

But, being but mortal, after all, his powers were not illimitable. There was a boundary which even he could not pass, and at the same time lay his hand on his breast and say, "I'm sober."

That boundary the doctor had now passed by a pretty good way. In plain language, he was cut, very much cut, as was made sufficiently evident by various little symptoms; such as a certain thickness of speech; a certain diffusion of dull red over the whole countenance, extending to and including the ears, which seemed to become transparent, like a pair of thin, flat, red pebbles; a certain look of stupidity and non-comprehension; and a certain heaviness and lacklustreness of eye, that gave these organs a strong resemblance to a couple of parboiled gooseberries.

Sensible of his own condition, sensible that he could hold out no longer, the doctor now moved, in the most intelligible language which he could conveniently command, that the diet should be deserted *pro loco et tempore*.

The motion was unanimously approved of; this unanimity having been secured by the inability of several of the party, who had been rendered *hors de combat*, to express dissent.

A general break up, then, was the consequence of the doctor's motion. Candle in hand, Mr Walkinshaw rose and accompanied his guests to the door, towards which they moved in a long irregular file, he leading the way. In the passage, however, a momentary halt was called. It was to allow the doctor to don himself in his walking-gear. With some assistance from his host, this was soon accomplished. His hat was stuck on his head; his mar-

tial cloak thrown around him; and his immense comforter, like a red blanket, coiled around his neck. Thus accoutred, the doctor and his friends evacuated the premises of their worthy host, Mr Walkinshaw.

The Return Home, and Incidents therefrom Arising.

The doctor had not proceeded far on his way home, until he found himself alone. One after another his friends had popped off; some disappearing mysteriously; others giving fair warning of their departure, by shaking him by the hand, and wishing him

> ——— "good night,
> And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

Left to his own reflections, and, we may add, to his own exertions, the doctor stumped bravely homeward, and, without meeting with anything particularly worthy of notice, arrived safely at his own *close* mouth.

In another part of this history, we have mentioned that there were one or two difficulties that always awaited the doctor on his return home when in the particular state in which he was at this moment. The first of these difficulties was to climb the dark tortuous staircase, on the third story of which was his domicile. The second was to discriminate between his neighbour's door and his own. The reader will recollect that, to obviate this last difficulty, the doctor fell upon the ingenious expedient of counting the landing-places as he ascended, his own being number three.

The reader's memory refreshed as to these particulars, we proceed to say, that the doctor having traversed the close with a tolerably firm and steady step, commenced his laborious ascent of the stair in his usual manner, but with evidently fully more difficulty, as some of the neighbours, who heard his struggles, remarked, than ordinary—a circumstance from which they inferred, and correctly enough, as we have seen, that the doctor was more than ordinarily overcome.

The first flight of steps the doctor accomplished with perfect success, and with perfect accuracy recorded it as number one. This done, he commenced the ascent of number two; and, after a severe struggle, accomplished it also. But by the time he had done so, the doctor had lost his reckoning, and, believing that he had gained his own landing-place, from which, we need hardly remind the reader, he was yet an entire flight of stairs distant, he deliberately pulled out his check-key, and applied it to the door of the neighbour who lived right under him—a certain Mr Thomson, who pursued the intellectual calling of a cheesemonger.

Having inserted the key in the lock, the doctor gave it the necessary twitch; and, obedient to the hint, the bolt rose, the door opened, and the doctor walked in.

Being pitch dark, and the two houses—that is, the doctor's and Mr Thomson's—being of precisely the same construction within, nothing presented itself to the unconscious burglar to inform him of the blunder he had made.

Satisfied, or rather never doubting, that all was right, the doctor shut the door, and, groping along the passage, sought the door of a small apartment on the left, which, in his own house, was his bedroom. This room he readily found; and it so happened that in Mr Thomson's house this same apartment was also a bedroom; so that the doctor, under all circumstances, could not be blamed for feeling perfectly at ease as to his situation. In this feeling, he planted himself down in a chair, and began deliberately to unbutton his waistcoat, preparatory to tumbling in. While thus employed, the doctor indulged in a sort of soliloquy, embracing certain reflections and reminiscences connected with his present condition and recent revelries.

"All right, then," said the doctor, referring to his present position. "Sung in my own bedroom. Capital song yon of Neil's; one of Gilfirian's I think. Writes a beautiful song Gil—a pretty song—very pretty. Good feeling, sweet natural sentiment, and all that sort of thing. Must get his new edition, and learn half-a-dozen of them. Hah! confoundedly drunk, though—that lee-lurch ugly. Never mind; dead sober in the morning; sound as a roach. Take a seidlitz, and all right.

While thus expressing the ideas that were crowding through his addled brain, the doctor's attention was suddenly attracted by a noise at the outer door. He paused to listen. It was some one, with a key, endeavouring to gain access. What could it mean? Thieves, robbers, no doubt of it. The doctor did not doubt it. So, grasping a huge, thick, crab stick, which he always carried at night, and which he had, on the present occasion, laid against the wall close by where he sat, the doctor stole on tiptoe towards the door, and, taking up a position about a yard distant from it, raised his crab stick aloft, and, in this attitude, slily awaited the entrance of the thief, whom he proposed to knock quietly down the moment he passed the door-way.

Leaving the doctor in this gallant position for a few seconds, we step aside to inform the reader of a circumstance or two with which it is right he should be made acquainted. In the first place, he should be, as he now is, informed that the person at the door, and whom the doctor took to be a midnight robber, was no other than the doctor's neighbour, Mr Thomson himself, the lawful occupant of the house of which the former had taken possession. He had happened, like the doctor, to have been out late that night; and, like the doctor, too, was several sheets in the wind. However, that is neither here nor there to our story. But it is of some consequence to it to add, inasmuch as it accounts for the non-appearance of any one to avert the impending catastrophe, that there was no one residing in Mr Thomson's house at the particular period of which we speak, but Mr Thomson's himself; his wife, children, and servant, being at sea-bathing quarters. Thus, then, it was, that the doctor had been allowed to take and keep such undisturbed possession of the premises.

Again, the doctor, being a bachelor, kept no servant at all; the domestic duties of his establishment being performed by an old woman, who came at an early hour of the morning, remained all day, and left at night.

There was thus no family circumstance connected with his own domestic establishment, the absence of which, on the present occasion, might have excited his suspicions as to his real position. Everything, then, favoured the unlucky chance now in progress. To resume:—The doctor having placed himself in the hostile attitude already described, coolly and courageously awaited the entrance of the supposed burglar. He had not to wait long. The door opened; and, all unconscious of what was awaiting him, Thomson entered. It was all he was allowed to do, however; for, in the next instant, a well-directed blow from the doctor's crab stick laid him senseless on the floor.

"Take that, you burglarious villain," shouted the doctor, triumphantly, on seeing the success of his assault; "and that, and that, and that," he added, plunging sundry forcible kicks into the body of his prostrate victim, with the points of his little stumpy Hessians.

Having settled his man, as he imagined, the doctor stooped down, and, seizing him by the neck of his coat, proceeded to drag him to the outside of the door. This was a work of some difficulty, as Thomson was rather a heavy man; but it was accomplished. The doctor exerted himself, and succeeded in hauling the unconscious body of his unfortunate neighbour on to the landing-place on the outside. Having got him there, he edged him towards the

descent, and, giving him a snove with his foot, sent him rolling down the stairs.

The housebreaker thus disposed of, and put, as the doctor believed, beyond all power of doing any more mischief in this world, the latter, highly satisfied with what he had done, and not a little vain of his prowess, re-entered the house, carefully secured the door after him with chain and bolt, and retired to the little bedroom of which he had been before in possession.

Somewhat sobered by the occurrence which had just taken place, the doctor now discovered various little circumstances which rather surprised him. He could not, for instance, find his nightcap: it was not in the place where it used to be. Neither could he find the boot-jack: it was not where it used to be either. The bed, too, he thought, had taken up a strange position: it was not in the same corner of the room; and the head was reversed. The head of his bed used to be towards the door—he now found the foot in that direction.

All these little matters the doctor noted, and thought them rather odd; but he set tnem all down to the debit of his housekeeper; some as the results of carelessness—such as the absence of the nightcap and boot-jack; others—the shifting of the bed and altering its position—to the whim of some new arrangement.

Thus satisfactorily accounting for the little omissions and discrepancies he noted, the doctor began to peel; and, in a short time after, was snugly buried beneath the blankets, with his red comforter round his head in place of a nightcap.

Leaving the doctor, for a time, thus comfortably quartered, we will look after the unfortunate victim of his prowess, whose rights he was now so complacently usurping.

For fully half an hour after he had been bundled down stairs by the doctor in the way already described, poor Thomson lay without sense or motion. At about the end of that time, however, he so far recovered as to be able to emit two or three dismal groans, which happening to be overheard by the policeman on the station, who was at the moment going his rounds, he hastened towards the quarter from whence the alarming sounds proceeded, and found the ill-used cheesemonger lying at full length on the stair, head downwards, and, of course feet uppermost.

The policeman held his lantern close to the face of the unfortunate man, to see if he could recognise him; but this he could not, and that for two reasons:—First, being newly come to the station, he did not know Thomson at all; and, second, the countenance of the latter was so covered with blood, and otherwise disfigured, that, suppose he had, he could not possibly have recognised him.

Seeing the man in a senseless state, and, as he thought, perhaps mortally injured, the policeman hastened to the office to give notice of his situation, and to procure assistance to have him carried there; all of which was speedily done. A bier was brought, and on this bier the person of the unfortunate cheesemonger was placed, and borne to the police office.

Medical aid being here afforded to the sufferer, he was soon brought so far round as to be able to give some account of himself, and of the misfortune which had befallen him. His face, too, having been cleared of the blood by which it was disguised, he was recognised by several persons in the office; and, being known to be a respectable man, the wonder was greatly increased to see him in so lamentable a condition. Mr Thomson's account, however, of the occurrences of the night explained all.

He stated that, on returning home to his own house, in which there was no one living at present but himself, he was encountered by some one in the passage, and knocked down the instant he entered the door. Who or what the person was he could not tell, but he had no doubt that it was some one who had entered the house for the purpose of robbing it; and added his belief that the house was filled with robbers, who, he had no doubt, had plundered it of every portable article worth carrying away.

How he came to be found on the stair he could not tell, but supposed that he had been dragged there after he had been knocked down—that proceeding having deprived him of all consciousness.

Here ended Mr Thomson's deposition; and great was the sensation, great the commotion which it excited in the police office. So daring a burglary—so daring an assault. The like had not been heard of for years. In a twinkling, eight or ten men men were mustered, lanterned, and bludgeoned; and, headed by a sergeant, were on their march to the scene of robbery.

On arriving at Mr Thomson's door, they found it fast, and all quiet within. What was to be done? Force open the door. Perhaps some of the villains were still in the house. At any rate, it was proper to see what state things were in.

A smith was accordingly sent for, the lock picked, and the door thrown open, when, headed by the sergeant with a pistol in his hand, in rushed a mob of policemen, a constellation of lanterns, a forest of bludgeons.

The guardians of the night now dispersed themselves over the house; but, to their great surprise, found no trace whatever of the thieves. There appeared to have been nothing disturbed, and the doors and windows remained all fast.

Puzzled by these circumstances, the police had begun to abate somewhat of that zeal with which they had first commenced their search, and were standing together in knots, some in one room and some in another, discussing the probabilities and likelihoods of the case, when those in the doctor's apartment were suddenly startled by a loud snore or grunt, proceeding from the bed, which was followed by a restless movement, and the exclamation—"Thieves, robbers!" muttered in the thick indistinct way of a person dreaming.

In an instant, half-a-dozen policemen rushed towards the bed, drew aside the curtains, and there beheld the unconscious face of the heroic little doctor just peering out of the blankets, and a section of the red comforter in which his head was entombed in the manner already set forth. We have said that the face on which the astonished policemen now looked was an unconscious one. So it was; for, notwithstanding the grunt he had emitted, the movement he had made, and the exclamations he had uttered, the doctor was still sound asleep; the former having been merely the result of dreamy reminiscences of the past, awakened by an indistinct sense of the presence of some person or persons in the house.

In mute surprise, the police, every one holding his lantern aloft, and thus surrounding the bed with a halo of light, gazed for a second or two on the sleeping Esculapius. They had never, in the course of all their experience, seen a burglar take things so coolly and comfortably. That he should enter a house with the intention of robbing it, and should deliberately strip, go to bed, and take a snooze in that house, was a piece of such daring impudence as they had never heard of before.

It was no time, however, for making reflections on the subject. The business in hand was to secure the villain, and this was promptly done. Finding his sleep so profound as not to be easily disturbed, half-a-dozen men, lanterns and sticks in hand, flung themselves on the doctor, and, seizing him by the legs and arms, had him in a twinkling on the floor on the breadth of his back. Confounded and bewildered as he was by the extraordinary and appalling circumstances in which he now found himself—surrounded with what appeared to him to be a mob—

lanterns flitting about as thick as the sparks on a piece of burned paper—cudgels bristling around him like a paling—and, to complete all, a clamour and hubbub of tongues that might have been heard three streets off. We say, confounded and bewildered as he was by these sights and sounds, the doctor's pluck did not desert him. Starting to his feet, and not doubting that he was in the midst of a mob of housebreakers, he seized one of the policemen by the throat, when a deadly struggle ensued, in which the doctor's shirt was, in a twinkling, torn up into ribbons: in another twinkling he was floored by a blow from a baton, and rendered incapable of further resistance.

The combat had been a most unequal one, and no other consequence could possibly have arisen from it.

Having knocked down the doctor, the next business, as is usual in such and similar cases, was to get him up again. Accordingly, three or four men got hold of him by the arms and shoulders, and, having raised him to his feet, planted him, still senseless, in a chair.

A clamorous consultation, spoken in half-a-dozen different dialects, now ensued, as to how the housebreaker was to be disposed of.

"We'll teuk him to the office, to pe surely," said a hard-faced, red-whiskered Celt. "What else you'll do wi' ta roke that'll proke into shentleman's hoose, and go to ped as comfortable as a lort. Dam's impitence."

"Soul, and it's to the office we'll have him, by all manner o' means, and that in the twinkling of a bedpost," chimed in a tall raw-boned Irishman, with a spotted cotton handkerchief tied so high around the lower part of his face as to bury his mouth. "The thaif o' the world. It's a free passage across the wather he'll now get, anyhow, bad luck to him."

"Fat, tiel, would you tak the man stark naked through the street?" said a little thick-set Aberdonian. "It would be verra undecent. There's a bit cloaky there; throw that aboot his shouthers, and then we'll link him awa like a water stoup."

"'Od ye'll no fin that so easy, I'm thinkin!" exclaimed a lumpish, broad shouldered young fellow. "He's as fat's a Lochrin distillery pig. He's a hantle mair like his meat than his wark, that ane."

Hitherto the unfortunate subject of these remarks had been able to take no part in what was passing; but, stupified by the blow he had received, which had covered his face with blood, and further confounded by the various circumstances of the case—his previous debauch, the violence and suddenness of his awakening, and the extraordinary clamour and uproar that surrounded him—he sat, with drooping head and confused senses, without uttering a word.

His physical energies, however, gradually recovering a little, he began to stare about him with a look of bewilderment; and, at length, fixing his eye on the Irishman, who happened to be standing directly opposite him, he addressed him with a—

"Pray, friend, what is the meaning of all this?"

"Faiks, my purty fellow, and it's yourself that might be after guessing that with your own cute genius," replied Paddy. "Haven't ye half a notion, now, of what you have been about the same blessed night?"

"I have a pretty good notion that my house has been broken into by a parcel of ruffians," said the doctor, "and that I have been half, perhaps wholly murdered by you."

"Capital, ould fellow; capital," said the Irishman. "Tell truth and shame the devil. Your house. Stick to that, my jewel, and you'll astonish the spalpeens. But come, come, my tight little manikin, get up wid ye. You'll go and have a peep of *our* house now. Time about 's fair play."

And he seized the doctor, who was now wrapped in his cloak, and was forcing him from his seat, when the latter, resisting this movement, called out—

"Does no one here know me? Will no one here protect me? What am I assailed in my own house in this manner for? My name's Dobbie—Doctor Dobbie."

"Your name 's no nosin to nobody, you roke," said Duncan M'Kay, seconding the efforts of his colleague to lug the doctor out of his seat. "You'll be one names to-day, and anodder names to-morrow. So shust come along to ta office, toctor—since you call yourselfs a toctor—and teuket a nicht's quarters wi' some o' your frients that's there afore you."

"Let's get a grup o' him," exclaimed the broad shouldered young fellow already spoken of, edging himself in to have a share in the honour of laying a capturing hand on the doctor. "'Od, he 's as round 's a pokmanky. There's nae gettin haud o' him. Come awa, doctor; come awa, my man. Baillie Morton 'll be unco glad to see ye," he added, having succeeded in getting hold of one of the doctor's arms, which he seized with a grip like a vice.

Undeterred by the overpowering force with which he was assailed, the doctor still resisted, vainly announcing and re-announcing his name and calling. It had the effect only of increasing the clamour and hubbub amongst the police, who now all huddled round him in a mob, and, without listening to a word he said, finally succeeded in carrying him bodily out of the house, in despite of some desperate struggling, and a great deal of noisy vociferation on the part of the doctor.

The Police Office and Finale.

Leading off from, and immediately behind the public office, there was a small carpeted room, provided with a sofa, some chairs, and a writing desk.

This room was appropriated to some of the upper functionaries connected with the police establishment of ——, and was the scene of private examinations of culprits, and of other kinds of proceedings of a private nature.

At the time at which we introduce the reader to this apartment, there lay extended on the sofa above spoken of, a gentleman who appeared to have seen some recent service, if one might judge from the circumstance of his head being bound up in a blood-stained handkerchief, and his exhibiting certain symptoms of languor and debility. This gentleman was Mr Thomson, who was awaiting the result of the expedition which had gone to examine his house, and whose return he was now momentarily expecting. Awaiting the same issue then, and awaiting it in the same apartment, was another gentleman. This person was a sort of sub-superintendant of the police; and was, at the moment of which we speak, busily engaged in writing at the desk formerly mentioned.

Both of those persons, then, were anxiously waiting the return of the detachment whose proceedings are already before the reader—beguiling the time, meanwhile, by discussing the probabilities of the case. They were thus engaged, when a tremendous noise in the outer office gave intimation of an arrival, and one of no ordinary kind: for the tramping of feet was immense, and the hubbub astounding.

"That's *them*," said Mr Thomson.

"I think it is," said the sub.

Ere any other remark could be made, the door of the private apartment was opened, and in marched a short, stout, half-dressed, bloody-faced gentleman, in a blue cloth cloak, between two policemen, and followed by a mob of functionaries of the same description, who stood so thick as to completely block up the door. This stout, half-dressed gentleman in the blue cloth cloak was the doctor.

"Dear me, doctor," said Mr Thomson, advancing towards the former, whom he at once recognised, "what's the matter? What terrible affair is this?"

"Terrible, indeed—unheard of—monstrous!" exclaimed the doctor, in a towering passion. "My house, sir, has been broken into by these ruffians. I have been torn from my bed, maltreated in the way you see, and dragged here like a felon by them, and for what I know not. But I *will* know it; and if I don't"——

"This is odd, doctor," here interposed Mr Thomson. "I have been the victim of a similar kind of violence to-night, as you may see, by the state of my head, although the case is, in other respects, somewhat different. *My* house has been also broken into."

"Bless my soul, very strange" said the doctor, taking a momentary interest in the misfortunes of his neighbour. "By these ruffians," he added, pointing to the police.

"No, no, not them," replied Thomson; "housebreakers. Some villains had got into the house; and I had no sooner entered it, on returning home a little later than usual, than I was knocked down, dragged out to the stair, and thrown down, where I was found in a state of insensibility and brought here."

The doctor winced a little at this statement: a vague suspicion, we can hardly say of the fact, but of something akin thereto, began to glimmer dimly on his mental optics. He, however, said nothing; nor, even had he been inclined to say anything, was opportunity afforded him; for here the presiding official of the place, the sub-superintendant, to whom the doctor was well known, and who had impatiently awaited the conclusion of the conversation between the latter and Thomson, interfered with a—

"Good heaven, doctor, how came you to be in this situation? What is the meaning of all this?" he added, turning to his men.

"The maining's as plain as a pikestaff, your honour," replied the Irish watchman, to whom we have already introduced the reader. "We found this little gentleman, since he turns out to be a gentleman, where he shouldn't have been."

"And where was that, pray?" inquired the sub.

"Why, in Mr Thomson's house, your honour. And not only that, but in bed too, as snug as a fox in a chimbley."

"In ta fery peds, ta roke," here chimed in our friend, M'Kay.

"What! you don't mean to say that you found the doctor, here, in *Mr Thomson's* house?" said the astonished official, laying a marked emphasis on the name.

"To pe surely we do, sir," replied Duncan.

"I'll tak my Bible oath till't," added another personage, whom the reader will readily recognise.

"In my house! The doctor in *my* house!" exclaimed Mr Thomson, in the utmost amazement.

"Mr Thomson's house! Me in Mr Thomson's house!" said the doctor, with a look of blank dismay; for a tolerably distinct view of the truth had now began to present itself to his mind's eye. It was, therefore, rather in the desperate hope of there being yet some chance in his favour, than from any conviction that the testimony against him was founded in error, that he added—

"My *own* house, you scoundrels; you found me in my *own* house!"

Here the whole mob of policemen simultaneously, and as if with one voice, shouted—"It's a lie, it's a lie. We found him in Mr Thomson's."

"How do you explain this, doctor?" said Mr Thomson, mildly, although beginning—he couldn't help it—to think rather queerly of the doctor.

"Why, why," replied the crest-fallen and perplexed doctor, "if I really have been in your house, Mr Thomson—although I can't believe it—I must, I must—in fact, I must have mistaken it for my own. To tell a truth, I came home rather out last night; and it is possible, quite possible, although I can hardly think probable, that I may have taken your house for my own. That's the fact," added the doctor, with something like an appeal to the lenity of the person whose rights he had so unwittingly usurped, and whose corporeal substance he had so seriously maltreated.

"And was it you that knocked me down, doctor?" said Mr Thomson. "Too bad that, to knock me down in my own house."

"Why, my dear sir, I trust I did not. I hope I did not. But really I don't know; perhaps I. You see, I thought thieves were coming in, and I"——

Here a burst of laughter from the presiding officer, which was instantly taken up by every one in the apartment, and in which Thomson himself couldn't help joining, interrupted the doctor's further explanations.

"Well, doctor," said the latter, who was a good-natured sort of person, and who, like every one else, had a kind of esteem for the little medical gentleman, "I must say that when you broke my head, you were only in the way of your trade; but, I think, the least thing you can do is to mend it for nothing."

"Most gladly, my dear sir," replied the doctor; "for I did the damage—at least, I fear it, however unknowingly, and am bound to repair it."

"Done; let it be a bargain," said Thomson. "But, doctor, be so good as to give me previous notice when you again desire to take possession of my house. At any rate, don't knock me down when I come to seek a share of it."

The doctor promised to observe the conditions; and, shortly after, the two left the office, arm-in-arm, in the most friendly way imaginable.

It is said, although we cannot vouch for the truth of the report, that the doctor, after this, fell upon the expedient of casting a knot on his handkerchief for each landing-place in the stair as he gained it, when ascending the latter under such circumstances as those that gave rise to the awkward occurrence which has been the subject of these pages.

AN INCIDENT.

In the following incident, there is not, perhaps, anything that may be considered either very interesting or very striking; yet, as the writer can vouch for its truth, it may not be thought altogether unworthy of engaging the reader's attention for a moment.

About forty years ago, a young Highland lad, of the name of Cameron, came to Glasgow to push his way in the world. He was a remarkably sharp, shrewd boy; full of ambition; and determined to get on, if activity, integrity, and perseverance could accomplish it.

After a time, Cameron succeeded in getting into the counting-house of a mercantile firm in Glasgow, in the capacity of a junior clerk. His salary was very small; but, by the most rigid economy, he contrived to live on it without soliciting the assistance of any one.

The singular sharpness and activity of the lad were quickly perceived and appreciated by his employers; and had he had a little more patience—a quality which he lacked in common with most young men—there is no doubt that his circumstances would very soon have been bettered. But patience Duncan had not; and, urged on by that ambition which was the ruling passion of his nature, he began to think Glasgow too limited a field for the realization of his hopes, and forthwith turned his eyes towards London. There, he thought, he might arrive at something worth attaining.

Filled with this notion, the restless boy, greatly against the wishes of his employers, who offered him every reasonable inducement to remain, determined on proceeding at once to the metropolis.

Accordingly, with three pounds in his pocket, and a letter of recommendation from his employers, Duncan, staff in hand, started, one fine summer morning, at an early hour, for London; intending to walk every step of the way; and this he eventually did.

Duncan, at this time, knew not a soul in the metropolis, and, therefore, could have no reasonable hopes of attaining, very speedily at any rate, the realization of his sanguine anticipations. The circumstance, however, of his not having a single friend, or even acquaintance in London, was one that gave Duncan no concern whatever. He plunged, boldly and fearlessly, into that vast abyss of human hopes, and fears, and passions, determined to elbow his way, and to compel success to follow him, if it would not do so of its own accord.

Two years after Duncan Cameron had entered London, a venerable-looking old man, wearing the broad blue bonnet of Scotland, from beneath which streamed the snowy locks of age, was seen wandering up and down the streets, and, anon, entering shops and warehouses, from which he always came forth with a look of sorrowful disappointment.

It was evident that the old man was inquiring for some one whom he could not find—of whom he could discover no trace.

At length a passer by—a gentleman of respectable appearance—struck with his venerable look, and perceiving that he was at a loss for something or other, accosted him, and obligingly inquired if there was any particular place he wanted.

"Indeed, sir," replied the old man, "I'm almost ashamed to say what I am looking for; it seems so foolish to look for any one in this immense city, without having his address, or any clue by which to find him."

"Truly, honest man, such a thing would indeed be very absurd. Is it your case?" said the stranger.

"It is, sir," replied the old man. "I have acted, I find, very unadvisedly. I should have informed myself better before I came here; but, in truth, I could not help myself. I had no means whatever of acquiring any previous information, and was therefore compelled to trust to chance."

"You are from Scotland, honest friend?"

"I am, sir; and have walked every foot of the way on this wild-goose chase of mine."

"Who have you been seeking?" said the stranger.

"My son, sir," replied the old man. "He came to London about two years ago, and we never heard what became of him. So I took it into my head to come up to London to make some inquiry after him; but, as I ought to have known, I can discover no trace of him."

"Nor, I fear, ever will," replied the stranger, "unless you can contrive to obtain some more particular information regarding him than you seem to have. What was your son's name, my good friend, if I may ask?"

"Cameron, sir—Duncan Cameron."

"His age?"

"He would be now about two-and-twenty. He was my youngest son—the child of my old age."

"Where came he from last?" inquired the stranger, with a look of newly-awakened interest.

"Glasgow," said the old man. "He had, before coming to London, been in the employment, there, of a firm of the name of Falkner & Pringle; but he was a restless, pushing lad, and would be to London, right or wrong."

"This is rather an odd occurrence," said the gentleman, musingly, and apparently much struck with what he had just learned. "Very odd," he repeated; "but step along with me a little way, if you please, and, probably, I may be the means of procuring you some information regarding your son."

The old man accompanied the stranger, who, after conducting him through several streets, at length stopped in front of a highly respectable-looking place of business, when, turning to his aged companion—

"Step in with me here a moment, if you please."

The latter did so, when the stranger, leading him through an outer office, filled with clerks, ushered him into a small private room behind. Having shut the door—

"Look at the superscription of that letter, if you please," said the gentleman, pointing to a sealed letter that lay on a very handsome writing table which occupied the middle of the floor.

The old man took it up, and, to his inexpressible surprise, found it was addressed to himself.

"Now, my good friend, lay it down again, if you please, for a moment, and I will explain," said the gentleman—whose name was Hardcastle, head of the firm of Hardcastle & Co., the most extensive West India merchants in London:—"The son for whom you have been inquiring, my good friend, was in our employment, and one of the most active and intelligent young men we ever had. We had every confidence in him, every reliance on his integrity and ability. As proof of this, we sent him, about eight months since, to the West Indies, to negotiate the purchase of an estate there for us. And this business he managed so ably—so entirely to our satisfaction—in short, made so excellent a bargain for us—that we resolved on presenting him with a thousand pounds."

Here the speaker paused for a moment, then, with considerable emotion, added:—

"It pains me greatly, my good old friend, to add, that your son is dead. He died on his return to England from the West Indies; and that letter you will find to contain an intimation of his death, together with notice of our having in hands a thousand pounds payable to your order; the sum with which we intended to have presented your son, had he been spared to return."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed the old man, in a voice trembling with emotion, and throwing himself back in his chair; in which position he remained for some time, sunk in a silence which Mr Hardcastle, who was himself scarcely less affected, did not seek to disturb. "He was the child of my old age," at length said the old man, suddenly and abruptly, the tears streaming down his aged cheeks. "My affections were bound up in him. Yet, again I say, the will of God be done."

Mr Hardcastle insisted on the old man's making his house his home while he resided in London, He did so; and, ere he left, having previously obtained proofs of his identity from Scotland, received the thousand pounds which had been intended for his son.

Such, then, was the end of poor Duncan Cameron, and of all his dreams of ambition. What height of prosperity he might have attained had he been spared, it is impossible to say; but, seeing the energy of his character, it is very likely it would have been one of no ordinary elevation.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

On the 15th of September, 17—, an unusual stir was observable in our village. The people were gathered in little groups in the streets, with earnest and awe-stricken countenances; and even the little children had ceased their play, and, clinging to their mothers, looked up as if wondering what strange thing had happened. In some parts of the town the crowds were larger, but the remarks less audible; at times, two or three individuals were seen passing along in grave conversation, while the women stood in groups at their own or their neighbour's doors, many of them with tears in their eyes, and giving utterance occasionally to sounds of lamentation. It was evident, to the most casual observer, that something unusual had occurred—something that had stricken a feeling approaching to alarm into all hearts—and that all were engaged in the discussion of one common topic. There was that gathering together as if for mutual support, or for the purposes of sympathy and consultation, which usually attends the appearance of public danger, the extent of which is unknown. It seemed, indeed, as if the occurrence of an earthquake, however much it might have increased the alarm, could not have deepened the gloom. The night at length gradually thickened, and, one by one, the villagers crept into their dwellings. Many a fearful tale was told by the firesides that night; and not a door but was more carefully barred than it had been perhaps for years before.

Our village was like many other villages in Scotland: it was long, dirty, and irregular, and wholly wanting in those qualities of neatness and taste which give a character of comfort and rustic beauty to the generality of English hamlets. The odour that rose from the fronts of the cottages was not from flowers, and was certainly much less agreeable to the senses. The situation, however, was romantic; and there was a character of rusticity about the place which harmonized well with the surrounding scenery. On one side it was skirted by a water which, in rainy seasons, struggled into some importance, and turned two or three respectable mills. On the other, the country undulated gracefully, and rose at one point into a wooded hill, which formed no inconsiderable feature in the landscape. Striking off the main road, at a point about half a mile distant, was a rough bye-road, which crossed near the summit of the hill, and wound upwards till it disappeared in a ridge of still loftier mountains. This road formed a favourite walk with the young people of the village. It was rough, and shaded, and retired, and led to many a green spot and glorious upland. On very dark nights, however, it was usually avoided. A considerable part of it was overarched with thick foliage; and however pleasant at noonday, when the hot breezes came panting thither for relief, it needed rather a stout heart to pass whistling through it when not even a gleam of starlight was visible, and when every sound of the rustling branches came to the ear of the listener as a groan, a shriek, or a wailing.

It was towards this road, on the morning succeeding the ominous appearances we have described, that many of the villagers directed their steps. A good number were hastening thither soon after daybreak, and one and all seemed bent on the same errand. They entered the road now chequered with the wakening glints of the sun, and proceeded onwards till they came to a break in the rough wall which bounded it on either side. They here struck off, and followed the windings of a narrow footpath, till they reached an open place which looked into the fields beyond. There was a bush of underwood a good deal dashed and torn; and those who had better eyesight, or a more active fancy than the rest, declared they could trace the sprinklings of blood upon the grass. On that spot, not many hours before, a murder had been committed. A young woman, one of the loveliest and liveliest of the village, had been desperately and cruelly murdered.

The affair was involved in mystery.

Jessie Renton, the deceased, was the daughter of respectable parents in the village, and a favourite with young and old. She was warm-hearted and playful; and, pass her when you might, she always greeted you with a kind glance or a merry word. On the evening which closed on her for ever, she had gone out alone, as she had done a thousand times before, with a laughing eye and a light step. Her father had not returned from his daily toil, and her mother had not ceased from hers. The latter was busy at her wheel when Jessie left, and not a parting word was exchanged between them. They knew not that they were never to see each other alive again in this world, and they parted without thought or word. It was not known where the unfortunate girl had gone. She had passed the doctor's shop while his apprentice boy was squirting water from a syringe; and, joking, she had told him she would tell his maister o' his tricks. She had chatted with two girls who were fetching water from the well, and hinted something about an approaching wedding. An old man had seen her at the outskirts of the village; and a cow-herd urchin thought—but "wasna sure"—that he had seen her entering the road leading through the wood; and that was all. Some hours after she had been thus traced, a couple of strolling pedlars had been making for the village, and were startled by a shriek and a cry of murder in the thicket. They rushed in; but had some difficulty in finding the spot whence the cry proceeded. The figure of a man dashed by them at some yards distance. They hallooed to him; but he passed on, and was out of sight in a moment. A few stifled cries led them to the fatal spot, where they found the wretched girl stretched upon the ground, faint from the loss of blood, and unable to articulate. One of the men supported her, while the other ran for help. The latter had scarcely reached the main road when he met some labourers plodding homewards, and with them he returned to the dying girl; but what assistance could they render? Life was fast ebbing away; and, in a few moments, they bent in dumb horror and amazement over a lifeless, a murdered corpse. After some consultation, they carried the body towards the village; and one of them hastened before and procured a vehicle to relieve them of their burthen. The news of what had occurred spread in all directions; and, by the time the mournful procession entered the village, the inhabitants were all astir. The body was soon recognized; tears and wailings followed; and dark suspicions and dis

mal regrets mingled with the hurried inquiries of every new comer.

Old James Renton and his wife, as decent a couple as lived in the village, were seated by the fire, enjoying their quiet evening chat, when the awful intelligence reached them. Some considered it strange that they had been talking but a few minutes before of their daughter, and her prospects. But it was not strange: they had no other child: they had had no other theme so interesting. It was not a new thing with them. For themselves they had but little to hope, but little to dream over: their own ambition had long since died out, but it revived in their child. She was a link which bound them anew to this world, and seemed to open up to them, once more, bright prospects on this side of the grave. Often and often had they conversed upon her hopes, as they had aforetime done of their own; and with an interest only heightened from having become less selfish. Was it remarkable that they should do so on that evening? Jessie was growing to a most interesting age. She had arrived at that point in life from which many roads diverge, and where the path is often difficult to choose. For her sake, more than one homely hind had become a poet in his feelings. Indeed, she had many admirers, and was even what some might call a flirt. But, although her smiles were shed like the free and glad sunshine on all, there was one who, to appearance, was more favoured than the rest. This young man had known her from her childhood, and his attachment was of the most ardent kind. At school, he had been her champion, and certainly shewed himself a true knight—ready to encounter, nay, courting danger for her sake, and conceiving himself sufficiently rewarded by her smile. She had recently been solicited in marriage by another, a man of retired and somewhat gloomy habits, who dwelt near; but it was understood that she had refused his offer, and that George Merrideth was the chosen one of her heart.

It was on these things that the unconscious parents were conversing, when one of their neighbours entered with the frightful intelligence. Both started up and rushed to the door. The crowd were hastening on, bearing with them the melancholy evidence of the truth of what they had just heard. It came on still—it stopt—it was at their own door it stopt. The old man could not speak, but his wife rushed forward with a distressful shriek. The truth was soon all known. They had no child. They had only a dead corpse to weep over—to lay in the grave. Is it necessary to say more? A few days passed. They were the bitterest days the bereaved parents had ever known; but they passed, and their minds became comparatively calm. Neither the efforts of their own minds, nor the commiseration of their friends and neighbours, could subdue their grief: but it took free vent, and subsided from very exhaustion. They evinced but little anxiety to discover who had destroyed their child: it was enough to them that she was gone; and revenge, they said, would not bring her back. Their chief solace was to visit and linger in the churchyard—their chief hope to abide there.

To discover the murderer, and drag him to justice, soon occupied the attention, not only of the authorities, but of many active men in the village. Rigorous inquiries were instituted, every scrap of evidence was collected, and suspicion fell at length upon one man. This individual was, to appearance, about thirty years of age, of a thoughtful disposition, and retired mode of life. He had been settled in the village for several years; and no sooner was the suspicion raised, than many circumstances were bruited to confirm it. His general conduct and bearing were remarked to have been mysterious. He had rarely associated with his neighbours; and had often been observed, in lonely places and at silent hours, muttering and musing, by himself. For some time back, he had been noticed watching the deceased, and following her whenever she had any distance to go; and the general belief was, that she had crossed his affections, and that he had taken this cowardly revenge. On the evening of the murder, he had been seen returning home only a few minutes after the time when the deed must have been perpetrated, and his air and manner were said to have been wild and agitated. The consequence was, that he was apprehended and thrown into prison. In a few months afterwards, he was tried. In his defence, he stated that the unfortunate girl had rather encouraged his suit than otherwise; and mentioned, in proof of this, that Merrideth, whose grief for her loss had excited general commiseration, had, on the very afternoon of the day on which the murder took place, quarrelled him on the subject, and accused him of seeking to supplant him in her affections. Ultimately, a verdict of not proven was returned, and he was dismissed from the court.

Jones—for such was his name—returned to the village; but the suspicion still clung to him. As he went through the streets, the people avoided him, or gazed at him as a world's wonder. Wherever he passed, they spoke to each other in whispers. These whispers he seldom heard, but the thought of their import haunted him. He was restless and unhappy, and sought relief in motion. No sooner was the sun risen, than he was up and away to the fields. He wandered about alone for hours, and then came back to the village. He felt as if a curse rested on him; a stain on his name which he could not wipe off. So unhappy did he seem, that some men began to take compassion on him, and even to converse with him. He felt grateful; the tears rushed to his eyes; and they left him with their suspicions confirmed. Night came, and he felt that he could not sleep. He sometimes tried to read, but in vain: and would suddenly dash down the book and hurry into the street.

In one of his rambles, an incident occurred which, although trifling in itself, may yet be related as shewing the kind of feeling with which he was regarded. Miss Manners, the daughter of the village clergyman, accompanied by another young lady, was coming along in a direction in which they could not avoid meeting him. Jones observed the latter hesitate, on beholding him, and apparently refuse to go on, till encouraged by her companion. They met, however, and passed each other; but Jones had not proceeded many yards, when he observed a silk bag which one of them had dropped. He picked it up and hastened after them. The young lady, on hearing his footsteps, glanced round and screamed outright. Jones paused. When the affrighted damsel had somewhat recovered herself, he said in a soft voice—

"Young lady! I am sorry if my politeness has alarmed you. I thought this might be your bag, which I found lying on the road."

Miss Manners stepped towards him, and received it, saying—"Thank you, sir. My companion is foolish."

"I cannot blame her," he replied, "for she does not know me. I have rather to thank you, than wonder at her."

His voice was rather tremulous as he spoke; and Miss Manners regarded him with a look of the tenderest compassion. Nothing more, however, was said. They simply bowed to each other and parted. Jones walked on for a short distance, then, leaning over a rustic gate by the roadside, mused till his eyes filled.

The violent emotion exhibited by the unhappy man, was not allowed to pass unnoticed by the villagers. It was looked upon only as the writhing of a tortured spirit; and whatever doubts existed as to his guilt, they were soon all removed. There was hardly a soul in the village but shunned and feared him.

Sometimes Jones would drop into one or two shops where he had been accustomed to visit, and talk freely on matters of common interest. But those who formerly saw nothing odd in his manner, now discovered a thousand peculiarities. They imagined they detected an unnatural wildness in his eye, and set him down as a deep and dangerous man. At one time the villagers would stand gazing after him, at others they would pass him with a scowl. Little children, whom he used sometimes to pat on the head, were taught to fear and avoid him; and often, when he approached, would run away screaming to their homes.

The unhappy man, at length, resolved to leave the place. He pursued his journey to Edinburgh, and took lodgings in a street in the Old Town. The reflection, however, that he had not succeeded in vindicating his character—that he had left behind him a blasted reputation—poisoned all his enjoyments. He walked backward and forward in Princes' Street, crossed the North Bridge, and wandered about the Canongate and High Street, and tried to lose himself in the crowd. Again he returned to his lodging, and felt that his loneliness and misery were increased.

He next set off for Glasgow, and pursued there the same course. He traversed the Trongate and Argyle Street for hours, and strode down to the Broomielaw, and stared vacantly at the bustle going on on the river. But in nothing could he take any interest. Change of scene could bring no change to his mind. Weeks and months were spent in this rambling and unsatisfactory life, and again he resolved to retrace his steps to the village.

The coach in which he took his seat, set him down within about a mile and a half of the place; and he finished the journey on foot. It was on a Saturday afternoon that he entered, and with feelings which can hardly be described. Many of the villagers were sitting at their doors, enjoying the cool air of the evening, when the mysterious man walked up the main street. His appearance attracted general attention. One rumour had stated that he had fled to America; another, that he had taken away his own life. At all events, the people had congratulated themselves on his sudden departure; and felt irritated as well as surprised at his return. As he walked quietly along, he was followed by a number of boys, some of whom threw pieces of turf at him; and, by the time he reached the centre of the town, a considerable crowd was collected. A disposition to riot was soon exhibited, and stones began to be thrown. Jones turned coolly round and folded his arms, as if in defiance of his persecutors. At that moment, a stone of a pretty large size struck him on the forehead, and some blood trickled from the wound. He was a man of a quick eye and muscular frame. He singled out the person who threw it, and dashed through the crowd—never once losing sight of him until he had him firmly in his grasp. A struggle ensued, and Jones threw his opponent with great force on the ground. Loud threats, and angry imprecations followed; and "Villain!—Murderer!" burst from a hundred tongues. Ten or a dozen men sprang forward upon him at once; but he started back and eluded their grasp.

"Stand back!" he cried, in a loud voice. "I shall strike the first man to the earth who dares to lay a finger on me!"

For a moment his pursuers were awed; but only for a moment. Two or three hands were in an instant at his throat, and a violent struggle and altercation ensued.

"Villain!—villain!" cried one man, older than the rest, "ye hae killed ane o' the sweetest bairns that ever drew breath. It was an evil hour when ye took up your abode in this village!"

"Hold off, old man!" exclaimed Jones; "why do you persecute me so?"

Groans and yells followed.

"I swear before God," he continued, shaking himself free, "that I am innocent of this crime!"

The crowd, however, were not to be deterred from giving vent to their rage; and matters might have proceeded to an alarming height, had not Mr Manners, the parish minister, who chanced to be passing at the time, interfered in his behalf. The old man pushed his way through the crowd, and, taking Jones by the arm, succeeded in dragging him away. They proceeded in the direction of the manse; but, as the mob still followed, Mr Manners did not think it safe to leave him. He accordingly took him in along with him; and, closing the garden gate, exhorted the crowd to return peaceably to their homes.

For a few moments, some shouting and noise were heard; but they died away by degrees, and Jones and his protector stood alone in the quiet and secluded garden. The former grasped Mr Manners by the hand, and thanked him cordially.

"Sir," he said, "I have been sorely abused. An unhappy suspicion has clung to my name; but innocent I declare I am, although suffering the worst consequences of guilt. All men have some sins to weep for; but, as I shall answer to my Maker, I swear that I am as innocent of the great crime laid to my charge as the unborn child is."

Mr Manners was a kind-hearted man. He was struck with the earnestness—the quiet and subdued fervour with which Jones addressed him—and, taking him kindly by the hand—

"Young man," he said, "I am bound to believe what I cannot disprove, and what you so solemnly affirm. If there be no truth in your words, you may yet repent having so solemnly sworn; but whether true or false, I can never repent doing you an act of kindness."

Jones was invited into the house to rest—an invitation which he gladly accepted. On entering the lobby, they were met by Miss Manners, who started involuntarily on beholding the stranger; but instantly recovered herself, and opened the door of the parlour for him to enter. The latter bowed politely to her; and, blushing, she returned the salutation. Her father desired her to walk in and set some wine upon the table, which she did with alacrity and grace.

Miss Manners was a young lady of rather an eccentric disposition. She was high-minded, and high-spirited, and not without a dash of romance. She was, of course, familiar with the story of the murder, and knew Jones well by sight. His appearance, which others regarded as at least mysterious-looking, seemed in her eyes rather prepossessing than otherwise; and when she heard the old women of the village imprecating curses on his head, she had uniformly reproved them for judging without adequate proof. On the present occasion, there was something in Jones' looks and manner peculiarly calculated to confirm her good impression, and engage her sympathy. His collar was loosened, and his dress a good deal dashed by the rough treatment he had experienced; but the expression of his countenance seemed to plead for compassion, and spoke eloquently to her heart. She addressed him in a kindly tone of voice; inquired what was the matter, and hoped that no accident had occurred. The stranger put his hand to his brow, from which the blood had been previously wiped, and turned towards the window; while her father briefly explained the circumstances of their meeting, of the harsh treatment to which Jones had been subjected, and of his own interference.

"You did well, father!" said the girl; "the people may be mistaken!"

"They *are* mistaken!" said Jones, turning round with moist eyes. "I know not why suspicion should have settled upon me. I led a quiet life in the village, harming no one, offending no one; neither had I exhibited any of those vices in which great crimes usually originate. I was

not cruel, revengeful, or choleric: least of all had I shewn unkindness to her whom they accuse me of having murdered. Lady, I cannot expect that you will believe the word of an accused, I may almost say a condemned, man; but I shall live in hope that something may yet arise to convince you that I am innocent!"

A reply rushed to her lips, but she checked it, and pressed the stranger to take some refreshment.

Mr Manners expressed a hope that the people would not annoy him farther; and his daughter ventured to question him as to his returning to a place where he was exposed to such insult and persecution.

"Madam," he replied, "where else could I be happy, with such a stigma on my character? A man's evil deeds are always more widely trumpeted than his good ones; and go where I would, I know that the slander would follow me. I have taken a solemn vow, never again to leave this place till I can do so with an unsullied character. The feeling that makes a man eager to trace a calumny to its source, and exculpate himself in the eyes of the world, deters me from flying from reproach. No! I will meet my accusers boldly. I have done nothing to cause me to leave the place; and what others may say or do, will not drive me from it."

Both Mr Manners and his daughter pressed him to stay to supper, but he declined. He expressed, as well as words could express, how grateful he felt for their kindness, and was about to depart, when the old gentleman laid one hand on his shoulder, and, grasping his hand frankly with the other, said—

"Till it has been proved that you are undeserving of my hospitality, my door shall always be open to you; and the more readily, that others are closed!"

Jones was a good deal affected, but struggled to conceal his emotion.

"No," he articulated, with a slightly faltering voice, but a steady eye, "I will not trouble you with a friendship which might bring odium on you. I need not say how delightful it would be to me; but"——

"My father," interrupted Miss Manners, "can easily bear a little burden to lighten another's great one. Can you not, father?"

"My good child," he replied, "you know me, and can speak for me. Sir," he added, "my good wishes and prayers attend you."

Jones took his leave, with many expressions of gratitude, when Mr Manners came running after him, with his hat on, to see whether the crowd had wholly dispersed, and resolved to accompany him if necessary. On reaching the road, however, it was discovered that everything was perfectly quiet; and the good man, having escorted him only a short distance on his way, left him to his reflections.

It would be difficult to describe the train of thought which passed through Jones' mind, as he directed his steps towards the centre of the village. Buoyant feelings and hopes, such as he had not experienced for years before, suddenly filled his breast: glimmerings of bright thought flashed on his mind; were speedily checked, and again burst forth. Some of the people were lounging about their doors as he passed; but he heeded not—he cared not. He felt happy. Visions of mild gray eyes and chestnut ringlets engrossed his senses. They were Miss Manners'. A low but sweet voice filled his ears. It was hers. His memory recalled certain kindly expressions; and it was her lips that had uttered them. On arriving at his lodging, he thought the way had been short: he entered, and was welcomed by his old landlady, with whom he had lived for years, and who was one of the few who would listen to nothing to his discredit.

That night, Jones sat up long, and thought much. The window of his room looked down upon the glen, the stream, the corn-mill, and across to the high and wooded banks, and upwards to where, on this particular night, the full round moon climbed, and threw a glittering bar of light upon the water; and never, to the eye of our lonely muser, looked so lonely, or shone upon so fair a scene. If, at that moment, he harboured an evil thought or an angry feeling, it soon melted in the rising tide of holier emotions. The quiet and softness of the night became, for the time, a portion of his own being; and the pale light, resting on his features, communicated to them much of its gentleness and beauty. For several hours he continued in deep reverie. At length he began to feel chilly, as the thin watery light, which precedes the dawn, made its appearance; and he reluctantly withdrew to rest; but only to dream over the images of beauty with which his mind was surcharged.

Next morning broke forth—a benign and balmy Sabbath. He was the earliest at church, and lingered the latest in the churchyard. The subject of Mr Manners' discourse was charity; but when the people came out, they passed by Jones with a scowl, and went on their several ways, talking mysteriously together. Jones, however, had again seen Miss Manners. It is uncertain whether or not he threw himself in her way; but, whether from design or accident, their eyes met. She bowed gracefully to him; but he was not prepared for this public recognition. For the moment he felt confused, his heart fluttered, and he passed on with two or three hurried steps. This incident, trifling as it was, deprived him of a whole night's sleep. He feared he had betrayed some awkwardness on the occasion; and yet, somehow or other, he had no fear of obtaining her forgiveness. Often and often he walked in the neighbourhood of the manse, avoiding being seen by her, but still seeing her; or, if not, indulging the delight of being near her. He had no heart to walk in any other direction. If he strolled out in the morning, or in the quiet of the evening, he proceeded almost instinctively towards the manse; and if he passed any distance beyond it, an irresistible impulse caused him to retrace his steps.

These lonely walks, often at unseasonable hours, and without any apparent object, were not unobserved by the villagers, and gave rise to much speculation. Many weeks passed, and still the mystery continued; and Jones found, ere long, that he was regarded not only with suspicion, but terror. All the petty crimes, too, which occurred in the neighbourhood, were set down to his charge; and time, which he thought would clear his name, seemed only to blacken it the more. Every means, too, were taken to persecute him, and drive him from the place; but absence to him was now despair. He was chained to the spot by an uncontrollable destiny; and felt that, although pressed to the uttermost, he was yet wholly incapable of retreat.

Jones was proprietor of a small property in the village, which had been left him by an uncle, and which first induced him to take up his residence in that quarter; he had also a small sum of money laid out at interest; and, both together, had hitherto yielded him a sufficient competency.

One by one, however, the houses on which he chiefly relied became tenantless, and nothing seemed to await him but poverty and wretchedness.

But then Miss Manners! Like a star in the heavens, she became brighter as his prospects darkened; and yet he feared that, like a star, he could only admire her at a distance. He had told his love to the listening winds; he had whispered it to his pillow; he had mingled his plaint with that of the running brooks. But, to human ear, he had breathed it neither in sighs nor words. Him, a wanderer and an outcast, what maid could ever love? Could he have asked Miss Manners to share happiness with him, the case might have been otherwise; but what must be his fate when he had only wretchedness to offer? He

thought of her till she became purely a being of his imagination; and, being all that his imagination could paint her, she became too much for him to hope ever to possess.

It is difficult to say what, at this early stage of their acquaintance, were Miss Manners' feelings towards Jones. Certain it is, however, that she had conceived for him a kind of romantic interest. She was eccentric in her disposition, but fervent in her attachments; and, without knowing much about him, she had, partly from compassion, and partly, perhaps, from a secret love of being regarded singular, uniformly advocated his cause whenever occasion offered.

One evening, two or three young girls were assembled at the manse. They were the daughters of a person of some consideration in the place, and Miss Manners' occasional associates. After tea, Mr Manners withdrew to his studies; and, as the evening had set in rather cold, the ladies drew near the fire to converse.

"Come, now," said Miss Manners, as she stirred the fire till it blazed and crackled right merrily, "let us make ourselves comfortable and happy. Emily, here"—sitting down beside the dullest of her guests—"looks as sad as if she had just lost her sweetheart."

"Oh, she'll be thinking of Willie Green!" said another of the girls.

A third giggled. Emily looked sad; and Miss Manners cheered her by remarking that Willie was a very decent fellow.

"He's no sweetheart of mine," said Emily, indifferently, at the same time glancing up to the ceiling.

An enormous "Good gracious!" or some such expression, rushed to the eyes of another of the girls; but as Miss Manners checked her, she did not get telling how often she had seen her and Willie together, and how well-known it was that the day was all but fixed.

"Now, don't tease her," said Miss Manners. "I see we must change the subject."

Accordingly, Willie Green was dismissed, and William Jones introduced. Every one, except Miss Manners, had something to say against him—some frightful story to relate in which he had acted a principal part. One told how, on one evening—darker than all other evenings—he had been seen lounging in the neighbourhood of such and such a farm; and how, next morning, one of the farmer's children died. Another related how he had been heard to rave to himself when he thought no one was near; and many were the extraordinary casualties in which he was declared to have been concerned.

"Pshaw! idle tales," said Miss Manners, who had sat for some time silent. "I have seen the man, and do not think him one-half so bad as he is represented. Never yet have I met any one who had seen him do a wrong action; and yet every one will swell the cry against him. O world! world!"

The young ladies were somewhat surprised at the serious tone in which Miss Manners spoke, but laughed it off, without attempting to argue the matter. How little did they know—how little did Miss Manners know—that, at that very time, the man they spoke of was wandering in the darkness, not far off, with his eyes fixed on the lighted window of the room in which they sat! And, O, what feelings would have filled the breast of poor Jones, if he had known that the light on which he gazed so intently was rendered still brighter by those eyes which he loved best in the world being kindled in his defence!

However, the conversation soon took a lighter turn; and was only interrupted, at length, by the appearance of Willie Green, who was ushered in "by accident," and seemed very desirous to impress upon all present that he had no particular errand. Sly looks were interchanged, which no one, of course, saw; and Willie was speedily inducted as one of the party. Supper followed, at which Mr Manners was present; and when the hour of departure came, Miss Manners threw on her bonnet, to trot them, as she expressed it, to the garden gate.

On going down the walk, Mr Green, who was the pink of politeness, offered Miss Manners his arm; but the latter knew she would not offend him by refusing. One by one, he applied to the other girls; till, as a last resource, he made an appeal to Emily, who, after some feeble show of following their example, relented; and, while Miss Manners and the rest proceeded onwards, Green and Emily lagged gradually behind. Miss Manners escorted the party a considerable distance on their way, and then bade them good night. Mr Green offered to accompany her back; but she broke off, saying she was not afraid. The night was rather dark; but, in truth, it was not late; and she tripped on her way homewards without fear of molestation.

As she approached the garden, however, she saw the figure of a man walking on before her, with that slow and apparently lounging step which indicates the absence of any pressing or definite object. It was Jones. Her heart failed her for a moment; but, instantly recovering herself she proceeded on her way, and passed him. It was dark. There was no one else near. A rush of frightful thoughts came upon her mind; her step faltered; and she felt as if about to faint.

This was a moment, with Jones, of intense—of overwhelming emotion. He had heard her light step behind him, but knew not that it was hers. No sooner, however, had her graceful form caught his eye, than a strange wildness of thought and feeling seized him, approaching almost to delirium. She was alone. He had long wished for such an opportunity to declare his passion; and yet, now that it had arrived, he trembled to embrace it. To allow it to pass was, in all probability, to entail upon himself many more weeks or months of racking anxiety, uncertainty, and suspense; and yet to embrace it was, perhaps, to set the last seal to his despair. On such a subject he could have debated for weeks; but now, the least hesitation, and the opportunity was lost.

While these contending thoughts distracted his mind, Miss Manners started, and almost paused, as if seized with a sudden panic. This fixed his resolution.

"Dear lady!" he said, in a bland and tremulous voice, "you seem frightened. I trust it is not of me you are afraid. Believe me, you are near one who would protect, not harm you."

"Who are you?" she inquired, faintly.

"Who am I?" he replied. "In truth, I can hardly tell you who I am. I am one, madam, lost both to himself and the world—an outcast—a wanderer in solitary places—a madman—a dreamer! O sweet lady!—but I am wrong to speak thus."

"I know you now," she said, gaining courage; "your name is Jones, is it not?"

"Ay, madam," he answered, "that is my unfortunate name; but, if the world knew all—or if you knew all, I would not care for the world."

"Tell me," she said, but with some hesitation, as if in doubt whether it was proper to stay.

"I will, if you'll forgive me," he said; "but my story is, perhaps, long. Will you walk on?"

Miss Manners proceeded slowly along, with Jones at her side.

"I have now," resumed the latter, "resided for nearly six years in this village. In my intercourse with the world, I had been unfortunate, and retirement was what I sought. I found it here; and, between the study of books and nature, I felt myself happy, and associated but little with my neighbours. I do not weary you?"

"No," said Miss Manners; "go on."

"At length," he continued, "I began to feel that marriage would be an addition to my happiness; and, accordingly, I cast my eyes round among the fair maidens of the village. They fell upon the unfortunate Jessie Renton. She lived within a few doors of me, and I had often seen and admired her in my walks. I thought I loved her—for, at that time, I had not learned what true love was—and offered to make her my wife. I dealt candidly and openly with her. In education, I need not say that I knew she was much beneath me; but she seemed warm-hearted and docile, and I thought it would be a loving pastime for me to make her my pupil. I was not ignorant, however, that she had other lovers; and, although she certainly encouraged my addresses, I saw reason to discontinue my suit. About this time, the awful event took place, the particulars of which are already known to you; and, simply because I had been abroad on the evening of the murder, and near the fatal spot, and partly, no doubt, from the circumstance of my attachment, which I had taken no pains to conceal, suspicion fastened upon me. I will not—indeed I cannot—tell you what laceration of feeling—what distraction of mind—I have since suffered. But you—you, O lady! is it wonderful that I should love you?—you who, when all the world was against me, spoke kindly to me?—you——forgive me, but I love—I adore you; day and night you have been my dream—my idol! But I rave; and yet, do not think me quite mad; for I know I am partly so, and madness knows not itself. O lady!—pardon me! but my heart will not let my tongue speak, lest it should wrong it—could my *heart* speak, could"——

"Sir—sir!" interrupted Miss Manners; "this is frenzy! I beg, sir, you will desist. So sudden—so"——

"Sudden!" exclaimed Jones. "My love may have been sudden; but, for weeks, for months, it has taken possession of me. But, pardon me, madam," he added, in a calmer tone. "Do not mistake me. I know too well that I dare not hope; but an humble offering may be laid upon a lofty shrine. All I ask is your compassion: say only you pity me, and I shall embalm the words in my memory for ever!"

Miss Manners *did* pity him; but begged him, as he valued his own happiness, to banish from his mind all such thoughts as he had expressed.

"Ah, madam," said he, "ask me to part with life, and I may obey you; but, while life remains, I never can cease to love you."

They had now reached the entrance to the garden; and Miss Manners held out her hand, saying—

"Good night."

Jones took the hand. There was no glove on it; and, gently raising it, he pressed it to his lips.

"Madam," he articulated, "good night; farewell. While you are asleep, I shall be thinking of you. On this road, gazing on the window of the room in which I think you are, I shall enjoy more rest than anywhere else I can go."

He was about to add something more; but his utterance became choked; and, again pressing her hand to his lips, while a tear fell on it, he turned abruptly away. Miss Manners said not a word—her heart was too full—but closed the gate behind her and disappeared. Jones listened. He heard her step as she went up the gravel walk, and he heard nothing more. The night was, by this time, fearfully dark, and everything around him was silent. He walked on a short distance, returned, and again walked on. His mind was whirling and confused. He tried to recollect every word which Miss Manners had said, and by this means to get at the real state of her feelings; but he was too much agitated for reflection. On gaining his lodging, he felt faint, and put himself immediately to bed. All night long he tossed about in sleepless excitement; and, in the morning, fell into a feverish doze, broken by unintelligible dreams. When he awoke, he rose up, and felt so giddy as to be unable to stand, and again went to bed. During the day, he felt shivering and unwell; and, the next day, the same symptoms continued, and with increased violence. Another day arrived—another, and another—and all consciousness left him. Several weeks elapsed, and found him still bedridden, but convalescent; and it was nearly three months before he was enabled to venture out, and then only when the sun was warm.

"You have been long out, Marion," said Mr Manners to his daughter, as she returned from her accidental interview with Jones. "I was afraid some accident had befallen you."

"No," said Miss Manners, whose eyes were slightly inflamed; for, somehow or other, she had wept before entering the house: "no accident."

"Child," said her father, "what has happened—you look ill!"

Miss Manners told all—her meeting with Jones, and his passionate declaration; but, notwithstanding that her father conjured her not to think of him, she thought of him all night long.

The news of Jones' illness spread rapidly through the village; but, as might be expected, excited little sympathy. With the exception of Mr Manners and the surgeon of the village, no one looked near his abode; and many were the remarks made by the gossips, that few tears would be shed for him, and that he might bless heaven he was allowed to die in bed. From the manse, however, he received much attention. Anxious inquiries concerning the state of his health were made almost daily, accompanied, occasionally, with presents of wine and jellies. This afforded Jones delightful materials for reflection; and, while his health continued to improve, he occupied his mind with dreams of the future, which his better judgment told him were too bright ever to be realized.

It was on a mild spring morning that the poor invalid sallied forth for the first time since his illness. He was still rather pale and feeble; but the air was warm for the season, and he felt happy on being released from his confinement. His appearance, as he walked through the village, brought the people to their doors as before; and the old remarks about "the man that was tried for murder," were made from mouth to mouth. Nevertheless, he was allowed to pass unmolested, and was soon clear of the houses. The effect of natural scenery, and more particularly, perhaps, of the weather, on the animal spirits, has often been remarked, and the pleasing train of thought which now passed through the mind of our hero, might partly have arisen from this cause. The sun was unshaded, and the road warm and dry. On either side, the leaves were budding from the hedges, and the cheerful warbling of birds infused a delicious and summer-like feeling into his heart. He had gone out without any precise object, and merely to enjoy a walk in the fresh air—so delightful after long confinement to a sick chamber; but his steps had led him almost involuntarily in the direction of the manse. On reaching the gate, he stopped, loitered on for a few yards, and again stopped. He then turned back and hesitated, and at last made bold to enter. As he wound his way slowly up the walk, which was neatly laid off on either side with flowers and shrubbery, he felt more collected than, under the circumstances, he could have imagined possible; and, in a few moments, he was seated in the neat drawing-room of the manse, pouring out his gratitude to Miss Manners for the kindness and attention he had experienced during his illness.

While the two sat conversing together, Mr Manners entered. He congratulated Jones on his recovery; but

the latter did not fail to observe that his manner towards him was less frank than formerly. The truth is, that the old man was a good deal alarmed for his daughter, whom he had warned to discourage his addresses; and, although desirous to treat him with kindness, endeavoured to avoid everything which might seem an approval of his suit. Jones had the good sense not to prolong his visit; and, after cordially repeating his thanks for the various acts of kindness he had experienced, rose up and took his leave.

To her poor lover, Miss Manners had never appeared so lovely as on this occasion. He left the house with the intention of never beholding her more; but scarcely had he quitted her presence, than he felt that to remain long away were impossible. Her beauty; her goodness; her kind words; her kinder looks; all—all rushed to his mind: and his feelings, which had been somewhat calmed by his illness, acquired even more than their wonted fire. Day after day, as he continued to gather strength, he revisited all his old haunts, and felt as if he had just returned from a sojourn in a distant land. Everything was new and fresh; but, with every scene, old feelings were associated. To him Miss Manners was still the presiding genius of the place, from whom it derived all its beauty, and to whom the worship of his heart was involuntarily offered.

Meanwhile, Miss Manners had received strict injunctions from her father not to receive his visits except when he himself was at home. To this course he had been urged, not so much by his own feelings towards him, as by the advice of his friends. Indeed, Jones was rather a favourite with him. He would willingly have done much to serve him; and yet, when the happiness of his daughter was at stake, he often reflected on the awful consequences which might ensue, if he were really the guilty wretch whom so many suspected he was.

About this time, a circumstance occurred, which put an end to his doubts.

Among those who mourned the unhappy fate of the poor village maiden, the grief of her lover, George Merrideth, had been observed to be the wildest. For some days, he had wandered about like one demented; and all who witnessed, respected and commiserated his anguish. Latterly, however, he had disappeared entirely from the public view; and it was hinted by some, that his mind had been seriously affected by the occurrence. One morning, Mr Manners was suddenly sent for to attend at his deathbed. When he entered, the patient had fallen into a kind of dozing sleep; and he was motioned to a seat near the bed. The light was almost entirely excluded from the chamber; and the only other person present, was the mother of the dying lad, who was a widow. She was wasted with grief and watching, and seemed just such a figure as a painter would have chosen to heighten the melancholy of such a scene. As she came round and whispered some scarcely articulate words into the clergyman's ear, her son murmured in his sleep, became restless, and woke as in terror. Mr Manners spoke to him in soothing words, and referred to a state of happiness hereafter.

"Aha!" cried he, "can I enter heaven with my hand bloody? Her spirit is sainted. I could not go near it. Oh no—no—never—never."

"Of what is it he speaks?" inquired Mr Manners.

"Oh, sir!" answered his mother, "his thoughts are wandering. I canna think he killed the lassie he loved."

"Ay, mother," said the youth, with an effort, "this hand did it. O fool!—cut it off—off with it—it is not my hand—my hand never would have done it. Oh—oh—mother—Jessie."

Mr Manners was dumb with amazement. It was but too evident from whence the agony of the youth flowed, and he sat regarding him with looks of awe and terror.

"It grows dark," continued the patient; "but, softly. You know I loved you when you were a child; but now you love another!—ay, that's it—you will not be mine! It grows still darker!—ha, ha, ha!—fly—fly!—it is done! O God! if I could draw back!"

The dying man waxed wilder in his ravings. After a time, however, he became comparatively calm; and, on Mr Manners addressing him, recognized his voice.

"Ah, that voice!" he said. "I have often heard it. I have not attended to its counsel; but if it could console—oh, no, I cannot be consoled. Your hand, sir!—forgive—forgive."

"Do not ask forgiveness of me," said Mr Manners. "May God in his mercy pardon you!"

The wretched youth muttered a kind of incoherent prayer, while his mother dropped on her knees by the bedside. All afterwards was wildness and despair, only relieved by intervals of exhaustion. Mr Manners continued to administer such consolation as the circumstances of the case admitted of, and did not leave the house till the voice of the guilty man had become hushed in death, and nothing broke the silence but the moanings of the afflicted mother.

Several days had now passed since Jones visited the manse; and he could hold out no longer. On the very day on which Mr Manners was engaged in the melancholy duty we have described, the unhappy lover bent his steps thither with an anxious and fluttering heart. As he walked up the garden, he observed Miss Manners watering a small bed in which she had planted some favourite flowers. The young lady was a good deal embarrassed on beholding him. Her father's injunctions against receiving his visits had made a deep impression on her mind, and she had directed the servant, the next time he called, to say that she could not be seen. Now, however, there was no escape. Jones walked towards her with a smile of mingled fear and admiration; and, if not with cordiality, she received him at least with politeness. Their conversation, as they strolled through the garden, was at first embarrassed, but became more free by degrees, and assumed at length an almost confidential tone. To a person of a romantic disposition, Jones' conversation was in a high degree fascinating; and his companion in this delightful walk did not conceal the pleasure with which she listened to it. His candour and unreserve she admired; his misfortunes she commiserated; and, with much that he said she could not fail to be both interested and flattered. Nevertheless, she avoided any word by which she thought she might give encouragement to his hopes; while he, on the other hand, although freely expressing his passion, was careful to avoid a syllable which might lead her to believe that, in his present disgrace and poverty, he presumed to the honour of her hand. After wandering about for some time, their souls melting into each other, Miss Manners could not resist inviting him into the house to rest. Scarcely, however, had they seated themselves in the parlour, when Mr Manners appeared. He entered with rather a hasty step, and his manner was a good deal agitated. On perceiving Jones, he bowed to him, then turning to his daughter—

"My child!" he said.

"What is it?" inquired Miss Manners, in a tone of alarm.

"Have you," he continued, "forgotten my injunctions?"

Miss Manners cast her eyes on the ground, and seemed displeased at being taken to task before a stranger.

Jones, observing her embarrassment, said—

"Sir, I shall be sorry if my presence here should occasion you any uneasiness. Believe me, I am the last person in the world to intrude where I am not welcome. It will, no doubt, cost me a pang, sir; but if it be your wish that I should not see your daughter more, I shall try to tear my heart from her—I shall go and hide myself in obscurity, and endeavour to forget all I have most loved in this world!"

Mr Manners raised his hand, as if commanding silence, and gazed steadfastly on his daughter. The latter looked up to him with tears in her eyes, and exclaimed—

"I think Mr Jones is innocent!"

"He *is* innocent," said the old man, emphatically. "Come to my arms, both!"

Both moved forward and took the hand he offered, but with amazement depicted on their countenances.

"Oh, my children!" he said, "I have witnessed such a scene!"

The old man sat down on the sofa, and, for a few moments, covered his eyes with his hands.

"I have been," he, at length, proceeded, "by the dying bed of the poor village-maiden's murderer—I have heard the fearful confession from his own lips. O God! may I never behold such another deathbed!"

Jones dropped on his knee, and Miss Manners clasped her hands as in mute prayer.

"Thank God!" at length exclaimed the latter; "the innocent will no longer suffer for the guilty!"

"No!" said the old man. "Mr Jones, you have been deeply wronged."

"Ay," said Jones; "but not by you. From you only have I received kindness—kindness often better deserved, but never more needed—often, perhaps, bestowed, but never received with deeper gratitude. While every door was barred against me, yours was open—while every heart"——

His utterance became choked, and he was altogether unable to proceed. Mr Manners shook him warmly by the hand; and, with many expressions of thankfulness, Jones withdrew, leaving Miss Manners in tears.

On returning homewards, it was obvious that the news of Merrideth's death, together with its fearful revelations, had spread like wildfire through the village. How different was Jones' reception!—nods, recognitions, congratulations, cheers, wherever he passed! Of these, however, he thought not: he thought only of the girl he had left behind him weeping. That very night he again repaired to the manse. He went often; and every succeeding time seemed to be made more welcome.

A pleasant—a delightful change had now taken place in his feelings. The consciousness of having outlived the slander which had so long sullied his name, filled his bosom with a sensation of honest pride, and inspired him with a degree of ease and confidence which he had not previously experienced. Miss Manners was scarcely less gratified by the mystery having been at length cleared up, and the public mind disabused. From her first interview with Jones, she had entertained a strong impression of his innocence; and the fact of her good opinion of him being confirmed, she regarded with feelings almost of triumph. Accordingly, their meetings were mutually delightful. If, at any time, the latter doubted the propriety of encouraging his visits, the reflection that she had done right, in the first instance, in following the dictates of her heart, caused her to continue in the same course. The truth is, she pitied Jones; and pity, it is well known, is akin to a still tenderer emotion.

Two or three weeks after the scene we have described, there was a small evening party at the manse. It was given in honour of Mr and Mrs Green, who had just been a few days married. The young couple were ushered into the drawing-room in gay attire, and with their faces wreathed into still gayer smiles; and, in the fair bride, Jones, who was, of course, present, recognized the lady who had, on one occasion, betrayed so much alarm on his doing her a trifling act of kindness. The affair, in the absence of more important topics of conversation, was talked and laughed over; and the bride acknowledged herself to have been a very silly girl. All the company were soon in high spirits, and the merriment was kept up till it was near midnight. On separating, the company could not help expressing their admiration of the beauty of the night. It was a clear, lovely moonlight; and the exquisite stillness and beauty of the scene caused some of the younger individuals of the party to regret that they had spent so much time within doors. When they reached the gate, Miss Manners, who had accompanied them through the garden, bade them "good night." "Good night," said they, and parted; but Jones, who was the last to shake hands with her, could not part. He lingered, pressed her hand, wished her "good night," and still lingered.

"I must escort you a little way back," he at length said; and, accordingly, the two strolled up the garden, hand in hand—she speaking of the lateness of the hour, and he of the loveliness of the moon and stars, until night, moon and stars, were all forgotten.

After a few moments' silence, Jones suddenly paused, and, pressing her hand in both of his, said—

"Marion, I would we might never part. I never leave you without pain."

"I know not why it should be so," she said; "but you must just come back the oftener."

"Ay," said he; "but even to be absent from you a little while, is torture."

"I fear," she said, "you are but a poor philosopher."

"Ah," he replied, "philosophy can do many things, but it cannot cure the heartache. O Marion! I love to call you by that name! It is in your power to end all my anxieties: a word—a word will do it! How say you? May I hope? Nay, I do hope; but, may I call you by that name?"

"What name?" interrupted Miss Manners, tremulously.

"That name, dear heart, which is the tenderest man can bestow on woman?"

Her reply was inaudible. Jones, however, kissed her lips, and she forbade him not. On parting, he again kissed her, and returned to his lodgings with feelings of unmixed ecstasy.

A few weeks passed—they were weeks of delicious expectancy, of unrestrained intercourse, of active preparation; and the event which was to crown their happiness was duly solemnized. It was a day of great rejoicing in the village; and, as they dashed off on their marriage jaunt, they were honoured with the blessings and cheers of a large crowd of people who had assembled to wish them joy. On returning, a few days afterwards, similar demonstrations of respect awaited them; and they continued to live in the neighbourhood, greatly esteemed and beloved by all who knew them—esteemed for their many virtues, and beloved for their simple and unostentatious manners.

One little incident, which happened many years afterwards, is perhaps worth relating. An old man, who had been long unable to work, and to whom Jones had shewn much kindness, grasped him one day by the hand, and said—

"Sir, I once struck you on the head with a stone; do you forgive me?"

"I do," was the reply; "but you must not do so again."

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

"Say you love
His person—be not asham'd of't; he's a man
For whose embraces, though Endymion
Lay sleeping by, Cynthia would leave her orb,
And exchange kisses with him."

Massinger.

"THE morn was fair, the sky was clear," when Mr Andrew Micklewhame set his foot aboard one of the "Stirling, Alloa, and Kincardine Steam Company's" boats, at the Chain Pier, Newhaven, for the purpose of proceeding to the first-named place, on a visit to his old friend, Davie Kerr, who had been, for upwards of twenty years, a respectable ironmonger in that romantic town. On reaching Alloa, however, where, as every one knows, the steamers pause for such length of time as enables them to take in a supply of coals, and the tide to run up, it began to rain, in the manner best expressed by the household phrase, "auld wives and pipe stapples." Notwithstanding this, Andrew being determined to make the most of his time—for a week was the utmost limit of his leave of absence from the Edinburgh cloth establishment in which he was in the habit of wearing away his days and his coat sleeves—ascended from the cabin where he had been luxuriating over the only volume—the first of "Wilson's Tales of the Borders"—of which its library could boast; and unfurling his umbrella, walked ashore in the fond hope of seeing or hearing something worth the seeing or hearing. And Andrew was not disappointed; for, to his unspeakable delight, he descried against the gable-end of a white house, a play-bill, on which "Venice Preserved," appeared in letters of half-an-inch deep; the part of Pierre, by Mr Ferdinand Gustavus Trash, and Jaffier, by Mr Henry Watkins. The afterpiece, "Rob Roy." Being extremely partial to theatrical amusements, of whatever description, and, moreover, being a contributer to a dramatic review, published weekly in the Scottish metropolis, it occurred to Mr Andrew Micklewhame that here he might, in all probability, find materials sufficient on which to establish a funny critique, that would print to the extent of at least six of the twelve pages of the aforesaid dramatic review, and yield him good pay. Such an opportunity was not to be lost. He, therefore, resolved on remaining at Alloa that night to witness the performances, and proceeding to Stirling next morning by the earliest conveyance.

Having arranged this to his own content, he stalked majestically into an inn—without stopping to notice the sign which projected angularly over the door, bearing the representation of a ship in full sail, among emerald waves, with moon-rakers and sky-scrapers ingeniously mixed up with the indigo clouds above—and stoutly called for a pint of porter and a biscuit, to take the edge off his appetite. This inn rejoiced not in a landlord; he that *was* the landlord had, some twelve years before, taken himself off to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" and his widow had not been lucky enough to meet with another ready and willing to let himself become entangled with her in the meshes of matrimony. The waiters who had, in her husband's time, been wont to serve the customers, had either died out, or gone to other and better situations, and left her with one solitary maid of all work—the same who had officiated as barmaid to the inn for fifteen years.

This maid of all work—Kirsty by name—was a tall, hard-featured woman, of—by her own acknowledgment—two-and-forty; not very tidy in her adornment, nor very bewitching in her manner. She it was who brought Mr Andrew Micklewhame the pint of porter and the biscuit.

"I suppose, my dear!" said Andrew—(He had been a gay deceiver in his youth, and, ever since that period, the phrase, "my dear!" had stuck to him, and always when speaking to a female did he use it)—"I suppose, my dear," continued he, "I can have tea, and a beef-steak, or something of that kind, to it, in"—(here he stopped, and looked at his watch, from which he ascertained that it was then half-past four o'clock)—"in an hour and a half; and, as I purpose staying here to-night, I should like a bed. Will you arrange this for me?"

"Ye can easily get yer tea, sir," said the woman of forty-two, looking pleased at being addressed "my dear;" but, as for the bed, unless ye like to sleep in a dooble-bedded room, we cannagie ye accommodation. The lad that sleeps in ane o' the beds, is a dacent sort o' a callant. We dinna ken much aboot him though; for he only comes here at nicht for his bed; and in the mornings, after his breakfast, awa' he gangs, and we never sees his face till nicht again; except upon the Sundays, when he aye has a pairty o' braw leddies an' gentlemen to dinner wi' him. He has leevt that way for a fortnicht or three weeks; an' my mistress hasna been the woman to ask him for a penny. Fegs! I'm thinkin' she has taen a notion o' the callant. What he is or what he diz we dinna ken, an' naebody can tell us."

"Mysterious being!" inwardly ejaculated (as the novelists' phrase goes) Mr Micklewhame; then turning to Kirsty, with an inquiring look, he said—"Is he genteel in appearance? of good address? of pleasing manner? Is he"——

"Ou, ay!" was the reply; "he's a' that—I never seed a genteeler young man in a' my days; and sae handsome too; sic black whiskers, an' sae broad aboot the shuthers. My certie, he's a stalworth chiel. An', as for his address, heth, man, he often gies me a kiss in the mornings as he gangs oot, and promises me anither whan he comes back again. Ye needna be the least feared to sleep in the same room wi' him."

"Feared!" muttered Micklewhame. "Afraid of a man with black whiskers and broad shoulders! I flatter myself I never was afraid in my life." So saying, he elevated himself on his pins to the same degree as he rose at that moment in his own estimation. Then turning to the table whereon he had deposited his hat, he seized it up, and, with a dexterous jerk, stuck it on his head, at the same time exclaiming—"Ye may prepare the bed for me—I'll sleep in the room with this mysterious man; and, while the tea is getting ready, I'll just take a short stroll."

With these words he left the inn.

Mr Andrew Micklewhame was a middle-aged man, with a rotundity of corpus, and a bachelor to boot. In his youth-

ful days his love for the fair sex naa partaken more of a general than a particular character; and now that he had arrived at the meridian of life, his taste had grown too particular for him to choose a partner for the remainder of his days from among those unmarried ladies whom he ranked among his acquaintances. "Girls," he would say, 'are not now half so pretty, nor half so domestic, as they were in my young days." Then he would enter into a long tirade against the march of intellect, usually ending with a few observations upon pianoforte playing, and cooking a beef-steak, the latter accomplishment being in his opinion —as it is in that of every well-thinking person—the greater accomplishment of the two. One lady was too young; another was too old; a third was too tall; a fourth was too small; a fifth had no money; a sixth *had* money, but was downright ugly; a seventh was ill-tempered: in short, with every one on whom his matrimonial ideas had condescended to settle, he had some fault to find. There is no pleasing one who is predetermined not to be pleased.

Once, indeed, at a party to which he had been accidentally invited, he had felt a kind of a sort of a nervous tremulousness come over him on being set down at the supper table beside a lady, who, he discovered, was a widow; not from her garb, however; for widows—that is, young widows free of encumbrance—usually dress themselves in a much gayer manner than they were wont to do when "nice young maidens." He had made himself as agreeable as it was in his power to do, drinking wine with her at least half-a-dozen times, and otherwise doing, as he supposed, "the polite." Nay, he even went so far as to volunteer his services in seeing her home; and on the way over, (she was from the country, and, *pro tempore*, resided with a friend in Bruntisfield Place, fronting the Links,) he had the boldness to pop the question. He was accepted, and invited to breakfast with the lady the following morning. The morning came; but Andrew did not go—the fumes of the wine having subsided, and "Richard being himself again." He had taken a second thought on the subject, and determined on remaining a bachelor; by which arrangement the Widow Brown was, like Lord Ullin for his daughter, "left lamenting." Who her husband had been? whether she had money? what was her situation in life? were what Andrew tried long and earnestly to discover, but in vain—the Widow Brown seemed wrapped in mystery; and, from that hour, when he imprinted a kiss upon her lips, under a lamp-post, at two o'clock in the morning, in Bruntisfield Place, he had neither seen nor heard of her. Years—six in number —had elapsed since then, and Andrew had not ventured to accept another invitation to an evening party; but, as soon as his business for the day was over, he returned to his solitary lodging in Richmond Street; and, for the remainder of the evening, followed the example of the gentlemen of England, and "lived at home at ease," never stirring out, except to pay an occasional visit to the theatre.

The localities of Alloa were quite unknown to Andrew, for the best reason in the world—he had never been in it before; but, by dint of attending to the usual expedient resorted to on like occasions—that of following his nose—in the space of a few minutes he discovered that his feet, or fate, had led him into a dockyard, where a vessel was just upon the point of being wedded to the ocean. Some women and men—the former, as usual, predominant—were seated on logs beneath a shed; others, the more impatient, seemingly, were walking about with umbrellas and parasols above their heads—young men with young misses —old men and babes. Children in their first childhood, of various shapes and sizes, chiefly barefooted, were scampering among the wet sawdust, round about the logs of wood, in the shed and out of it, quite absorbed in the spirit-stirring game of "tig"—ever and anon yelping out each other's names and otherwise expressing their joy at not being "it." Among their seniors there was a great deal of gabble to very little purpose, with a preponderate share of bustle and agitation.

Carpenters were thumping away at the blocks on which the vessel rested, making more noise than progress. At length the blocks were fairly driven out, and away boomed the vessel into the Forth, amid the cheers of the assembled spectators. The general interest then subsided; and, in a few minutes thereafter, with exception of the carpenters and some stray children, the dockyard presented the picture of emptiness. The din had ended: and the multitude, reversing the condition of Rob Roy, had left desolation where they had found plenty.

Tea over, Mr Andrew Micklewhame, having first seen to his accommodation for the night, and secured a place in the Stirling omnibus, which was advertised to start the next morning precisely at nine, wended his way quietly to the theatre. It was in the Assembly Room—a rumbling old mansion, on the windows of which "Time's effacing fingers" had taken *pains* to leave their marks so effectually, that sundry detachments of old soot-bedizened "clouts" filled up those interstices where glass had once been. "The nonparcil company of comedians" entertained their audiences and held their orgies on the second floor—the first being occupied as an academy, where "young gentlemen are taken in and done for." The scenes in which the establishment rejoiced, were five in number. Luckily, "Venice Preserved" did not require so many; but in "Rob Roy," the manager was compelled to make them perform double duty; and, consequently, the same scene was thrust on for the inside of a village inn apartment in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's, and the interior of Jean M'Alpine's, change-house. The audience department was most gorgeous; there were boxes, pit, and gallery; or, in other words, front, middle, and back seats—the term "boxes" being applied to the front form, to which there was a back attached, most aristocratically garnished with green cloth, with brass nails in relief. At the farther end of this form "an efficient orchestra" was placed. It consisted of a boy to play the panpipes and the triangles at one and the same moment, a lad to thump away at the bass drum, and a blind man to perform on the clarionet—the last being dignified in the bills by the title of "leader of the orchestra, and conductor of music." The whole under the immediate superintendence of Mr Ferdinand Gustavus Trash.

After an immensity of preliminary puffs into the clarionet, occasional rattles on the drum, and consultations among themselves as to the air to be played, the musicians struck up the spirit-stirring "All Round my Hat;" which, though achieved in beautiful disregard of time and concord, was received with great—ay, with very great applause, by the momentarily increasing audience, some of whom mistook it for "God Save the King," and, in an extreme fit of loyalty, bawled out—"Off hats! stand up!" with which command many did not hesitate to comply.

There was a pause, interrupted at length by the loudly expressed wish of the gods that the curtain should draw up. Up it went accordingly, and "Venice Preserved" commenced with some show of enthusiasm. Belvidera was personated by an interesting female of five-and-thirty, who, after parting in tears from Jaffier, a youth of eighteen, as the means of acquainting the audience with her extraordinary vocal abilities, consoled herself and them with that very appropriate ditty—"Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town," accompanied by the orchestra. The Doge of Venice, not to be outdone as it were, left his throne after the terrific disclosures of Jaffier, and, in honest exultation at the discovery of the horrid plot, solaced the mysterious Council of Ten with—"I was the boy for bewitching them." The bass drum was particularly distinguished in the accompaniment.

In a critique of the performances which Mr Micklewhame wrote, he says—"It would have greatly added to the delight of those conversant with the pure English idiom, had many of the actors paid a visit, for a short time, to the *first* floor of the Assembly Room, ere venturing to appear on the second."

The meagreness of the company compelled several of the principal performers to play inferior parts, in addition to those against which their names appeared in the bill. For instance, in "Rob Roy," the same person who performed Rashleigh had to "go on" in the capacity of a peasant, and sing a bass solo in the opening glee. Owen and Major Galbraith were *done* by the same individual. Mattie sung in the opening glee, and danced the Highland Fling at the Pass of Lochard, with Dougal and Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Some of the audience were scandalized at the appearance of Mattie on this occasion, and began to entertain great doubts of the morality of the Bailie, when they saw his handmaid in his company so far from the Trongate.

Seated on *the* front form, with green cloth back studded with brass nails, and immediately behind a row of six penny dipped candles, tastefully arranged in order among an equivalent number of holes in a stick placed in front of the drop-scene, to divide the audience from the actors, Andrew Micklewhame gazed on all this with the stoical indifference of one who is used to such things: in short, he gazed on it with the eye of an experienced critic—the best of all possible ways to mar one's enjoyment of a play. Occasionally, however, he felt inclined to indulge in a hearty laugh; but the dignity of the critic came to his aid, and he restrained it by turning away his face from the stage and casting his scrutinizing glance around the inhabitants of the seats in the rear, or listened to the remarks of those in the pit. It was during the latter part of the performance of the first act, and the interval between it and the second, that he, in this manner, overheard the fragments of a conversation carried on, *sotto voce*, in the seat immediately behind him. He had the curiosity to steal a glance at the speakers. They were a young woman, with fine dark eyes, and a young man, of apparently five-and-twenty years of age, with cheeks *redolent* of rouge, enveloped in a faded Petersham greatcoat, whom Andrew immediately set down as belonging to the company of comedians. He could hear the young woman with the dark eyes upbraiding the young man with the coloured cheeks for deserting her; then the young man said he had intended to write her soon, with some money, so she ought not to have followed him.

"I am pretty well situated in lodgings here at present," continued the young man; "but I cannot venture to take you there to-night, for the fact of my being a married man would not, were it known, raise me in the estimation of the landlady. But I will procure other lodgings for you after the play is over; and if you do not hear from me in the morning, at farthest by ten, you may call for me at the inn where I am staying." He ended by observing that he was wanted in the next act to go on as a Highlander; and, accordingly, he left her, and crept in behind the curtain.

There was nothing very extraordinary in all this; yet, though Andrew knew that such occurrences happened daily, he could not help thinking of what he had just overheard, and feeling interested in the damsel of the sparkling eyes. He did not dare, however, to take another peep at her, as he thought it would be too marked; and when he rose, at the termination of the performances, to go away, the seat behind him was quite vacant; nor could he discern, among the dense mass of human beings that obstructed the door-way, the slightest vestige of her, or the youth in the shabby greatcoat, who had acknowledged himself her husband.

The rain had not ceased when Mr Micklewhame left the Assembly Room, so he hurried to his inn with all possible despatch. Mr Micklewhame prided himself on his knowledge of the principles of economy; and when he travelled, he invariably made it a point to take no more than two meals per diem—breakfast and tea—both with a meat accompaniment; but this evening—this particular evening—as he sat toasting his toes before an excellent fire, in a comfortable parlour of a comfortable inn, and heard the rain pattering against the casement, it, somehow or other, entered into his head that a tumbler of punch would be by no means amiss. A tumbler of punch was ordered in accordingly; after that came a second; and a third; and—no we can't exactly say that there was a fourth. At all events, there was a marked inclination first towards one side of the staircase, and then towards the other, in Mr Andrew Micklewhame's ascent to his bedroom that evening. Nay, more; he attempted to kiss Kirsty as she was depositing the candlestick upon the table; but he missed his aim, and measured his length on the floor. By the time he was up again, Kirsty had vanished.

Mr Micklewhame was a little annoyed that he could not use the precaution of bolting his door. The mysterious man, with the black whiskers and broad shoulders, had not yet claimed his bed, although it was pretty well on towards

"The wee short hour ayont the twal."

"I don't half like this sleeping in a double-bedded room, with a man I never saw," he thought, but did not venture to say it aloud, lest some one might be within ear shot, and set him down as a coward. "I wonder," exclaimed he, as he proceeded to undress before the yet glowing embers of a consumptive fire, "whether—hic—whether the f—f—fellow snores. I sha'n't sleep, I'm sure—hic—I sha'n't—hic—sleep, if the f—f—fellow snores."

Having delivered himself of this very sensible observation, he got into one of the beds in the best way he could, covered himself up warm, and fell fast asleep.

Dreams visited his pillow; distorted visions, in which Kirsty, the dark-eyed damoiselle, and the man with the black whiskers, bore prominent parts, flitted across his fancy. Then he felt himself borne through the air by a vulture in a shabby brown greatcoat, which set him down on the top of a high house, and flew away. He thought he got up and groped his way along the house-top; but, missing his footing, he fell over, and would certainly have had his brains dashed out upon the pavement below, had not the motion of his descent caused him to start and awaken. All was still within the chamber. He looked out of bed, but could discover no signs of the appearance of his mysterious neighbour; so he composed himself to sleep again. This time, however, he was not so successful as at first; for it was only after some time that he could coax himself into a sort of doze—something betwixt sleeping and waking. While in this state, he fancied he saw the man in the brown greatcoat enter the room; then he saw a flash of light; then he imagined he smelt sulphur; and then, all of a sudden, he felt himself in reality pulled half out of bed.

"Hollo! hollo!" cried he; "what the deuce is the matter?" and he rubbed his eyes until he found himself wide awake.

"Sir, sir!" cried a voice, "you've made a mistake—you've got into my bed in place of your own."

Any one in Andrew's place but Andrew himself, would have cursed and sworn like a trooper at a person daring to awaken him from a comfortable snooze, upon such slight pretences; but Andrew was a peaceable man—he never liked to make any disturbance—and he actually, without saying a word, turned out of the bed he had warmed for

himself, and allowed the stranger to get into his place. He was sure, at all events, that he had not given up his bed to any but the lawful tenant of the room; for a blink of firelight gleamed upon a pair of extensive whiskers, with shoulders to correspond. The features struck Andrew as being familiar to him; but he could not, though he tried, for the life of him, recollect where he had before seen them. He cursed the fellow's impudence, as he discovered that the smell of sulphur which had saluted his olfactory nerves, was *not* the smell of sulphur, but of a candle having been blown out. He did not dare, though, to utter a word on the subject. He felt very much afraid —indeed, so much so, that it was not till after an hour's perambulation through the room, that he could prevail on himself to lie down in the empty bed. Again he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, the morning light was streaming into the room through the chinks of the shutters. He wondered very much what o'clock it was, as he remembered that he purposed setting off by the omnibus at nine, and groped about for his watch. Horror!—he had left it beneath the pillow of the other bed.

Jumping to the floor with considerable agility, and opening the shutters with a bang, in the hope that noise and daylight would bring him courage, the first objects that met his astonished gaze, were a shabby brown greatcoat and a shocking bad hat, lying carelessly on a chair. Had any one asked Andrew to shave his head without soap, or give sixpence for a penny loaf, he could not have been more amazed or terror-stricken than he was at that moment. That the shabby brown greatcoat and the shocking bad hat belonged to the mysterious man with the black whiskers, and that the mysterious man with the black whiskers, and he who had sat beside the damsel with the bright eyes at the play, were one and the same individual, Mr Andrew Micklewhame had not the smallest doubt, and thereupon he began to get a little fidgetty regarding his watch. The curtains of the bed were closely drawn—so closely that Andrew could not see in; and he did not just like at first to open the curtains and disturb the whiskered youth in the same manner as the whiskered youth had disturbed him. No. Andrew was a more generous minded man than that.

He paced the room for some time, fancying all sorts of things about the owner of the shabby brown greatcoat, but never taking his eye off the curtains, resolved to rush forward on the first appearance of their opening.

"'Tis for no good this fellow lives here," thought Andrew. "All a sham, too, his being connected with these players. I have no doubt in my own mind that he is either the murderer of Begbie in disguise, or a resurrectionist. Ah! perhaps he has run away from the world, and come here for the purpose of committing suicide in a quiet way. But, no; why should he? That's quite improbable." And, after thinking all this, he paused for about five minutes, then exclaimed, not aloud, however—"I can bear this suspense no longer. Ecod! I'll ask the fellow who he is, and, at the same time, claim my watch!"

So saying, he rushed forward with a determined air, drew the curtains, and discovered—the bed was empty!

"He can't have gone far, for he has left his coat and hat behind him," were Andrew's reflections; and as he said this, he looked for his watch, and then for his clothes. Amazement! they were all gone; watch, shirt, coat, vest, and inexpressibles—all had vanished. In a paroxysm of fury he rang the bell; and, presently, the voice of Kirsty, from without, inquired, as she half-opened the door, and thrust forward a pair of well worn Wellingtons, which Andrew recognised as not belonging to him—"D'ye please to want onything else?"

"Anything else!" roared Andrew choking with rage, and utterly regardless of the respect due to the sex of the speaker. "Come in here, and help me to find my trowsers!"

"O you—ye'll wait awhile, I'm thinkin, or I do siccan a thing."

"Zounds! that infernal fellow must have carried them off!" muttered Andrew.

"Na, na," said Kirsty; "it's no the infernal gentleman ava, man. I wadna be the least surprised but it's that auld punchy buddy that sleepit in this room last nicht, and ran awa this morning, wi' the nine o'clock omnibush, without payin his reckonin, that's ta'en yer breeks; but ye needna mind, ye can just pit on *his* for a day."

This was too much. To be told that he himself was the thief of his own o-no-we-never-mention-ems, and that he had run away that morning without paying his reckoning, was more than Andrew Micklewhame could bear.

"Are you mad, woman?" cried he. "Confound you, I'll leave your house instantly, and bring an action for the recovery of my clothes."

"Your claes, quotha—your claes. My man, thae tricks winna do here, I can tell ye. Ye're fund oot at last. My certie, to hear a fallow speakin o' claes, whan it's weel kenned he had nae mair than a brown greatcoat, an auld hat, an' a pair o' boots I wadna gie tippence for. Ye're fund oot at last. There 's twa chaps below has twa or three words to say to ye."

"They may go to the devil, and you along with them!" was Andrew's pert rejoinder.

"Bide a bit—juist bide a bit. Hy," cried Kirsty, seemingly over the bannisters of the stair, to some unknown individual or individuals below. "Stap up this way, will ye?"

And fast upon the heels of this summons, in walked two justice of peace officers, who, despite the asservations of Mr Andrew Micklewhame that he was himself and no other, ordered him to don the brown greatcoat, and the shocking bad hat, and follow them.

"We've pursued you from Queensferry," said the first—"round by Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Stirling; and Grog the innkeeper is determined to punish you, unless you pay him for the eight weeks' board you had in his house, and our expenses over and above."

It was in vain that Mr Micklewhame protested he had never been in Queensferry in his life; nor had he the honour of the acquaintance of Grog the innkeeper; but, at length, seeing that it was impossible to convince the officers to the contrary, he thought it advisable to pay the amount of their demand, and trust to law and justice afterwards for retribution. Even with this he found himself unable to comply—his purse, containing every rap he owned in the world, was in the pockets of his inexpressibles.

There was no help for it. With despair in his countenance, he donned the shabby brown greatcoat and the delapidated Wellingtons, took the shocking bad hat in his hand, and, in silence, followed the officers of justice down stairs, determining to appeal to the generosity of the landlady, who, he had no doubt, would give full credence to his story.

The present mishap of Mr Micklewhame had arisen solely from the fact of his having taken so much toddy overnight, which was the means of his sleeping longer and more soundly in the morning than usual. Kirsty, ever vigilant, had gone to the door of the double-bedded room and knocked, at the same time calling out, with a stentorian voice, that "The omnibush was ready to start." All this was unheeded by Andrew, who slept on, utterly unconscious of the progress of time. Not so, however, was it with the other occupant of the chamber; for no sooner did he hear Kirsty's summons, than a lucky thought occurred to him; and he bawled through the door.

in tones "not loud but deep," that he would be down instantly. He then proceeded, in the coolest manner possible, to adorn himself in the habiliments of his somniferous neighbour; which, he soon perceived, were "a world too wide" for him—a fault which he instantly remedied by the assistance of a pillow, disposed of after the manner he had seen greater actors than himself "make themselves up" for the character of Falstaff. Thus equipped, he removed Andrew's watch from beneath the pillow, and placed it in the same pocket it had occupied the preceding day; took off his portable bushy whiskers, and put them in his pocket; then bidding adieu to his brown greatcoat and napless hat, which, with the accompaniment of a pair of well-worn Wellington boots, had been his only attire for many a day, he strode from the apartment, carefully shutting the door behind him. As he got to the foot of the stairs, there was Kirsty in the outer passage. For a moment he felt undetermined what course next to pursue; but his never-failing wit came to his aid, and, stepping into a side room, the window of which looked out into the street, he desired Kirsty to bring him his bill of fare—*i. e.*, the bill of fare peculiar to Mr Andrew Micklewhame—and a sheet of writing-paper, with pens and ink. Those being brought, and Kirsty having shut the door, leaving him "all alone in his glory," he scribbled a few lines on the paper, and made it up in the form of a letter. This was no sooner done, than the "impatient bugle"—*vulgo vocato*, tin horn—of the omnibus cad, who stood on the opposite side of the street, just behind the omnibus, holding open the door with his left hand, blew a blast so loud and shrill, that all those in waiting in the street, who had serious intentions of proceeding to Stirling by that conveyance, seemed, of one accord, to know that it was their last warning; so shaking hands with the friends who had come "to see them off," they scrambled nimbly up the steps of the omnibus, and passed from before the view of the bystanders into its ponderous interior. Our actor saw this, and, without more ado, he opened the window and jumped into the street. His letter he deposited in the post-office receiving-box, and his body in the omnibus, which, being now full, the cad banged to the door, gave the signal to the driver, and off the omnibus rattled; nor did Kirsty or her mistress know of the escapement of their guest, whom they both believed to be Andrew Micklewhame, until he was a considerable part on his way to Stirling.

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Kirsty was in the bar, stamping the post-mark on some letters—for her mistress was post*master*—and talking to a young woman with bright eyes.

"The villain that he is!" said Kirsty. "A married man! Wha wad hae thoucht it? an' a playactor too, crinkypatie! He'll be doon the noo, and ye'll see him then. There's twa gentleman gaen up to him a wee while ago."

At this moment the landlady opened the door of a parlour off the bar, and handed to Kirsty some letters, which she had been ostensibly arranging for delivery—in reality, making herself acquainted with their contents.

"Here's six for delivery, and one to lie till called for!" Kirsty took them; and as her mistress shut the door, read aloud from the back of the letter—"To lie till called for." The name, 'Mrs Isabella Young!'"

"What!" exclaimed the dark eyed young woman, starting, "a letter for me?" And she almost snatched it out of Kirsty's hand. A gleam of joy played upon her handsome face as she read—

"DEAR ISY,—I enclose you a crown; if you want more, apply to Manager Trash for my arrears of salary. I'm off to Perth with the toggery of an old fellow who slept in the same room with me last night. They'll perhaps talk of pursuing me; if so, detain them as long as possible, and follow, at your leisure,

"Your affectionate
"PATRICK YOUNG."

At this juncture appeared Andrew in the custody of the two officers; and the damsel of the dark eyes, taking her cue from the document she had just perused, rushed forward and threw herself into his arms, exclaiming, "My own, my lost one!—Oh, do not—do not drag my husband from me!" The latter part of her sentence was addressed to the officers of justice.

"Loshifycairyme!" cried Kirsty; "he's lost his bonny black whiskers, and turned fatter nor he was!" Then, after a moment's reflection, she added—"But thae player buddies can do onything!"

"My pretty one," said Andrew, "I know nothing of you!" Yet the young woman still clung to his embrace. "You vile woman," he continued, waxing wroth, "get you gone. I'll tell your husband if you don't!" But Mrs Young clung close and closer to him. He then addressed himself to Kirsty, desiring her to inform her mistress that he wished to say a few words to her. "Tell her," he continued, "that I am in great tribulation here, and I wish her to advance a small sum of money to these gentleman, which will be returned with grateful thanks as soon as I get to Edinburgh."

Kirsty grumbled a little at being sent on such an errand; but proceeded into the little parlour off the bar. In a few seconds she returned, saying—"My mistress 'll no advance money to ony man unless to her lawfu' husband; and she says gif ye like to marry her she'll do't, but no unless. I'm sure I dinna ken what she means, seeing ye're a married man already!"

"What!" exclaimed Andrew; "marry a woman I never saw?"

"On nae ither condition will she advance the money. Between oorsels, my mistress is worth at least twa thousand."

"Two thousand pounds!" thought Andrew. "The speculation wouldn't be such a bad one, after all." And, after a show of hesitation, he gave a reluctant consent, as the only way, and a speedy one, to relieve him from his difficulties. His private debts amounted to at least a hundred pounds; and with two thousand pounds he could pay that; ay, and live like a prince besides.

The whole party was ushered into the little back parlour, where, to complete Andrew's amazement, he descried, seated over a cup of coffee, the identical Widow Brown to whom he had given the slip six years before. She rose and shook him by the hand.

"Be not amazed!" she said. "The moment I saw you, from the window of this room, enter my inn yesterday, I recognised you, and my love for you returned. I know all." She certainly did, for she had read Patrick Young's letter to his wife. "I shall procure your immediate release; and should you rue the consent you have just given, you are free to return to Edinburgh as you came—a single man!"

"Generous woman!" cried Andrew, sinking on one knee. "This—this is too much! Think ye I could again desert you? No, by heaven!"—Here he laid his hand upon his breast, and turned up the white of his eyes in an attempt to look pathetic. The widow raised him and led him to a seat. The officers were dismissed; and the damsel with the dark eyes escaped through the open door as they went out, fearful of being detained for her deceitful attempt upon the person of Andrew Micklewhame.

In a few days the nuptials were solemnized; and Andrew Micklewhame ever blessed the lucky chance that led him to Alloa.

History is silent regarding the ultimate fate of Mr Patrick Young; but it is to be hoped that he was either hanged or sent to Botany Bay. Neither Mr nor Mrs Micklewhame thought it worth their while to pursue him for the injuries he had done them; and Grog the innkeeper could not, for his myrmidons had lost the scent of the stroller from the moment he fled from Alloa.

THE RECLUSE OF THE HEBRIDES.

"Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er
But with the closing tomb."—*Burns.*

I RESIDED, some years ago, in the island of Tyree, which is one of the most western of the Hebrides; and, in the course of my business, had often occasion to cross by the base of Ben Chinevarah, whose rugged and sterile appearance impresses the mind with a sickening sadness. The narrow footpath sometimes dives into the deep and sullen gloom of the mountain glen, whose silence is unbroken, save by the torrent's red rush, and again winds along the edge of the steep precipice, among the loose rocks that have been hurled from their beds aloft by the giant efforts of time, where the least false step would precipitate the unwary traveller into the abyss below. There no cheering sound of mirth was ever heard, the blithe whistle of the ploughman never swelled upon its echoes, nor often did the reapers' song disturb its gloomy silence. The ear is assailed, on the one hand by the discordant and dismal notes of the screech-owl; and, on the other, by the angry roar of the waves that beat with ceaseless lash, the broken shore. A small hut now and then bursts upon the view, raising its lowly roof beneath the shelter of the mountain rock, and adds to the cheerlessness of the scene. One of those small cottages often attracted my notice, by its external neatness, and the laborious industry by which a small garden had been formed around the dwelling; and, by degrees, I ingratiated myself into the good graces of its owner, who, I found, by his knowledge and conversation, was of a different cast from the dwellers around him. I knew, by his accent, that he was a foreigner; and, feeling an interest in him, I often endeavoured to gain some account from him of the early part of his life; but when the subject was hinted at, he at once changed the conversation.

Having occasion, last summer, to spend some days at the house of a friend in Argyleshire, I availed myself of this opportunity to visit my old acquaintance at Tyree. I found him stretched on the bed of sickness, and fast verging towards his end. When last I had seen him, his appearance, though infirm, evinced but few signs of physical decay; and, though the storms of fourscore winters had blown over him, still his eye sparkled with animation, and his raven locks retained the fresh and jetty colour of the native of "Italia's sunny clime." But now, how changed the appearance. His eyeballs were dim, deep sunken in their sockets; a few scattered gray hairs waved carelessly over his finely arched eyebrows; and his forehead and cheeks were deeply furrowed with the traces of sickness and secret wo. When I entered the lowly dwelling, he raised his lacklustre eyes, and stretched forth his hand to meet my grasp.

"And is heaven yet so kind," said he, raising his wasted hand in thanks to the Disposer of all Good, "as to send one pitying friend to soothe my dreary and departing moments. Ah! sir, the hand of the grim tyrant is laid heavily upon me, and I must soon appear in the presence of an offended Deity. If you knew how awful are the feelings of a mind loaded with iniquity, of a soul immersed in guilt, when the last moment is approaching that separates us from mortality, and the misdeeds of a wicked life stand in ghastly array, adding stings to an already seared conscience, you would shrink at what you now deem the gay dreams of youthful frailty, and shun the delusive and seducing snares of a wretched world."

Pointing to a block of wood alongside his pallet bed, he desired me to be seated, and, after drying the tear of sorrow from his swollen eye, he thus proceeded:—"Often, in those moments when the sweet beams of health were mine, have you desired a recital of the events of my past life; but a feeling of shame withheld me from the task. Now, when I have nothing to fear but death and the dread hereafter, if you will have the patience to hear me, I will briefly unfold to you the causes which reduced me from a state of affluence to become a fugitive amid the rugged rocks and the inclement skies of a foreign land." I assented, and he went on with his story.

"My name," said he, "in the more fortunate years of my life, was Alphonsus; and the city of Venice gave me birth. I was the only child of an opulent citizen; and need scarcely inform you that no restraint was laid upon my inclinations when a child; and the dawn of manhood beheld me plunged amid every intemperance which that luxurious city then afforded. Money was plentifully supplied me by my parents to support my extravagances; and I sought after happiness among the rounds of pleasure and the gay circles of society; but I only met with desires ungratified, hopes often frustrated, and wishes never satisfied. I had a friend. He was called Theodore. I loved him as dearly as a selfish being like myself *could* love any one. He shared in all my pleasures.

"An amorous, jealous, and revengeful disposition is commonly laid to the share of the Italians; and, with sorrow I confess, those formed the principal ingredients of my character. I had reached my twentieth year of thoughtlessness and folly, when, one night at the opera, a young lady, in an opposite box, attracted my attention; and my eyes were insensibly rivetted upon the beauteous figure. I need not tell you that she was beautiful—she was loveliness itself. I will not trespass on your time in describing the new and pleasing sensations that arose in my bosom; you have trod the magic paths of pleasure, and bowed to the charms of beauty: they are not unknown to you.

"I felt that all my libertine pursuits had only been the shadows of pleasure; and from that moment I determined to abandon them, and fix my love on her alone. We became acquainted, and I found that she was as worthy of the purest love as my fond wishes desired. She was the only child of Count Rudolpho. And, for the space of three months, I was a constant visiter at her father's palazzo. In due time I pleaded the force of my love. But, gods! what were the sensations of my soul, when the tear started from her eye of beauty, and the dreadful sentence burst upon my ear—'I am the bride of Theodore!'

"I burst from her presence with a palpitating heart, and returned homewards agitated by the conflicting passions of despair and revenge. I drew my sword from its sheath, and promised the blood of Theodore, of the friend of my bosom, to its point. The steel trembled in my grasp as the vow fell from my lips, and my heart recoiled at the idea of shedding blood; but the still small voice was an unequal match with the baneful principles of a corrupted soul."

The Recluse stopped, and the loud sobs of sorrow and repentance alone burst upon the gloomy silence of the scene. The hectic flush of fever played and wantoned across his pallid features, as if it seemed to exult in the weakness of mortality, and delight in the loveliness of its own soul-loathed ravages. The tears dropped large and plentiful from his eyes, and his spirit seemed bended and broken with the racking remembrance. I bent over the wasted form

of the wretched penitent, and, while I poured the voice of comfort in his ear, and wiped the tears from his eyes, his soul resumed its wonted firmness, and even a smile beamed upon his blanched lips, as he grasped my hand and pressed it to his bosom in silence and with thankfulness.

"Behold!" said he, drawing an old sword from beneath the side of his miserable straw pallet; "behold this steel, red-rusted with the blood of Theodore, from which the bitter tears of sixty long winters have been unable to efface the stain. Pardon the feelings of an infirm old man. My soul weeps blood at the remembrance.

"I pitched upon the bridal eve of Theodore for that of his death, and the seizure of his bride; and hired the leader of a band of ruffians to assist me in the scheme. The fatal night, so big with horror, at last arrived. The sun sank sullenly into the shades of the west, and his departing gleams glanced redly and angrily upon me. The raven wings of early night fell upon Venice; and I stepped into my gondola, with my hired followers. We set forward upon our errand. The palazzo of Count Albert was soon gained. Busy nature waxed calm and hushed; the artisan had retired to the sweets of his lowly but happy cottage; the convent bell had tolled, solemn and slow, the vesper knell; and then

"uprose the yellow moon,"

silvering the rippling waters of the canals, and glancing its beams upon the glittering palaces of Venice. It was a lovely night; but my soul ill brooked the calm grandeur of the scene.

"By the treachery of a servant, my comrades were admitted into Count Rudolpho's grounds, whilst I attended the nuptial rites with the well-dissembled face of friendship. Joy was dancing in every eye but mine. My hand trembled at times on the hilt of my poniard, and I awaited the favourable moment with a degree of impatience bordering on frenzy. Many a fair maid was there, tripping amid the joyous throng, whose beauty might have warmed the frigid heart of an anchorite; but my eyes and mind were upon the dear, dear Violetta: she was lovelier than ever, but—she was the spouse of Theodore.

"The garden of the Count was remarkably beautiful, and the trees in it had been grandly festooned with variegated lamps on the present occasion. The night was pleasant and calm, and the youthful couple retired from the crowded saloon to the garden for a few minutes to enjoy the freshness of nature. I silently followed, unperceived, till they seated themselves in an arbour, whose beauty was unworthy of a villain's tread. Then suddenly I presented myself at the entrance; and the unsuspicious Theodore rose to embrace me. How shall I give utterance to the rest? My friend rose to embrace me; and I drew my poniard, and was about to plunge it into his bosom, when Violetta, whose attention this action had not escaped, rushed between us to stay my hand. Horror! her heart received the blow I had intended for her husband. She uttered a piercing cry, and fell, a bleeding corpse, at my feet.

"The sound attracted the attention of my ruffianly associates, who were ready at hand to carry off the bride, and they hurried to the spot. Theodore, at first surprised and terror-stricken, now roused himself to energy. With the fury of a maniac, he rushed upon me and felled me senseless to the earth. How long I lay in this situation, I know not; but when my senses returned, the palazzo was in flames, and the clashing of swords and the groans of the wounded sounded horribly in my ears. And this was my doing. I had been the means of introducing into Count Rudolpho's grounds a band of desperadoes, to whom bloodshed was familiar; and I doubted not that they were at their work of blood and rapine. I repented of the deed, but it was too late.

"The murdered Violetta lay on the ground at a short distance from me; the moonbeams played full upon her ghastly and distorted features; and her robes, her bridal robes, were deeply stained with blood. Her pulse had long since ceased to beat, and she felt cold to the touch. Resolved that no profane hand should consign to the earth her blessed remains, I threw the body across my shoulder, and fled with it from the garden. I felt not the weight of the burden, for excitement made me 'hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.' I soon reached the canal, leapt into my gondola with my precious burden, and, shortly afterwards, gained my father's palace. Ere the moon set, I had dug a deep grave in his garden, in which I buried her on whom I had doated, bedewing the earth with my tears as I proceeded in my work.

"It was at length completed; and, with the morning's dawn, I fled from Venice. Despair added wings to my flight, and the land of France received me in her fostering arms. I have, since that time, wandered in many a clime to wear away my grief, but in vain. I have fought under the banner of your king; and, though my arm was never palsied in the day of battle, death has been denied me. I now lie here, aged and forlorn. The hand of death is heavy on me, and chilly tremors are creeping over my exhausted frame. The just decrees of God have denied me even a friend to close my weary eyes; and my dust must mingle with the dust of strangers, far, far from the sepulchre of my fathers, and the home of my childhood."

After a short pause, the Recluse continued:—

"Here, sir," said he, "take this sword—its blade is unsullied by ignoble blood; and when you look upon it, after the grave receives the wretched Alphonsus, it may convey a lesson that volumes could not inculcate."

I received the sword from his hand, which was trembling and cold. He turned his face from me; and before I had time to speak, a deep groan announced his departure to the mansions of another world. I called the inmates of the adjoining cottage, who took charge of the body; and I left the spot with a feeling which words cannot express, but which will be understood by those who look with the eye of pity upon the errors of a fellow-mortal.

ELLEN ARUNDEL.

Ellen Arundel was the only daughter of an officer in the British service, who, with his sword for his patrimony, had entered early into the profession of arms as the means of maintenance; and he had, accordingly, pursued it with that enthusiastic spirit of honour, which is dictated by the considerations of family pride, the hope of fame, the dread of disgrace, and the most ardent love of glory.

The utmost height, however, to which he had risen, when he committed the folly of matrimony, by uniting his destiny to that of the portionless daughter of a venerable, respectable, unbeneficed clergyman, was that of lieutenant in a foot regiment. By dint of careful management, on the part of his wife, they contrived to live happily together; nor did the increase of their family—for Ellen made her appearance within the first year after their marriage—add to their difficulties.

In the care and superintendence of their darling daughter, did their years roll on in humble content. If they heaved a sigh, it was for their Ellen's future welfare; if they breathed a wish, it was to see her placed in a situation which might guard her against the attacks of poverty, and the designs of iniquity. From the former, they were aware, beauty and accomplishments would prove no shield; and they trembled when they reflected that they might prove the most powerful incitement to the latter. The sweets

of life are not to be enjoyed without its accompanying embitterments. The regiment in which Mr Arundel served, received orders to embark for America, in transports already prepared for the reception of the British forces. On the communication of this intelligence, so subversive of their little plans of economy and felicity, Mrs Arundel earnestly entreated that she and Ellen might be the companions of his voyage. For a while Mr Arundel would not consent to this, from a fear of incurring expense which they were unable to support; but all the difficulties which the narrowness of their finances suggested, were obviated by a thousand little arrangements, the ingenious devices of love; and the command of a company, which was conferred upon him before the embarkation, relieved them from their anxiety.

Few events happened, either during their voyage or on their arrival at Boston, except that the assiduities of a young officer of another regiment, who accompanied them in the transport, seemed to have made some impression on the heart of Ellen Arundel. She listened to his tales of love, with the full sanction of her parents, and sighed out the confession that his passion was returned. Mr Meredith was formed on the model which Captain Arundel had, in idea, fixed on for the husband of his Ellen. To the qualifications of a soldier, he added those which most highly adorn private life; nor was his income limited, for he was the only son of a gentleman of fortune. But both Captain Arundel and Mr Meredith were too regardful of decency and propriety to hasten an event of so much importance till the father of the young gentleman had been made acquainted with the attachment; and letters from Captain Arundel and the lover were, accordingly, prepared, for the purpose of being despatched to Europe by the first ship that should sail.

But, alas! these precautions were soon rendered unnecessary, by events which dissolved the bonds of affection On that day when the attack of Bunker's Hill occasioned a carnage which thinned the British ranks, Captain Arundel and Mr Meredith stood foremost in the bloody contest. Accident had placed them in the same brigade: they fought and fell together. The body of the young officer was carried off by the Americans; and the mortally-wounded captain conveyed to the habitation of his wretched wife and daughter, where, shortly afterwards, he expired.

The keen and piercing anguish felt by Ellen and her mother, in consequence of this sorrowful event, had changed to silent and corroding melancholy, when they embarked for their native land, after having received every attention which the governor and garrison could offer as a tribute to the memory of the deceased. On their arrival in Britain, a pension was granted to Mrs Arundel, which, in the event of her death, was to be continued to her daughter; and with this they retired to a small village northward of the Scottish metropolis, where a maiden sister of Captain Arundel, who was remarkably fond of Ellen, resided.

But, as no retirement will conceal the charms of beauty, nor any circle, however confined, prevent the fame of accomplishments from spreading beyond its limit, Mr Newton, a widower of independent fortune, not much past the prime of life, having been told of Ellen, resolved to visit the Arundels. An opportunity soon presented itself. The house which the ladies inhabited was advertised for sale; and, under pretence of an intention to purchase, he wrote Mrs Arundel, desiring to know when it would be convenient for him to call. To which Mrs Arundel returned a polite answer, naming an early day.

Mr Newton went; and, after he had viewed the house and gardens with the air of an intending purchaser, Mrs Arundel, desirous of cultivating the acquaintance of so distinguished a neighbour, asked him to stay tea; which being unhesitatingly accepted, he was introduced to the fair, the amiable, the still mourning Ellen. Prepared by the universal voice to admire, love was the immediate consequence of a visit, which he requested leave to repeat, in terms with which civility could not refuse to comply; and a few weeks confirmed Mr Newton the ardent and the professed lover of Ellen. But her heart was still engaged; nor could she abandon even a hopeless passion. The character, the fortune, the unobjectionable person of Mr Newton, were urged to her, by her only friends, with such energy, but mildness, of persuasion, that, enforced by the declarations of her admirer, she was prevailed upon to promise him her hand, though not her heart; and a day was named for the celebration of their nuptials.

The necessary preparations now engaged the attention of Mr Newton and the two matron ladies; whilst Ellen passively yielded to the assiduities of her friends, and suffered the adornments of her person, and the intended provisions of settlement, to be adjusted, without once interfering.

A few mornings before the appointed day, as Ellen was seated at breakfast with her mother and aunt, a note was put into her hands. She saw at a glance that it was from Mr Newton; and she immediately handed it across the table to Mrs Arundel, who read:—

"Madam,—That your heart is not at all interested in the intended event, you have, with candour, frequently acknowledged to me. You will not, therefore, even wish to receive an apology for my releasing you from an unsuitable engagement.

"My long lost son—my son, whom I had for years resigned to heaven, is restored to me; and Providence, which has bestowed on me this consummate happiness, will not permit me to add to it a wish which concerns myself. He is young; he is amiable; and more worthy of your regard than I am. It is my sincere wish that he should become your husband. I shall, therefore, take an early opportunity of introducing him to you.

"My real name is *not* what you have hitherto considered it to be. I changed it when, on the supposed death of my son, I retired from my usual place of residence to a distant part of the kingdom, to avoid the importunities of some worthless relations; but, until I have the honour of disclosing to you in person my real name, I beg to subscribe myself, Madam,

"Yours very truly,
"J. B. Newton.

"*To Miss Ellen Arundel.*"

When this most extraordinary epistle was read, Ellen turned deadly pale, and would certainly have fallen to the ground, had not a young man entered through the window which opened out on the lawn, and caught her in his arms. He was followed by Mr Newton.

"Ellen," exclaimed the latter, "behold my son!"

The sorrowing girl cast her eyes upon the form of him who held her.

"Meredith!" she cried, and threw herself, weeping, upon his shoulder. Her tears were tears of joy. Little more remains to tell. Ellen Arundel gave her hand to the son on the very day which had been appointed for her nuptials with the father.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE SECRET.

On the sunny side of an isolated hill, of moderate height and gentle rise, in a certain district of the west of Scotland, there stands a handsome old mansion-house, surrounded with trees. From a little distance, the house is seen to great advantage, towering loftily from amongst the thick and deep foliage in which it is embowered; but is lost sight of as you approach the base of the hill on which it is situated, by gradually sinking behind the woody screen which stretches across its front.

A winding avenue of lofty elms conducts, from the handsome porter's lodge, at the bottom of the hill, to the mansion-house; having, however, previously terminated in an open, smooth-shaven lawn, which, spread out in front of the building, gives it a light and cheerful aspect.

About thirty or thirty-five years ago, this house, and the fine estate around it, was the property of a Captain Bennet, who resided in the former.

In person, the captain was stout and broad, of low stature, but of great physical strength. His countenance was full and dark, and in its expression betrayed a temper fierce and irascible. Such, in truth, was his disposition; and it was one which did not tend to gain him the love of his neighbours. The captain was, in short, one of those persons whom, in the absence of any specific charge, we speak of as not being well liked.

The property which this gentleman enjoyed, was not of his own acquisition. It descended to him by inheritance from his father, who was also a man of violent temper; to which was added, a morose and unsocial disposition.

Captain Bennet was his only son—indeed his only child; but, this circumstance, contrary to general experience, had never given rise to any extraordinary tenderness between them, nor did the little they had ever owned increase with their advancing years.

The old man, though wealthy, was extremely penurious; and the annual allowance he made his son, while in the army, was limited in amount, and grudgingly given.

It was not, therefore, with much regret that the latter heard of the death of the former, at the moment he was about to embark with his regiment for a foreign station. On learning this event, Captain Bennet immediately sold out, repaired to his family residence, and entered on the management of his estate.

These occurrences took place about fifteen or eighteen years previous to that to which our story refers.

Having added, that the captain was in his fortieth year at the period when we take up his history, that he was unmarried, and that he lived in a solitary and unsocial state in the old castellated mansion of his ancestors, we give all of his family and domestic history which the reader need care to know.

At the distance of about a half, or three quarters, of a mile from Elm House, as the residence of Captain Bennet was called, there stands, or stood, another mansion, but of much more humble character. This was a plain stone and slate house, of two stories in height with a small, but neat and well-kept garden in front, a larger one behind, and an extensive barnyard immediately adjoining; the whole establishment having thus the appearance of being, what it really was, the residence of a farmer of the better class.

At the time of our story, this house was occupied by a Mr Ballantyne, who also rented the farm around it. Both were the property of Captain Bennet, of whom Mr Ballantyne was thus the tenant.

The latter was a highly respectable man, of a grave but not morose aspect, and religious turn of mind. His circumstances were creditable, but not what could be called independent. Mr Ballantyne's family consisted of himself, his wife, and an only child—a beautiful girl of nineteen years of age.

On Isabella her father had bestowed an education calculated to do all manner of justice to her talents and merits; and it was not thrown away. It made an elegant and accomplished woman of her whom nature had already made a lovely one. Having thus briefly spoken of the two parties—namely, Captain Bennet, and his neighbours, the Ballantynes—who are to form the principal subjects of our story, we proceed with the details of which that story is composed.

One morning, while Mr Ballantyne was employed in nailing up the branches of some wall-trees, which a high wind, on the previous night, had loosened, and his daughter was amusing herself in tending some flowers that grew in a small plat immediately beneath the parlour window, the former's attention was attracted by a person on horseback, who had taken the farm, or private road to the house, and was approaching at a pretty rapid pace.

The distance was too great to allow of Mr Ballantyne's making out at first who the person was; but, in a short time, he knew that that person was Captain Bennet. On ascertaining this—

"There's Captain Bennet, Isy," said Mr Ballantyne, calling his daughter's attention to the circumstance. "I wonder what brings him here so early in the day, and in such a hurry."

"Captain Bennet!" exclaimed Miss Ballantyne, rising hurriedly to her feet, and glancing with a look of alarm towards the farm-road. She added no more, but instantly darted into the house.

To one who did not know of certain circumstances, which it will presently fall to us to relate, the sudden flight of Miss Ballantyne might appear to be merely a coquetish manœuvre, as ladies will sometimes fly from what they most desire to possess.

This was not the case, however, in the present instance. Captain Bennet was, or rather, had been, a suitor of Miss Ballantyne. Struck with her beauty, and captivated by her amiable manners, he had waved all distinctions of rank and fortune, and formally made her an offer of his hand. He had been refused, peremptorily but civilly refused, and that for two reasons—Miss Ballantyne's affections were already engaged, and the captain was disagreeable to her. She had been shocked by his harsh and overbearing manner; and although there had been no previous engagement in the question, would not have wedded him to have made her a princess.

In this matter her father had not interfered: he loved

his daughter too well to exercise any authority over her in the choice of a husband; but it would be too much to say that he did not regret that his daughter would not or could not become mistress of Elm House, and of the splendid estate of its proprietor.

These regrets, however, the worthy man kept to himself, and left his daughter to be guided entirely by her own feelings in the decision which she had been called on to form regarding Captain Bennet's proposals.

To that decision, when conveyed to him by her father, the latter, with characteristic sullenness, made no reply: he merely bit his lip, muttered something in an angry tone, and abruptly left the house.

From that day, which was six months previous to his appearance on the present occasion, he had not entered Mr Ballantyne's door, although he had been before an almost daily visiter.

This, however, was a circumstance not, perhaps, to be wondered at, but it was one which added considerably to Mr Ballantyne's surprise at seeing him.

The latter was a good deal at a loss to conjecture what could be the nature of the captain's business with him; and, in this difficulty, began to think it was to renew his suit for his daughter's hand, or to do or say something relative to that circumstance.

In this uncertainty he was not long detained. In somewhat less than ten minutes from the time he had been first seen, Captain Bennet had reached the little iron gate which led into Mr Ballantyne's front garden; had dismounted; secured his horse to one of the railings of the gate; and was passing through the garden on foot towards Mr Ballantyne, who had descended from the ladder on which he had been mounted, to receive him.

"Well, Ballantyne," exclaimed the captain, in his usual gruff way, on approaching the former, "have you heard that that fellow Grey, whom I chastised the other day for his insolence, intends to prosecute me for what he calls an assault?"

"No, captain, I heard nothing of it," replied Mr Ballantyne.

"'Tis true, though," said the former. "Now, Ballantyne, you were the only one who saw that affair, and I understand you are to be summoned against me; but I expect you wont be very severe in your evidence. Eh?"

"I dinna ken what ye ca' severe, in a case o' that kind, captain," replied Mr Ballantyne, bluntly. "If I'm ca'd on to gi'e evidence, I can do nae otherwise than state precisely what I saw. I'll neither say mair nor less. I'll speak the truth, captain."

"Oh, ay, to be sure," said the latter, sneeringly; "nothing like the truth. But the truth may be very disadvantageous to the speaker, sometimes, Ballantyne."

"Possibly it may," replied the latter; "but that's a consideration, captain, that never yet, and, I trust in God, never will, deter me from speaking it when required."

"Then you won't blink a bit in this matter, to serve a friend, Ballantyne. Eh?" said the captain, angrily.

"I'll speak the truth, captain, and nothing else," replied Ballantyne, sturdily; "and wadna do otherwise for your whole estate."

"Then, you'll repent it!" exclaimed Bennet, fiercely, turning on his heel and walking away towards his horse, which he hastily mounted, and spurred into a rapid trot.

"Repent it," muttered Mr Ballantyne to himself, in an indignant tone. "I'm independent o' ye. I owe you nothing; and what should I repent it for." Saying, or rather *thinking* this, the honest farmer stalked into the house, to communicate what had passed to his wife and daughter.

He found them together—Isabella in a state of much agitation, for she, too, had feared that the captain's visit had for its object a renewal of his suit.

To her, therefore, the announcement of the true purpose of his call was a great relief.

Mr Ballantyne now repeated to his wife and daughter the substance of his conversation with his laird; speaking with indignation and contempt of the threat which the latter had held out to him, and expressing his determination to state exactly what he had witnessed, without extenuation or exaggeration.

The case to which the matters just spoken of referred, was one of simple enough detail, although of a somewhat serious nature.

One day, about three weeks previous to the period to which we have brought our story, Captain Bennet, in riding about his property, came upon one of his labourers, who was employed in making a drain. Mr Ballantyne happened to be on the spot, and was in conversation with the man at the moment Captain Bennet came up.

The latter, after looking at the operations of the former for a few seconds, expressed some displeasure at the manner of his proceeding, and pointed out another way in which he desired the work to be done.

The man endeavoured to obey; but not satisfying the captain, he leaped impatiently from his horse, and, giving the former the most abusive language, seized the spade with which he was working, and, in a fury, commenced digging the ground in the way in which he had wished it done.

The employment, in place of subduing or diverting his excited passions, as it might be thought it would, increased them, for while he wrought, he continued to pour out the grossest abuse on the poor man who had so unintentionally displeased him.

Some of this language was so very offensive, that the latter, poor and dependent as he was, could not brook it. He retorted At the names of scoundrel and rascal, which were more liberally bestowed on him, his face reddened.

"I am neither scoundrel nor rascal, sir," he said; "but though poor, as honest a man as you are; and Mr Ballantyne here knows me to be so."

Without a word in reply, the captain threw down the spade with which he had been working, seized a piece of wooden pailing that happened to lie at hand, and, ere Mr Ballantyne could interfere, knocked the man down with it—inflicting, at the same time, a severe wound on his head with the blow. Not content with this, he kicked and struck him repeatedly after he was down; and would, probably, have murdered him outright on the spot, had not Mr Ballantyne forcibly withheld him.

Without any compunctious visitings for the dastardly deed, the captain, immediately after, mounted his horse and rode off, leaving the wounded man to the care of Mr Ballantyne; or to lie where he was, if the latter did not choose to concern himself about him. Mr Ballantyne, however, did choose to concern himself about him. He was too humane a man to do otherwise; although, in such a case, humanity could hardly be considered as a merit.

He hastened to his own house, procured a kind of bier or litter—for the wounded man was unable to walk—together with a couple of his men; and, as the former's home was at the distance of from two to three miles, had him conveyed, in the first instance, to his own house, where every attention was shewn him. He was, subsequently, carried home to his family, though still in a helpless state, and put to bed, where he lay for nearly three weeks; and was, even at the end of that period, still far from being able to resume his work. Such, then, was the case in which the evidence of Mr Ballantyne was likely to be put in requisition; and for which evidence, if honestly given, he was threatened with the resentment of Captain Bennet.

The information which the latter had received of the prosecution intended to be raised against him, proved to be correct.

The matter was brought under the cognizance of the sheriff. Mr Ballantyne was summoned as a witness by the prosecutor, and bore such strong testimony to the brutality of the treatment he had received, that the captain was glad to arrest the farther progress of the matter, which might have ended at the bar of the High Court of Justiciary, by coming down with a round sum in the shape of a *solatium* to the prosecutor.

On the breaking up of the court, Captain Bennet again encountered Mr Ballantyne.

"Well, Ballantyne, I am much obliged to you," he said, tauntingly—"very much obliged to you indeed. You acted a friendly part towards me to-day."

"I acted a just one, I hope, sir," replied Mr Ballantyne.

"Did you!" exclaimed the captain, fiercely. "I hardly think it. However, look you to yourself, friend. Perhaps I may have an opportunity of doing you justice some day—such justice as you may not altogether like."

Saying this, he strode on, giving Mr Ballantyne no opportunity of reply.

At the time that this occurence took place, Mr Ballantyne believed himself to be, and really was, so far as related to himself personally, perfectly independent of his landlord. He owed him nothing, and had always paid his rent punctually. Nor was there any likelihood that it should ever be otherwise; for his circumstances, though far from being affluent, were quite competent to enable him to get through the world creditably; but, as has been a thousand times said before, it *is* curious how things will come about; from what unexpected quarters, and in what strange ways, both good and bad fortune will present themselves.

Three months after the occurrence of the circumstances just related, the following letter was put into Mr Ballantyne's hands. It was delivered by a boy in livery, whom Mr Ballantyne knew to be in the service of Captain Bennet:—

"*Elm House*, ——

"SIR,—I have this day received intimation from my bankers, Messrs Speirs & Elder, Glasgow, that your joint acceptance with Mr Andrew Forsyth of Muirlands for £1000, due yesterday, has not been paid.

"As the holder of that bill, I now beg to intimate to you that, unless the same is paid by twelve o'clock to-morrow, the usual legal steps for recovery will be adopted.

"I am, &c.,

'GEORGE BENNET."

On perusing this letter, this fatal letter, as poor Ballantyne might well have called it, he flung himself down in a chair in a state of the utmost consternation and alarm. It was a blow for which he had been but little prepared—a result which he would not have calculated on as being within the reach of any possible chance.

The circumstances of the case were these:—The joint acceptor of the bill with Mr Ballantyne was his brother-in-law, for whom he had, by this proceeding, become security for its amount. The bill was for cattle, which Forsyth, who was a cattle-dealer and sheep-farmer, had bought of his landlord, Sir James Morton; who, again, had paid it to Captain Bennet, in part liquidation of an old debt due by the former to the father of the latter. Captain Bennet might, if he had chosen, have at once relieved himself by falling back on Sir James; but he preferred, for reasons which the reader will readily guess, remaining in the attitude of Mr Ballantyne's creditor—a position which, at first voluntarily assumed, he was subsequently compelled to retain, by the failure of Sir James a few days after the bill fell due.

We have spoken of the extreme surprise of Mr Ballantyne on receiving intimation of the dishonour of the bill in question, and how little he was prepared for such a circumstance. There were two or three reasons for this surprise. In the first place, his brother-in-law had always been reputed a wealthy man; he had been so considered for a quarter of a century, although, from the circumstance of Sir James Morton requiring security, it would seem that he, at any rate, knew, or at least suspected, otherwise.

The next matter for surprise to Mr Ballantyne, in the case, was to find the bill in the hands of Captain Bennet. He could not conceive how it had got into that gentleman's possession, as Sir James Morton lived in an entirely different part of the country.

Both the surprise and alarm, however, which Mr Ballantyne felt, gradually wore off, as he reflected on the matter; and it did so because this reflection brought along with it the belief that there must be some mistake in the matter; that his brother-in-law had either not been advised where the bill lay, or that he had forgotten when it was due; or, by some other accident of a casual and temporary nature, had been prevented paying it.

So strong did his belief become that such was the case, that he at first determined on taking no notice whatever of the matter, not doubting that it would be presently put all to rights by Mr Forsyth. On a little farther reflection, however, he thought it would be as well to give his brother-in-law notice of what had taken place; and, accordingly, he wrote to that person.

The letter in reply, which Mr Ballantyne received on the following day, he opened without any fear or doubt—making no question that it contained a satisfactory explanation of the cause of the dishonour of the bill, and, very likely, a kind and anxious apology for the annoyance it had given him.

What, however, was poor Ballantyne's horror, to find, instead, a confused and all but unintelligible account of *temporary* difficulties, unexpected losses, bad markets, &c. &c., which the writer said rendered him wholly unable to retire the bill at the present moment; but, having recourse to the usual fallacies on such occasions, adding, that he had no doubt of being able to put all to rights in a few days.

Placing little faith in this feeble ray of comfort, which experience had taught him was, in such cases, little to be depended on, Ballantyne gave way to a feeling of the deepest despair.

Although, as already said, sufficiently able to meet all his own engagements, such a claim as this—one of so large an amount—he was totally unprepared for, and wholly unable to satisfy. If urged, therefore, it must be his ruin; and that it would be urged, seeing in whose hands it was, he had no doubt; for Bennet had to revenge the refusal of his daughter, and the evidence which he himself had borne against him in the case of the assault on the labourer.

In the meantime, the few days spoken of by his brother-in-law—of the purport of whose letter Mr Ballantyne had advertised Captain Bennet—passed away, and the bill still remained unpaid; a circumstance of which he was apprised, by being served with a charge; which, again, was followed, on the same day, by a formal notification of the failure of his brother-in-law.

On receiving these distressing documents, Mr Ballantyne came to the determination of waiting on Captain Bennet, to see whether he could not prevail upon him to grant him some indulgence in point of time. Large as the sum was, Mr Ballantyne thought he might contrive to pay it in three different instalments, if a year of interval were allowed him on each; and it was with this proposal that he now came to the resolution of calling at Elm House.

It was with a heavy and a doubting heart that he set out on this unhappy mission; for he remembered but too well Bennet's threats, and was far from anticipating a pleasant reception. On reaching the house, Mr Ballantyne rung the door bell. Its powerful reverberations sounded in his ears like the knell of death. A powdered and gorgeously dressed lacquey answered the summons.

Mr Ballantyne inquired if his master was within. He was told he was.

"Could I see him?" inquired Mr Ballantyne, in a tone of humiliation of which he was himself unconscious.

"I'll inquire," said the footman; and disappeared for a moment.

On his return, he intimated to the former that he might see Captain Bennet; and conducted him towards an inner door on the right hand side of the lobby. This he threw widely open, standing himself on one side to allow Mr Ballantyne to enter. He did so, hat in hand; and found the great man seated before a large fire in a *robe de chambre* and slippers.

The latter barely deigned to notice his visiter's entrance—doing so merely by a slight inclination of his head; then waited, in haughty and disheartening silence, for the communication about to be made him.

Mr Ballantyne spoke, and ended with his proposal to pay the debt in three different instalments, payable yearly.

"The business is in the hands of my lawyers," replied Captain Bennet, coldly; "and it is with them you must arrange. I don't intend interfering with it."

"Then, sir," said Mr Ballantyne, "I must just abide the consequences; for it is wholly out of my power to pay so large a sum at once."

"That's no fault of mine," said the captain, with the same indifference as before. "I must again refer you to my solicitors, and can say nothing farther on the subject."

"Since that is the case, sir," replied Mr Ballantyne, on whom the cavalier treatment of his relentless creditor had the effect of rousing his bent but not broken spirit, "I have only to wish you a good morning."

Saying this, he left the room, and was conducted to the outer door by the lacquey who had ushered him in.

On returning to his own house, Mr Ballantyne informed his wife and daughter of the fruitlessness of his mission, and endeavoured to prepare them for the worst. It would be superfluous to describe the misery which this gradual darkening of the cloud of misfortune that hung over them occasioned the family of the unfortunate farmer: it will readily be conceived. But worse was yet to come.

In less than a week, the household furniture of Mr Ballantyne, his cattle, and the whole of his farming implements, were sequestrated, and himself threatened with immediate incarceration. Nor was this an idle threat: it was put in execution. The unfortunate man was dragged out of his house, at a late hour, one night, and hurried away to the county jail.

It was on the evening of the day succeeding this cruel proceeding, that a young female was seen standing at the door of Elm House. She was genteelly dressed, but so muffled up that she could not be readily recognised even by those who might have known her intimately.

She had just rung the bell, and was waiting it's being answered. The same footman who had opened the door to Mr Ballantyne appeared. She inquired if Captain Bennet was within, and if she could see him for an instant. She was told he was; and, the captain's leave first obtained, was ushered into his presence.

"Miss Ballantyne!" exclaimed the latter, in great surprise, and with no small confusion in his look and manner.

The young lady curtsied slightly in acknowledgment of the recognition; then, without saying a word, burst into tears.

Pray do not be discomposed, miss," said the captain, recovering his confidence, and taking the young lady by the hand, with a tenderness which could hardly have been expected of him under all the circumstances and conflicting feelings by which he was beset.

Isabella did recover her composure, and that very quickly, but not at the captain's bidding. The native strength of her own mind, and the heroic purpose for which she came where she now was, restored the fortitude which had for a moment deserted her.

"Captain Bennet," she said, "you once expressed some regard for me."

"I did, certainly, madam," replied the former; "and, what is more, I felt it, but hardly met with the return to which I thought my regard entitled."

"Well, perhaps so; but that is over now. Captain Bennet," replied Miss Ballantyne, "I am now willing to become your wife, if you be still willing to accept me as such—that is, upon conditions."

"And pray what may these conditions be, my fair one?" said Captain Bennet, throwing an air of gallantry into his manner.

"That you liberate my father from prison, and give him the time he required to discharge his debt to you."

"It is a bargain," exclaimed Captain Bennet, joyfully; for he was none of those who allow refined or romantic notions to interfere with the gratification of their wishes; and he threw his arms about Isabella's neck, and would have sealed the compact with a kiss; but she gravely though gently repelled him, saying—

"Not now, Captain Bennet; not now."

"When shall it be, then?" he said. "When shall you become mine?"

"When you please, sir." replied Isabella. "To-morrow, if you choose. The moment I see my father restored to liberty again, and you have implemented the other of my conditions."

"To-morrow, my angel. Nay, that is rather too hurried." replied Captain Bennet, smiling. "But, say this day week, and the interval will allow of my fulfilling my part of the engagement; procuring your father's liberation, and arranging with him the adjustment of our affairs."

"Be it so," said Isabella. "Then, there need be no more said, Captain Bennet. I need detain you no longer just now;" and she was hurrying out of the apartment, when the former caught hold of her, and, with gentle violence, sought to detain her.

"Why this haste, Isabella?" he said.

"Excuse me," replied the latter. "I am anxious to inform my mother of the success of my mission. I cannot rest until I have told how near is my poor father's liberation;" and again her feelings overcame her, and she burst into tears.

In the next moment she darted out of the apartment, and was followed to the outer door by the captain, who would have accompanied her home; but to this she peremptorily objected.

On reaching her father's house, Isabella sought her mother. She was in a state of wild excitement and agitation. On meeting the latter, she flung her arms about her neck exclaiming—"It is done, mother: it is done. My father will be with us to-morrow night, and Captain Bennet will give him his own time to pay the debt."

"Thank God, thank God," exclaimed Isabella's mother. "But how, Isabella, how has this been brought about?"

Isabella made no reply, but burst into tears.

"Tell me, Isabella, tell me for God's sake," exclaimed her mother, in great alarm, "how this has come about? Have *you* seen Captain Bennet?"

"I have, mother; and I have promised to become his wife," replied Isabella, faintly.

"And with this pledge you have purchased your father's liberation, Isabella?"

"Even so, mother."

"Then, God reward you, my child, for the generous deed," said Mrs Ballantyne, embracing her daughter. "You have made a sarifice, a great one, a noble one, my Isabella; but it is one that will be acceptable in His sight."

Little did Isabella's mother know the extent of that sacrifice: she deemed that it was merely her dislike of Captain Bennet she had conquered; for she knew nothing of her daughter's attachment to another; and knew not, therefore, that the sacrifice involved that of the dearest and tenderest feelings of the human heart.

With a mother's anxiety for the aggrandizement of her offspring, and with, what must be confessed, a mother's unwillingness to allow of any considerations being of sufficient weight to stand in the way of that aggrandizement, Mrs Ballantyne had always bitterly lamented Isabella's refusal of Captain Bennet. Her joy, therefore, on the present occasion, was twofold: the happiness of procuring her husband's liberation, and the accomplishment of what had been one of the dearest wishes of her heart, namely, the marriage of her daughter to the wealthy proprietor of Elm House and its fine estate.

Changing the scene of our story, for a space, to the county town of ——, and advancing the time to the day following that on which the occurrences just related took place, we shall find a young man, accompanied by a young lady, seeking admittance into the jail.

This was readily granted them; and the ward in which Mr Ballantyne was confined, and who was the person they desired to see, was pointed out to them. They entered, when the young lady, who was no other than Isabella, rushed towards her father, threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming—"You are free, my dear, dear father, you are free. Here is the order for your liberation;" and she put into his hands a letter from Captain Bennet, addressed to the writer in ——, who had been employed to incarcerate him, desiring him forthwith to set the prisoner at liberty. The young man who accompanied her was the clerk of the lawyer, who had come along with her to effect the liberation.

Mr Ballantyne having read the letter, looked up in his daughter's face with an expression of great surprise, and, putting the same question which his wife had done under like circumstances, inquired how this unexpected event had come about.

Afraid that her father, who loved her with the most tender affection, might refuse to accept of his freedom if informed of the terms on which it was procured—in other words, if he knew or believed it to be at the expense of his daughter's happiness—Isabella, with an affected playfulness, evaded a reply, saying she would inform him all about it after they got home.

Obliged to be satisfied with this explanation in the meantime, her father prepared to leave his place of confinement.

Gathering his little things together, he bundled them up, and announced his readiness to accompany his daughter.

They now left the prison together; the letter containing the order for Mr Ballantyne's liberation having been previously put into the possession of the writer's clerk, to whom it properly belonged, as his authority for liberating the prisoner,

In three hours after, Isabella and her father were once more within the precincts of their own once happy home; and for that night, at any rate, a blink of that happiness again shone upon the little family circle. Even Isabella partook of this felicity; for, in the end gained, she had, for a time, forgotten the means. Her heroic resolution still occupied her whole soul, leaving no room for any distressing or discordant thought or reflection to intrude.

Fearing that it would be fully more tedious than interesting to follow out in detail the circumstances, the conversations, the arrangements, &c. &c., that took place between the parties immediately interested in the matters of which we have been speaking, subsequent to the return of Mr Ballantyne to his own house, including the persuasions and assurances by which Isabella reconciled him to submission to the sacrifice she was about to make, we carry forward our story to the morning of the day fixed on for the marriage of Isabella Ballantyne of the Farm—as her father's residence was emphatically called—and Captain Bennet of Elm House.

On the morning of that fatal day, poor Isabella Ballantyne wore but little of the semblance of a happy bride. The high resolves which had borne her up through the trying preludes to that important event, had become relaxed in time; and the excitation which accompanied their execution, had given place to feebleness and languor. Other feelings had obtruded, and had re-assumed the sway which temporary causes had for a time suspended.

Pale and wretched, the unhappy girl awaited the coming ceremony as the criminal awaits the hour of execution. While in the presence of her parents, she struggled hard to conceal the feelings that overwhelmed her, but was ever and anon urging pretences for seeking the retirement of her own chamber, where she spent the short absences allowed her in prayer and in tears.

In the marriage preparations which were going forward—for it was arranged that the ceremony should take place in her father's house—the unhappy bride took no interest. When not shut up in her own apartment, she might be seen wandering about the house like an unquiet spirit, seemingly without object or aim.

Leaving matters in this state at the Farm, we request the reader to adjourn with us for a moment to a certain small public-house at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the place just named, not for the purpose of drinking, but for that of noting some circumstances intimately connected with the sequel of our tale.

The public-house to which we allude, was situated by the side of the highway, at the bottom of a hollow, and close by a small stone-bridge that crossed a stream by which the road was intersected.

It was the breakfast hour; and the long stone bench or seat which stretched from the door alongst the wall, was occupied by the publican himself and other two men. These were the cartwright and the blacksmith of the little village, or rather, half dozen straggling houses close by.

The men were wiling away the remainder of the breakfast hour, and were engaged in a conversation which seemed deeply interesting, when they were unexpectedly joined by a fourth party. This was old Geordie Waters, a well-known mendicant in that part of the country. Geordie had been a soldier in his youth, but had now long followed the profession of a peripatetic sorner on public benevolence.

"O Geordie, are ye on the tramp already?" said one of the three persons who occupied the stone seat in front of the public-house.

"Ay; sax hours since," replied Geordie. "I hae come frae the Nipperton this morning, an' that 's reckoned guid fourteen mile."

"No muckle short o't, I dare say," said the cartwright.

"Onything new stirrin aboot ye here?" continued Geordie. "There 's surely some uncommon doins guan on aboot Elm House the day. I saw coaches whiskin oot and in at the yett, as I never saw before, and flunkies birrin aboot the hoose like bees aboot a bike."

"Tuts, Geordie, man, I wonder that you, that kens o everything that 's gaun on in the country, didna hear o' the cause o' that," said William Grey, the blacksmith.

"Did ye no hear that Captain Bennet's to be married the day?"

"No; but Gude pity the woman that's to get him," replied Geordie. "Wha is she?"

"Jamie Ballantyne o' the Farm's dochter," said Grey.

"Isy Ballantyne!" exclaimed Geordie, in great surprise. "I thocht that affair had been broken off."

"Ay; but it has been southered up again. The marriage is to take place at the Farm this very day at twelve o'clock, as I understand," replied Grey.

"Is the lassie takin him o' her ain free will and accord, ken ye, sirs?" inquired Geordie.

A simultaneous shake of the head, by the whole three occupants of the stone bench, was the first reply to this question. It was subsequently more fully and explicitly answered by Grey.

"No, Geordie, I hardly think that," he said; and he proceeded to tell the former the whole circumstances of the case, of which he had a pretty correct version.

"Hech, sirs, but it's a bad business—a cruel business," said Geordie. "An' ye're sure that it's sair against the lassie's inclination that this marriage is to take place?"

"Feth, there's little doot o' that. It's to keep her faither, puir thing, oot o' a jail."

"He's a cursed brute, that Bennet," said Geordie, striking the ground emphatically with his stick. "I'm sure she wad hae but a miserable life wi' him, for a' his walth."

"She wad be happier, I'm thinkin, wi' young Fauside," said Grey, looking significantly.

"A fine callant that," replied Geordie. "I'm sure she wad. I hae heard an' inklin o' there havin ance been an attachment there."

"An' still is," said Grey, "although this affair has, o' course, knocked a' that i' the head."

"It'll bring a sair heart, then, to young Fauside, I'm thinking; for Isy Ballantyne was as nice a lassie as in the country-side. She's spoken weel o' by everybody, and has the blessin o' the poor. Mony a gude awmous has she gien me; mony a bit and a sup."

"When is the marriage to tak place, said ye?"

"This day at twal o'clock, at the Farm."

Geordie Waters said no more on the subject; but, after musing for a few seconds, suddenly bade his acquaintance a "guid mornin," and adding that he wad stap up to the Farm, as he supposed there wad be "something gaun," pushed off in that direction.

On arriving at the Farm, the first person Geordie Waters encountered was Mr Ballantyne himself.

"Wuss ye joy, sir," said Geordie. "I houpe ye consider this a happy day."

Mr Ballantyne smiled faintly, and said he was disposed so to consider it. He hoped it would turn out well, &c. &c.

"I'm gaun to ask a favour o' ye, Mr Ballantyne," said Geordie, abruptly.

"What is it, my old friend?" inquired the former.

"That ye wad let me get a word o' Miss Isy; just to wuss her joy. Her an' I has been long acquant, and been aye guid freens."

"I'm not sure that that will be quite convenient, Geordie," replied Mr Ballantyne; "but I'll see," he good-naturedly added; and went into the house on his doubtful mission.

In a few minutes he returned, saying that his daughter was so busy that she could not see him, but had sent him out half-a-crown, which Mr Ballantyne put into Geordie's hands; the truth being, that poor Isabella *would* see no one, and that the half-crown was the gift of Mr Ballantyne himself.

"Very guid, a' very guid," said the old man, taking the proffered coin, and thereafter thrusting it into some deep and secret recess about his person. "But this is no exactly what I want, although I'm much obliged to you and her, Mr Ballantyne. What I want is just a word and a sicht o' hersel, if it war only for half a minute. I want to see her particularly, very particularly. Just say that to her an' ye please, Mr Ballantyne, and see if ye canna prevail upon her to oblige me."

"Well, Geordie, my man, since ye are so pressing, and since, as ye say, ye have something very particular to tell her, I'll try again," replied Mr Ballantyne; and again he went into the house.

On this occasion he was more successful than on his first attempt.

"Come this way, Geordie," he said, on re-appearing, and conducted the latter into the house. "See," he added, on their entering, and pointing to a door at the top of the stair which conducted to the upper story of the house, "you will find Isy there."

The old man ascended the stair, and tapped at the door A sweet but tremulous voice bade him enter. He did so, and found himself in the presence of Isabella Ballantyne, decked out in her bridal finery, but looking as pale as death, and her eyes red with weeping.

She received the old man with a faint smile; and it was with the same smile only, but evidently more forced, that she replied to his congratulations on her approaching nuptials.

The shrewd old man marked these symptoms of an unhappy mind; and from them, and others which he also noted, assured himself that all he had heard was but too true.

"It's a sair thing," he said, when at the door, and about to take leave of the unhappy bride, "when the heart doesna gang wi' the hand."

To this remark Isabella made no reply, but hastily raising her handkerchief to her face, rushed to the further end of the apartment, and gave way to a convulsive paroxysm of grief.

The old man intruded himself no further on the distressed young lady, but, muttering something inaudibly, left the apartment, drawing the door gently behind him.

On descending the stair, Geordie again encountered Mr Ballantyne.

"Well, George," he said, "have you seen Isy?"

"I hae," was his brief reply. "Guid mornin the now;" and he hurried away without further remark.

On quitting the Farm, Geordie Waters proceeded straight to Elm House. He found the door thronged with carriages of all descriptions—for Captain Bennet had invited a numerous party to grace his approaching nuptials. A splendid banquet was also in preparation, as it was intended that the whole wedding party should dine at the residence of the new-married couple.

Having threaded his way through the crowd of carriages, Geordie ascended the flight of steps that conducted to the door of the splendid mansion. It was crowded with servants in livery, who eyed the approaching visiter with anything but looks of welcome. This, however, Geordie minded but little. Pushing into the midst of them, he inquired if he could see Captain Bennet.

"You see him," said a fellow in a white coat and red plush unmentionables, with a sneering tone. "No, no, friend. Walk off with ye. The captain doesn't give audience to gentlemen of your coat."

"My coat's my ain, friend," replied Geordie; "and that's mair than ye can say o' your's, I'm thinkin."

"Get out, you old beggarly rascal," said the fellow, furiously, and advancing towards Geordie with the intention of kicking him from the door.

"'Od, an' ye lift a fit or a hand to me, ye red-legged bane-polisher, I'll split the skull o' ye," said Geordie, raising

aloft the stout thorn stick that had been for many years the companion of his wanderings.

Deterred by the hostile attitude and determined bearing of the sturdy old mendicant, the fellow contented himself with muttering some unintelligible threat, and fell back amongst his kindred.

"I want to see Captain Bennet!" again repeated Geordie. "Will ony o' ye tell him *that*, or will ye shew me whar he is? for I *maun* see him. See him I maun."

No one giving any immediate reply—"Then I maun fin' him oot mysel'," said the old man, pushing into the lobby—an attempt, however, in which he was resisted by three or four footmen, who flung themselves in his way.

Nothing daunted by this opposition, Geordie persevered in forcing his way in. The men as strenuously endeavoured to keep him out; and the consequence was a hubbub, so noisy, that it attracted the notice of Captain Bennet, who happened to be crossing the hall at the moment.

'What's the meaning of this disturbance?" said the captain, approaching the struggling group.

"It's me, captain, it's me!" shouted Geordie; at the same moment thrusting his head over the shoulders of those by whom he was surrounded. "I want to speak to ye. I hae something *very* particular to say to ye!"

"Oh, I can't hear you to-day!" replied the captain, angrily. "Call some other time!" And he was moving away, when the old man, who had been liberated by his assailants, called out to him—"But it canna staun, captain; it's something that concerns you greatly; and delay may be serious."

Struck by the old man's earnestness and urgency, the captain suddenly stopped, turned round, and came towards him, saying—"Well, friend, what is it you have got to say?"

"I canna mention't here," said Geordie. "I maun hae a private word o' ye."

"Tuts; I can't be bothered to-day!" said the captain, impatiently, and was again turning away.

"Ye had *better*, sir," said Geordie, in a low tone; but sufficiently loud to be heard by him to whom it was addressed.

"Better!—What do you mean, sirrah?" exclaimed the captain, returning. "Do you threaten?"

"Oh, no, sir. By no means!" replied Geordie. "But it might be for your interest to hear me."

"Indeed!" said Captain Bennet, with a sneer. "For *my* interest to hear *you*! Well, walk in this way;" and he threw up the door of an apartment, close by which he and his strange visiter happened to be standing.

"Captain," said Geordie, on their entering the room, and after the door had been shut—I dinna think this marriage o' yours should go on. It wad break the puir lassie, Isy Ballantyne's, heart."

The reader may conceive, if he can, Captain Bennet's amazement at the unparalleled effrontery of this opening of the mendicant's communication. He was confounded; and, for a second or two, could only stare at the impudent old beggar in silent astonishment. He thought him deranged. At length—

"Upon my word," he said, with the slow, distinct enunciation of one just recovering from breathless surprise, "but you are the most impudent old rascal I have met with for some time. Pray, you old scoundrel, what right have you to interfere in my affairs. How dare you?"

"Before I answer you thae questions," replied the old man, coolly, "permit me to ask you, captain, if ye ken a place ca'd the Hazel Glen?" and he fixed his keen dark eye on the face of the person to whom the question was put.

That face grew as pale as death at the query; and it was some seconds before he to whom it was put could answer it. At length, with husky voice, and quivering lip—

"I do, old man," said the captain, in a suddenly subdued tone; "and what of that?"

"Muckle o' that, captain; and weel do ye ken sae," replied Geordie, "and sae do I; and that's mair than ye war aware o' before, I'm thinkin'."

"What do you mean, old man?" said the former, with increasing agitation.

"Do ye no understand me?" inquired Geordie. "Maun I be mair explicit? Does your ain conscience no render that unnecessary? Captain," said Geordie, now sinking his voice, but speaking with an unwonted solemnity of tone, "there's blood upon your hand—the blood of a murdered man; and too well do you know it. It was frae your hand that Mr Wallham's gamekeeper met his death. You have, I dare say, been in the belief, captain, that no eye but God's saw that deed. Ye hae been mista'en. I saw it also. I was in the Hazel Glen that mornin'; and saw ye level your gun, and send the contents o't through the heart o' puir John Williamson. Noo, captain, what think ye o' that? Haena I kept your secret weel and lang; seven years come Martinmas—and that without fee or reward I never socht them. I wadna hae them. Nae mortal man ever heard a sough o't frae me; for what guid wad it hae dune? The puir fallow was dead; and to hae gotten you hanged wadna hae mended the matter, nor brocht him to life; sae ye war safe anench for Geordie Waters. But, to be plain wi' ye, captain, I mean to make use o' the power I hae owre ye noo. I cam here for the purpose o' exercisin't. I cam here for the purpose o' sayin' that, unless ye resign the hand o' Isy Ballantyne, and restore her to liberty, and, at the same time, relieve her father o' the debt he owes ye—that is, accept the conditions he has offered ye, as I understand—I'll denounce ye; and ye ken what'll be the consequence. I can on nae account alloo ye to marry that innocent creature, Isy Ballantyne, captain—on nae account whatever. I canna alloo her, in ignorance, to marry a murderer."

It would require a much greater space, and much more writing than we think it necessary to bestow upon it, to describe, at full length, the feelings of horror and amazement with which Captain Bennet was overwhelmed by this most unexpected accusation. He had all along felt secure in the belief that no human eye had witnessed the atrocious deed to which Geordie Waters alluded; for not the remotest suspicion had ever been attached to him; the general impression being that Williamson had been murdered by poachers—a class to which the unfortunate man's vigilance in the discharge of his trust had rendered him exceedingly obnoxious. To find, therefore, and that at the distance of seven years, that there was a living witness to his crime, was a circumstance for which he was but little prepared.

While Geordie Waters was speaking, the captain, whose knees shook under him so that he could hardly stand, sunk into a chair and covered his face with his hands; and in this position, without movement, word, or look, awaited the conclusion of what he had to say. Nor was it for some time after he had done, that he shewed any sign of a consciousness of what had been communicated to him, or of the position in which that communication placed him.

"Old man," he at length said, in a tone very different from that in which he had first greeted him, "you would not hang me."

"No," replied Geordie. "If I had been sae inclined, I micht hae dune't lang ago. The taking o' your life wad be o' nae service to me, nor ony ither body, although maybe the ends o' justice wad require ither conduct at my hands; but I mean to leeve ye in the hands o' your God; that is, provided ye comply wi' my terms. Do that, and ye're safe. Refuse, and—I need say nae mair."

"Thank ye, old man, thank ye; a thousand, thousand

thanks," said the captain, joyfully. "Here, here," he said—drawing out a pocket-book from a side-pocket—"here is an earnest of the future benefits which you may calculate on receiving at my hand;" and he would have thrust the pocket-book on the old man; but he recoiled, and refused to touch it.

"No, no, captain, no ae farthin. I winna be *bribed* to secrecy in a matter o' this kind. At ony rate, no by advantages to my ain interest. Had that been my motive, I micht hae mulct ye o' a gude roon sum lang ere this."

"Then, how am I to reward you? What am I to do for you? To the extent of half my fortune, you may command me."

"Just do what I tell't ye and we're quats," replied Geordie. "That's a' ye hae to do."

"Well, it's done," replied Captain Bennet. "I resign the hand of Isabella Ballantyne, and I *acquit* her father of his debt to me."

"Na, na; I wadna tak advantage o' my position to assist in *robbin* ye, captain. Your claim against Mr Ballantyne is, I fancy, a just one, and ought to be paid; sae ye'll just gie him the time he wants, and no a quittance; he's owre honest a man himself to tak that."

"Well, as you please," replied the captain; "I'll do exactly as you desire me."

"Well, then, just sit doon and vrite a bit letter to the effect I hae mentioned to ye," said Geordie. "Ye can gloss owre the breaking aff o' the marriage very cannily, by saying that ye saw Miss Isy was makin a sacrifice o' her affections to her love o' her parents, and that ye cou'dna think o' makin her unhappy by acceptin o't. Further, ye can say that, oot o' regard to Miss Isy, for the generous part she had acted, ye wad gie her faither the time he asked for the payment o' his debt."

"Noo, captain, just vrite something to that effeck immediatly, and I'll tak it ower to the Farm, and deliver't wi' my ain hauns, to mak sure wark."

Captain Bennet, without reply, seated himself at a writing-table, and, in a few minutes, produced the desired document, which he put into Geordie's hand, saying—"There, my old friend—there's such a letter as you want. But, of course—that is, I trust you will say nothing of the means by which you obtained it."

"No a cheep—depend on that, captain," replied Geordie. "Never a ane 'll be the wiser for me on that head, sae keep yoursel easy." Saying this, Geordie thrust the letter into his bosom, and, taking up his old battered hat, which he had laid on the table on enteriug, was about to depart, when Captain Bennet again pressed him to accept his pocket-book.

"I canna do't, captain; I canna do't, on ony account," replied Geordie, hurriedly. "You and me are noo quats;" and he hastened out of the apartment, followed by the captain, who, to the great surprise of his servants, escorted him to the door, with an appearance of great respect and civility.

"Guid mornin, captain," shouted Geordie, but without turning his head, on gaining the bottom of the flight of steps that conducted to the main door of Elm House; and away he pushed for the Farm as hard as he could drive.

On reaching the latter place, he again encountered Mr Ballantyne, who, with care-worn looks, was walking solitary up and down the little garden in front of the house, evidently in a very uneasy state of mind. He had marked the unhappiness of his daughter, and it had greatly distressed him: so much so, that he had repeatedly urged her to retract, and to leave him to meet the consequences. But to this she would not listen, declaring that she would make the sacrifice, whether he would accept the benefits to arise from it or not.

"Excuse me, Mr Ballantyne," said Geordie, abruptly, on approaching the former—"Excuse me for seekin to middle wi' your private affairs ony way, but I really dinna think this marriage a weel assorted thing. Puir Isy's in a sad condition."

"Indeed, Geordie, to tell ye a truth, said the former, "it is not to my mind in many respects. Isy, as you say, is far from being happy."

"I saw that," replied the old man; "and it made my auld heart wae.

"What wad ye think o' stoppin the marriage yet? It 'll break the lassie's heart, and hurry her to her grave."

"Mr Ballantyne shook his head. How can it be stopped now?" he said. "Isy herself is determined on't; and if she doesna, rack and ruin wad be my lot; but that I wad willingly endure to restore her to happiness, by breaking off the marriage, but she winna hear o't."

"But what wad ye think if the captain himsel could be got to renounce her, and at the same time grant you the conditions o' the marriage?"

Mr Ballantyne smiled sadly, and said—"That would indeed be a desirable thing, but it is out of the question. An impossible matter."

I dinna ken that, said Geordie, thrusting his hand into his bosom and pulling out Captain Bennet's letter. "There, tak a look o' that, and tell me what ye think o't."

Mr Ballantyne took the letter with a look of the utmost surprise, and, with a look of yet greater astonishment, perused its contents.

When he had done—

"What's the meaning of all this, Geordie?" he said, in inexpressible amazement.

"Is the meanin no plain?" inquired the latter.

"Plain enough, as regards the contents of the letter, Geordie," replied Mr Ballantyne. "But how, on earth, came you by it; or, more extraordinary still, how was it obtained at all."

"The letter's guid and satisfactory, I houp," replied Geordie. "As to my ha' in't, and the manner o' my gettin't, that's a secret between the captain and me. There's some aul stories atwixt us, that inclines him to be willin to oblige me whan I ask a favour o' him, which, however, is but seldom."

"Then, ye'll go in wi' me to Isy, and be witness yoursel o' the joy of which, although by a' means I canna comprehend, ye will be the occasion."

"No just noo; no just noo," replied Geordie, hurriedly. "Let the first outbreak o' happiness be a' amang yoursels. It wad only distress the puir lassie to hae an unco person witness o' her feelins on such an occasion. But I'll mak a pint o' ca'in, in the end o' the week, whan I houp ye'll be a' as richt and ticht as before."

Saying this, Geordie hurried away, and quickly disappeared. We suppose we need hardly add, that the marriage of Isabella Ballantyne and Captain Bennet did *not* take place. From this unhappy destiny it may not be so unnecessary to say, that, in less than three months after, Elm House estate was sold, and its proprietor had sought greater security from the consequences of his crime, than he thought compatible with the knowledge Geordie Waters possessed, by retiring to some remote part of the Continent.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE VICTIMS OF WAR.

With an unwonted elasticity of both mind and body, I trode the plank that stretched between the smack and the pier, almost at the precise spot from which I had set out so foolishly, on my wild-goose chase, nearly seven years before.* Crowds of ideas hurried through my mind so rapidly, that I could retain none of them. I was in a delirium of joy; and it was only at this moment I felt, in full force, the delightful consciousness of being a free agent. I parted from my cousins I know not how. Perhaps the same feelings had possession of them. For my part, when I revert to this happy moment of my chequered life, it appears like a bright point shining out in the midst of darkness and obscurity. As I urged on my eager way, I kept repeating, in the fulness of my heart, the old Scotch ditty of

"Hame, hame, hame,
Fain wad I be," &c.

It embodied my feelings at the moment, and afforded them expressions in perfect unison with their tone. In this happy frame of mind I had reached Gallows Ha', I scarce knew how; for I seemed to tread on air. The twilight was almost gone, and the moon was shining brightly over the Calton Hill. I paused, and looked around me. The agitation of my feelings began to subside. I looked down the long vista of trees towards Pilrig House; but its termination was lost in deep shadow. A chill came over me—a sudden revulsion of feeling—for which I could not account. I, in truth, felt now as melancholy as I had just before been happy and joyous. So overpowering was the feeling, that I could have sat down and wept; but, by an effort, I roused myself, and endeavoured to resume my cheerful train of thought, but in vain. I now regretted that I had parted from my cousins, and began to feel some strange presentiments of evil. "Why, I asked myself, when I had fallen into this mood—"why had not my father answered my last letter? Could he be dead? And, oh! had I still a mother to welcome home her wandering boy?" Ah! how long and dreary did these melancholy thoughts appear to me to render the comparatively short distance between Gallows Ha' and Bunkers Hill. I had, in short, become so much the prey of an unwonted lowness of spirits, that I felt more than half-inclined to put up at the Black Bull Inn all night, and proceed to my home in the morning; but, when I once more got my feet on the flagstones, and reflected on the shortness of the distance, I pushed on, and soon passed up Leith Street, and along the bridges, to St Patrick Square—the bustle around preventing my thoughts from preying upon themselves; but no sooner had I turned in by the *Sciennes*, and left the glare of the city behind me, than I fell again into a musing mood of bitter retrospection. Seven of the best years of my life I had thrown away to gratify a childish whim. I had seen and I had suffered, and I knew a little more of mankind than I perhaps could have learned had I remained at home; but, were I in want of a morsel of bread, would all my dear-bought knowledge have enabled me to procure it? No. Whereas, if I had steadily followed my trade with my father, I would have been an expert and independent tradesman. Deeply impressed by these reflections, I made, ere I reached Liberton Dams, a solemn resolve to redeem my lost time as quickly as possible; and in this frame of mind, partly reconciled to myself, I reached my father's door.

The moon shone bright without, but all seemed dark within, the house. It was not yet nine o'clock, and all was still as death. I went to the end of the house, to the workshop. Neither light nor sound was there. I looked to what had been a well-filled woodyard the last time I saw it; but it was now an empty space. At this moment, I felt more alone and desolate than ever I had done in my life. I was now—where I had long and ardently wished to be—at my father's house, but found it desolate. I knocked at the door in an agony of mind I cannot express. My ears still seem to hear, and my heart to tremble, at the dull melancholy vibration that was the only answer to my knocking. At this moment, my thoughtless desertion of my home was more than doubly punished by the agony I felt. Scarce conscious of what I did, I went to the sawpit, where, in early youth, I had so often spent many happy hours, and where, in after years, I had often grudgingly toiled; calling it my galley, and myself the slave. "Oh, happy toil!" I now exclaimed. "Would that I had never been a greater slave!" Here I threw myself on the old sawdust, damp as it was; and, placing my bundle under my head, freely indulged my feelings, even to tears.

Although the premises that my father had possessed stood alone, there were several cottages, scattered along the roadside, not a gunshot from them; but a feeling, for which I cannot account, deterred me from making any inquiry at any of these, until the night was pretty far advanced. It is probable it might be between twelve and one in the morning, when I was aroused out of my half-sleeping half-ruminating state, by the sound of an approaching gig or chaise upon the road. In the deep silence of the night, I felt as if it were a welcome sound, and that I was not altogether alone on the earth, as had been my feeling for some hours before. The carriage suddenly stopped near where I lay, and I heard a hurried tread towards the sawpit; and, in the next moment, a heavy weight fell upon me, and the vehicle drove off with all its former speed. Scarce had I recovered from my surprise at this extraordinary circumstance, when I heard the noise of horses' feet, and the sound of voices, at a short distance. I was disencumbering myself from the load that lay upon me, when the horsemen stopped; and I heard voices exclaiming—

"They will have hid it here. Let two of us search, and two ride after the villains."

The brightness of the moonlight enabled me to see that it was a sack, containing some heavy substance, that had been thrown upon me. I had just recovered my feet, and was looking on the sack, wondering what it could contain, when a blow upon my head laid me senseless on the ground.

When I again awoke to consciousness, I felt myself pinioned, and laid on a cart beside the fatal sack; and several persons, some on foot and some on horseback,

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guarding it. I felt deadly sick in consequence of the blow I had received, and my head ached violently. I attempted to raise my hand, but could not, for the cords by which I was secured. A groan escaped me, which was answered by a shout of exultation. One person exclaimed—

"Was not I right to bring the villain with us? He is not dead; but will yet live to be sent to Botany Bay, although he ought rather to be hanged, and all those that encourage such miscreants."

A second said—

"Faith, Tom, banishment is too good for them. I have a mind to give him another paik, and save trouble. I would as cheerfully kill them as I would foumarts, or any other vermin. The sacrilegious heathens! I am sorry he wasna killed outright. It's a fearful thing to think that the very dead cannot get leave to lie in their graves for a parcel of such wretches."

A second lengthened groan escaped me.

"Groan on, and make music to us, till we reach Roslin," said the last speaker.

My predicament was, at this moment, a deplorable one. I was bound hand and foot, jolting over a rough road with a corpse that had been interred—for such were the contents of the sack—and suspected of being one of the perpetrators of the inhuman robbery. I had been near to, and had seen, death in all the forms of violence—by war and accident; but to be thus placed side by side, and jostled by a corpse from the grave, was to me most appalling. I implored my captors to stop the cart, and hear what I had to say regarding my innocence; but they drowned my voice with shouts and execrations. With a heart almost at the bursting, I ceased to make any farther appeals to their reason or humanity. At length my weary and loathsome journey came to an end. The dead body was lifted out of the cart with care and tenderness, and carried away; while I was dragged rudely forth, and conveyed, bound and helpless, to an outhouse, thrown upon the floor, and locked up for the remainder of the night, after a careful examination of the cords that bound me; my enraged captors adding several kicks by way of expressing their abhorrence of me. On being left to myself, I lay, for some time, ruminating on my strange adventure, and burning with indignation at the usage I had so unmeritedly received. I, however, felt no farther bodily pain than was occasioned by the confined position I was forced to lie in from my bonds. Neither did I feel much uneasiness otherwise; for I knew that the first calm statement of the event, as it had really occurred, would procure, not only my liberty, but an apology from those who had used me so ill, and thought so badly of me. At present, therefore, it was the anxiety I felt about my parents that weighed most heavily on my mind, as I lay on the cold clay floor of the barn. Miserable as my situation was, however, Nature asserted her rights; and I fell asleep, and did not again awaken till my captors entered my place of confinement in the morning. The first that advanced towards me was a decent-looking, middle-aged man, dressed like a small farmer, who, in the same voice I had heard the night before, said—

"Get up, you sacrilegious wretch! We are going to take you into the town, to lodge you in jail. If I had my will, I would give you, and all like you, the reward you merit—tie a stone to your neck, and throw you into the Esk, like a mangy colley. Be quick; for the cart and horse waits. You ought to be tied to the horse tail, and dragged into town."

I used my utmost efforts to raise myself, but could not, as my arms were pinioned behind my back by the elbows; but, with a look of innocence and composure that seemed to surprise those around me, I said—

"You see it is not in my power to help myself; and I feel confident that you will be sorry for the manner in which you have treated me, when you hear my story, and learn who I am; for, I assure you, I am innocent of the crime you lay to my charge."

"It is of no use talking to us here," replied the first speaker; "you must give an account of yourself to the proper authorities. But how can you say you are innocent, when I myself caught you in the sawpit with the body in your hands, attempting to hide it in the sawdust. I must first disbelieve my own eyes before I can think you innocent. Come, lads, lift him to his feet, and let us be off to town."

I saw, by the looks of his companions, that none of them thought me innocent; but I took heart when I found the fury of their resentment was so far abated as to hear me, in spite of their prejudices. The barn was now nearly filled with men, women, and children, all anxious to get a look at the *resurrection* man. Had so many angry persons as were now around me been present when I was brought into the village in the cart with the dead body, I have no doubt I would have either been stoned to death or drowned in the river. As it was, they stood around me muttering their hatred, and, in brief ejaculations, expressing their abhorrence of the crime of which they supposed me guilty. I glanced anxiously around, hoping to see some individual I had known before I left my father's house, but I saw none whom I knew. As a last resource, I called out—

"Is there no one present who knows James Elder, son of William Elder, from whose sawpit I was taken? I solemnly declare that I am he."

"The more likely are you to be guilty, for Jamie Elder was a ne'er-do-weel. He ran away to sea," cried one in the crowd. "Away with him, for he is a disgrace to his family. It 's weel for his parents that they are in their graves."

The shock of this dismal intelligence was so sudden and severe, that I almost sunk to the ground. I struggled to restrain my tears, but could not repress a groan. The look of unutterable anguish I cast around, moved some even of the crowd to feel compassion for me. A momentary pause ensued. My heart sunk within me. I cared not at the moment what became of me. Even my stern captors seemed moved.

At this instant a bustle was heard among the crowd at the door, and the next a young woman clasped me to her bosom, exclaiming, amidst her hysterical sobs—

"My brother—my Jamie! Oh, what is this they lay to your charge?—You are innocent—I know you are guiltless. Men—men—are you men, to tie him in this manner? Oh, brother, speak to me—speak to them, and declare your innocence. I know they will believe you."

It was with difficulty I recognised the dear relative who came thus timeously to my aid; for she was now grown up a tall and comely woman, and I had left her a little girl. I pressed her to my bosom, as well as my confined arms would permit me, and the tears ran silently down my face. I attempted to speak, but the words escaped me in murmurs, almost inaudible. A young man advanced from the crowd to my side, and undid the band that confined my arms, saying—

"I know him well. He was my schoolfellow. He is Jeanie Elder's brother. I will be bound he is innocent. Let us hear his story before we condemn him."

Jane lifted her face from my shoulder. A deep blush covered it; but I saw her eyes beam with love and gratitude upon the young man, whose replying glances spoke a similar feeling.

The sentiments of the assembled crowd had now taken a more favourable turn, and several expressed a wish to hear what I had to say to clear myself of the foul suspicion against me. This, now that I had obtained a hearing, was soon done. I stated that I had only landed at Leith

late in the afternoon of the day preceding, and had come straight out to my father's, in hopes to find all as I had left them. But, being late, I had preferred passing the night near my once happy home, to disturbing any of the neighbours, who might not even know me after an absence of seven years. I then related how I had been first roused by the noise of the approaching gig; then stunned by the weight of the sack falling upon me; and, lastly, rendered insensible by the blow I had received from one of the party as I rose to my feet. All the remaining circumstances, I added, were known to them.

As soon as I had concluded, nothing could be heard for a few minutes but the voice of sympathy for what I had suffered; more than half-a-dozen of voices exclaiming at once—

"Poor Elder! poor fellow, you have been cruelly abused; but, Walkingshaw, why would you not hear his story last aight, or even this morning? Why condemn any one before you heard what he had to say in his own defence? Who would have thought that a man of your pretensions to knowledge would be for 'Jeddart Justice?'"

The hasty-tempered, but, in the main, good-hearted Walkingshaw, turned fiercely upon his accusers, and said—

"It ill becomes you to taunt me for the zeal you praised me for a few minutes since. You were all as loud in your exclamations against the lad as I was; but I disregard both your good and bad opinions."

Then, turning to me, he said—

"Young man, I am sorry for my mistake; and the more so, as you have been a severe sufferer: yet, I think that the circumstances may plead some extenuation of my offence, for the first part; and I ask your forgiveness for your ill-usage afterwards."

I immediately held out my hand to him, saying—

"Good sir, I am quite satisfied with the establishment of my innocence. It all arose from my bad fortune; and my bad fortune has had its rise in my early folly in deserting my parents as I did."

Numerous hands were now offered to me, and I gave the grasp of friendship to all. On coming out of my prison into the full light of day, my sister, who hung on my arm, uttered a cry, and became pale as a corpse. Looking at my face, she said—

"O Jamie, you are sore hurt. Your hair is steeped in blood. Who was so cruel as do this?"

"Be composed, my dear sister," I replied; "I am not at all seriously injured. If my head has bled, it is more than I am aware of. In the meantime, let us go to the inn, and you will there tell me all the sad story of my dear father and mother."

As we passed the cart that was to have carried me as a criminal to Edinburgh, Mr Walkingshaw gave my old schoolfellow, who walked by my side, my bundle to carry. It was tied in a silk handkerchief, and was still in precisely the same state as when I rested my head on it on the preceding night.

So soon as we were shewn into a room in the inn—Brown, who, I could perceive, was Jeanie's sweetheart, accompanying us—she gave me the sad history of my parents. They had, for a few years after my departure, to all appearance, continued to thrive as before, and were, although not rich, worth some little money. But, like too many, my father, as he prospered, had become more ambitious, and had entered into speculations unconnected with his own business. Failing in these, his means became so limited, that he began to find a difficulty in carrying on the business that had thriven so well under his management. Embarrassments and debts thickened around him; still he was thought well enough to do, and sufficiently able to meet all his engagements. My mother, who had been for several months in a declining state of health, died suddenly. From this period my father had ceased to exert his wonted energy, and began to droop. Catherine, my eldest sister, had been married, and resided in Edinburgh. Jeanie had been constantly at home till her father's death, which took place just ten months before I was paid off When my father's affairs were wound up, it was found that, after everything should be disposed of, there would still be a considerable balance due to his creditors. Catherine's husband, although a good tradesman, and in the responsible situation of foreman to a respectable master in Edinburgh, was unable to raise as much money as would redeem the effects, and carry on the business; and this was the cause of the desolate state in which I had found my father's house Jeanie was at service near the place, and had come with the others, before their day's work began, to see the ruffian resurrection man, little thinking how near a friend he was to prove.

Thus I was as completely adrift, as to any employment or home, as if I had been cast upon a foreign shore. I felt as if I had been for the last few years in a troubled dream, and had just awakened to a still more painful reality; for I was now bereft of every hope, save in my own exertions; and these, I was conscious, were insufficient. I had but a rude notion of my father's business, having left my home when I was just beginning to acquire that dexterity which makes a good tradesman. What little knowledge of the business I had got, was now almost lost, from want of practice. No doubt, I drew pretty well; but it was to me a useless accomplishment—well enough to amuse, but not as a means of earning my bread. All this passed rapidly through my mind; but I resolved to reflect no more on the past, but, if possible, to make a better use of the future.

My sister and Brown, after the former had told her melancholy tale, sat silent for some time. I spoke first; and, after making a few inquiries for old acquaintance, and about other matters, requested Brown to tell me if he knew how the disagreeable adventure of the night before had occurred.

It is soon explained," said Brown: "Walkingshaw had a niece who died a few days since, rather suddenly, and he was afraid that her body might be stolen from the churchyard. As he is much respected, he got several of us young lads to watch her grave, which we did by turns; one party going to the churchyard a little after dusk, and remaining there till midnight, when they were relieved by the other party, who kept guard till daybreak—Walkingshaw himself being always one either in the fore or after part of the night. All went quietly on till last night, when the three lads who were on the watch were alarmed by a strange noise which had been for some time heard in the churchyard. A good deal alarmed, they went round the burying-ground; but nothing was to be seen, and all appeared right. The noise, however, seemed to flit about; and the young men, not being able to make out what it was, became more and more afraid. While they stood trembling and conjecturing, a tall white figure rose from behind one of the tombstones, and immediately sunk again behind it. It was distinctly seen in the moonlight. A second time the white figure rose high above the stone, and continued to sink and rise for some time. At length, in desperation, one of the young men levelled his fowling-piece; but whether, in his trepidation, he had spilled the priming, or from some other cause, the gun did not go off. A low, unearthly laugh seemed to come from the apparition, as it bent over the tombstone. This was more than human fortitude could stand: one of the lads fainted on the spot, and the other two fled home, without once looking behind them. This took place about eleven o'clock.

Walkingshaw was, at this time, on his way to relieve the

watch, accompanied by other three of his neighbours, when he met the gig coming pretty fast towards Edinburgh. A suspicion that all was not right crossed his mind; and when the gig came up, he demanded of those in it who they were, and where they came from. One of the persons in the gig replied by holding out a pistol, while the other urged the horse on. Walkingshaw and his party ran after, shouting to them to stop; but the gig held on its way, and would have got clear off; but, fortunately, four farmers, who had been in Edinburgh, heard the shouting, and saw the gig pass. They rode quickly up to the pursuing party; and when they knew the cause, turned their horses, and, in a round gallop, soon gained upon the flying vehicle so much, that those in it were forced to leave the body of the young woman in your father's old sawpit, where you were unluckily found beside it, and the real culprits escaped; for the four horsemen did not pursue far after them, as the body had been recovered. By this time a good many people had been roused from their beds, a cart and horse were procured; and you know the rest. You know poor Thomas—the lad left in the churchyard—was still amissing. A party went in quest of him, for the two that had fled home spread a fearful account of having seen a ghost. Thomas was found; but, although recovered from his swoon, was in such a state of mental imbecility that he scarce knew his friends. The trick played off on the lads was now fully detected; for the branch of a tree was found near the tombstone where the sight was seen. It was long, and stripped of its minor branches: so that if a white sheet was put on it, it bore a strong resemblance to a human figure. The resurrectionists must have been expert at their trade, for their was not the least appearance of the grave having been disturbed.

Perhaps I weary you by narrating such trifles; for, though important to me at the time, I can scarce hope they will interest you farther than to shew what strange situations men may be placed in when fortune turns her back upon them. I was now sick of the neighbourhood of my native place. The world was all before me, but where to choose I knew not. The sea I was heart-sick of. After breakfast, my sister got leave from her master to accompany me to town to visit Catherine and her husband. By these relations I was received most kindly, and eventually procured work under my brother-in-law, with whom I remained, happy and content, for several months; but, unfortunately, I had not concealed with sufficient care my having been at sea. The war again commenced, with, if possible, more virulence than ever; and some base informer gave notice of me to the press-gang. My brother-in-law gave me a caution to be upon my guard, as I was liable to be impressed, having once been at sea. This information greatly alarmed me, for I was not aware that an industrious mechanic could be torn from his work like a felon, because he had been once at sea, although I knew that a sailor could; but that was a matter which, until now, I had looked at with perfect indifference, as a thing that did not concern me. I knew not how it was, but, it appeared to me, that all my acquaintances, even my own sisters, seemed now intent on harassing me. Their constant talk being, such a one, poor fellow, was pressed yesterday, or last night, as it might be; or such another has entered to avoid the press. I was at this time using every precaution. I never was on the street save when going to or returning from my work, and even then I skulked along like a guilty person, and shrunk if I saw a stranger look at me as I passed. Even at my work I was restless and ever on the watch. For weeks I had slept with my clothes on, ready to start off at the first alarm. Several weeks had passed in this annoying manner, and we had become more secure, as nothing had occurred to give us any uneasiness, except the misfortunes of others.

Whether, however, in joy or sadness, time still rolls on. It was now the spring of the year, a period in which I have always delighted. I had ever, while ashore, watched for the first snow-drop with as intense an interest as if I had expected a friend; and when I saw its chaste white bell first peep above the black soil, like a ray of hope amidst misfortunes and suffering, my heart ever felt glad. But for eight seasons I had not tasted this tranquil joy. It was now the month of February, cold and bleak in general, with, now and then, a day of sunshine, more temperate than its fellows. I had begun my watch as I passed to my work or returned, and hoped soon to hail my favourite flower.

In this frame of mind I had returned from my work in the dusk of the evening. It was to be a domestic festival—the anniversary of my sister's wedding; and my other sister Jane, was to be present, with a few other acquaintances. We were, indeed, a happy company. Innocent mirth had full possession of our minds, and we felt as if care was not an allotted part of our condition. Time had now reached, with rapid flight, the eleventh hour of the evening, and thoughts of parting had begun to be entertained. We were all upon our feet—my brother-in-law singing, "Good-night and joy be wi' ye a';" our hands clasped in each other; and all, more or less, joining in the song—when the door of the room was burst open, and one of our neighbours rushed in, exclaiming—

"If there is any one here who needs to hide, be quick. There are strange men coming up, and more standing at the stair-foot."

Had the house been falling about our ears, the alarm and consternation could not have been greater. The voice of song was in an instant followed by the most appalling stillness, as we gazed upon each other in dismay. There was not a moment to spare, even for reflection; but my mind had been made up, long before, how to act in such an emergency. In the dead stillness that prevailed, I could hear the approaching steps of those I feared were in quest of me. Quick as thought, I seized my hat, saying—

"Do not scream; do not be alarmed on my account; know nothing of me;" and ran into the small room where I usually slept, opened the window, and dropped down, a height of two flats, into a tanner's yard; but, in my calculation I had forgotten to take into account the large watch-dog by which the yard was guarded. I was considerably hurt, by the concussion, about the ancles and spine. I fell prostrate upon the ground, and was unable to raise myself up; nor dared I to have done so, even if I could, for the instant I reached the ground, the watch-dog was upon me with a low growl, his lips contracted, and his fierce eyes glaring as they met mine. Of all the horrors I had ever endured, this was the most fearful in anticipation. I already felt in imagination his tusks tearing me, and could not withdraw my eyes from them as they gave a horrible white lustre to his dark and snarling head, as he stood with his mouth not a foot from my throat. The fetor of his breath was like to suffocate me; but, severe as the pain I felt was, I moved neither hand nor foot; neither did the dog stir from his position; only uttering a low growl if I even moved my head. I thus saw, in a moment, that my only chance was to remain as I was, painful as my situation felt.

All this had happened in little more time than I have taken to tell it. I had hoped to get over the wall of the yard, and make a clean run for it by the back of the castle; and here I was, fast under the window I had dropped from—all my risks and efforts having tended nothing towards my escape. As I lay thus, the captive of the dog, I saw a candle held out of the window, and strange faces examining the ground below; but the night was very dark, and, as I lay close in by the wall, they could not perceive me. I could hear voices, but could not make out what

was said. The light was withdrawn, and all was hushed again. The stunning feeling in my limbs and back began to abate; but the dog never, for one second, took his eye off me. I lay still as death. At length, he lay down by my side, only uttering his threatening growl if I moved a limb. Fearfully slow the minutes crept on for I knew not how long. I was comforted alone by the hope that my friends would release me as soon as they felt it safe to do so. It was, in truth, a most painful situation; so much so, that had I had my knife at the time in my pocket, I would have risked a combat with my ferocious jailor.

My sufferings had become almost unbearable, from cold and numbness; for I was upon the wet and muddy ground, when the voice of my sisters reached me from the window, calling in fear and anxiety—

"Jamie, O Jamie, are you there? I fear you are killed."

"No, no," I replied; "I am unhurt; but, for mercy's sake, get me freed from where I am." More I dared not say; for, the instant the dog heard my voice raised, he placed his paws upon me, and I feared he would have bit, so savage was his growl. The lights were immediately withdrawn, and I remained in darkness, at the mercy of my fierce and powerful keeper, for some time longer; but I was cheered by the hope of a speedy deliverance. At length, I heard the door of the yard open; and, turning my face towards it, saw two lanterns approaching; but, by whom they were carried, I could not distinguish. All I could make out was, that there were several persons approaching cautiously, and others who remained at the gate; but whether they were my friends, or the pressgang, I knew not. It was a moment of intense anxiety. My doubts, however, were soon set at rest. The well-known voice of the master of the tan-yard, called, as he neared me—

"Neptune, Neptune, my good dog, come here."

The fierce animal at once recognised his voice, and began to fawn, but continued to stand over me till his master came up and caught him by the collar. When my brother-in-law assisted me to get up, I stood at first with some difficulty, being benumbed with cold, and in great pain from my fall. Brown, who accompanied my brother-in-law, aided him to support me. All were astonished that none of my bones were broken, or that I had even escaped with my life; and blamed me for the desperate attempt. Assisted by my friends, I moved across the yard—feeling, every few steps, the use of my limbs returning. At the gate, I was embraced by my sisters, who had, from fear of the dog, remained there weeping for their brother. After thanking and apologizing to the gentleman for his kindness, and the trouble we had given him, we left the scene of my late adventure. I would, on no account, return to my sister's house, lest the gang might return. I even felt far from secure as I was, and urged them to leave me with Brown. Edinburgh, large as it was, I felt to be no longer a safe place for me; so, arranging that my sister, Jean, should bring me a change of clothes to the house of an acquaintance who lived close by, and whither Brown and I intended going, I proposed that I should afterwards return with them to Lasswade, late as it was. This was considered, by all, as the most safe course; and we parted, scarce having spoken above our breath.

Paterson—the name of the acquaintance alluded to—received me most kindly; while his wife augmented the fire, to restore heat to my chilled limbs; but he could not restrain his wonder at my situation. I felt it necessary to tell him all as it had occurred, and I did so with all the bitterness of feeling that arose in my mind at the thought of the gloomy prospect that lay before me in life. I felt I had ceased to be a free agent—my youth, my person, were no longer at my own disposal. I had seen slaves and slavery in the West Indies; but they were black; the colour of their skin was their badge of slavery. They never were, like me, mocked by the appellation of a free-born Briton. Yet, here was I, a free-born man, hunted like a runaway slave, because I had, in the folly of youth, agreed to serve my country at sea—my agreement being not for life, but for the war; and this agreement I had fulfilled. Such were my thoughts while I sat waiting the return of my sister, who tarried long—much longer than was necessary. I became uneasy at the delay, as I suspected some of the gang were still hovering about, and she, having recognised them, either was not allowed, or feared, to come to me. The chill that was upon me when I entered, had given way to the heat of the fire; but I felt cold and uncomfortable in my wet clothes. Brown left also, to see what it was that detained Jeanie; but immediately returned, saying that he was sure the gang were still on the watch; for he had seen two suspicious fellows at the foot of the next stair, and he thought the others might be searching the houses in it. Thrown again into a state of alarm, I knew not what to do; for the windows of Paterson's house looked into the close. In this dilemma, Mrs Paterson gave me one of her nightcaps, and adjusted it so as to conceal my long hair, which she tied under it; still, clean shaved as I was, my black beard made me look but a grim female. To remedy this as far as possible, Mrs Paterson ran for the meal pock, and soon paled my visage. I now took off my wet clothes, and went to bed, dressed in one of her white short gowns, and assumed the character of a sick female, with her young infant asleep by her side. Of Brown there was no fear; for he never had been at sea; and, what was a greater security, he was a burgess and freeman of Edinburgh—one whom no captain durst impress. As I lay in bed, anxiously awaiting the event, Paterson told Brown how nobly one of the provosts of Edinburgh had asserted the rights of the citizens, one of whom had been impressed, and placed on board of a frigate which lay in Leith Roads. His friends having applied to the Provost to have him liberated, the latter sent his mandate, by one of his officers, for his release. When the boat came alongside the frigate, the messenger of the Provost was laughed to scorn by those on board. His Lordship was not a man to be treated thus. Upon the return of his officer, he ordered, for duty at the pier of Leith, a party of the city guard, with his own officer, and a warrant to apprehend and lodge the captain of the frigate in the jail of Leith, until he restored the citizen to his friends and liberty. On the following day, the captain came to the pier, with all the pomp and consequence of a naval captain in commission—little dreaming of the reception which awaited him. As soon as he set his foot on shore, the officer, whom he had derided the day before, touched him on the shoulder, with the ominous words—"You are my prisoner;" and produced the Lord Provost's warrant, backed by his hardy veterans, whose muskets, loaded with ball, he dared not gainsay. Thus beset, the captain walked off to jail; but it was with a determination, stronger than ever, to keep his man; and with an additional resolution to ruin the Lord Provost, if not the city, for the insult done to him, in what he thought the furtherance of his duty. For that day and night the captain remained sullen in jail; but a jail is a powerful quencher of pride. He sent for, and consulted the crown lawyers; and, to his mortification, found that he was wrong; and the Provost was only doing his duty in maintaining the rights of the citizens. The man was sent safe to his friends before the captain was liberated. Still smarting, however, from the insult, as he considered it, the latter, when he reached London, complained to the Prime Minister of the treatment he had received in Leith. The reply was—

"The Provost is a bold man; but he did only what he was entitled to do."

Paterson had hardly concluded the above anecdote, when footsteps and whisperings were heard. In the next instant the door was burst open, and four of the gang entered in quest of me. To my serious alarm, I recognised two of them as old shipmates in the *Repulse*, who had been in French prison with me, and knew me well. I now thought there was not the smallest chance of escape.

As they strode into the room, Paterson and Brown started up, and boldly demanded who they were, and what they wanted. Jack Russell, whose voice thrilled in my ears, replied:—

"We are on his Majesty's service, and will harm no one. Give up to us James Elder; he is an old man-of-wars-man; and we shall give you no further trouble. If not, we must find him if we can."

"You wont find any man in this house, save those you see," replied Mrs Paterson. "So, use your freedom. All I request is, that you will not disturb the sick woman, or awaken her child. Are you asleep, my poor Helen?"

"No, no," I replied, in a voice more feminine and disguised by emotion than I could otherways have assumed; "but I am very sick."

Carefully they searched every place where a man could have been concealed. Twice Russell looked at me, and examined my face. Each time, I put my gowned arm out of the bedclothes, and put my hand to my eyes, as if to screen them from the light. At the second time, the infant awoke and screamed with terror. I moaned, as if in extreme pain, from the light. Mrs Paterson now began to play the part of an injured woman. She snatched the screaming infant from my side, and began to abuse them in no measured terms; and, turning to her husband and Brown, scolded them for their cowardliness in not protecting the poor sick woman from the rudeness of the fellows.

"You have searched every place, and have no excuse for remaining," she said. "So leave the house, or I will report your conduct to the magistrates. If anything happens to that poor sick creature, I will lay her death at your door. I will tell the doctor to-morrow that it was the pressgang that killed her, or made her worse."

Thus she railed until the men left the house, and I was rescued for this bout. They had not been above ten minutes in the house, and had no suspicion of my sex—so well had my female deliverer managed.

The men were no sooner gone, than the adventure furnished a subject for laughter to the three who had witnessed it, and had nothing at stake. But, ludicrous as was the appearance I no doubt made, when they held the looking-glass to let me see myself, I was too depressed to give way even to a smile. A sigh, almost a groan, escaped me, at the thought that, innocent of offence against any one, I was driven to such subterfuges to avoid what to me would have been a most grievous bondage.

At length, my sister Jane entered with my clothes, rejoiced at my escape. From her I learned, that the gang, on their first entrance, after I had leaped the window, searched in vain for me; having no suspicion, as the window had been closed as soon as I dropped, that I had been in the house, they had retired for some time before they dared to open the window to ascertain my situation. My friends had small hopes that I had escaped unhurt; but my brother-in-law lost no time in seeking the proprietor of the yard, who at once came to my rescue. The exit of my friends had, I suppose, excited no suspicion in the gang, who were still on the watch, expecting to catch me on my return home. It was when my sister was on her way for my change of clothes, that she saw the tanner, lantern in hand, detailing to an acquaintance the virtues of Neptune, and the cause of his being out at the yard at that untimeous hour. Jeanie's quick eye saw, concealed by a projection of the wall, one of the gang listening to all that was said. But, although alarmed at what she saw, she still moved on, when a low whistle from the man who had been listening, brought several others to his side. Two went to the foot of the close, while two watched at the head. The others had searched every house in the close before they had given up the pursuit.

It was now nearly one o'clock in the morning, but the moon had been risen for some time. I felt myself refreshed, and all disagreeable feelings from my late adventure almost gone, and, accompanied by Jeanie and Brown, once more left Edinburgh; but my sensations were now quite different from those with which I first left it. They were then buoyant and full of delight; now they were those of a banished man. It is now difficult for me to say, whether sadness or resentment had most the possession of my mind; but this I can never forget, that every circumstance around us seemed gloomy as my own mind. The moon shone fitfully upon the Grassmarket as we proceeded in silence up its deserted space, while dense and large clouds sailed heavily before the chill eastern wind.

My mind was too much irritated and harassed to join in conversation; and my answers to the kind endeavours of my sister and her lover, who sought to engage my attention, were brief monosyllables. But when did youthful lovers, walking in moonlight, love silence, or want topics of conversation? Before we had reached Bristo Port, they were as deeply engaged in a whispering dialogue, as if I had not been present. Good nature told me that, although I was unhappy myself, I had no right to mar the enjoyment of others; so I quickened my step a little, and they fell a few paces behind, and thus we proceeded until we left the city behind us. We had nearly reached Libberton Dams, when the moon, which had been for a long time overcast, shone forth and silvered over the scene around. There before me, in bold relief, shone the church in which I had, until I left my home, heard the gospel of peace and hope; and in the churchyard slept my parents, unconscious of the return and unhappiness of their foolish son. A flood of tender recollections rushed upon my mind, and in a moment changed the current of my thoughts. I felt overpowered: I could have wept; and a heavy sigh escaped me, as I involuntarily stood still to gaze on the last resting-place of those to whom I owed my being. I wished myself asleep by their side; and felt as if it would have been pleasant to die at this moment, with my whole heart filled with love and reverence for the days of innocence I had enjoyed. This was one of the moments of my existence on which I shall ever think with a satisfaction no other pleasure can give. But I was ever so far fortunate, for, in all my troubles, I have still found some enjoyment.

But to proceed:—The thoughts of the young folks behind me were in a different train. They talked of love and happiness, and indulged in fond expectations of future bliss. At length I was roused by their inquiry, why I stood still, and if I was well? I pointed to the spot that looked to me so lovely, and whispered to Jean—"Can I forget those whose loved ashes mingle there." All the woman rushed upon her heart, and she burst into tears. Tender recollections and regrets furnished the subject of our discourse, until we reached the end of our journey.

After we had seen Jeanie safe home, I and Brown went to the house where he lodged, as he was at the time working at Melville Castle, and was in hopes of finding employment there for me likewise. As I considered myself now as an outlaw or proscribed man, I thought it prudent to disguise myself as much as possible; but how to do so, kept me awake a great part of the night, before I could fix upon the mode I should adopt. At length I resolved, and put my resolve into execution as soon as Brown had left the room, which was before daybreak. On his depart-

ure, I left my bed, and got everything ready before our landlady arose, or could see me, which, from the late, or rather early hour of our arrival, she had not. My hair, which, agreeably to the fancy of sailors, I was not a little proud of, I cut off to almost a crop, and threw my long-cherished tie into the fire, without a sigh. Away, also, went my side locks; but my ruthless task was not yet half accomplished, for the razor came next, and, in a few minutes, my forehead, back to the crown, was smooth as the palm of my hand. You may judge of my fears of the pressgang by the sacrifice I had made. Nay, smile not, good sir; for, to me, it was then a great sacrifice, although now I can, with you, think of it lightly enough. Having glanced at myself in the glass, I turned away from it in loathing; for, it told an unpleasant truth. It exhibited James Elder a bald-headed man, who, a few minutes before, had had a luxuriant head of hair. My eyebrows, naturally a lightish brown, I made nearly black, by a piece of burnt wood and grease from the candle. This was all I could do. It were vain to tell the pain I felt at thus, as it were, ceasing to be myself in all but my name, which I resolved never to change. After breakfast, I walked up to the castle to test the efficacy of my metamorphosis on Brown. When I reached the workshop where he was, I entered as a stranger, and began to chat with him and the other lads. At the first sound of my voice, he started, and looked hard at me; but I saw I was not recognised, and, low-spirited as I was, I felt pleasure in my success. After remaining some time, I retired, leaving Brown unconscious with whom he had conversed. Towards dusk, I met him before he reached home, and made myself known to him, when, after expressing his surprise at the dexterity with which I had disguised myself, he informed me that he had procured employment for me; and next morning I commenced work along with him.

The spring was now mild, and the days lengthening apace. In fine evenings I had no other relaxation from my studies, if they could be so called, than a walk on the banks of the Esk; Brown giving all his time to my sister, to whom he was to be married early in July.

In my walks up the water towards Hawthornden or Roslin, I had often met a young female tending a cow. She could not be said to be beautiful; but their was a pensiveness and winning simplicity in her countenance, that, in my situation, was far more engaging than beauty. She was the companion of my solitude, although we had never spoken to each other; for, save a solitary fisher intent on his sport, or a pair of lovers who glided past, silent and reserved, I saw no one in my walks but Catherine, whom I was ever sure to find near some grassy spot or other. She sung her native notes with a melody I never heard excelled, and all her airs were plaintive. They were warbled forth like those of the blackbird or thrush, when she thought no one was near. I have sat, night after night, hid behind some bushes, to catch her low pitched notes as they floated on the evening air, and mixed with the tinkling of the stream as it ran along over its pebbly bed, now almost dry from summer drought. Sweet were the minutes I thus passed, yet I had no desire to speak to Kitty, or to be more familiar. It was enough if I saw her, and occasionally heard her song; for often she sat pensive, busy with her seam, and silent, till she drove home her charge. Still, if my eyes rested upon her as she sat, I felt happy and content. Thus my time passed on. Jeanie had been married to Brown, who had left Lasswade, and now resided in Edinburgh. I had, therefore, nothing to engage my mind except my drawing, and my stolen glances at the unconscious maid, who now had a hold on my affections I was unconscious of, till one evening when I was made to feel the power she had over me.

She was sitting on a rock, her cow grazing near her, singing her favourite song—"The Broom of the Cowden Knowes." She had sung the lines—

> "I wanted neither cow nor ewe,
> When his flock near me lay;
> He gathered in my flock at night,
> And cheered me a' the day."

The evening sun shone upon her as she sat. Her face was turned towards it with an expression of deep melancholy. I saw his mild rays glisten upon her cheek. She was weeping. They were the big drops of anguish, that glanced, as they fell, unheeded, on her bosom. Still she continued to warble her song, as if it gave utterance to her wo. At first I felt an impulse to approach and attempt to soothe her grief, if in my power; but the consciousness that I was a stranger, and, above all, my disguised condition, restrained me; yet, oh, how keenly I felt at this moment, that I was in my looks a lie, that I was not what I appeared.

It was now deepening into night, and my fair enslaver had been gone for some time. Still I had not moved from the spot where I had last seen her. I now felt how altered all my feelings were; but I was unconscious that I loved. I thought it only sympathy for an interesting female, oppressed by some secret cause of sadness, like myself. At length, however, I resolved to introduce myself to her on the following evening; for, although we had never spoken, my person was familiar to her, from our often passing on the banks of the Esk, and our seeing each other at church.

The weather, which had, for several weeks, been remarkably fine, now became very wet, and continued so for several days, raising the waters of the Esk to a great height. The weather was so bad that I could not frequent my usual haunts, but remained in my room, fretful, and musing upon the change that had come over me. My drawing had lost its wonted power to amuse—my thoughts ever reverting to Catherine. At length it became settled and fair; and, on one delightful evening, I, as soon as I had given up work for the day, walked up the waterside, in quest of Kitty, resolved to address her, and thus commence an acquaintance. Full of pleasing anticipations, I felt more of peace of mind than I had done for many years. Every instant, as I wandered on, I hoped to encounter her; but she either was not out, or had stopped further up the water. I had begun to think I should not see her that evening, when the sleek brindled object of her care met my eye. Anxious as I had been to meet her, I felt my heart palpitate, and a diffidence came over me when I knew she was near me, and was compelled to stand still to resummon my resolution, which I felt fast failing me. As I stood I thought I heard persons conversing in a low but earnest tone. I listened, all anxiety; for I could recognise that of Catherine, and another voice, that of a man. A pang shot through my heart, the most excruciating I ever felt: it bereft me of all power of motion; and, for a minute or two, I was rooted to the spot where I stood. At length, deriving consolation from the reflection that the person might be a brother or other friend of Catherine, I moved into the bushes behind the spot whence the murmurs proceeded, and stealthily stole on until I got a sight that almost overpowered me—which made me feel how intensely I had loved the maiden unknown to myself.

There, at the edge of the copse, in a retired angle, sat Catherine, with one of the Edinburgh Militia soldiers by her side; his arm encircling her waist; while her face, which was turned up to his, wore an expression—oh, how different from that I had seen it wear the last time I had seen her. It now glowed with modest happiness and love. This was more than I could bear; yet I had no cause to complain—I had never exchanged words with the maid. Still I hated the happy object of her affections, and, for some hours, most intensely. In the first gust of my passion, at seeing him enjoy that banquet of love which I had, a

few minutes before, hoped would have been mine, and mine only—I could have rushed out of my concealment, and thrown him into the deep and weltering pool close by. But better thoughts soon swayed my mind. I could not think of giving pain to the object of my love; and silently withdrew, with a feeling of despondency deeper than I ever felt when adrift on the vast Atlantic; for I thought there was now before me a long life of regret for the loss of Catherine.

In this mood I had unconsciously taken the way back to Edinburgh, and had nearly reached Gilmerton. A ray of hope crossed my mind. "Perhaps," I thought, "the soldier I saw her so familiar and happy with was her brother." My resolution was at the instant formed. A load seemed to have fallen from my shoulders, as I quickened my pace to reach Edinburgh; my object now being to make inquiries at my sister Jean, who, I had no doubt, could inform me of all I wished to learn regarding her who was now the only subject of my thoughts.

For the first time since the night of my escape from the press-gang, I traversed the streets of Edinburgh, and soon reached the Low Calton, where my sister resided with her husband. Scarce were her inquiries about my health answered, when I commenced my inquiries. Women have great tact in perceiving when love is in the case. Indeed, it was not without a feeling of embarrassment I began the subject, nor without something like irritation that I listened to her jokes on the subject. I, however, stoutly denied that love could be in the case, as I had never in my life spoken to the young woman I was inquiring about. Jeanie only laughed the louder. This, to me, was almost insufferable; but I was forced to restrain the vexation my looks betrayed. At length, she told me that Catherine was an old schoolfellow of hers, the only surviving child of a widow. Her father had been dead for many years; and Catherine was her chief support; toiling with cheerfulness for her at day's work; having left her service to attend her mother, who was weakly. By her careful management, and some money she had saved while in service, she had been enabled to purchase the cow she was in the custom of taking to the grass, by the water's side, after her day's work in the fields or paper-mill was over. "But, poor thing," added my sister, "she was not like the same creature the last time I saw her; she looked so dowie and heart-broken like. My own heart was sore for my former merry companion, who has but too good cause for her sorrow."

Here my sister, either to ease, or unwilling to pain me, ceased; for she, I am certain, saw that love was the cause of my anxiety about Kitty. There is no doubt I looked as I felt; perhaps I blushed when, in as careless a manner as I could assume, I requested to know the cause of poor Catherine's grief.

"It was," said my sister, complying with my request, "as I have heard, about a year before Catherine was born, when the American war was raging, and men were pressed and trepanned in all manner of ways, as I have heard my father tell, that an aunt of Catherine's came to live in her family. Her husband had been compelled to go as a soldier, by some unjust and cruel trick; for he was only a poor labouring man, and had no one to take his part, or see justice done him. You have often heard, as well as I, when those that suffered in those times were talking of them, that when soldiering or sailoring was in the case, there was no justice for the poor—go they must.

"Catherine's aunt had with her, Walter Bennet, her only child, just a few months old. She, herself, was in bad health; having followed her husband to Greenock, in hopes to be allowed to go with him, but was refused. Fatigue and heart-break were sinking her fast to an early grave, when, houseless, sick, and pennyless, she reached her brother's door, who took her in and cherished the crushed victim of war. She appeared to recover for a time, and little Walter throve. His uncle and aunt loved him as their own child; his infant prattle beguiled their evenings, and often wore a smile from his broken-hearted mother, who exerted herself above her strength not to be burdensome to her brother But she never was, from the day of her arrival till her death, seen to smile. It was some months after the birth of Kitty, that word came to the village, by a returned soldier, who had belonged to the same regiment, that Walter Bennet had been slain shortly after he landed, and in the same battle in which this soldier himself had been disabled. In three weeks after, the widow was released from all her sorrows; and little Walter was an orphan boy, who never knew the loss of his parents; for no one could tell whether Walter or Catherine was most beloved by the good people. And to them he proved a most dutiful child; giving what ease he could to their declining years. After his uncle's death, and Catherine's return from service, their love as brother and sister ripened into a yet tenderer feeling, and the aged widow longed for their union.

All was arranged, and the providing purchased, when this cruel war broke out again; and our rulers have once more become widow and orphan makers. Catherine's bridegroom was drawn for a militia-man. It would have been imprudent, even could he have spared the money, to have paid for a substitute. He, therefore, determined on serving; and must have got leave to come from Dalkeith to visit his mother and Catherine this afternoon. Five years, indeed, soon wear round, in the ordinary course of events, but it appears an age for lovers to wait.

My sister's husband, who had been detained to a later hour than usual, now came in, and we joined in the common conversation of the day: when, after tarrying a few minutes, I bade them good night, and set out upon my return to Lasswade, with feelings far different from those with which I had left it in the afternoon. The tumult of mind with which I had hurried into town, had now subsided. Its place was supplied by a calm and tranquil feeling of regret. Love for Catherine still had a strong, very strong hold of my heart; but it was kept in subjection by reason and esteem. My thoughts of her, now, were as if I had loved her before I went to sea, and upon my return I had found her dead. Could I, for a moment, have thought her capable of proving false to her vows to Walter, how I would have loathed and shunned her. Burns' "Address to Mary in Heaven," had ever been a favourite of mine, but that night it seemed to have a depth of feeling and sublimity in it which I had never perceived before. I think the poet's soul, when he composed these immortal lines, felt not their soothing sadness more than I did, as they glided through my memory, while, gazing on the stars, I stood still to repeat them, again and again, before I reached my home. I next morning resumed my work with a feeling of satisfaction I had been a stranger to for several weeks. I now was happy. Happy that I had never spoken to the object of my affections; and in my wanderings of an evening, I never felt so deliciously as when the low sad warblings of her melancholy songs reached my ear, as I sat on the opposite side of the Esk; for I now always walked up the Hawthornden side to steal a few minutes of pure pleasure, by gazing on the object of my esteem—for I thought of her now as of one long since dead to me.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

On the western skirts of the Torwood—famous, in Scottish story, for its association with the names of Wallace and Bruce—there stood, in the middle of the 16th century, a farm-house of rather superior appearance for the period.

This house was occupied, at the time of which we speak, by a person of the name of Henderson, who farmed a pretty extensive tract of land in the neighbourhood.

Henderson was a respectable man; and, although not affluent, was in tolerably easy circumstances.

The night on which our story opens, which was in the September of the year 1530, was a remarkably wild and stormy one. The ancient oaks of the Torwood were bending and groaning beneath the pressure of the storm; and, ever and anon, large portions of the dark forest were rendered visible, and a wild light thrown into its deepest recesses, by the flashing lightning.

The night, too, was pitch dark; and, to add to its dismal character, a heavy, drenching rain, borne on the furious blast, deluged the earth, and beat with violence on all opposing objects.

"A terrible night this, goodwife," said Henderson to his helpmate, as he double-barred the outer door, while she stood behind him with a candle to afford him the necessary light to perform this operation.

"I wish these streamers, that have been dancing all night in the north, may not bode some ill to poor Scotland. They were seen, I mind, just as they are now, eight nights precisely before that cursed battle of Flodden; and it was well judged by them, that some serious disaster was at hand."

"But I have heard you say, goodman," replied David Henderson's better-half, who—the former finding some difficulty in thrusting a bar into its place—was still detained in her situation of candle-holder, "that the fight of Flodden was lost by the King's descending from his vantage ground."

"True, goodwife," said David; "but was not his doing so but a means of fulfilling the prognostication? How could it have been brought about else?"

The door being now secured, Henderson and his wife returned, without further colloquy, into the house; and shortly after—it being now late—retired to bed.

In the meantime, the storm continued to rage with unabated violence. The rush of the wind amongst the trees was deafening; and, at first faintly, but gradually waxing louder, as the stream swelled with the descending deluge of rain, came the hoarse voice of the adjoining river on the blast, as it boiled and raged along.

Henderson had been in bed about an hour—it was now midnight—but had been kept awake by the tremendous sounds of the tempest, when, gently jogging his slumbering helpmate—

"Goodwife," he said, "listen a moment. Don't you hear the voice of some one shouting without?"

They now both listened intently; and, loudly as the storm roared, soon distinguished the tramp of horses' feet approaching the house.

In the next moment, a rapid succession of thundering strokes on the door, as if from the but-end of a heavy whip, accompanied by the exclamations of—"Ho! within there! house, house!" gave intimation that the rider sought admittance.

"Who can this be?" said Henderson, making an attempt to rise; in which, however, he was resisted by his wife, who held him back, saying—

"Never mind them, David; let them just rap on. This is no time to admit visiters. Who can tell who they may be?"

"And who cares who they may be?" replied the sturdy farmer, throwing himself out of bed. "I'll just see how they look from the window, Mary;" and he proceeded to the window; threw it up; looked over; and saw beneath him a man of large stature, mounted on a powerful black horse, with a lady seated behind him.

"Dreadful night, friend," said the stranger, looking up to the window occupied by Henderson, and to which he had been attracted by the noise made in raising it. "Can you give my fellow-traveller, here, shelter till the morning? She is so benumbed with cold, so drenched with wet, and so exhausted by the fatigue of a long day's ride, that she can proceed no further; and we have yet a good fifteen miles to make out."

"This is no hostel, friend, for the accommodation of travellers," replied the farmer. "I am not in the habit of admitting strangers into my house, especially at so late an hour of the night as this."

"Had I been asking for myself," rejoined the horseman, "I should not have complained of your wariness; but, surely, you wont be so churlish as refuse quarters to a lady on such a night as this. She can scarce retain her seat on the saddle. Besides, you shall be handsomely paid for any trouble you may be put to."

"Oh, do, good sir, allow me to remain with you for the night, for I am, indeed, very much fatigued," came up to the ear of Henderson, in feeble but silvery tones, from the fair companion of the horseman—with the addition, after a short pause, of—"You shall be well rewarded for the kindness."

At a loss what to do, Henderson made no immediate reply, but, scratching his head, withdrew from the window, a moment, to cousult his wife.

Learning that there was a lady in the case, and judging, from this circumstance, that no violence or mischief of any kind was likely to be intended, the latter agreed although still with some reluctance, to her husband's suggestion that the benighted travellers should be admitted.

On this resolution being come to, Henderson returned to the window, and, thrusting out his head, exclaimed—

"Wait there a moment, and I will admit you."

In the next instant, he had unbarred the outer door, and had stept out to assist the lady in dismounting; but was anticipated in this courtesy by her companion, who had already placed her on the ground.

"Shall I put up your horse, sir?" said Henderson, addressing the stranger, but now with more deference than before; as, from his dress and manner, which he had now an opportunity of observing more closely, he had no doubt he was a man of rank.

"Oh, no, thank you, friend," replied the latter. 'My business is pressing, and I must go on; but allow me to recommend this fair lady to your kindest attention. To-morrow I will return and carry her away."

Saying this, he again threw himself on his horse—a noble looking charger; took bridle in hand; struck his spurs into his side; and, regardless of all obstacles, and of the profound darkness of the night, darted off with the speed of the wind.

In an instant after, both horse and rider were lost in the gloom; but their furious career might, for some time, be tracked—even after they had disappeared—by the streams of fire which poured from the fierce collision of the horse's hoofs with the stony road over which he was tearing his way with such desperate velocity.

Henderson, in the meantime, had conducted his fair charge into the house, and had consigned her to the care of his wife, who had now risen for the purpose of attending her.

A servant having been also called up, a cheerful fire soon blazed on the hearth of the best apartment in the house—that into which the strange lady had been ushered.

The kind-hearted farmer's wife now also supplied her fair guest with dry clothing and other necessaries, and did everything in her power to render her as comfortable as possible.

To this kindness, her natural benevolence alone would have prompted her; but an additional motive presented itself in the youth and extreme beauty of the fair traveller, who was, as the farmer's wife afterwards remarked to her husband, the loveliest creature ever her eyes had beheld. Nor was her manner less captivating: it was mild and gentle; while the sweet silvery tones of her voice imparted an additional charm to the graces of her person.

Her apparel, too, the good woman observed, was of the richest description; and the jewellery with which she was adorned, in the shape of rings, bracelets, &c., and which she deposited, one after another, on a table that stood beside her, with the careless manner of one accustomed to the possession of such things, seemed of great value.

A purse, also, well stored with golden guineas, as the sound indicated, was likewise thrown on the table with the same indifferent manner.

The wealth of the fair stranger, in short, seemed boundless in the eyes of her humble, unsophisticated attendant.

The comfort of the young lady attended to in every way, including the offer of some homely refreshment, of which, however, she scarcely partook, pleading excessive fatigue as an apology, she was left alone in the apartment, to retire to rest when she thought proper; the room containing a clean and neat bed, which had always been reserved for strangers.

On rejoining her husband, after leaving her fair guest, a long and earnest conversation took place between the worthy couple, as to who or what the strangers could be. They supposed, they conjectured, they imagined; but all to no purpose. They could make nothing of it beyond the conviction that they were persons of rank; for the natural politeness of the "guidwife" had prevented her asking the young lady any questions touching her history; and she had made no communication whatever on the subject herself.

As to the lady's companion, all that Henderson, who was the only one of the family who had seen him, could tell was, that he was a tall, dark man, attired as a gentleman, but so muffled up in a large cloak, that he could not, owing to that circumstance, and the extreme darkness of the night, make out his features distinctly.

Henderson, however, expressed some surprise at the abruptness of his departure, and still more at the wild and desperate speed with which he had ridden away, regardless of the darkness of the night, and of all obstacles that might be in the way.

It was what he himself, a good horseman, and who knew every inch of the ground, would not have done for a thousand merks; and a great marvel he held it, that the reckless rider had got a hundred yards without horse and man coming down, to the utter destruction of both.

Such was the substance of Henderson's communications to his wife regarding the horseman. The latter's to him was of the youth and exceeding beauty of his fair companion, and of her apparently prodigious wealth. The worthy man drank in, with greedy ears, and looks of excessive wonderment, her glowing descriptions of the sparkling jewels and heavily laden purse which she had seen the strange lady deposit on the table; and greatly did these descriptions add to his perplexity as to who or what this lady could possibly be.

Tired of conjecturing, the worthy couple now again retired to rest, trusting that the morning would bring some light on a subject which so sadly puzzled them.

In due time that morning came, and, like many of those mornings that succeed a night of storm, it came fair and beautiful. The wind was laid, the rain had ceased, and the unclouded sun poured his cheerful light through the dark green glades of the Torwood.

On the same morning, another sun arose, although to shine on a more limited scene. This was the fair guest of David Henderson of Woodlands, whose beauty, remarkable as it had seemed on the previous night, under all disadvantages, now appeared to surpass all that can be conceived of female loveliness.

Mrs Henderson looked on the beauteous countenance of the fair stranger with a degree of wonder and delight that, for some time, prevented her tendering the civilities which she came for the express purpose of offering. For some seconds, she could do nothing but gaze in silent rapture on the exceeding loveliness that now greeted her wondering eyes. The gentle smile, too, and melodious voice of her beauteous guest, seemed still more fascinating than on the previous evening.

In the meantime, the day wore on, and there was yet no appearance of the lady's companion of the former night, who, as the reader will recollect, had promised to Henderson to return and carry away his fair lodger.

Night came, and still he appeared not. Another day and another night passed away, and still he of the black charger was not forthcoming.

The circumstance greatly surprised both Henderson and his wife; but it did not surprise them more than the lady's apparent indifference on the subject. She, indeed, joined, in words at least, in the wonder, which they once or twice distantly hinted at the conduct of the recreant knight; but it was evident that she did not feel much of either astonishment or disappointment at his delay.

Again and again, another and another day came, and passed away, and still no one appeared to inqure after the fair inmate of Woodlands.

It will readily be believed, that the surprise of Henderson and his wife at this circumstance, increased with the lapse of time. It certainly did. But, however much they might be surprised, they had little reason to complain, so far, at any rate, as their interest was concerned, for their fair lodger paid them handsomely for the trouble she put them to. She dealt out the contents of her ample and well-stocked purse with unsparing liberality, besides presenting her hostess with several valuable jewels.

On this score, therefore, they had nothing to complain of; and neither needed to care, nor did care, how long it continued.

During all this time, the unknown beauty continued to

maintain the most profound silence regarding her history; whither she had come, whither she was going, or in what relation the person stood to her who had brought her to Woodlands, and who now seemed to have deserted her.

All that the most ingeniously put queries on the subject could elicit was, that she was an entire stranger in that part of the country; and an assurance that the person who brought her would return for her one day, although there were reasons why it might be some little time distant.

What these reasons were, however, she never would give the most remote idea; and with this measure of information were her host and hostess compelled to remain satisfied.

The habits of the fair stranger, in the meantime, were extremely retired. She would never go abroad until towards the dusk of the evening; and when she did, she always took the most sequestered routes; her favourite, indeed only resort, on these occasions, being a certain little retired grove of elms, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from Woodlands.

The extreme caution the young lady observed in all her movements, when she went abroad, a good deal surprised both Henderson and his wife; but, from a feeling of delicacy towards their fair lodger, who had won their esteem by her affable and amiable manners, they avoided all remark on the subject, and would neither themselves interfere in any way with her proceedings, nor allow any other member of their family to do so.

Thus was she permitted to go out and return whensoever she pleased, without inquiry or remark.

Although, however, neither Henderson nor his wife would allow of any one watching the motions of their fair but mysterious lodger, when she went abroad, there is nothing to hinder us from doing this. We shall, therefore, follow her to the little elm grove by the wayside, on a certain evening two or three days after her arrival at Woodlands.

Doing this, we shall find the beauteous stranger seated beside a clear sparkling fountain, situated a little way within the grove, that first forming itself into a little pellucid lake in the midst of the greensward, afterwards glided away adown a mossy channel bedecked with primroses.

All alone by this fountain sat the fair lady, looking, in her surpassing loveliness, and the exquisite symmetry of her light and graceful form, the very nymph of the crystal waters of the spring—the goddess of the grove.

As she thus sat on the evening in question—it being now towards the dusk—the bushes by which the fountain was, in part, shut in, were suddenly and roughly parted, and, in the next moment, a young man, of elegant exterior, attired in the best fashion of the period, and leading a horse behind him by the bridle, stood before the half-alarmed and blushing damsel.

The embarrassment of the lady, however, was not much greater than that of the intruder, who appeared to have little expected to find so fair and delicate a creature in such a situation—or, indeed, to find any one else. He, himself, had sought the fountain, which he knew well, and had often visited, merely to quench his thirst.

After contemplating each other for an instant, with looks of surprise and embarrassment, the stranger doffed his bonnet with an air of great gallantry, and apologised for his intrusion.

The lady, smiling and blushing, replied, that his appearance there could be no intrusion, as the place was free to all.

"True, madam," said the former, again bowing low; "but your presence should have made it sacred, and I should have so deemed it, had I been aware of your being here."

The only reply of the young lady to this gallant speech, was a profound curtsey, and a smile of the most winning sweetness.

Unable to withdraw himself from the fascinations of the fair stranger, yet without any apology for remaining longer where he was, the young man appeared, for a moment, not to know precisely what he should say or do next. At length, however, after having vainly hinted a desire to know the young lady's name and place of residence, his courtesy prevailed over every other more selfish feeling, and he mounted his horse, and, bidding the fair wood nymph a respectful adieu, rode off.

The young gallant, however, did not carry all away with him that he brought: he left his heart behind him; and he had not ridden far before he found that he had done so.

The surpassing beauty of the fair stranger, and the captivating sweetness of her manner, had made an impression upon him which was destined never to be effaced.

His, in short, was one of those cases in the matter of love, which, it is said, are laughed at in France, doubted in England, and true only of the warm-tempered sons and daughters of the sunny south—love at first sight.

It was so. From that hour the image of the lovely nymph of the grove was to remain for ever enshrined in the inmost heart of the young cavalier.

He had met with no encouragement to follow up the accidental acquaintance he had made. Indeed, the lady's reluctance to give him any information whatever as to her name or residence, he could not but consider as an indirect intimation that she desired no further correspondence with him.

But, recollecting the old adage, that "faint heart never won fair lady," he resolved, although unbidden, to seek, very soon again, the fountain in the elm grove.

Having brought our story to this point, we shall retrace our steps a little way, and take note of certain incidents that occurred in the city of Glasgow, on the day after the visit of him of the black charger at Woodlands.

Early on the forenoon of that day, the Drygate, then one of the principal streets of the city above-named, exhibited an unusual degree of stir and bustle.

The causeway was thronged with idlers, who were, ever and anon, dashed aside, like the wave that is thrown from the prow of a vessel, by some prancing horseman, who made his way towards an open space formed by the junction of three different streets.

At this point were mustering a band of riders, consisting of the civil authorities of the city, together with a number of its principal inhabitants, and other gentlemen from the neighbourhood.

The horsemen were all attired in their best—hat and feathers, long cloaks of Flemish broad cloth, and glittering steel-handled rapiers by their sides.

Having mustered to about the number of thirty, they formed themselves into something like regular order, and seemed now to be but awaiting the word to march. And it was indeed so; but they were also awaiting he who was to give it. They waited the appearance of their leader. A shout from the populace soon after announced his approach.

"The Provost! the Provost!" exclaimed a hundred voices at once, as a man of large stature, and of a bold and martial bearing, mounted on a "coal black steed," came prancing alongst the Drygate head, and made for the point at which the horsemen were assembled

On his approach, the latter doffed their hats respectfully—a civility which was gracefully returned by him to whom it was addressed.

Taking his place at the head of the cavalcade, the Provost gave the word to march, when the whole party moved

onwards; and, after cautiously footing it down the steep and ill-paved descent of the Drygate, took, at a slow pace, the road towards Hamilton.

The chief magistrate of Glasgow, who led the party of horsemen on the present occasion, was Sir Robert Lindsay of Dunrod—a powerful and wealthy baron of the neighbourhood, who had been chosen to that appointment, as all chief magistrates were chosen in those wild and turbulent times, on account of his ability to protect the inhabitants from those insults and injuries to which they were constantly liable at the hands of unprincipled power, and from which the laws were too feeble to shield them.

And to better hands than those of Sir Robert Lindsay, who was a man of bold and determined character, the welfare of the city, and the safety of the citizens, could not have been entrusted.

In return for the honour conferred on him, and the confidence reposed in him, he watched over the interests of the city with the utmost vigilance. But it was not to the general interest alone that he confined the benefits of his guardianship. Individuals, also, who were wronged, or threatened to be wronged, found in him a ready and efficient protector, let the oppressor or wrongdoer be whom he might.

Having given this brief sketch of the leader of the cavalcade, we resume the detail of its proceedings.

Holding on its way, in a south-easterly direction, the party soon reached and passed Rutherglen Bridge; the road connecting Hamilton with Glasgow being then on the south side of the Clyde. But a little way further had they proceeded, when the faint sound of a bugle was heard, coming, apparently, from a considerable distance.

"There he comes at last," said Sir David Lindsay, suddenly checking his horse to await the coming up of his party, of which he had been riding a little way in advance, immersed in a brown study. "There he comes at last," he exclaimed, recalled from his reverie by the sound of the bugle. "Look to your paces, gentlemen, and let us shew some order and regularity as well as respect."

Obeying this hint, the horsemen, who had been before jogging along in a confused and careless manner, now drew together into a closer body; the laggards coming forward, and those in advance holding back.

In this order, with the Provost at their head, the party continued to move slowly onwards; but they had not done so for many minutes, when they descried, at the further extremity of a long level reach of the road, a numerous party of horse approaching at a rapid, ambling pace, and seemingly straining hard to keep up with one who rode a little way in their front.

The contrast between this party and the Provost's was striking enough.

The latter, though exceedingly respectable and citizen-like, was of extremely sober hue compared to the former, in which flaunted all the gayest dresses of the gayest courtiers of the time. Long plumes of feathers waved and nodded in velvet bonnets, looped with gold bands; and rich and brilliant colours, mingling with the glitter of steel and silver, gave to the gallant cavalcade at once an imposing and magnificent appearance. In point of horsemanship, too, with the exception of Sir Robert Lindsay himself, and one or two other men of rank, who had joined his party, the approaching cavaliers greatly surpassed the worthy citizens of St Mungo; coming on at a showy and dashing pace, while the latter kept advancing with the sober, steady gait assimilative of their character.

On the two parties coming within about fifty paces of each other, Sir Robert Lindsay made a signal to his followers to halt, while he himself rode forward, hat in hand, towards the leader of the opposite party.

"Our good Sir Robert of Dunrod," said the latter who was no other than James V., advancing half-way to meet the Provost, and taking him kindly and familiarly by the hand as he spoke. "How didst learn of our coming?"

"The movements of Kings are not easily kept secret," replied Sir Robert, evasively.

"By St Bridget, it would seem not," replied James, laughingly. "My visit to your good city, Sir Robert, I did not mean to be a formal one, and, therefore, had mentioned it only to one or two. In truth, I—I"—added James, with some embarrassment of manner—"I had just one particular purpose, and that of a private nature, in view. No state matter at all, Sir Robert—nothing of a public character. So that, to be plain with you, Sir Robert, I could have dispensed with the honour you have done me in bringing out these good citizens to receive me; that being, I presume, your purpose. Not but that I should have been most happy to meet yourself, Sir Robert; but it was quite unnecessary to trouble these worthy people."

"It was our bounden duty, your Grace," replied Sir Robert, not at all disconcerted by this royal damper on his loyalty. "It was our bounden duty, on learning that your Grace was at Bothwell Castle, and that you intended visiting our poor town of Glasgow, to acknowledge the favour in the best way in our power. And these worthy gentlemen and myself could think of no better than coming out to meet and welcome your Grace."

"Well, well, since it is so, Sir Robert," replied the King, good-humouredly, "we shall take the kindness as it is meant. Let us proceed."

Riding side by side, and followed by their respective parties, James and the Provost now resumed their progress towards Glasgow, where they shortly after arrived, and where they were received with noisy acclamations by the populace, whom rumour had informed of the King's approach.

On reaching the city, the latter proceeded to the Bishop's Castle—an edifice which has long since disappeared; but which, at this time, stood on or near the site of the infirmary, in which he intended taking up his residence.

Having seen the King within the castle gates, his citizen escort dispersed, and sought their several homes; going off, in twos and threes, in different directions.

"Ken ye, Sir Robert, what has brought his Grace here at present?" said an old wealthy merchant, who had been one of the cavalcade that went to meet James, and whom the Provost overtook as he was leisurely jogging down the High Street, on his way home.

"Hem," ejaculated Sir Robert. "Perhaps I have half a guess, Mr Morton. The King visits places on very particular sorts of errands sometimes. His Grace didn't above half thank us for our attendance to-day. He would rather have got somewhat more quietly into the city; but I had reasons for desiring it to be otherwise, so did not mind his hints about his wish for privacy."

"And, no doubt, he had his reasons for the privacy he hinted at," said Sir Robert's companion.

"You may swear that," replied the latter, laughingly.

"Heard ye ever, Mr Morton, of a certain fair and wealthy young lady of the name of Jessie Craig?"

"John Craig's daughter?" rejoined the old merchant.

"The same," said Sir Robert. "The prettiest girl in Scotland, and one of the wealthiest too.

"Well; what if the King should have been smitten with her beauty, having seen her accidentally in Edinburgh, where she was lately? and what, if his visit to Glasgow just now should be for the express purpose of seeing this fair maiden? and what, if I should not exactly approve of such a proceeding, seeing that the young lady in question has, as you know, neither father nor mother to protect her, both being dead?"

"Well, Sir Robert, and what then?" here interposed

Mr Morton, availing himself of a pause in the former's supposititious case.

"Why, then, wouldn't it be my bounden duty, worthy sir, as Provost of this city, to act the part of guardian towards this young maiden in such emergency, and to see that she came by no wrong."

"Truly, it would be a worthy part, Sir Robert," replied the old merchant; "but the King is strong, and you may not resist him openly."

"Nay, that I would not attempt," replied the Provost. 'I have taken quieter and more effectual measures. Made aware, though somewhat late, through a trusty channel, of the King's intended visit and its purpose, I have removed her out of the reach of danger, to where his Grace will, I rather think, have some difficulty in finding her."

"So, so. And this, then, is the true secret of the honour which has just been conferred on us," replied Sir Robert's companion, with some indignation. "But the matter is in good hands when it is in yours, Provost. In your keeping we consider our honours and our interests are safe. I wish you a good day, Provost." And the interlocutors, having by this time arrived at the foot of the High Street, where four streets joined, the old merchant took that which conducted to his residence, Sir Robert's route lying in an opposite direction.

From the conversation just recorded, the reader will at once trace a connection between Sir Robert Lindsay of Dunrod, and he of the black charger who brought to Woodlands the fair damsel whom we left there. They were the same; and that fair damsel was the daughter of John Craig, late merchant of the city of Glasgow, who left an immense fortune, of which this girl was the sole heir.

In carrying the young lady to Woodlands, and leaving her there, Sir Robert, although apparently under the compulsion of circumstances, was acting advisedly. He knew Henderson to be a man of excellent character, and great respectability. And, in the secrecy and mystery he observed, he sought to preclude all possibility of his interference in the affair ever reaching the ears of the King. What he had told to old Morton, he knew would go no further; that person having been an intimate friend of the young lady's father, and, of course, interested in all that concerned her welfare.

The palace of a bishop was not very appropriate quarters for one who came on such an errand as that which brought James to Glasgow. But this was a circumstance that did not give much concern to that merry and somewhat eccentric monarch; and the less so, that the bishop himself happened to be from home at the time, on a visit to his brother of St Andrews.

Having the house thus to himself, James did not hesitate to make as free use of it as if he had been at Holyrood.

It was not many hours after his arrival at the castle, that he summoned to his presence a certain trusty attendant of the name of William Buchanan, and thus schooled him in the duties of a particular mission in which he desired his services.

"Willie," said the good-humoured monarch, "at the further end of the Rottenrow, of this good city of Glasgow—that is, at the western end of the said row—there stands a fair mansion on the edge of the brae, and overlooking the strath of the Clyde. It is the residence of a certain fair young lady of the name of Craig. Now, Willie, what I desire of you to do is this—you will go to this young lady from me, carrying her this gold ring, and say to her that I intend, with her permission, doing myself the honour of paying her a visit in the course of this afternoon.

"Make your observations, Willie, and let me know how the land lies when you return. But, pray thee, keep out of the way of our worthy knight of Dunrod · and if thou shouldst chance to meet him, and he should question thee, seeing that you wear our livery, breathe no syllable of what thou art about, otherwise he may prove somewhat troublesome to both of us. At any rate, to a certainty, he would crop thy ears, Willie; and thou knowest, King though I be, I could not put them on again, nor give thee another pair in their stead. So keep those thou hast out of the hands of Sir Robert Lindsay of Dunrod, I pray thee."

Charged with his mission, Willie, who had been often employed on matters of this kind before, proceeded to the street with the unsavoury name already mentioned; but, not knowing exactly where to find the house he wanted, he looked around him to see if he could see any one to whom he might apply for information. There happened to be nobody on the street at the time; but his eye, at length, fell on an old weaver—as, from the short green apron he wore, he appeared to be—standing at a door.

Towards this person, Willie now advanced, discarding, however, as much as possible, all appearance of having any particular object in view; for he prided himself on the caution and dexterity with which he managed all such matters as that he was now engaged in.

"Fine day, honest man," said Willie, approaching the old weaver. "Gran wather for the hairst."

"It's just that, noo," replied the old man, gazing at Willie with a look of inquiry. "Just uncommon pleesant wather."

"A bit nice airy place up here," remarked the latter.

"Ou ay, weel aneuch for that," replied the weaver. "But air 'll no fill the wame."

"No very substantially," said Willie. "Some gran hooses up here, though. Wha's is that?" and he pointed to a very handsome mansion-house opposite.

"That's the rector o' Hamilton's," replied the weaver.

'And that ane there?"

'That's the rector o' Carstairs'."

"And that?"

"That's the rector o' Erskine's."

"'Od, but ye do leeve in a godly neighbourhood here," said Willie, impatient with these clerical iterations. "Do a' the best houses hereawa belang to the clergy?"

"Indeed, the maist feck o' them," said the weaver. "Leave ye them alane for that. The best o' everything fa's to their share."

"Yonder's anither handsome hoose, noo," said Willie pointing to one he had not yet indicated. "Does yon belang to the clergy, too?"

"Ou no; yon's the late Mr Craig's," replied the weaver; "ane o' oor walthiest merchant's, wha died some time ago."

Ou ay," said Willie, drily. "Just sae. Gude mornin, friend;" and, thinking he had managed his inquiries very dexterously, he sauntered slowly away—still assuming to have no special object in view—towards the particular house just spoken of, and which, we need not say, was precisely the one he wanted.

It was a large isolated building, with an extensive garden behind, and stretching down the face of what is now called the Deanside Brae. On the side next the street, the entrance was by a tall, narrow, iron gate. This gate Willie now approached, but found it locked hard and fast. Finding this, he bawled out, at the top of his voice, for some one to come to him. After a time, an old woman made her appearance, and, in no very pleasant mood, asked him what he wanted.

"I hae a particular message, frae a very particular person, to the young leddy o' this hoose," replied Willie.

"Ye maun gang and seek the young leddy o' this hoose ither whar's than here, then," said the old dame, making back to the house again, without intending any further communication on the subject.

"Do ye mean to say that she 's no in the hoose?" shouted Willie.

"Ay, I mean to say that, and mair too," replied the old crone. "She hasna been in 't for a gey while, and winna be in 't for a guid while langer; and sae ye may tell them that sent ye."

Saying this, she passed into the house; and, by doing so, would have put an end to all further conference.

But Willie was not to be thus baffled in his object. Changing his tactics from the imperative to the wheedling, in which last he believed himself to be exceedingly dexterous—

"Mistress—I say, mistress," he shouted, in a loud, but coaxing tone. "Speak a word, woman—just a word or two. Ye maybe winna fare the waur o't."

Whether it was the hint conveyed in the last clause of Willie's address, or that the old woman felt some curiosity to hear what so urgent a visiter had to say, she returned to the door, where, standing fast, and looking across the court-yard at Willie, whose sly, though simple-looking face was pressed against the iron bars of the outer gate, she replied to him with a—

"Weel, man, what is 't ye want?"

"Tuts, woman, come across—come across," said Willie, wagging her towards him with his forefinger. "I canna be roarin out what I hae to say to ye a' that distance. I micht as weel cried oot at the cross. See, there 's something to bring ye a wee nearer."

And he held out several small silver coin through the bars of the gate. The production of the cash had the desired effect. The old woman, who was lame, and who walked by the aid of a short thick stick, with a crooked head, hobbled towards him, and, having accepted the proffered coin, again asked, though with much more civility than before, what it was he wanted?

"Tuts, woman, open the yett," said Willie, in his cagiest manner; "and I'll tell ye a' aboot it. It 's hardly ceevil to be keepin a body speakin this way wi' their nose thrust through atwixt twa cauld bars o' airn, like a rattin atween a pair o' tangs."

"Some folks are safest that way, though," replied the old woman, with something like an attempt at a laugh. "Bars o' airn are amang the best freens we hae sometimes. But as ye seem a civil sort o' a chiel, after a', I'll let ye in, although I dinna see what ye'll be the better o' that."

So saying, she took a large iron key from her girdle, inserted it in the lock, and, in the next moment, the gate grated on its hinges; yielding partly to the pressure of Willie from without, and partly to the co-operative efforts of the old woman from within.

"Noo," said Willie, on gaining the interior of the court-yard—"Noo," he said, affecting his most coaxing manner, "you and me 'll hae a bit crack thegither, guidwife."

And, sitting down on a stone bench that ran along the front of the house, he motioned to the old lady to take a seat beside him, which she did.

"I understand, guidwife," began Willie, who meant to be very cunning in his mode of procedure, "that she 's just an uncommon bonny leddy your mistress; just wonderfu'."

"Whaever tell't ye that, didna misinform ye," replied the old woman, drily.

"And has mints o' siller," rejoined Mr Buchanan.

"No ill aff in that way either," said the old woman.

"But it 's her beauty—it's her extraordinar beauty—that 's the wonder, and that I hear everybody speakin aboot," said Willie. "I wad gie the price o' sax fat hens to see her. Could ye no get me a glisk o' her ony way; just for ae minut."

"Didna I tell ye before, that she 's no at hame," said the old dame, threatening again to get restive on Willie's hands.

"'Od, so ye did; I forgot," said Mr Buchanan, affecting obliviousness of the fact. "Whar may she be noo?" he added, in his simplest and *couthiest* manner.

"Wad ye like to ken?" replied the old lady, with a satirical sneer.

"'Deed wad I; and there 's mae than me wad like to ken," replied Willie; and them that wad pay handsomely for the information.

"Really," said the old dame, with a continuation of the same sneer, and, long ere this, guessing what Willie was driving at. "And wha may they be noo, if I may speer?"

"They're gey kenspeckled," replied Mr Buchanan; "but that doesna matter. If ye canna, or winna tell me whar Mistress Craig is, could ye no gie 's a bit inklin o' whan ye expect her hame?"

"No; but I'll gie ye a bit inklin o' whan ye'll walk oot o' this," said the old woman, rising angrily from her seat; "and that 's this minut, or I'll set the dug on ye. Hisk, hisk—Teeger, Teeger!"

And a huge black dog came bouncing out of the house, and took up a position right in front of Willie; wagging his tail, as if in anticipation of a handsome treat in the way of worrying that worthy.

"Gude sake, woman," said Willie, rising in great alarm from his seat, and edging towards the outer gate—"What 's a' this for? Ye wadna set that brute on a Christian cratur, wad ye?"

"Wadna I? Ye'd better no try me, frien, but troop aff wi' ye. Teeger," she added, with a significant look. The dog understood it, and, springing on Willie, seized him by one of the skirts of his coat, which, with one powerful tug, he at once separated from the body.

Pressed closely upon by both the dog and his mistress, Willie, keeping, however, his face to the foe, now retreated towards the gate, when, just at the moment of his making his exit, the old lady, raising her staff, hit him a parting blow, which, taking effect on the bridge of his nose, immediately enlarged the dimensions of that organ, besides drawing forth a copious stream of claret. In the next instant the gate was shut and locked in the sufferer's face.

"Confound ye, ye auld limmer," shouted Willie, furiously, and shaking his fist through the bars of the gate as he spoke, "if I had ye here on the outside o' the yett, as ye're in the in, if I wadna baste the auld hide o' ye. But my name 's no Willie Buchanan if I dinna gar ye rue this job yet, some way or anither."

To these objurgations of the discomfited messenger, the old lady deigned no word of answer, but merely shaking her head, and indulging in a pretty broad smile of satisfaction, hobbled into the house, followed by Tiger, wagging his tail, as much as to say—"I think we've given yon fellow a fright, mistress."

Distracted with indignation and resentment, Willie hastened back to the castle, and, too much excited to think of his outward appearance, hurried into the royal presence with his skirtless coat and disfigured countenance, which he had by no means improved by sundry wipes with the sleeve of his coat.

On Willie making his appearance in this guise, the merry monarch looked at him for an instant in silent amazement, then burst into an incontrollable fit of laughter, which the grave, serious look of Willie shewed he by no means relished. There was even a slight expression of resentment in the manner in which the maltreated messenger bore the merry reception of his light-hearted master.

'Willie, man," at length said James, when his mirth had somewhat subsided, "what 's this has happened thee? Where gottest thou that enormous nose, man?"

"Feth, your Grace, it may be a joke to you, but it 's unco little o' ane to me" replied Willie, whose confidential

duties and familiar intercourse with his royal master, had led him to assume a freedom of speech which was permitted to no other, and which no other would have dared to attempt.

"I hae gotten sic a worryin the day," he continued, "as I never got in my life before. Between dugs and auld wives, I hae had a bonny time o't. Worried by the tane, and smashed by the tither, as my nose and my coat tails bear witness."

"Explain yourself, Willie? What does all this mean?" exclaimed James, again laughing.

Willie told his story; finishing with the information that the bird was flown—meaning Jessie Craig. "Aff and awa, naebody kens, or 'll tell whar."

"Off—away!" exclaimed the King, with an air of mingled disappointment and surprise. "Very odd," he added, musingly; "and most particularly unlucky. But we shall wait on a day or two, and she will probably re-appear in that time; or we may find out where she has gone to."

On the day following that on which the incidents just related occurred, the curiosity of the good people in the neighbourhood of the late Mr Craig's house in the Rottenrow was a good deal excited by seeing a person, in the dress of a gentleman, hovering about the residence just alluded to.

Anon he would walk to and fro in front of the house, looking earnestly towards the windows. Now he would descend the Deanside Brae, and do the same by those behind. Again he would return to the front of the mansion, and, taking up his station on the opposite side of the street, would resume his scrutiny of the windows.

The stranger was thus employed, when he was startled by the appearance of some one advancing towards him, whom, it was evident, he would fain have avoided if he could. But it was too late. There was no escape. So, assuming an air of as much composure and indifference as he could, he awaited the approach of the unwelcome intruder. This person was Sir Robert Lindsay.

Coming up to the stranger with a respectful air, and with an expression of countenance as free from all consciousness as that which had been assumed by the former—

"I hope your Grace is well?" he said, bowing profoundly as he spoke.

"Thank you, Provost—thank you," replied James; for we need hardly say it was he.

"Your Grace has doubtless come hither," said the former, gravely, "to enjoy the delightful view which this eminence commands?"

"The precise purpose, Sir Robert," replied James, recovering a little from the embarrassment which, after all his efforts, he could not entirely conceal. "The view is truly a fine one, Provost," continued the King. "I had no idea that your good city could boast of anything so fair in the way of landscape.

"Our city of Edinburgh hath more romantic points about it; but, for calm and tranquil beauty, methinks it hath nothing superior to the scene commanded by this eminence."

"There are some particular localities on the ridge of the hill here, however," said Sir Robert, "that exhibit the landscape to much better advantage than others, and to which, taking it for granted that your Grace is not overfamiliar with the ground, it will afford me much pleasure to conduct you."

"Ah! thank you, good Sir Robert—thank you," replied James. "But some other day if you please. The little spare time I had on my hands is about exhausted; so that I must return to the castle. I have, as you know, Sir Robert, to give audience to some of your worthy councillors, who intend honouring me with a visit.

"Amongst the number I will expect to see yourself, Sir Robert." And James, after politely returning the loyal obeisance of the Provost, hurried away towards the castle.

On his departure, the latter stood, for a moment, and looked after him with a smile of peculiar intelligence; then muttered, as he also left the spot—

"Well do I know what it was brought your Grace to this quarter of the town; and, knowing this, I know it was for anything but the sake of its view. Fair maidens have more attractions in your eyes than all the views between this and John o' Groats. But I have taken care that your pursuit, in the present instance, will avail thee little." And the good Provost went on his way.

For eight entire days after this, did James wait in Glasgow for the return of Jessie Craig; but he waited in vain. Neither, in that time, could he learn anything whatever of the place of her sojournment. His patience, at length, exhausted, he determined on giving up the pursuit, for the time at any rate, and on quitting the city.

The King, as elsewhere casually mentioned, had come last from Bothwell Castle. It was now his intention to proceed to Stirling, where he proposed stopping for two or three weeks; thence to Linlithgow; and, thereafter, returning to Edinburgh.

The purpose of James to make this round having reached the ears of a certain Sir James Crawford of Netherton, whose house and estate lay about half-way between Glasgow and Stirling, that gentleman sent a respectful message to James, through Sir Robert Lindsay, to the effect that he would feel much gratified if his Grace would deign to honour his poor house of Netherton with a visit in passing; and accept, for himself and followers, such refreshment as he could put before them.

To this message, James returned a gracious answer, saying, that he would have much pleasure in accepting the invitation so kindly sent him, and naming the day and hour when he would put the inviter's hospitality to the test.

Faithful to his promise, the King and his retinue, amongst whom was now Sir Robert Lindsay, who had been included in the invitation, presented themselves at Netherton gate about noon on the day that had been named.

They were received with all honour by the proprietor; a young man of prepossessing appearance, graceful manners, and frank address.

On the King and gentlemen of his train entering the house, they were ushered into a large banqueting hall, where was an ample table spread with the choicest edibles, and glittering with the silver goblets and flagons that stood around it in thick array. Everything, in short, betokened, at once, the loyalty and great wealth of the royal party's entertainer.

The King and his followers having taken their places at table, the fullest measure of justice was quickly done to the good things with which it was spread. James was in high spirits, and talked and rattled away with as much glee, and as entire an absence of all kingly reserve, as the humblest good fellow in his train.

Encouraged by the affability of the King, and catching his humour, the whole party gave way to the most unrestrained mirth. The joke and the jest went merrily round with the wine flagon; and he was, for a time, the best man who could start the most jocund theme.

It was while this spirit prevailed, that Sir Robert Lindsay, after making a private signal to Sir James Crawford, which had the effect of causing him to quit the apartment, on pretence of looking for something he wanted, addressing the King, said—

"May I take the liberty of asking your Grace if you have

seen any particularly fair maidens in the course of your present peregrinations? I know your Grace has a good taste in these matters."

James coloured a little at this question, and the remark which accompanied it; but, quickly regaining his self-possession and good-humour—

"No, Sir Robert," he said, laughingly, "I cannot say that I have been so fortunate on the present occasion. As to the commendation which you have been pleased to bestow on my taste, I thank you, and am glad it meets with your approbation."

"Yet, your Grace," continued Sir Robert, "excellent judge as I know you to be of female beauty, I deem myself, old and staid as I am, your Grace's equal, craving your Grace's pardon; and, to prove this, will take a bet with your Grace, of a good round sum, that you have never seen, and do not know a more beautiful woman than the lady of our present host."

"Take care, Provost," replied James. "Make no rash bets. I know the most beautiful maiden the sun ever shone upon. But it would be ungallant and ungracious to make the lady of our good host the subject of such a bet on the present occasion."

"But our host is absent, your Grace," replied the Provost, pertinaciously; "and neither he nor any one else, but your Grace's friends present, need know anything at all of the matter. Will your Grace take me up for a thousand merks?"

"But suppose I should," replied James, "how is the thing to be managed? and who is to decide?"

"Both points are of easy adjustment, your Grace!" said Sir Robert. "Your Grace has only to intimate a wish to our host, when he returns, that you would feel gratified by his introducing his lady to you; and, as to the matter of decision, I would, with your Grace's permission and approval, put that into the hands of the gentlemen present. Of course, nothing need be said of the purpose of this proceeding to either host or hostess."

"Well, be it so," said James, urged on by the madcaps around him, who were delighted with the idea of the thing. "Now, then, gentlemen," he continued, "the lady on whose beauty I stake my thousand merks, is Jessie Craig, the merchant's daughter, of Glasgow, whom, I think, all of you have seen."

"Ha! my townswoman!" exclaimed Sir Robert, with every appearance of surprise. "On my word, you have made mine a hard task of it; for a fairer maiden than Jessie Craig may not so readily be found. Nevertheless, I adhere to the terms of my bet."

The Provost had just done speaking, when Sir James Crawford entered the apartment, and resumed his seat at table. Shortly after he had done so, James, addressing him, said—

"Sir James, it would complete the satisfaction of these gentlemen, and myself, with the hospitality you have this day shewn us, were you to afford us an opportunity of paying our respects to your good lady; that is, if it be perfectly convenient for, and agreeable to her."

"Lady Crawford will be but too proud of the honour, your Grace," replied Sir James, rising. "She shall attend your Grace presently."

Saying this, the latter again withdrew; and, soon after, returned, leading a lady, over whose face hung a long and flowing veil, into the royal presence.

It would require the painter's art to express, adequately, the looks of intense and eager interest with which James and his party gazed on the veiled beauty, as she entered the apartment, and advanced towards them. Their keen and impatient scrutiny seemed as if it would pierce the vantalizing obstruction that prevented them seeing those features on whose beauty so large a sum had been staked. In this state of annoying suspense, however, they were not long detained. On approaching within a few paces of the King, and at the moment Sir James Crawford said, with a respectful obeisance, "My wife, Lady Crawford, your Grace," she raised her veil, and exhibited, to the astonished monarch and his courtiers, a surpassingly beautiful countenance, indeed; but it was that of Jessie Craig.

"A trick! a trick!" exclaimed James, with merry shout, and amidst a peal of laughter from all present, and in which the fair cause of all this stir most cordially joined. "A trick, a trick, Provost! a trick!" repeated James.

"Nay, no trick at all, your Grace, craving your Grace's pardon," replied the Provost, gravely. "Your Grace betted that Jessie Craig was more beautiful than Lady Crawford. Now, is it so? I refer the matter, as agreed upon, to the gentlemen around us."

"Lost! lost!" exclaimed half-a-dozen gallants at once.

"Well, well, gentlemen, since you so decide," said James, "I will instantly give our good Provost, here, an order upon our treasurer for the sum."

"Nay, your Grace, not so fast. The money is as safe in your hands as mine. Let it there remain till I require it. When I do, I shall not fail to demand it."

"Be it so, then, said James; when, placing his fair hostess beside him, and after obtaining a brief explanation—which we will, in the sequel, give at more length—of the odd circumstance of finding Jessie Craig converted into Lady Crawford, the mirth and hilarity of the party was resumed, and continued till pretty far in the afternoon, when the King and his courtiers took horse; the former, at parting, having presented his hostess with a massive gold chain which he wore about his neck, in token of his good wishes, and rode off for Stirling.

To our tale we have now only to add the two or three explanatory circumstances above alluded to.

In Sir James Crawford, the reader is requested to recognise the young man who discovered Jessie Craig, then the unknown fair one, by the side of the fountain, in the little elm grove near Woodlands.

Encouraged by, and acting on the adage already quoted, namely, that "faint heart never won fair lady," he followed up his first accidental interview, with the fair fugitive from royal importunity, with an assiduity that, in one short week, accomplished the wooing and winning of her.

While the first was in progress, Sir James was informed, by the young lady, of the reasons for her concealment. On this, and the part Sir Robert Lindsay had acted towards her, being made known to him, he lost no time in opening a communication with that gentleman—riding repeatedly into Glasgow, himself, to see him—on the subject of his fair charge; at the same time informing him of the attachment he had formed for her; and finally obtaining his consent, or, at least, approbation to their marriage. The bet, we need hardly add, was a concerted joke between the Provost, Sir James, and his Lady.

When we have added, that the circumstance of Sir Robert Lindsay's delay in returning for Jessie Craig, which excited so much surprise at Woodlands, was owing to the unlooked-for prolongation of the King's stay in Glasgow, we think we have left nothing unexplained that stood in need of such aid.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

JULIA EDWARDS; or, THE LAST OF HER RACE.

THE subject of the present story, with the exception of one parent, now an old man, was the last of a very ancient family, in what has been called the middle ranks of society. Those who, if they had lived, would have been her relations and friends, had, for a number of years previous to her birth, been gradually dropping from time into eternity, leaving behind them no scion to represent their name and race. Her mother had died while she was yet a child; and, as she was an only daughter, the sole heir to an estate worth between two and three hundred pounds per annum, her father, who was, in other respects, a sensible and intelligent man, could seldom contradict her in anything. She was thus allowed to say and do almost whatever she pleased. When young, he could never brook the idea of having her so long out of his sight as to send her to school. Governesses, among persons of his class, were not then so fashionable as they are now. Mr Edwards, moreover, was not a favourer of the innovating system. That children should be taught as their fathers and mothers had been taught, was, in his estimation, enough; and, with the assistance of an old female domestic, named Mabel, he undertook the task of learning her to read and write himself. In these arts, particularly the former, she had attained considerable proficiency at a very early age. Almost as soon as she could read, so as to understand the meaning of the author, books became her delight; and to encourage her in this pursuit, all sorts of stories and wild romances were, by the advice of Mabel, procured. These she devoured with the most exquisite relish; and thus, when little more than a child, she lived not in the real world of men and women, and things as they are, but in an ideal world of her own making. Aided by the books which she had read, and the stories of her ancient preceptoress, long before she had attained the age of womanhood, her fancy delighted to revel in dreams of romantic love—of perils encountered for a beloved object—and chivalrous adventures which, for the most part, have their existence only in the imagination of the poet and the novelist; or, at least, can never be realized in the more advanced stages of society. To her the attachments and unions of the neighbourhood appeared cold, insipid, and commonplace occurrences. That love which subsisted between those whose fortunes were equal—whether peers or peasants—which had no dangers to encounter, and no difficulties to overcome, was, in her estimation, nothing. She longed, in short, to be a heroine of romance; and what was wanting in the scenes with which she was surrounded, her warm imagination readily supplied. The present might be barren of adventure, but still the future was full of indistinct and glowing imagery, from which—as from the colours with which the artist works out his design—her fancy could shape whatever forms, or combination of forms, she pleased.

She was thus, in many ways, prepared for being eminently unhappy in after life. Though the warm heart may create a paradise of its own, and people it with beings all virtue, all valour, all love, all truth, it can neither change the winters of the real world into summers, nor alter the cold, calculating, selfish dispositions of those with whom, in a greater or less degree, it must be connected; and when realities at last begin to press upon the attention, and these visionaries awake to a clear perception of the objects by which they are surrounded, and the anomalous position in which they are placed, the shock must be terrible. Reason may suffer, or the withered heart, shrinking into itself, may draw around it the cloak of misanthropy, and strangle those feelings which, with a more extensive knowledge of mankind, should have shed sunshine upon the walks of others; or disappointment and despair, operating upon the frame like a slow poison, may send the dreamer to seek a solution of those dreams, too often and too ardently indulged, and a rest from that world, where they could never be realized, in the grave. Though it were, doubtless, too much to say that the glowing visions of youth must always terminate thus, yet, to individuals of a certain constitution and temperament, any or all of these results may happen; and, therefore, it always may be reckoned safer to be acquainted with the world as it really is, than to form a world of our own from imagination and books—to form an estimate of human virtue and human truth too low rather than too high; and to be thus prepared, and looking for those events which, in after life, must inevitably happen, rather than to be awakened to a bitter sense of them at once, like the sleeper of the desert, who awakens, from a dream of home, to a full view of the dreary solitude by which he is surrounded.

Of such an awakening, however, Julia Edwards never once thought. Her education had been, in some measure, neglected, and her acquaintance with the world was very limited; but strong natural abilities, and an uncommon aptitude to learn wherever she chose to make the attempt, seemed to supply both these defects. She had been early distinguished by those outlines of beauty, which time was destined to fill up with the complete picture. A quick, expressive, dark hazel eye; ruby lips; a forehead expansive, white, and smooth as polished marble; and a profusion of shining dark brown hair—had been hers from childhood: and as the girl began to spring up into the woman, she became an object of very general admiration. There was, moreover, a something in her air and manner so unlike ordinary women—an abstracted thoughtfulness in her eye, and those indications of quick and exquisite feeling, so easily understood and so difficult to describe—which seemed to engross the attention of almost all who chanced to look upon her. The stranger scanned her attentively as he approached; and when he had passed, and could no longer feast his eyes upon those symbols of soul and sentiment which shone in her countenance, as if still athirst for the intoxicating draught, he turned to look again at her retiring form, and heaved a sigh as he resumed his journey. To those who were more intimately acquainted with her, she possessed still stronger fascinations. In conversation, she frequently exhibited a degree of bashfulness and timidity, relieved, at times, by an open frankness, and a candour which led her to confess what appeared to be her most secret thoughts; in other words, she possessed such a share of what the French call *naïveté*, that it seemed to draw all hearts irresistibly towards her. Among what might be

called her own class, a number of extensive farmers, and more than one small proprietor, would have been proud of her affections; while they all seemed anxious to draw her into that alliance which love demands, and the laws of nature and nations concur in sanctioning. Nor did she lack those who were her admirers in a still more exalted station. But, upon the whole her eye glanced with equal indifference. Though she gave herself no repulsive airs, and shunned the society of no one, there was a carelessness in her manner, and an indefinable something in the perfect freedom with which she thought and spoke upon all occasions, which told plainly of a heart, as yet, exempt from the influence of the tender passion, and forbade her numerous admirers to urge, either directly or closely, that suit which occupied so much of their attention. Her father, as might have been expected, was proud of her attractions. He never thought of controlling her inclinations; but still it was his wish to see her settled in the world before he went down to the grave; and when she did not appear to be in any haste in choosing a partner for life, he began, first by hints and enuendos, and afterwards more openly, to express his sentiments on this subject.

"A lass," he would say, "when she leaves her parents, or when her parents are called away by death, is like a solitary tree upon which every blast may beat; but when married and surrounded by a family, she is like a tree in the middle of a forest, sheltered on every side from the storm."

Then he would tell her stories of young women and heiresses, like herself, who were fickle and difficult to please, and who, after the time for forming such unions had gone by, were deserted by their admirers, and left to pine out the remainder of their life in utter loneliness.

To these remarks, Julia, in general, made little reply. Her sighs, indeed, told of an abundant depth of feeling, and a heart which was ready to pour forth its affections upon the first object who, to her, should appear worthy of them; but her ideas of love were too romantic to be easily realized: that object she had not as yet found; and she shrunk from the idea of giving her hand where she could not give her heart along with it.

Seeing that nothing else would do—"Julia, my dear," said her father, one day, after a fit of apparent abstraction, which had lasted for a considerable time—"Julia, my dear, I have no more children except yourself: your mother died when you were an infant; my brothers and sisters have gone to their everlasting rest, childless; and unless you are united to a husband, you must be the last of your race. Would you not, therefore, listen to the wishes of a fond parent?"

"Doubt me not, my dear father," interrupted the other: 'in this respect I would at once comply with your wishes, for I already know what they are, if I could find a man who would love me for myself alone, and prove that he did so." Mr Edwards was about to address her again on the same subject; but to conceal those feelings which were now rising in her bosom, she feigned some domestic duty which she had neglected, took up her work, and left the room. When safe from observation in another apartment, a few tears fell, a bright crimson dyed her cheek for a few minutes, and then she snatched up a pen and wrote hurriedly the following verses:—

They deem me but a heartless thing,
Unfit to share another's bliss;
Because I cannot mate with those
Who never knew what feeling is.

Alas! for love my heart is yearning—
For one, through sorrow, pain, and peril,
Who still would love unchangingly
His heart's betrothed—his chosen girl.

And I will hope such love to find,
Ere life's brief summer day be past—
A love to gild its autumn clouds,
And cheer its winter to the last.

But if such love should be denied,
My heart its streams will never yield
To water the rank wilderness,
Or irrigate a thorny field.

Alas! how little she knew of the heart of which she thus presumed to speak; and fortunate had it been for her if she had measured out her life in this happy ignorance; but the time which was destined to make her acquainted with its weakness and its strength was drawing on apace.

Shortly after the above-mentioned occurrence, old Mabel died rather suddenly; and as a female servant was indispensable, Mr Edwards at once engaged a young woman calling herself Mary Ann M'Kenzie, to act as far as might be in the same capacity. This individual was a perfect stranger; but she came in the way at a critical moment, and she obtained the situation. She acknowledged that she had been born to better prospects; but her parents having suffered from misfortunes, she had been at service, she said, several years in Edinburgh; and getting, at last, tired of the town, and finding her health rather declining, she had left the place with the intention of trying to obtain a situation in the country. Her conduct and manner, to a considerable extent, corroborated the account she had given. She seemed to have a tolerable understanding of the duties of a servant; but her language, her bearing, and the general knowledge which she possessed, shewed that she had not always occupied the place of a servant. These qualifications procured for her the favour of her employers. Her manners were obliging; and she soon came to be regarded as a friend rather than a hireling, by Miss Edwards, as well as her father.

The fields had been reaped, and the crops gathered into the barnyard; the soaking rains of the latter autumn had passed; the trees, with the exception of some hardy evergreens, had shed their leaves; the last flowers of the season had withered; and, for weeks past, winter had reigned in unmitigated rigour. While things were in this state without, Mr Edwards and his daughter sat in the little parlour of the ancient mansion—one on either side of a cheerful fire, which seemed to diffuse warmth and comfort through the room. Julia, by this time, had reached her twenty-third year; and all her charms were now fully matured. The rounded arm, the gently swelling bosom, and the full and delicately formed shoulder, all bespoke the ripened beauty. Her lips seemed to breathe a richer sweetness; a steadier lustre beamed from her dark expressive eye; and the colour of the peach blossom on her cheek appeared to have been more firmly fixed by time. A foot and ankle of the most symmetrical proportions, contributed, in no small degree, to set off her person: and, altogether, as she leaned forward at her work, and, now and then, rested her head upon her hand, while her elbow was supported by the little table at which she sat, she might have formed no inappropriate study for a painter.

"Julia," at last said Mr Edwards, breaking a silence of some standing, "do you recollect that this is the last day of the year, and that we may expect to see company to-night?"

"I almost wish they would stay at home," was Julia's reply; "for, in sooth, I grow weary of their never-failing attendance." In this she spoke nothing but the truth; for though, like other women, she was constitutionally fond of admiration, and had, at times, felt flattered by the attentions of their visiters, yet nothing, save reciprocal attachment, can make the presence of any object always pleasing. "I really wish they would stay at home," she continued; "or go seek the means of dissipating their time somewhere else.

But, pray, who may we expect?' she added, with a faint smile.

"Why, there is Mr Oatencake," rejoined her father; "and Mr Barleyrigs; and Mr Bickerstane, the laird of Biggitland. I invited them all over to spend the evening with us; and you must see that things are in order, and treat them civilly. I need not tell you what I believe brought Mr Bickerstane here at first. You know his character; you know his estate is larger than that which will fall to you at my death; and, though I have never urged you, and would not urge you now on any subject contrary to your inclination, you know that your aged father would wish to see you suitably protected before he bids adieu to time."

"Never fear for your Julia," was her reply. "Come when they may, I will treat them with becoming civility; but I would rather stay with you, to watch for your comfort, than go to share the home of any one whom I have yet seen. And, now that I recollect, I will go to see that everything is in its proper place."

"I can neither urge you nor alter your resolution," said her father. "But do not forget, like a good lass, to have a dram to offer the gysers when they come at night; and something, too, to give the poor children, who will soon be here for their cakes."

At the time appointed, Mr Bickerstane and the other guests arrived; and while a contest of wit and humour was kept up between them, each appeared eager to monopolize the smiles and the conversation of Miss Edwards. In this, however, all were alike successful, and all appeared to be alike disappointed. Each seemed secretly, more or less, dissatisfied with the presence of his companions; the wit was beginning to degenerate into sneers; the humour was giving place to ironical jests, and the jar of angry words might have succeeded; but, in good time, the repartee was interrupted by the arrival of companies of rustic maskers; and they all adjourned to the kitchen, to see "the fun."

Among the new comers, some pretended to be sturdy beggars, others tinkers, and some enacted, very indifferently, the part of a company of shipwrecked sailors. But while telling their various stories, there were individuals among them who were evidently more anxious to attract the glances of Miss Edwards, than to secure that charity which they were so clamorously soliciting. This circumstance did not escape the notice of Mr Bickerstane, whose wrath seemed to kindle at their presumption; but, as no reasonable pretext for exhibiting it occurred, he was forced, for a time, to keep it to himself.

The next party who arrived had assumed the dress and the character of Highlanders. "I'm Tuncan M'Tavish," said their plaided chief, as he eyed Julia askance through the loopholes of his grim vizard; "and these pe all shentlemans of my own name. But we lost ta way in ta glen; and when we see ta lichtyblinkin from ta four-neuckit hole in ta wa', we shudge tat shentlemans bide here, and we come to seek our prochan and our ped."

There was something particularly grotesque both in the appearance of the speaker and the manner in which he set off his story; and Miss Edwards, who had a quick perception of the ludicrous, immediately began to regard him with some attention.

"I am afraid," said she, "we cannot give you such quarters as would suit gentlemen of your quality; but, it has been observed by those who are acquainted with your customs, that you have a liking for the *mountain dew*; and here is some of it," she added, handing him a glass, "which was likely brought from your own hills."

"Your leddyship's very pig, and very great, and very long goot health," said the Highlander, as he took the proffered beverage; "and for ta quarters, we could lie all ta nicht upon ta snaw, and never feel ta cold, with ta bright eyes of so fair a leddy near us."

This was a blunt, out, at the same time, a decided compliment to Miss Edwards; and no sooner had it reached the ears of Mr Bickerstane, than his brow grew yet more dark; and, turning a scowling look upon the last speaker—

"Were it not better," he said, "for the Honourable Mr M'Tavish, and all the Tavishes beside, who constitute his tail, to go quietly to that bed among the snow which he has so courteously mentioned, than thus to bother honest people to death with their unintelligible jargon?"

"The Honourable Mr M'Tavish will do exactly as he pleases in ta shoosing of his ped and his *pedfellow too*," retorted the other; "and never speer ta leave of any little Laird of Cockpen about ta matter."

"And *who* is it, may I ask, whom the Honourable Mr M'Tavish has the impudence to call *little Laird* of Cockpen?" said Mr Bickerstane, angrily; and he seemed in a fair way for working himself up into a towering passion, which might have terminated, perhaps, in an actual assault upon the stranger; but, at that moment, his attention, as well as that of all present, was attracted by the arrival of a new band of gysers or maskers, to whom the others immediately gave place.

The new comers, who were evidentally strangers, pretended to be a band of robbers, under the control of a leader, who appeared to possess a considerable share of personal strength, and who, from the clear, firm tones of his voice, and the activity of all his motions, might be about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. Almost as soon as they arrived, they began to enact a sort of drama. Gathering his men—who might number six or eight—around him, the chief began to give out his orders:—

"You know," said he, "that the Lord of Lochfern is to make an attempt to-night to carry off the heiress of Avenglen. If he succeeds, he will break the heart of poor Sir Donald, who is really in love, and who is beloved by her in return. We must, therefore, try to thwart him, if possible, and save the fair Helen from a fate which she abhors." This said, his next step was to divide his adherents into small parties, telling them where to lie in wait so as to make certain of intercepting the supposed woman-stealers, whatever road they might take. Having settled these matters in detail—"This is the line which they are most likely to adopt," said he; "and, therefore, I will watch here myself; and if anything else comes in the way, I will not forget either your interest or my own.—Begone, now."

The men immediately left the house; but, in little more than a minute, one of them returned, with his hand in his pocket, mumbling to himself—

"It is all safe yet, all here; and I only wish I may escape these robber dogs; for if they take it from me, my master will swear I have 'bezzled it, and thrash me into *caff* for my carelessness. But I must make defence upon them, if they ask it from me. As good die here as be thrashed to death at home!"

Just as he muttered the last of these words, the robber chief sprung upon him, and, grasping him by the collar—

"From your soliloquy, my good friend," said he, "I perceive that you have money; and as you are neither under your master's protection here, nor the protection of the laws, I will thank you for it without more ado."

On being thus addressed, the other presented an old rusty pistol, which had been loaded with a few grains of powder, so as to make a smoke without creating any great noise or alarm, and attempted to fire it directly in the robber's face. But he, by turning up the muzzle of the weapon with his hand, and twisting his head slightly to one side, seemed to avoid the danger, which was indeed small, and then grasping his victim yet more firmly—

"Your attempt upon my life," said he, coolly, "might justify me for taking away yours; but all I ask is only

your money;" and therewith he commenced rifling his pockets.

"Alas! good sir" said the other in tones apparently the most piteous, "the money is not mine, but my master's. If I lose it, I am undone; and what, then, is to become of my poor wife and children? I am a poor, poor man; and when I am imprisoned for 'bezzlement, they must all perish for want."

"That alters the case," rejoined the robber. "The poor and indigent never suffered at my hands; so here is your master's gold," he continued, returning a small bag, which seemed to be tolerably well filled with hobnails—*alias*, tackets. "And here is something to make your wife and children comfortable," he added, putting a veritable crown piece into the hand of his supplicating fellow-creature, who immediately ran off with it, seemingly overjoyed at his escape.

Miss Edwards had watched the progress of these events with an interest almost as deep as if the whole had been real. When the pistol was produced, she felt the blood curdle at her heart: when it was fired, she had almost screamed with apprehension for the safety of the robber, whose proposed rescue of the heiress of Avenglen had already excited her sympathy: and when all was over, and she saw the individual, instead of being robbed, as she almost thought he deserved, dismissed, not only with his master's money, but a considerable gratuity to himself, her enthusiasm rose to such a pitch that she could not refrain from uttering the words—"Generous man!" aloud. This immediately drew on her the eyes of the robber chief, whose attention, when he had any to spare, appeared to have been hitherto exclusively devoted to Mary Ann M'Kenzie. Julia, however, now came in for her share; and he paused for a few seconds to contemplate her dark speaking eyes and inspired countenance, from which, in the excitement of the moment, her very soul seemed to be beaming. Though his face was masked, there was a respectful deference in his very attitude, which shewed that he was not altogether insensible to her charms. Her eye sunk beneath his look; but soon recovering from her confusion, she again raised it, and seemed about to address him; but she was interrupted by the Laird of Biggitland touching her on the shoulder:—

"We disgrace ourselves," said he, "by looking at these bumpkins: let us leave them to play their childish tricks before the maid and the herd-boys, who are more fitting spectators."

Ever since he had seen her begin to turn her regards upon the robber, he had been eyeing him with a look of mingled scorn and contempt; and he now seemed anxious to draw her away from a scene which he wished to persuade her was far below her notice. But before she could make any reply, three men entered, dragging along with them a rather tall boy, who had been dressed in female attire to personate the heiress of Avenglen, and who now appeared to be struggling manfully to make his escape.

"Though I am now in your hands," said the supposititious maiden, "Heaven, I trust, will yet hear my prayers, and send some one to rescue me from your cruel grasp, and carry me safe to the arms of the man I love."

"Heaven has heard your prayer already," reiterated the robber, in a clear and commanding tone. "The M'Gregor never yet looked upon man or maiden in distress without trying to relieve them; and, with him, love has always been sacred." Seconding his words with deeds, he sprung forward and grasped the fictitious Lord of Lochfern firmly above the elbows, so as to manacle him completely with his left arm, while, with his right hand, he drew, from a sadly patched scabbard, a rusty sword, wherewith to defend himself from the assault of the other two, who now attacked him with might and main. The lady, thus freed from restraint, ran hurriedly to the door; but here her terror seemed to subside all at once; and she turned, with a curious sort of smile on her countenance, to look at the battle which was still raging between her abductors and her deliverer.

The robber now appeared to have his hands full: he displayed great dexterity, however, in defending himself from the thrusts and cuts of his opponents; while the keeping of the captive lord seemed to give him no trouble. Indeed, the latter, considering the loss and disgrace which he had recently sustained, was remarkably quiet. But Julia, who had been a deeply interested spectator during the first part of the drama, at last so far forgot the farcical nature of the whole, as to solicit those who stood next her to assist the robber; and, in default of their compliance, she even seemed ready to throw herself between the contending parties, with the intention of trying to separate them. Her words, and a slight motion to one side which she made, again drew the attention of Mr Bickerstane upon these intruders. For some minutes past, he seemed to have been lost in his own musings; and he now looked as if he had come to some resolution, which, if acted upon, would, at once and for ever, put an end to that vile rivalship which he could no longer endure.

"Mr Rob Roy," said he, in a voice of supreme contempt, while he courageously stepped forward, and laid hold of the robber, "will you be pleased to let the Lord of Lochfern go in quest of his bride? and, as I am a Justice of the Peace, I will try to find you a fitting reward for assaulting his Majesty's liege subjects without provocation."

"The robber, thus addressed and attacked, seemed to be at first in some perplexity; but, whispering something in the ear of his noble prisoner, he dashed him from him with the greatest apparent ease; and then giving each of his other antagonists what appeared to be a vigorous blow with the flat of his rusty weapon, the three reeled towards the door in company, leaving him at perfect freedom to deal with his new enemy. In the meantime, Mr Bickerstane had been tugging with all his might to throw him down; but no sooner was he freed from the others, than he laid hold of this important personage by the breast, and, giving him a hearty shake, and pinning him up to the wall—

"You may be a Justice of the Packmen," said he; "but you are now in the hands of one who can, at least, teach you the meaning of the words *common civility*—a thing of which you seem to be sadly ignorant; and if you wish to escape from the consequences of your late conduct, you had better confess your fault without loss of time."

The laird, however, instead of confessing his error, struggled hard to regain his freedom, calling out lustily to Mr Oatencake and Mr Barleyrigs to assist him; and had it not been that these, for reasons best known to themselves were in no great haste with their help, a sanguinary conflict might have followed. In the struggle, such as it was, the mask of the supposed robber fell off, displaying a very handsome face, which was entirely unknown to all present; and then Mary Ann M'Kenzie who, hitherto, had appeared to enjoy the scene greatly, approached Mr Edwards with considerable agitation, and begged him to interfere and put a stop to the disturbance, which, she said, was now growing too serious to be regarded with indifference. He did so; and his words, aided by his venerable appearance, soon produced a cessation, or rather a termination of hostilities.

Pardon me," he said, "for reminding you that this house belongs to an old man who is enamoured of peace; and when this is known, I trust neither of you will think of making it longer a scene of strife."

"I am heartily sorry that an unmeaning frolic should have been the cause of giving you a moment's uneasiness," said the stranger, quitting his hold of Mr Bickerstane, who,

in return, told him, sulkily, that he would find a time to reckon with him yet. "I am heartily sorry," he continued; "and as a proof that such are my sentiments, I would scarcely defend myself against your guest, even though he should assault me a second time."

In this the conduct of the stranger was placed in glaring contrast with that of the other. There was, moreover, a something in the sincerity and respectful feeling with which these words were spoken, which impressed Julia with a still more favourable idea of his character; and while the other guests, along with Mr Bickerstane, who, notwithstanding his blustering, seemed glad enough to escape unscathed from the hands of his enemy, retired to the room which they had left, she lingered behind to see the stranger depart.

"My dear Mary," said he, addressing the maid, when he thought all beside were gone. But before he could utter another word, he caught a side-glance of Miss Edwards; and, changing his tone—"My good girl," he continued, "I must bid you good-night; and I hope your young and beautiful mistress will pardon me for the disturbance which I have unintentionally occasioned." With these words he hastened to the door; and Julia, obeying the impulse of the moment, followed him for a few steps.

When she had reached the threshold—

"Kind and generous robber," said she, "if anything we possess could entice you back, I would almost bespeak your future visits; and, as I fear your fortune may not be equal to your merits, may I beg you to accept of this, which, though scarcely worth the taking, may serve as a small token of respect from one who must be allowed to admire your general conduct, and more particularly the sentiments which she has heard you express." As she concluded the last sentence, she endeavoured to put a half-sovereign into his hand; but, as soon as he perceived her intention, he returned it, and, pressing gently the hand which she had extended—

"I must not impose upon you," said he: "I am no robber: nor would I willingly saddle any of my wants upon society. But I have seen your dark eye, and the commanding beauty of your countenance: these I will long remember; and to be remembered occasionally by you even as a nameless and unknown stranger, is quite enough for me."

All this was, perhaps, said out of mere courtesy; but, somehow, it sounded like music in Julia's ear; and she felt as if a favour had been conferred on her; but before she could find words to renew the conversation, the stranger had departed, and she stood alone by the threshold of her father's, or rather, of her own door. What she had seen and heard of him, however, had whetted her curiosity: he was the subject of her last thought when she lay down to sleep, and of her first musings when she awakened next morning; and, with a heart longing to be made acquainted with every particular of his history, she hastened to Mary Ann M'Kenzie, to see what information she could give concerning one who was a perfect stranger to all beside, but who had addressed her with one of the most endearing epithets which the language affords.

This individual had the penetration to see at a glance that Miss Edwards had already heard too much, and fearing lest she might make matters worse by pretending to disclaim all knowledge of him, she gave what appeared to be a plausible, if not a satisfactory account of the stranger. From what she said, it appeared that his name was George M'Kenzie, and that he was no other than her brother. Like her own, his prospects had been early blighted; and, after having lived for a time, and tried various employments in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, he had at last come to work at the Troutwater factories; and having heard that she was so near, he had, she believed, engaged in the late frolic, with the intention of seeing her without making himself known. She concluded by assuring her mistress that he could not possibly have come there with the intention of doing harm; and now when entrusted with the whole secret, she begged that she would not disclose either his name or place of residence to the Laird of Biggetland, who, from what she knew of his vindictive temper, she doubted not would seek some revenge for the affront which he supposed he had sustained. This request was not made without some reason; for though Mr Bickerstane had, to a considerable extent, veiled his wrath at the time, he secretly determined to inflict the severest punishment which the laws of the country would sanction on the stranger, if ever he should discover him. It was readily granted, however; and his sister was requested to invite him back any time she thought proper, with a promise of the most perfect secrecy being observed.

This invitation was soon given: he soon took advantage of it; and Julia had several opportunities of seeing and conversing with him. His appearance was prepossessing; and there was about him a degree of courage and manly sentiment which he was in no way loath to express. Thus qualified, he seemed to grow gradually in her esteem, if not in her affections. An acute observer would have, perhaps, said that he did not return this feeling with that warmth with which it was bestowed; but still he seemed, at times, to regard her with one of those looks of admiration which are easily mistaken for love, and which, when coming from a seemingly deserving object, seldom fall altogether unfelt upon the female bosom. In truth, he was exactly one of those who, without intending evil to any one, derive no inconsiderable share of their enjoyment from the admiration of the opposite sex; and, if he did not greatly encourage, neither did he make any attempt to check the growing regards of Miss Edwards. She, on the other hand, with a warm heart and glowing imagination, found much in his appearance, his hard fortune, and his conversation, to muse upon, and to draw her thoughts naturally and sympathetically to him. His having been born to better prospects—of which, as it seemed to her, his manners gave convincing proof—and the misfortunes which had reduced him almost to the level of the lowest, excited her pity and compassion: the fortitude, or rather indifference, with which he seemed to regard these changes, and the uniform flow of animal spirits which he possessed, drew forth her admiration: and then her being acquainted with his secret, and having his safety, as it were, in her keeping, made him still more interesting, and seemed to attach her to him by a double tie. With every successive visit to his sister, she had an opportunity of seeing him; and every time she saw him, she seemed more inclined to think of and speak about him to that sister, till, at last, he became the engrossing subject of their conversation. In all this there was little to be wondered at; but, what was rather strange, her constantly increasing kindness to Mary Ann, and the frequency with which she alluded to her brother, at last seemed to give that individual considerable uneasiness.

One evening he called when his sister was not at home—she having gone upon some errand to a neighbouring town, from which she was to return, in a cart, with one of the servants; and, as he had been detained longer than he expected, both were late. On this occasion, Julia took exclusively upon herself the task of entertaining him; and, after some desultory observations, as it often happens with young people, the conversation had, somehow, turned upon the love affairs of the neighbourhood. At last, as if to change the subject, and renew the discourse, which had begun to flag, she presented him with a broach of considerable value, which she begged he would keep for her sake.

"I will—I will!" said he, in reply; at the moment deeply affected by the simple, earnest manner, the down-

cast eye, and the blushing cheek, with which the little gift had been offered. "I owe you much for your kindness to a stranger," he continued; "and I will never forget you; but, at present, there is a mystery hanging over my fate, which I may not, and must not, unfold."

"And why not unfold it," said Julia, blushing yet more deeply, "to one who would keep with her life any secret which concerns you?"

This question appeared to be particularly puzzling to the other, and he might have found it very difficult to answer it in a satisfactory manner, but, at that moment, he was relieved from the embarrassment of his situation by the arrival of his sister. On seeing her, he inquired rather hurriedly for her health, along with some other commonplace concerns—said his time was gone—and rose to depart. In passing her, however, he looked her full in the face, touching his brow, at the same time, with the point of one of his fingers; and then, bidding her and Miss Edwards good night, he left the house.

When he was gone, Julia seemed as if she would never have done talking of him to his sister. She lamented, over and over again, with all her natural sincerity, the hardness of his fortune, and that concurrence of circumstances which had placed him in a situation so far below what he deserved; and she always concluded by saying that, if she had exalted rank and wealth in her disposal, nothing on earth could give her greater pleasure than to place him on a footing with the best in the land. To all this, the sister listened with impatience rather than pleasure. She did not, indeed, give vent to the feeling in words: her replies were courteous; but still, if her mistress had been in an observing mood, she might have seen that she would have far rather been left alone.

When Miss Edwards, at a late hour, retired to rest, the other stopped only a few minutes to cover up the fire and darken the house; and then, sallying forth, she rounded the corner of the shrubbery, and, plunging into a small thicket, in the centre of which stood an arbour, halted not till a voice had saluted her with the words—

"Dearest Mary, I was beginning to think you either had not observed the sign which I made, or that you had forgotten it."

"I will never forget in aught that concerns you," was the reply; "but, for once, I come to chide you."

"And for what would Mary chide me now?" inquired the other, in a half-humorous half-earnest tone. "Does she suspect me of deceit?"

"No—not of deceit," answered his companion. "I do not doubt your truth to me, though some girls would not have thanked you for some things which I have seen; but I consider the manner in which you conduct yourself to my mistress as very far wrong, and likely to produce serious consequences."

"Nonsense!" rejoined the other, indulging in a stifled laugh, while his mind seemed to grasp at once the whole of the subject which she, as yet, had only introduced. "I only conducted myself in such a manner as to keep temper with her, and make her believe more readily the story of our relationship. I can warrant you, it has afforded her, at least, some pleasure to believe that she was an object of admiration. Her vanity may have been flattered by the little attentions which I paid her; and, I can warrant you too, she will forget me, and everything concerning me, in ten days, or a fortnight at farthest."

"Alas!" said his companion, "you seem to know but little of a woman's heart, and still less of Miss Edwards'. To me she has been all kindness and affection—believing, as she does, that I am your sister; and, therefore, I owe her a debt of gratitude which I would gladly repay; but, ever since she became acquainted with you, I have seen, with distress, her affections gradually fixing themselves upon one who, unless he should prove false to another, can never return them. She has already treated coldly a number of suitors. If ever she should fall in love, I do not believe she is one who will soon forget the beloved object; and, if you wish to make her miserable for life, you could not do it more effectually than by continuing to do as you have done."

The other, who was far from being destitute of feeling, sighed deeply, without, however, making any immediate reply.

"But, perhaps, I am mistaken," resumed the girl; "and it may be, after all, that you would prefer her, as the sharer of your home and your heart, to another whom you have brought far in the fond hope that she was only complying with your wishes. If this is really the case, I free you at once from all those promises and protestations which you have made; and, though I can never return to my parents, I can continue to earn my bread in the same servile situation which I now occupy—happy, it may be, in the thought that I have conferred a greater happiness on you than I could have possibly done by pursuing a different course."

"My dearest Mary," said the other—and, as he spoke, he took her hand tenderly in his—"you mistake me and my intentions very far, and time will prove your mistake. I may have done wrong without being aware of it; and, if such has been the case, I am sorry for it; but fortune seems about to punish me for these errors, and, at the same time, to prevent me from repeating them. That lump of insolence, and limb of the devil, the Laird of Biggitland, has now discovered my retreat; and this very evening, if I had not made my escape, I would have been apprehended and imprisoned for wantonly assaulting an honourable gentleman, and one of his Most Sacred Majesty's servants, in a friend's house, on the 31st of December last—the day before or the day thereafter, or on one or other of the days of the said month, or the month following."

"But you can prove your innocence?" interrupted his companion, her voice trembling with agitation.

"Nay, nay, my dear," was his reply: "however innocent I may be, I can prove no such thing. My sole chance now is in flight: and only hear me, I beseech you, for there is little time to lose:—I have again saved as much money as will convey us both to the farthest corner of the country; and, if you but say you will accompany me, I will still be happy, despite the worst which fortune can inflict."

On the following morning, Mary Ann M'Kenzie was not to be found; but, in looking over the apartment where she usually slept, it was discovered that she had left the greater part of her clothes, and about eighteen shillings in money, behind her. Toward noon, the mystery of her disappearance was partly cleared up by the following letter, addressed to "Miss Edwards," which was brought from a post-town at some distance:—

"My dear Mistress,—You will, no doubt, be surprised at the suddenness of my departure; but I hope you will soon find a better servant; and the little property which I have left behind me may, perhaps, be some recompense for the inconvenience which I have occasioned. The revengeful temper of Mr Bickerstane made it impossible for George to remain longer in this neighbourhood. I could not stay behind one so dear. And if you should never hear from me again, forgive your sincere friend, and very humble servant,

M. A. M'Kenzie."

This was a severe trial to Miss Edwards: with no one to whom she could impart her feelings, she had now much of a contradictory nature to reflect upon. If George M'Kenzie really loved her, as he had given her some reasons for believing he did, why had he not entrusted her

with the secret of his departure, and allowed her to assist him in his flight? Why did he place the whole of his confidence in a sister, rather than in one who, she now felt, regarded him with warmer feelings than those of mere relationship? These were distressing questions. But then she had seen him refuse money from herself, which proved that he was not actuated by mercenary motives: he had accepted the broach as a keepsake, and he had promised never to forget her. He was generous, and he could not possibly be falsehearted! Thus she concluded, because thus she wished to conclude. The very mystery which hung over him, only seemed to endear him the more; and she continued to live on in the hope that some accidental and happy meeting would more than repay her for all she might suffer in his absence.

Baulked in his promised revenge, the Laird of Biggitland had taken it into his head that Mr Edwards was, in some way or other, accessary to the escape of his intended victim. For months he absented himself from the house of the latter; and the first time they met in public, he abused the old man most unmercifully, bestowing on him a number of epithets with which no writer would disgrace his page. This circumstance preyed so deeply upon the heart of the poor disappointed father, that he soon afterwards became indisposed; and his indisposition aiding and increasing the infirmities of advancing age, he died before the year had ended. No sooner was he gone, than Mr Bickerstane, utterly forgetful of that delicacy which was due to a sorrowing daughter, renewed his attentions to Miss Edwards with even more than his former ardour. But if she had formerly regarded him with coldness, she had now good reasons for looking on him with a detestation to which, previously, she had been an entire stranger; and, to be free from this species of persecution, which, in time, became intolerable, she left her little estate to the charge of an overseer, and, going southward, took up her abode, with a single female domestic, in a cottage near one of the large towns in the north of England.

Here she had lived for nearly two years in the most perfect seclusion; and still she cherished the fond idea that, by some accident or other, she would yet meet George M'Kenzie, and hear from his own lips, and read in his own eyes, that he still loved her as she loved him. She was sitting alone in a room, lighted only by the glowing embers of a fire which had ceased to emit flame, and indulging in this very dream, one dark, hazy, autumnal evening, when she heard a horse in rapid motion on the road which passed the cottage. At that moment an uncommonly vivid flash of lightning—a phenomenon not unfrequent about that season of the year—brightened up, for a passing moment, every corner of the apartment, and effectually awakened her from her reverie. The sudden transition from darkness to light, startled the animal, and, from his making a desperate spring to one side, the rider was thrown upon his head among the sharp stones and chingle lately used for repairing the road, exactly opposite to the door of the cottage. Fortunately for him, two foot travellers chanced to be passing at the time; and seeing, or rather hearing the accident, they picked up the senseless and bleeding man, and carried him into Miss Edwards' kitchen, there to lie till it could be ascertained whether he was dead or alive.

When he was laid down, almost the first thing which struck Julia's eye, was the very broach which she had given to George M'Kenzie; and after the blood had been washed from his face, she saw George M'Kenzie himself lying before her! Her dreams were now realized in a more romantic manner than she had ever ventured to anticipate; her heart throbbed violently against her bosom, and a crowd of strange and mingled feelings almost overcame her. But these soon gave place to fear and sorrow, when she saw that he neither spoke nor breathed. He might be dead, for aught she knew to the contrary; and if this were the case, she felt that it would be as if her last earthly hope had died with him. During the few minutes which had elapsed, he had given no sign of returning animation; but still there was a possibility that he might recover. As fast as possible she got him carried to the best bed which the house could afford; and messengers were dispatched, with the greatest haste, for medical assistance. Half an hour of the most torturing suspense passed slowly away, during which he had oftener than once revived a little, and again fallen into the same stupor. At last a doctor arrived, and, after relieving the pressure on the brain by blood letting, he proceeded to examine his wounds and bruises, which he pronounced "bad enough, but not dangerous." Everything was done for him which human kindness could suggest, or human care perform. During the night, and throughout the whole of the following day, Miss Edwards hung over his couch, as a mother would hang over the dying bed of her first born: not that she had no hope; but her anxiety, her tenderness, and her care, were as great, or, if possible, still greater, than those of a mother could be. On the second morning, he was able to speak a few words; and the reader may guess the wild feeling of rapture which thrilled through her frame when she first heard his voice. Heaven, she fancied, had now heard her prayers; her warmest wishes would yet be gratified; and he would be restored to her, and to the world, from the gates of death. Her anxiety was in some measure gone; but her care and tenderness were redoubled. In a few days more, he was able to join a little in conversation; but he still seemed averse from making any close allusion to the past. This, however, she attributed solely to the agitating nature of the subject, and his weakness; and when his strength was a little restored, she confidently trusted that she would hear a full explanation of the whole. Under this conviction, she even forbore to introduce the subject of their former acquaintance. Kind looks, and cheering smiles, with all the care and tenderness which she could bestow, were used to win him back to health. No ruder sound than that of her own silvery voice, every accent of which seemed to breathe a rich and balmy sweetness, was allowed to approach his bed. When he slept, she hung over him, to "drink," as it were, "his very breath;" and when he was awake, she read to him in low musical tones, to "sorten pain," and divert his attention from his sufferings.

On the forenoon of the fifth or sixth day from the occurrence of the accident, he appeared to be remarkably better; and "her fears were gone—her hopes were high." To see his health and his strength thus returning beneath her care, gave her the most exquisite delight—a delight which few hearts, perhaps, and those only of the most romantic and enthusiastic kind, could either understand or enjoy. Full of these pleasing emotions and happy anticipations, she had gone to a bookcase in quest of some new book with which to amuse him, when a young female, evidently belonging to the middle ranks, was shewn in. The stranger did not observe her; and, going directly up to the bed—

"My husband—my dear, dear husband!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms, at the same time, around the neck of the invalid, and kissing his cheek and brow with a familiarity and a tenderness seldom or never exhibited by a modest female before marriage.

Miss Edwards turned an inquiring look upon the individual thus engaged, and in her she saw the form and the features of Mary Ann M'Kenzie. The mystery, with all its anomalous and irreconcilable points, was for ever cleared up—the truth passed before her like a lightning flash: a low, stifled groan, which seemed to come from the very bottom of her heart, broke from her; and, the next moment, she fell senseless on the floor. Almost at the same time, the doctor arrived; and, through his exertions, she was

again restored to consciousness and a sense of existence; but it was not the existence which she had enjoyed before. Reason had been shaken on its throne; and, from that hour, the *last of her race* was a maniac.

Deeply and bitterly did both the invalid and his wife seem to feel for her condition: but what was done could not be undone; and the only reparation they could make, was to remove as speedily as possible to other lodgings. When they were gone, poor Julia was occupied incessantly in talking of George M'Kenzie coming back to make her his bride; of having his sister appointed to be one of her bridemaids; and in giving orders to have everything in readiness for the marriage. Then she would speak smilingly of the surprise which this event would give to the Laird of Biggitland. Anon she would busy herself with plans of the alterations which were to be made upon the house and garden of her paternal property. "A new wall must be built," she said, "and young trees planted all around it; and we will be at the expense of keeping a gardener to train them properly; for though old Andrew can plant the kail and the early potatoes well enough, and though my father said he would never wish to see another man digging in the yard, he knows nothing of the finer sorts of garden work. But we will not turn old Andrew off for all that: he was my father's servant; and he shall have his house, and his cow, and his yearly wages, as long as he lives: only we must have an experienced gardener to make everything neat to please George. And when we get him, I will make him cut down the old rotten tree which stands at the north-east corner, and erect an arbour in its stead, with a seat in it, and woodbine and honeysuckle trained over it; and I will tell him to plant the sweetest flowers all around. And when the honeysuckle sends forth its fragrance, scenting the very air—when the winds are hushed, and the summer sun is setting red in the west, while the birds sing themselves merrily to repose, and the fresh green leaves begin to glisten with the falling dew—oh, how delightful it will be to sit there and receive the caresses of the man I love, and to tell him all I have felt and suffered on his account, and how long—oh how long fortune was adverse to my wishes! But the happy, happy time is come at last, and nothing on earth shall ever part us more."

Such were the wanderings of her disordered brain; and she almost always concluded by saying, she would defer making these improvements till George came back, and then she would have the advantage of his cultivated taste in everything. In four or five days after, he did come, but it was only to inquire privately at the maid how matters went with her poor demented mistress.

When she had satisfied him as to these particulars, just as he was about to depart—"Pray sir, who and what are you?" said she; "and what have you done to drive Miss Edwards out of her reason?"

"Less than you think," was the reply; and, with these words, he turned back, stood silent for more than a minute, and seemed to commune deeply with himself; then, as if led on by some impulse which prompted him to unburden his heart—"I will tell you all," he said:—"My fault lay not in evil intentions, but in not foreseeing the evil which my thoughtlessness might produce. I never sought, in a direct manner, the affections of your mistress; but vanity prompted me to do many things to draw them forth; and now a mysterious Providence seems to have punished the innocent, and left the guilty to be punished by the upbraidings of his own conscience." He then proceeded to give her a rapid sketch of the events which had led to the conclusion with which the reader is already acquainted.

From this it appeared, that he had been the son of a dissenting clergyman, with a very limited income, who had intended to educate him for one of the liberal professions. His father, however, died before his studies were completed; and, as he had nothing to trust to, and was, moreover, distressingly conscious of his own poverty, he could neither press himself into the better circles, nor the better paid sorts of employment. He was thus reduced to manual labour for his subsistence. In some of his most pressing emergencies, he had been relieved by a daughter of the parish minister's; and this circumstance laid the foundation of a mutual attachment between them. Her father, however, who was naturally passionate, when he came to understand how matters stood, insisted on having her married immediately to a cousin of her own, who had professed to be enamoured of her for years. This made her willing to abscond for a season, though she would not consent to a marriage, even with the man she loved, which was not sanctioned by a parent's approbation. The lovers, accordingly, left the place in company by night. Their march, for a time, was conducted with the greatest secrecy; and to give him a right to protect her, in case of accidents, it was afterwards agreed that she should pass for his sister.

Shortly after her sudden disappearance from the house of Mr Edwards, her father was called on to visit a brother who had newly arrived from India, and who was now supposed to be dying. This circumstance imposed upon him a journey to a distant part of the country, at the end of which he found his relative tottering upon the verge of time. This individual, like not a few of his countrymen, had left his native land in pursuit of fortune, and had been so far successful; but before he had realized the sum which he had fixed upon as the ultimatum of his ambition, his health gave way, and he had hastened back to his native air in the expectation that it might still invigorate his sinking frame. But from the moment at which he arrived, his malady seemed to accelerate its progress; and he had only time to make his will, in which he bequeathed the greater part of his property to his brother, when he died.

After seeing him interred in the nearest churchyard, that brother set out on his return. But before he had travelled for more than an hour, being overtaken by a sudden storm, he was glad to seek shelter at a neighbouring farm; and there he was not a little surprised to discover his lost daughter in the capacity of a servant. He was, however, so overjoyed to find her, and to find that she had respected his authority so far as not to marry without his consent, that he made no objection to her union with the man who had been her protector during her wanderings. The portion, moreover, which he now willingly gave her, sufficed to establish her husband in business. He had obtained a share in a large mercantile concern; and was out collecting orders for the firm, when he was thrown from his horse, as already described.

Nearly two years afterwards, Miss Edwards was attacked by a lingering disease, and given up by the doctors. But as death drew near, her reason returned. George M'Kenzie was sent for: to him she bequeathed her paternal inheritance; and, soon after, went to sleep with her fathers. He has now possessed that little estate for several years. His family and his fortune are alike increasing: but there is a melancholy on his brow which tells that he is not happy; and it can hardly be doubted that his unhappiness proceeds from a recollection of that beautiful and interesting being, whom his vanity and her own romantic affections had consigned to insanity and an early grave.

FAUCONBERG; OR, THE EMIGRE.

Amongst those whom the Revolution in France drove from their native country, was a young man, of noble family, of the name of Fauconberg. Learning that his name was in the list of the proscribed, registered in one of those fatal rolls from which Robespierre supplied the guillotine with its victims, he hurried to Bordeaux, flung himself on board the first vessel he found there about to sail for a foreign port, without inquiring or caring whither she was bound; it being enough for him that he was borne far away from a country stained with blood and with crime, and in which he dared no longer remain but at the imminent hazard of his life.

The vessel on board which young Fauconberg embarked, happened to be an English one; and it is probable, notwithstanding his indifference as to his destination, that it was the sound of that language which induced him to make choice of her; since, if he had any preference at all in the matter of country, it was in favour of England.

Be this as it may, however, in less than a week after, the expatriated Frenchman found himself in Liverpool; and, finally, led from one place to another, by various inducements, located in a small country village in the south of Scotland. Unlike most of the other French emigrés of this period, Fauconberg was not dependent on his own exertions for a maintenance: he had brought as much money with him as he calculated would, with economy, maintain him for three years; and he hoped that, long ere that time expired, some such favourable change would take place in the affairs of France as would enable him to return to that country.

It was in these circumstances, then, and with these hopes, that Fauconberg sat himself quietly down in the village of Cairnton to await the course of events. The beauty of the situation had attracted his attention; and an idea that he might live there more cheaply, or, at least, less exposed to temptations to extravagance, than in any of the larger towns, determined his choice.

For two years, the French emigré continued an inmate of the schoolmaster's of Cairnton, with whom he took up his abode on first coming to the village.

During this time, his conduct had been sufficiently honourable as regarded pecuniary matters. He paid every one regularly and punctually; and was a general favourite, on account of his mild and gentlemanly manners. His moral character, however, was not so unblemished; as the birth of a son to him, by a young woman of the village, but too strongly bore evidence.

Fauconberg, however, did not add to his offence that heartless meanness which so often characterizes the seducer. He provided liberally for the wants and necessities of the unfortunate mother of his child, and at once agreed to settle an annual sum on her for the maintenance of the infant. Soon after this event took place, Fauconberg suddenly left Cairnton, without giving any one previous intimation of his intention, or mentioning to any one whither he was going. Nor, as he left no debt behind him, was this ever ascertained, or, indeed, ever inquired into.

Years passed away; but the French emigré never returned; and, but for one circumstance, he would, in all probability, have been entirely forgotten. This circumstance, however, was rather a remarkable one, and was creditable, at any rate, to his character as a gentleman. Regularly every half-year there came, by post, to Lucy Gardner—the mother of Fauconberg's child—a remittance of the half of the yearly amount which he had settled on her before leaving Cairnton. Nay, more honourable still, this sum was, after a time, increased every year, as if to provide for the increasing wants of the infant; and intimation was given, when this advance in the allowance was first made, that such advance would go on progressively until the boy was grown up, and enabled to do for himself. To this communication was added a request, that he might be well educated.

This was the only occasion, however, on which any writing accompanied these remittances. On all others, they were merely enclosed in a blank sheet. For some time, this money came from England—sometimes from one place, and sometimes another, as the post-marks intimated; but, at the end of four or five years, it came to be remitted by a banking-house in London, by which the business was ever afterwards transacted.

In the meantime, young Fauconberg grew apace, and bore, as all those who recollected the French emigré said, a singularly strong resemblance to his father, who was a very handsome man.

The boy's abilities, too, were of a superior order; and, in his education, he made a progress which gave much satisfaction to his teachers, and induced more than one of them to augur favourably of his future success in the world. His dispositions, also, were amiable; and, in his manners and deportment, there was a refinement and grace that marked him out very distinctly from his associates. This was partly the result of a naturally elevated mind, and partly of an ever present consciousness that gentle, nay, even noble, blood flowed in his veins; for he had been early made aware that his father was a man of rank, and, in manner and accomplishments, a gentleman.

Young Fauconberg had now attained the age of seventeen; and, up to this period, his life had been unmarked by any extraordinary circumstance. Continuing to live with his mother, who had, in some measure, atoned for past errors by the maintenance of an irreproachable character, and by the care she took both of the morals and of the education of her son, he had met with but little yet to disturb the even tenor of his youthful existence.

An unhappy change, however, was at hand. Tempted by the annuity of which Lucy Gardner was in receipt for the support and education of her son, a person of the name of Morrison made her proposals of marriage.

This Morrison had once been in a respectable way as a shopkeeper in the village, and still followed that calling; but dissipation was fast hurrying him to utter ruin. He thought to save himself from the gulf of wretchedness—on the brink of which he stood—by grasping at the annuity of Lucy Gardner.

The foolish woman listened to his proposals; and they were married.

From this day, young Fauconberg's life became one of misery and wretchedness; rendered so by Morrison's intemperate habits and brutal conduct, of which both mother and son soon felt the unhappy effects.

The affection of the young man for his parent—the only one he had ever known—induced him, for a long time, to put up with the harsh treatment of his father-in-law, and to bear uncomplainingly with the opprobrious epithets which he was constantly heaping on him. But there was one that tried his temper severely, and it was that with which he was oftenest taunted—his illegitimacy.

For upwards of a year, young Fauconberg endured this miserable life; but a time came when he could endure it no longer. Driven, one day, to the door, by Morrison, in one of his brutal phrenzies, the young man vowed that that door he would never enter again. This vow he kept. On that day he set out for Edinburgh; where he arrived, fatigued and exhausted, in the dusk of the evening. His subsequent course he had already determined on; and as he had not a penny in his pocket, and knew no one in Edinburgh, it was necessary that he should take that course instantly. He did so. He proceeded straight to the castle; and, encountering a sergeant in the gateway—

"Are you enlisting just now, sir?" he said.

"Oh, yes! always enlisting when likely young fellows such as you offer themselves. Do you intend turning soldier?"

"I do," said young Fauconberg, blushing.

"Couldn't do better, my lad," replied the sergeant. "Come along with me, and I'll put you all to rights in a trice!" And so far as food and lodging went, he was as good as his word, but not before he had secured his man by tendering him the significant shilling.

Young Fauconberg was now then a soldier, and was soon subjected to all its vicissitudes. In a short time after, his regiment was ordered to England, next to Ireland, and afterwards to a foreign station.

In this interval, however—an interval of two or three years—he had been promoted to the rank of sergeant. A promotion, for which he was indebted to his steadiness, his superior education, and, perhaps, in some measure also, to his superior manners, which had early attracted the notice of his officers.

During this time, Fauconberg wrote regularly, and at short intervals, to his mother, informing her of every circumstance that occurred to him in which he thought she could be interested.

Her letters in reply to him afforded but little comfort. They but too plainly told, although not in express terms, of the miserable life she was leading with her worthless and dissipated husband: they spoke, too, of declining health; and in one—the last her son received from her—she said she would never see him more, and bade him farewell for ever. In a week after, he received intelligence of her death.

Up to this period, his mother's allowance for that maintenance and education which he was no longer receiving, had been regularly paid, with this difference, that it was remitted yearly instead of half yearly, as before.

On the appearance of the next remittance—that is, the one succeeding Mrs Morrison's death, and which was nearly a twelvemonth after that event—the schoolmaster, to whom, as we should, perhaps, have said before, these remittances always came in the first instance, returned it to the banker, informing them of the death of Mrs Morrison, and saying—what was true—that he knew not where her son was, having heard nothing of him for a long while.

The consequence of this communication was, that no further remittances came.

Again years passed away; and, in this time, Fauconberg had been tossed about the world, from east to west, and from north to south, without having any correspondence with, or hearing anything from his native village.

The Peninsular War was now raging violently; but the regiment to which Fauconberg belonged, had not yet partaken of either its glories or its dangers.

Its time, however, was coming; and although it had not been permitted to share in the honours attending the opening of that illustrious series of campaigns which ended in the overthrow of Napoleon, it was allowed to participate in those attending their close.

In the latter end of 1812, Fauconberg's regiment was ordered to Spain, where it arrived just in time to partake of the perils and triumphs of the field of Vittoria.

They afterwards formed part of that army with which Wellington crossed the Nive to attack Soult, who was in great force on the opposite side.

During the advance of the British troops towards the enemy, and when within an hour or two's march of the latter, there was descried, a good way to the right of the British line of march, and consequently on the left of the French army, a strong natural position which appeared to be occupied by the enemy, but in what manner could not be ascertained. It being desirable to know this, as also something of the nature of the ground, the colonel of Fauconberg's regiment, which happened to be the one nearest the position in question, was directed to find, if he could, a cool, brave, and intelligent man, who would undertake to reconnoitre the position, and bring back as correct an account as possible of the enemy's arrangements for defence, and of the localities of the place.

On this order being communicated to Colonel S——, he immediately bethought him of Fauconberg as the man in his regiment best qualified for such an enterprise. In this opinion, he instantly sent for him. On his appearing—

"Fauconberg," he said, "have you a mind to obtain a commission?"

"A great mind, sir," replied the former, smiling, "if I only knew how."

"I can tell you," said the colonel; "but, mind you, its either a commission or a coffin, or at least a grave."

"In time of war, sir, these are always the alternatives of a soldier," said Fauconberg; "and I'm willing it should be so in the present case, whatever that case may be."

"Then it is this," said the colonel; and he proceeded to inform the young non-commissioned officer of the nature of the duty he was required to perform.

Fauconberg at once undertook the dangerous commission.

"See, however, young man," said the colonel, on his expressing his willingness to do so, "that you perfectly understand the risks you run. If taken by the enemy certain death awaits you."

"I know it, sir," replied Fauconberg; "and am content to run that and all other hazards."

"I need not add," said the colonel, "that, in the event of your safe return with the desired intelligence, your promotion is certain, and will be immediate."

"I understand so, sir," replied Fauconberg.

"Then that's settled, Fauconberg," said the colonel. "Now, go, and take your measures."

Fauconberg withdrew, but awaited the fall of evening before setting out on his perilous adventure. Evening came; and when it did, it found the intrepid young soldier on his way to the enemy's position, wrapped up in a great-coat, to conceal his uniform; and having concealed beneath, a sword and brace of pistols. He was on foot, having declined the offer of a horse, which, he said, would only encumber him, as he should, in all likelihood, be obliged to go into places where a horse could not carry him.

Having cleared the outposts of the British army, Fauconberg soon found himself within a short distance of the

position, without having been challenged by any of the enemy's sentinels, whom he had avoided by taking circuitous routes through fields, and by stealing alongst the numerous hedges and dykes by which the country was thickly interspersed.

By these cautious proceedings, Fauconberg contrived to get so near the position, that, by the aid of a bright moonlight, he soon made himself master of its general local outlines on the side next the British, and of the dispositions made for its defence.

Having made his observations, Fauconberg was about to retrace his steps towards the British lines, when, to his great alarm, he saw a strong picquet of the enemy within twenty paces of him, and approaching him as directly as if they were aware of his being there. This, however, they were not; and they would have passed him by, but for an unlucky accident that discovered not only his presence, but his whereabouts. As he hastily threw himself at full length into a hollow, on perceiving the picquet approaching, one of his pistols went off. The ball did him no injury; but the report brought half-a-dozen of the enemy upon him, who instantly made him prisoner, and would have run him through with their bayonets, but for a sergeant of the party, who suggested that they would have more credit by carrying him before the general.

The proposition was acceded to; and poor Fauconberg was forthwith marched into the French lines, and carried before a general of division.

The general was a tall, handsome man: still handsome, though well advanced in years; but of a grave and somewhat stern aspect.

On the case of the prisoner being stated to him—the situation he was found in, his being alone, &c., &c., and which left no doubt of his having been employed in making observations on the position—

"So, young man," said the general, who spoke English with great fluency, although with a good deal of the foreign accent—"You have been playing the part of spy. Do you know the consequences, now that you are in our power?"

"Perfectly, sir; it is death," replied Fauconberg, with a composure of manner that excited the admiration of the general, although he carefully concealed the feeling. "I am prepared for it. I knew all my risks; and that this was amongst the number."

"It is well, young man," said the general. Then, turning to a subaltern who stood beside him—"You will take charge of the prisoner, sir, and see that he is shot tomorrow morning before nine o'clock."

The officer bowed acquiescence; and Fauconberg's guards were about to hurry him out of the tent in which this scene took place, when the general, as if struck with a sudden thought, called back the prisoner and his guards, and, pulling a small memorandum-book from his pocket, opened it, and began writing in it, muttering as he did so—this, however, being in French:—"English soldier—spy—shot at Tarragone, 12th November, 1803."

Then, pausing and looking up to Fauconberg—

"Your name, young man?"

"Fauconberg."

"What, Fauconberg?" repeated the general, with a look of surprise that his grave and stern features rarely assumed.

"Your country?"

"Scotland."

"The particular locality?"

"Cairnton."

"Your mother's name?"

"Gardner."

The general started from his seat, in a state of evident excitement, and, waving his hand impatiently,

"Away with your prisoner," he exclaimed; "away with him; and see that he meet his fate in the morning."

The guards now hurried Fauconberg out of the general's tent, and conducted him towards an old chateau at a short distance, which was temporarily occupied by the French, and some of whose apartments had been converted into prison rooms for offenders of various descriptions.

Into one of these Fauconberg was now thrust; the door locked upon him; and a couple of sentinels placed at the door.

What the feelings of the unfortunate young man were, now that he was left alone to reflect on the dreadful situation in which he was placed—shut up in a cold, dark apartment, in which there was not even a seat to sit upon, with the certainty that the morning's light would conduct him to a violent and untimely death—we say, what his feelings were on that occasion, we need not describe, they will readily be conceived.

Fortunately for Fauconberg, however, he possessed a strength of mind which enabled him to contemplate death, if not without that awe which it naturally inspires, at least with a decent and manly composure.

Fauconberg had seated himself on the floor of his dismal prison room, and the midnight hour had passed, when he was suddenly startled by hearing the sentinel outside challenge some one who was approaching. The challenge seemed satisfactorily answered; for, in the next instant, his door was opened, and two hussars, one of them bearing a lantern, entered, and intimated to him, by signs, that he must accompany them.

Although having no doubt that it was to execution he was about to be led, Fauconberg arose with alacrity, and, with steady step and composed demeanour, left the apartment with the soldiers; one of whom walked before him to lead the way; the other behind, to prevent any attempt at escape; and both having drawn swords in their hands.

In this way the party proceeded until they reached an outer courtyard of the chateau, where were three horses saddled and bridled, fastened to rings in the wall, champing their bits, and pawing the ground impatiently.

On coming up to the horses, the hussars, pointing to one of the former, gave Fauconberg to understand that they desired him to mount.

Although not a little surprised at the proceeding, he did so; when the soldiers, mounting each one of the other two horses, and taking their places, one on the left and the other on the right of their prisoner, urged his steed onwards, until all three had attained nearly the top of their speed.

At this rate they continued for nearly two hours; encountering in their progress many outposts of the French army, by all of whom they were challenged, but allowed readily to pass, on the reply of Fauconberg's escort.

The horsemen now slackened their speed, although they still continued to advance at so rapid a rate, that, when morning dawned, they had left the outermost picquets of the French army far behind.

Still journeying onwards, the party came to a small inn or wine-house by the wayside. Here the hussars dismounted, and made a sign to Fauconberg to do so likewise. He complied; when the soldiers, fastening their horses to certain iron staples in the wall, placed there on purpose, entered the house, taking Fauconberg along with them, and ordered some refreshment. Some bacon, fried with eggs, quickly smoked on the table, flanked by a bottle of wine.

The soldiers drew in chairs, placed one for their prisoner, and, pointing to it, led him to understand that he was to be a partaker of their good cheer.

Fauconberg thought all this a very extraordinary way of being conducted to execution, although of the latter he saw but little symptoms—a circumstance, however, at which,

it will readily be believed, he did not feel greatly disappointed.

In the meantime, complying with the invitation so kindly given him by his guards, Fauconberg took his place at table; but, considering the singular circumstances in which he was placed—the uncertainty of his future fate—it is not surprising that he could do but little justice to the good things before him. He could eat none.

The deficiencies of Fauconberg, in this particular, however, were amply compensated by his guards, who having, apparently, more appetite than care, ate superbly, and drank in proportion.

Having completed their meal, in both the eating and drinking departments, and settled the cost thereof, the hussars, with their prisoner, again mounted and pursued their journey, though now much more leisurely than during any of the preceding part of the way.

We have not hitherto interrupted the course of our narrative, nor will we do so in time to come, to express or describe the feelings of Fauconberg on this extraordinary occasion: we think it best to leave all that kind of thing to the imagination of the reader, and to hold on ourselves the steady even tenor of our way.

Without stopping, then, to say what he thought or felt, we will carry him forward on his mysterious journey.

For two days and two nights this journey continued, with little intermission; an hour or two's rest only being taken at long intervals, and this more on account of the horses than the men.

What was the meaning of all this? what the ultimate destination? what the fate intended for him? were questions which Fauconberg frequently asked himself, but to which, of course, he could not even conjecture a reply.

During all this time, no conversation of any kind had passed between him and his guards, for the very good reason that neither understood the language of the other. But Fauconberg, from what he observed, had reason to believe that they were enjoined to hold no correspondence with him, and to give him no information whatever as to where he was being taken, or what it was intended his ultimate destiny should be.

Early on the morning of the third day, Fauconberg and his escort entered France; and, towards the evening, arrived at a small garrison town about forty miles from the frontiers.

On gaining the former place, the hussars, with their prisoner, rode directly up to a large quadrangular castellated building, situated on the summit of the gentle acclivity on which the town was built, and which it overlooked, and, it may be added, commanded; for the walls of the building were pierced with embrasures, in which the grim mouths of cannon displayed themselves.

The structure had the appearance of a prison; and such it really was, as was but too plainly indicated by the heavily grated windows, which were interspersed, though very thinly, and at wide intervals, over the expansive walls.

On reaching this dismal-looking building, the outer gate of which was guarded by two sentinels, the hussars dismounted, and, leading their horses and their prisoner in at the former, demanded, of a sergeant on duty whom they now encountered, to be conducted to the presence of the governor or commandant. The sergeant asked what was the nature of their business. This they declined telling him, farther than that it was to deliver a prisoner into his hands.

"An English prisoner?" said the sergeant.

"Yes."

"Then why not deliver him to me?" he said, with great impatience of manner. "I have charge of the prisoners here; and will take good care of him, I warrant you. I have 170 English prisoners here under my charge, and never one effected his escape from me yet."

The spokesman of the hussars contented himself with merely replying, that his orders were to deliver the prisoner into the governor's hands, and none other, and that these orders he would obey.

"Umph," ejaculated the sergeant, with an air of offended dignity.

Then, calling to a couple of soldiers, who were at a little distance, to come and take charge of the horses, he, without further remark, conducted the hussars and their prisoner towards a square tower which formed one of the wings of the building, and which, from its having larger windows than the latter, and these unstanchioned, seemed to be the residence of the governor. It was so.

Having ascended several flights of stairs, the sergeant led his followers into a large apartment, used as an office or place of business. It was occupied by several clerks, all busily engaged in writing.

Making no communication to any of these, the sergeant advanced towards a door at the further end of the apartment, at which he tapped gently.

A voice from within called on him to enter. He did so—the hussars, with doffed caps, and their prisoner, following. They were now in the presence of the governor—a tall, elderly, military-looking man, highly powdered, and exhibiting other external evidence of his being of the old school. He was seated at a desk writing when they entered, but rose when the party came in.

"A prisoner," he said, glancing from Fauconberg to the sergeant; and then, without waiting for an answer—"Why bring him here—why bring him to me?" he added, impatiently. "Take him away, and put him amongst the others."

At this moment, one of the hussars took a letter from the breast of his coat, and respectfully, but without saying a word, put it into the hands of the governor.

"What 's this?" said the latter, opening it as he spoke.

Having read the letter, he eyed Fauconberg with a look of curiosity for several seconds, but without speaking. At length, nodding to the sergeant—

"You may retire," he said. "Take these men with you, and leave the prisoner with me."

The sergeant and the two hussars withdrew from the apartment.

When they had done so, the commandant, still without saying a word to Fauconberg, rung a small silver bell; when a person of an equivocal appearance—something between a valet and a turnkey—entered the apartment, and, bowing obsequiously, waited the communication of the purpose for which he had been summoned.

The governor spoke two or three words to him, rapidly, and in a low tone; then, pointing to the door, and looking at Fauconberg, intimated to him that he should follow the former, who was now about quitting the apartment.

Fauconberg did so; and was conducted, by that person, up another flight of stairs, which led to the governor's house. This they now entered; when the latter, having previously provided himself with a key, opened a door, which seemed to have been always kept locked, and, bowing slightly to Fauconberg, gave him to understand that he desired him to walk in.

On Fauconberg doing so, his companion, who continued to hold the door by the key, drew it to, locked it, and left him to his private meditations.

On being left alone, Fauconberg, whose mind was now relieved from the present terrors of death, although not from alarming doubts of the final issue of his strange adventure, began to examine his new quarters. The result of the examination was to discover to him that he had the command of two apartments—a small one, and a larger, the former leading off from the latter.

In the small apartment was a neat and clean bed, fur-

nished with dimity curtains of spotless white, a sofa, and several chairs, covered with the same material, forming altogether a comfortable, nay, rather elegant, dormitory.

The larger apartment, a sitting-room, was also handsomely furnished; containing, besides articles of mere utility, a small library, musical instruments of various kinds, and an abundant supply of writing materials, which were deposited, ready for use, on a small table, covered with green cloth, that stood in a recess of one of the windows, and beside which was placed a leathern-covered easy chair. Fauconberg could not, at first, conceive for whose use these apartments were appropriated; for, from their isolated situation, they did not seem to form any part of the governor's domestic accommodations; but, noting that the windows, though much larger than those in other parts of the prison, were, like them, strongly secured with iron stanchions, and that the door was of unusual strength, he concluded that the chambers were intended as a place of confinement for State prisoners, or prisoners of rank. But how he, who was neither the one nor the other, should be so honourably accommodated, was, like all the other circumstances of his extraordinary case, a point on which he could not advance even a plausible conjecture.

Having completed his survey of his apartments, Fauconberg having previously provided himself with a book, threw himself down on a sofa, and endeavoured to beguile his anxious wandering thoughts by reading. The work he had taken up was a French one—"The Adventures of Telemachus." Being a good French scholar, he read it with ease; and although not unacquainted with its English translations, was delighted with its perusal in the original.

He had been thus employed for about an hour and a half, when the same person who had first conducted him to his present quarters, entered, bearing a clean white towel or napkin in one hand; in the other, a plate, knife, fork, and spoon.

Having spread the first on a small round table, and laid the latter, he withdrew without saying a word. Shortly after, he returned, retired, and again returned, bearing each time some contribution or other to the table, till the latter boasted a roast fowl, a small loaf of bread, a plate of pastries, and, though last not least, a bottle of wine.

These good things all laid down in neat and proper order, Fauconberg's purveyor, and, it would appear, jailor also, made a motion to him to take his place at table.

Nothing loth—for he was now beginning to discover, and it was for the first time since the night of his capture, that he still had such a thing about him as an appetite—Fauconberg drew in and commenced operations; the which operations, to his no great displeasure, he was left to perform unwitnessed, as his attendant withdrew, locking the door carefully after him, so soon as he had seen his prisoner seated and fairly at work.

In about half an hour, the former again returned—Fauconberg, in the meantime, having made an excellent supper of it—and, with the same silence and celerity, cleared the table and bore away its furniture, with which he had brought it in.

Our hero, shortly afterwards, retired to rest, appropriating for this purpose the little white dimity-curtained bed, which, though not formally assigned him, he took for granted was meant for the accommodation of the inhabitant of the apartments.

On the following morning, a comfortable breakfast of coffee, &c., was brought him by his attendant of the preceding day; dinner and supper followed; and, thus mysteriously quartered and provided for, day after day passed away, week followed week, and Fauconberg still continued a prisoner, though a well-treated one, in the fortress of Rougeville, which was the name of the place of his captivity.

In this way three months passed away; and, during all this time, Fauconberg continued in the same state of ignorance of the fate intended him, and of those who controlled it, as on the first day of his confinement.

No communication had been made to him by any one. He had never again seen the commandant of the fortress; and his immediate attendant would make no satisfactory answer to any of these anxious inquiries which the singularity of his situation was constantly prompting.

He was, therefore, obliged to be content with his position, and to augur the best from the hospitable treatment he was meeting with.

Three months is not a very long period; but, short as it is, it often brings very remarkable changes; yet seldom, perhaps, has such brief space had so many important events crowded within its limits, as that which embraced Fauconberg's captivity in the fortress of Rougeville.

Within that short three months, the overthrow of Buonaparte had been completed, and the Allied Sovereigns had entered, as masters, the capital of France.

Soon after, as is well-known, Napoleon abdicated the throne, which was re-ascended by the ancient dynasty of the Bourbons.

It was after the first and second of these remarkable events had occurred, that as Fauconberg was one forenoon looking out of one of the windows of his prison rooms, gazing listlessly on the extensive and beautiful landscape which his elevated situation commanded—for his apartments were on the uppermost floor of the tower—he saw a carriage approaching the fortress at a rapid rate.

"More *State* prisoners," said Fauconberg to himself, ironically. "But no, that can hardly be—at least, they can scarcely be prisoners of Buonaparte's making; for his day is now past. They may, however, be prisoners under the new order of things."

While Fauconberg was thus communing with himself as to the probable freight of the approaching vehicle, and its purpose in seeking the fortress, it entered the gate, and drove into a courtyard immediately beneath the window at which he was standing. Looking on with much curiosity to see who should come forth of the machine, he saw one person only, a gentleman, step out, and enter the door which led to the residence of the governor.

Wondering who the visiter could be, yet not feeling deeply interested in the matter, Fauconberg withdrew from the window, and resumed the reading of the book with which he had been engaged a short while before.

He had not been thus employed many minutes, when he heard voices without, and the noise of the key, as it was being introduced into the lock of the door of his apartment. The circumstance startled him a little, as he had never been intruded on before by any stranger, excepting at meal times.

Leaping from his seat, he awaited in some anxiety—for the sentence of death passed on him on the night he was taken, had not even yet been quite forgotten—the appearance of his visiters. They entered. First came his ordinary attendant; next, a tall, military-looking man, closely buttoned up in a blue surtout; and, lastly, the commandant of the fortress, whom he now saw for the second time only.

Of the three, the person in the blue surtout most attracted the attention of Fauconberg; an attention which was accompanied by no small degree of alarm; for, in this person, he recognized the general before whom he had been brought on the night when he was taken prisoner, and by whom he had been so peremptorily and summarily dismissed to execution.

Little wonder was it then that Fauconberg's countenance grew pale at the sight of this formidable personage; and not much is it to be wondered at either, that he should

suppose he had come to have his long delayed sentence put into execution.

Such, in truth, were the feelings, and such the ideas, which the appearance of this appalling visiter suggested to Fauconberg.

In the meantime, the turnkey, having introduced the gentlemen—the general and commandant—into Fauconberg's apartments, withdrew, after a polite obeisance to his superiors.

On his retiring, the general approached Fauconberg, who was waiting the result of this alarming interview in a state of great perturbation, and thus opened the purpose of his visit:—

"Young man, do you recollect me?"

"But too well, sir," replied Fauconberg.

The general and commandant both smiled; a circumstance from which Fauconberg drew a favourable augury, as regarded the object of his visiters.

"Yes, young man," continued the general, "you have had some reason to recollect me. The circumstances in which we last met were not of the most pleasant kind; but they might have ended still more unpleasantly for you."

Fauconberg's face crimsoned.

"Your life was justly forfeited, according to the laws of war," resumed the general; "and, but for a singular providence, the forfeit would most certainly have been exacted.

"When brought before me, young man, on the night you were taken," continued the latter, after a pause, "you gave as yours the name of Fauconberg. Do you still adhere to that assertion? Is your name indeed Fauconberg; or did you merely assume it for the time?

"My name, sir, is really and truly Fauconberg; at least, it was my father's name," replied he, reddening, as he rendered this qualification.

"What do you mean by putting your answer in that peculiar shape?" said the general. "Were your parents not married?"

The blood again mounted to Fauconberg's brow, as he replied, hesitatingly—

"No, sir, they were not. My mother, whose name, as I told you on a former occasion, was Gardner, was a woman of humble birth. My father was, as I have been told, a man of noble descent."

"Of what country?" inquired the general.

"A Frenchman," replied Fauconberg.

The general and the commandant exchanged significant looks.

"A Frenchman," repeated the former.

"Yes, sir, a Frenchman; an *emigré*, as I understand," continued Fauconberg; "driven from his country by the Revolution."

Again the general and commandant exchanged looks.

"Have your ever seen your father, young man?" inquired the general.

"No, sir. He left our place while I was yet but an infant, and never again returned."

"Did he desert you entirely?" said the general. "Did he do nothing for you or your mother?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Fauconberg. "In that respect he was not wanting. He remitted a yearly sum, and an ample one, for my support and education; which last he desired to be specially attended to."

"And was it so?" said the general.

"It was," replied Fauconberg. "What use I may have made of it, it is not for me to say; but, of instruction, I have had abundance, in various departments of learning."

"Your mother is dead. I mean—I mean," continued the general, with some embarrassment of manner, as if he had committed himself—"I mean, *is* your mother dead?"

"She is, sir," replied Fauconberg, in some surprise at the general's slip, which did not escape him. She died several years ago."

The latter now took several turns up and down the apartment, saying nothing, but seemingly in considerable agitation.

At length, again confronting Fauconberg—

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "*I* am your father!"

"There can be little doubt of that," here interposed the commandant, smiling. It was the first time he had spoken during this singular interview. "Any one who sees you together cannot doubt of his being your son, general. The resemblance is very striking."

"I think it is," replied the general, now also smiling.

What Fauconberg's feelings were, on this extraordinary occasion, we need not say; they were overpowering. To find in the man before whom he had been carried a prisoner—in the man who had adjudged him to a violent death—and who had, as he at the time thought, so harshly ordered him to execution—to find in the French general before him, a father—a father whom he had never seen, and whom he had never dreamt of ever seeing—was a circumstance which might well disturb the equanimity of the most callous and apathetic.

Fauconberg was none of these; and great, therefore, was his emotion on the extraordinary discovery being made. These emotions, however, he controlled as well as he could; and, after returning, with tenderness, the embrace with which his father followed up the announcement of his relationship, he respectfully awaited the communication of his new-found parent's further pleasure regarding him, as he did not doubt that he would now, and henceforth, take an interest in his welfare, and seek to control, or at least to advise as to his future proceedings. In the meantime, Fauconberg saw at once, in the circumstance which had just occurred, a solution of the mysteries of his rescue from death, and of his subsequent hospitable treatment.

He had now no doubt that he was indebted for all to his father; and in this conjecture he was not wrong, as the latter now informed him.

"Besides my desire to keep you where I might readily find you, when circumstances permitted it," added Fauconberg's father, after informing his son that it was by his orders the hussars had acted in carrying him a prisoner into France, "I could not, without a gross dereliction of my duty, have liberated you entirely; seeing that you must have been in possession of information regarding our position which might have been highly injurious to us, if communicated to the enemy; and I could have had no security that you would not communicate what you knew, should you have been again permitted to join the British army: indeed, consistently with *your* duty, you must have done so. *Mine* was to prevent you—the more especially that, in rescuing you from death, I had already done much more than I was warranted in doing, and for which I had rendered myself liable to the severest reprehension. This part of the business, however, I got over, by giving assurance of your safe custody—the only condition on which I could possibly have saved your life.

"To secure you good treatment in your captivity, and which you have no doubt met with, I addressed a letter to my friend, the commandant here, requesting this kindness at his hands—stating our relationship, but entreating him to say nothing of his knowledge of this circumstance to you. This I wished to be the first to communicate myself. I, besides, wished to be farther assured of your identity—further assured, in short, that you *were* my son. The particulars on which I lately questioned you, and which you have so satisfactorily answered, added to the resemblance between us, which my friend here has remarked, has given me this assurance, and on this point I am perfectly

satisfied. I am, let me also add, young man, well pleased with your appearance, your manner, your intelligence; and proud of your bravery, of which I had satisfactory proof on the trying occasion on which we first met."

The general then proceeded to inform his son that, as the war was now at an end, it was his intention to retire to, and spend the remainder of his days on his paternal estate; adding that, if Fauconberg had no objection, and was bound by no particular ties to return to his native country, he desired he should accompany him.

To his father's proposal, young Fauconberg readily consented.

On that day the general and his son dined with the commandant of the fortress of Rougeville. On the next, they set out for the residence of the former—one of the handsomest chateaux in the south of France. Six years afterwards, young Fauconberg's father died, and the former succeeded to his fortune and estates.

THE OLD IRISH BEGGAR-WOMAN.

About twenty-five years ago, there came to the door of a certain house, on the south side of Edinburgh, a little, old, Irish beggar-woman, soliciting charity. She was very old—giving her age as eighty-one, and with every appearance of truth.

In her dress, however, there was none of that squalor and utter wretchedness which one so often sees in those who seek their bread from door to door. Her clothes were not, indeed, indicative of anything approaching to what we call respectable; but they were comfortable. There were no rags; and her little gray cloak was rather a snug-looking article: her shoes and stockings were good; and on her head she wore a very clean white cap. Altogether, there was something very pleasing, and well calculated to excite sympathy, in the appearance of the cleanly, little, old beggar-woman.

It was such feeling as this that induced the lady of the house alluded to, to invite the old woman into the kitchen, as the day was very wet and cold. With this invitation she readily complied; saying, as she tottered alongst the passage, supporting herself by her staff—

"Thank you, dear—thank you. It's myself that will be glad of a blink o' the fire this could day. It is indeed, dear; for my ould bones feel the could hitterly."

A chair was now placed for her before the fire; when, seating herself, she deliberately placed her crook-headed staff on one side; and on the other, on the floor beside her, a little basket that she carried. To this little basket we should, perhaps, have alluded before. It contained a little stock of merchandise—some tape, some balls of thread, and two or three oranges; the value of all of which would not exceed one sixpence sterling money. There was something piteous about this little basket; it looked so miserable—so wretched.

The day, as already mentioned, being very cold and wet, the little old woman was asked if she would take a little spirits.

"No, dear, thank you. It's five-and-forty years since a dhrop o' speerats, or anything stronger than wather, crossed my lips. Many thanks to you, dear, all the same, though. The bit o' fire," she added, toasting her little, old, withered hands before it as she spoke—"The bit o' fire is comfort enough; and a great comfort it is in such a day as this."

"And you drink nothing but water?" said her hostess, in some surprise at so unusual a peculiarity in one in her condition and circumstance.

"Nothing, dear, unless it be the dhrop tea; it's my only comfort."

"You have been always a sober woman, then?"

"Indeed, and I may say I have, dear. I never was given to dhrinking: I never liked it; but there was a time when I could take a little like other people. But I saw a scene once that made me forswear it for ever; and, from that day to this, I have never put a glass to my lips, and, please God, never will."

The curiosity of her hostess being excited by this allusion, she was asked what was the nature of the circumstance to which it pointed.

"Troth, dear," replied the old woman, "it was a case that's but too common; but, as it happened to my own sister, and before my own eyes, as I may say, it made an impression on me that five-and-forty years has done nothin to weaken.

"My sisther, who was as purty a girl as you could find in all Ireland—and that's a wide word, dear, but a thrue one—married a young farmer of the name of John Dowlan; as good-lookin a lad as you would see anywhere, and a well-doin.

"Awell, dear, for six or seven years they lived happily together. There never was a fonder couple; and matters throve wid them mightily. It was just a treat to see them. They were so loving; their house was so tidy; and everything about them so comfortable and orderly; their childer—for they had two—so clean and well dressed. It was a purty sight. But, och! dear, a terrible change came over them. John Dowlan took to the dhrinkin—the cursed dhrinkin. At first, and for some time, wid some regard to decency and motheration; but it was soon from bad to worse, as it always is in such cases, dear. Dowlan drank harder and harder. His farm went to rack and ruin; his tidy house was gradually stripped of its comforts; and his childer ran about as dirty and ragged as the childer of a Dublin beggar. But this wasn't the worst of it, dear, bad as it is. The heart of her broken by Dowlan's misbehaviour, Nelly took also to the cursed dhrinkin; and then there was nothing but fightin and quarrellin from mornin to night.

'Well, dear, going one night, when things were in this way wid a tate o' meal for the childer's supper—for they were now badly off indeed—I finds the house all dark, and no soul moving in it. I went in and called out, but nobody answered me. Thinking there was no one in the house, I was comin out agin, when I stumbled over something. I put down my hand to feel. It was my sisther lyin all her length on the floor. Believin that the poor crathur was the worse o' the dhrink, didn't I raise her up, and try to waken her. But no word would she speak, and no motion would she make. So, suspectin something wrong, didn't I lay her gently down agin, and run into a neighbour's house for a light.

"Och! och! God be wid us! what a sight did I see when I came back wid the light. Wasn't there my poor sisther lyin murdered on the floor; her face covered wi' blood; her long black hair all spread about, and thickened and glued together wid the life strames o' the poor crathur; and a deep gash in her forehead: and wasn't there John Dowlan lyin in another corner, mortal drunk, and a bloody axe beside him. And, och! och! och! wasn't it the dhrink that did all this? Hadn't they been dhrinkin and fightin all day long? and wasn't this the end of it? It was, aghra—it was. Now, wouldn't that sight have cured any one of dhrinkin, dear? A could and desolate house, without fire or candle; a murdered woman; and a senseless man, lyin more like a brute than a human crathur; and two poor, naked, starving childer in the next room, sleepin on a lock o' strae, and not knowin what had happened There was a sight for you dear, wasn't it? Is it any wonder I shouldn't ever allow the cursed liquor to approach my mouth?"

"And what became of Dowlan?"

"Och, dear, and wasn't he hanged for the murder, in less than six weeks after, at Armagh!"

There was a peculiarity about the old woman, which struck every one who saw her, on the occasion of which we are speaking—these consisting of several members of the family, including two or three children, whom curiosity had gathered around her. This peculiarity consisted in certain strange, earnest, scrutinizing looks which she, from time to time, fixed on the different individuals about her.

What these looks meant, it was impossible to conjecture, as they conveyed no distinct expression of any particular purpose. They were odd, however, and remarkable.

"Now, dears," said the old woman, after she had talked herself into some familiarity with her auditory—a familiarity which had been farther promoted by a basin of broth and a slice of bread—"Now, dears, I will show you something that I wouldn't show to everybody."

And she began rummaging a deep pocket which hung by her side, and from which she cautiously drew forth, but not farther than to allow of its being barely seen, a small golden crucifix.

"See, dears," she said, addressing the children; "do you know what that is?"

"Is that our Saviour on the Cross?" said a little curly-headed boy of about five years of age, gazing with eager curiosity on the sacred emblem.

"Yes, dear—yes," replied the old woman, stroking the boy's head kindly. "It is, jewel. He who suffered for our sins, and through whose mediation lies the only road to salvation."

For four or five years after this, the little, old, Irish beggar-woman was a frequent, although not a very regular, visiter of the family of which we are speaking, where, as she always suited her calls to the tea hour, a cup of that, her favourite beverage, always awaited her.

At the period of the old woman's first visit to the family alluded to, their circumstances were comfortable; and, for some time after, they continued so.

Misfortune, however, came, how or by what means it is not necessary to our story to explain. Be it enough to say, that Mr Arthur was unfortunate, and, finally, so far embarrassed, that his household furniture was sequestrated for the rent. The day of sale came, and the fatal red flag was displayed at one of the windows.

The brokers were already gathering about the door, which stood wide open for all who chose to enter.

It wanted yet about twenty minutes to the hour of sale; but, as has been said, intending purchasers were already crowding about the door, and thronging the passages of the house. Amongst the latter, feebly struggling to make her way in, was a little old woman in a gray cloak. It was the Irish beggar-woman. There was surprise, and an expression of deep and anxious interest, in her aged countenance. Pushing on, she found out the apartment in which the unhappy family had assembled, and tottered into the midst of them.

The sight of the old woman at such a moment gave much pain to both Mrs Arthur herself, and the other members of the family. They thought it a most unseasonable visit.

"Och, dear, dear, and this is a sorrowful day wid ye," said the old woman to Mrs Arthur. "Excuse me for comin at sich a time; but I heerd of your misfortune, and thocht it my duty, who had shared of your comforts, to share in your distresses. Will you spake to me a moment, Mrs Arthur, dear?"

Mrs Arthur retired with her to a window.

"Don't think it impertinent of me axin, dear," said the old woman; "but what 's all this for? Is it the rint, dear?"

Mrs Arthur told her it was.

"And how much is it now, jewel? Come now, dear, don't be after cryin your eyes out in that way. I always put my trust in God while in trouble, dear; and, perhaps, he 's nearer you this blessed moment wid assistance, than you're thinkin of. How much is the rint, dear?"

"It will be altogether about £20," replied Mrs Arthur, sobbing, and not a little surprised at the old woman's inquiries, which, but for the manner in which they were put, she would have deemed impertinent.

"Twenty pound, dear. Well, get me a word o' your husband, as there 's no time to loose."

Mr Arthur was immediately brought to her.

"You're in distress, sir, and a sorrowful sight it is to me to see it; but, maybe, I can relieve you," said the old woman, "Put everybody out of the room but the misthress and yourself."

We will not pause to describe Mr Arthur's astonishment at this address, but proceed.

The apartment being cleared—

"Now, dears," said the old woman, working her hand into the deep side-pocket from which she had drawn the crucifix on a former occasion, and from which she now pulled forth an old leathern purse—"Now, dears, ax no questions, and don't vex me wid refusals or thanks. Here 's twenty gould guineas; and just you settle wid the harpies, Mr Arthur, dear, and let there be no more about it. You'll pay me back again when you can, as I will be always comin and goin about the house, as usual. There, dear," she added, handing over twenty guineas to Mr Arthur, which she had, in the meantime, counted out from the leathern purse. "Take that, and run away wid ye, and clear the house o' the spalpeens."

Mr Arthur would have refused the money; but she would hear of no denial. He hastened to the apartment where the person sent from the sheriff's-officer to receive the proceeds of the sale and the auctioneer were. The sale had just begun. The first article had been put up, when Mr Arthur approached the clerk and whispered something in his ear.

The words acted like a charm. The whole proceedings were instantly stopped: the rent and costs were paid; and, in ten minutes after, the house was cleared of strangers. It was once more the sanctuary of Arthur and his family.

After this, matters again improved with Arthur. The old woman continued her visits as formerly; but steadily refused receiving back any part of the twenty guineas she had advanced—always saying, when partial re-payments were offered her—

"Not now, dear: wait awhile till you get a little easier, and maybes you'll give it to me when I am more in need of it than at present."

About a year after, the old woman informed Mrs Arthur, one day, that she intended going to Glasgow to see some friends she had there, but that she would return in about a month.

To Glasgow she accordingly went, as was ascertained by subsequent inquiry; but she never returned, nor was anything more ever heard of her by the family whom she had so seasonably relieved.

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HEIR OF INSHANNOCK.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE HEIR OF INSHANNOCK.

The ill-fated struggle of the partizans of the House of Stuart, in the year 1745, terminated, as our readers know, in the total ruin of almost all who were engaged in that unfortunate rebellion. The scaffold was deluged with the noblest blood in Scotland; and even those who were so fortunate as to escape the axe of the executioner, became penniless wanderers in a foreign land, meeting with little sympathy, and still less relief.

Amongst those who preferred the risk of hanging in their own country, to the certainty of starvation in a foreign one, was Reginald, or, as he was usually called, Ranald Grahame of Inshannock—a gentleman who was distantly connected with the Viscounts of Dundee. His estates were extensive, although his rental was small. He resided in an old building called the Tower of Gloom, which stood on a ridge of a terrific defile overhanging Loch Lomond.

Great rewards were offered for his apprehension by the Duke of Argyle, who entertained towards him a very hostile feeling, not founded in any patriotic desire to put down a rebel, but from an old grudge, either real or imaginary, which the great M'Callum Mor was not disposed to stomach. Hitherto, every effort to capture Reginald had been fruitless; for, secure in the devoted attachment of his tenantry, and the difficulty of an approach to the tower, he laughed at the threats of the chief of the Campbells, although backed by formidable government proclamations. It was to this security that Reginald became a victim. In his earlier years he had been intimate with Donald Campbell of Dungyle, who, although the nominal proprietor of these lands, derived nothing from them, as they were burdened by what is called, in Scottish law-language, a wadset. Now, Donald found it somewhat inconvenient to live upon nothing, or next to it; and he thought it no bad speculation to exchange his nominal estate for a real one, by handing his friend Reginald over to the tender mercies of the ministers of George II.; and, in return, quietly taking his place in the Tower of Gloom.

Having thus made up his mind on the propriety of bettering his condition, and having reconciled his conscience to the betrayal of his friend, by assuming that, as Reginald would, one day or other, be infallibly taken prisoner and executed, it was much better, although it might shorten his life a few weeks or months, that a friend rather than a stranger should get whatever recompense was to be got. Indeed, if any scruples still lurked in his breast, his duties as a citizen at once put an end to them, for, as he said, "a true patriot must sacrifice every private feeling to the public good." Influenced by these mixed considerations, he applied for, and obtained a promise, if he should be able to surprise the Tower of Gloom, and its commander, that he would be rewarded with a gift of the forfeited estate of Inshannock.

Having made every arrangement, in the event of success, Donald Campbell, with a body of retainers, proceeded to the Tower of Gloom. Hiding his followers in a copse of wood in the immediate vicinity, Donald hastened to the abode of his friend, and, claiming his hospitality, was readily admitted as an inmate. The result may be easily anticipated: Reginald found himself a prisoner, for the first time in his life. Resolved rather to perish than surrender, the unfortunate laird ran to an apartment overlooking the loch, and leaped from the window into the water. His false friend, seeing his desperate efforts, threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near.

"That rope was meant for my neck, and I leave it for a traitor's," were the last words that came from the lips of the betrayed one.

The pangs of remorse penetrated the heart of the insidious Campbell. He leapt himself into a boat, held out an oar toward his drowning friend, with real oaths of fidelity; but Reginald pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near the rock on which the Tower of Gloom was perched; and Campbell beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw, him lift his hand as if to reach his; and that dying hand never left his remembrance.

Campbell having thus successfully accomplished the enterprise he had projected, applied for and obtained the reward he had stipulated for. He received a grant of the lands of Inshannock; and the long wished for Tower of Gloom came into his hands, together with the sum of money offered for the capture or death of Reginald. So far, therefore, as worldly matters went, Donald Campbell, Esq., of Inshannock, had no cause to complain. But he was far from happy, for he could not but reproach himself with the death of one who, trusting to his honour, had been basely betrayed; and those reasons of expediency which had satisfied him when he contemplated the deed, after its accomplishment lost all their previous efficacy. He had another and separate cause of distress: his only son, Roderick, a promising youth, above sixteen years of age, had suddenly disappeared in the year 1745, and no traces of him whatever could be found. Every effort had been made to discover his fate, but in vain; thus, although Donald Campbell was, apparently, a man of opulence, he was in reality a much less happy man than when he lived from hand to mouth, and knew not one day where he was to look for provision for the next.

Although this enterprise had been successful, Campbell did not reap all the fruits of his perfidy; for some of the remote portions of the Highland estate which he had procured a gift of from the crown, were altogether unproductive, the tenants refusing to recognise any other chief than the son of the deceased proprietor. William Grahame was, at the time of his father's death, a boy of fifteen. He had been removed from the Tower of Gloom, by his mother's relations, about the time of the suppression of the rebellion, and placed by them in the Marischal College in the city of Aberdeen.

The lad, who had no great taste for classical literature, was, by no means, comfortable, and longed to return to the purple heath of his native hills. So long as his father lived, William behaved himself with considerable propriety, and

made some progress in his studies; but, no sooner did the tidings arrive of the untimely fate of the ill-starred Reginald, than his son disappeared from the University, and the anxious search of his friends was unable to obtain any traces of his flight. Some time afterwards, a body was found in the river Dee, in a state of great decomposition, which generally was supposed to be that of the young man, and was duly interred as the corpse of the last Grahame of Inshannock.

Time hurried on; and the new proprietor of Inshannock had begun to feel the effect of their rapid transit: he was no longer the vigorous man of forty; and as he passed towards the period of threescore, the effects of age told severely upon him.

For a series of years, Donald Campbell had been very much exposed to the depredations of a set of caterans or gipsies, who frequently kept him in a state of siege in his tower.

This tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three stories: the highest of which contained the dormitories; the second or middle served as a general refectory; and the lowest contained his cattle, which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning.

The leader of the gipsies frequented the fairs on the north side of the Firth, well mounted—paying at inns and ferries like a gentleman; and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the tenantry of the Lennox. The gipsy chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the flock committed to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength began to fail, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned.

In one of those drear midnights so awful to travellers in the Highlands, a man, wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone ridge, on the border of Loch Lomond, into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely and alone, looking carefully to the right and to the left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. The boatman, poising himself erect on his staff, drew, three times, the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff; and, having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the fissure of a rock, into which he disappeared.

The boat was moored; but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank, laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in his plaid of the darkest green, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night.

His purpose was answered. He had now discovered—what he had sacrificed many a perilous night to obtain a knowledge of—the mode by which the owner of the Tower of Gloom gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on its oars, and looked down into the transparent water. It is there still," he said to himself; and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat," said the Highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the gray stones, took a bundle from beneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Campbell's regiment usually wore. He then looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

Having thus acquired an accurate knowledge of the secret mode of access to the tower, the stranger returned to the place where he had seen the basket descending for the purpose of conveying its present possessor to the tower, climbing up its rough face with the activity acquired by mountain warfare. He hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather; but, creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he had laid his hands on a chain, which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Campbell landed. One end was coiled up; but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the keep; and he followed its course, till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light; but, striving to raise himself, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, and he was somewhat startled to hear the sound of a deep-toned bell.

Donald Campbell was sitting alone in the chamber, from the windows of which, fifteen years before, his betrayed friend, Reginald Grahame, had precipitated himself into the lake below. His eyes were fixed on the blazing logs on the hearth. The thoughts of former times were flitting before him: he pondered on the days of his youth, before ambition and avarice had fixed their poisoned arrows in his heart; ere the world had banished those notions of virtue and religion that his excellent parents had, in his boyhood, so unceasingly inculcated. Many minor delinquencies had he committed; but the crime which now preyed upon his mind, was the betrayal of his friend, embittered as it was by the reflection of the sordid motive that induced it.

In this state of mind he was startled by one of those figures which fancy so frequently suggests to a disordered mind. In the masses of the burning embers, he traced the outline of a face: imagination lent its aid; and he recognised a resemblance of Reginald. He started up:—"Avaunt, base mockery; am I to be daunted with a mere figment of the brain? Alas! trifles now disturb me. If I have sinned, I have suffered: the loss of my only son has been the penalty. I have paid for my misdeeds." So saying, he sat back on his chair quite exhausted; and, at that moment, the bell rung. At the deep and hollow sound he cast his eyes fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand towards a staff which lay near him. The stranger saw the tremor of the dismayed Lord of the Tower; and, putting his lips to the crevice, murmured, "Father," in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Campbell tremble. But when Grahame added, "Father! father! save me," he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door, invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man, who leaped eagerly in. Years had passed since Campbell had seen his son, and many rumours had been spread that the younger Campbell had not really perished, but had engaged in the service of the Pretender. The hopes and love of the father all revived in one moment; and the sudden apparition—the appeal for mercy—had full effect on his imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of

the stranger, resembled his son: all else might and must be changed by the lapse of so many years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shewn to his father's cause.

Roderick, in explanation, mentioned a variety of circumstances explanatory of the reasons of his evasion: how he had escaped, after the battle of Culloden, to France, where he had endeavoured to earn a scanty livelihood; and how he had, at last, resolved to revisit his native land, in hopes of obtaining the forgiveness of his father. His narrative was much abridged, by the fond delight of the old man weeping and rejoicing over the return of his prodigal son.

Old Campbell eagerly asked by what happy chance he had discovered the secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Roderick answered the first question, by repeating what our readers are already acquainted with; and he added, in answer to the second, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in the Tower of Gloom. Old Campbell agreed with joyful eagerness; but presently added:—

"Roderick, my boy, we must trust in Annette: she's too near in kin to betray you; and ye were to have been her spouse."

Then he explained that his niece was the only one person in his household acquainted with the secret of the basket and the bell: that, by her help, he could provide a mattrass and provisions for his son; but, without it, he would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences.

Roderick was commanded to return into the cavern passage, while his delighted father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest; and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annette gave to her uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a Highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret were arranged, Campbell presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Roderick was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth; and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart, by asking Annette, a thousand times, whether she remembered her betrothed husband; and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride.

Annette, whose predilections in favour of her cousin had been created by association—for she remembered him as far back as her recollections went—rejoiced at his reappearance after so long an interval, and seemed by no means disinclined to listen to her uncle's proposition.

Besides the persons just mentioned, there were present in the apartment an old woman, and a dog, also evidently advanced in years. The latter, upon the entrance of Roderick, saluted him with a loud bark; but, strange to say, suddenly paused in the middle of his hostile demonstrations, and, after smelling for half a minute, as if he was investigating what sort of person the intruder was, quietly retreated to his place by the fireside, apparently satisfied that all was right.

The fire on the hearth was replenished, and burnt cheerfully. Immediately opposite to the dog, on one side of the ingle, sat the woman. She was aged, and bent almost double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes, when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the hood that covered her ears.

"Do you not remember poor old Moome?" said Annette; and the laird led his supposed son towards the superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed anything that had passed, could not be gathered from her idiot laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Campbell pursued his arrangements for his son's safety; advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden panelled bed that formed a closet off this chamber, without regarding the half-living skelcton, who never left her corner. He gave him his blessing and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his bedside. He came back in a few minutes; and, while Roderick couched himself on his mattrass, took his station by the fire and fell asleep, overcome with joy.

The embers gradually sunk on the hearth, and the light diminished in proportion. Roderick, who had lain awake for some time, began to feel the approach of sleep; and, whilst in a state of transition, he observed, by the dying embers of the fire, the old woman cautiously rise, and, removing the dirk from the side of her sleeping master, approach his bed with cautious step and silent tread. The astonishment of Roderick at beholding this infirm creature advance, with a purpose so evidently hostile, was so great that, in place of jumping from his couch, and wresting the weapon from the hands of its weak and attenuated possessor, he lay fascinated, as birds are said to be by the eye of the rattlesnake, until the actual advent of the apparent assassin. The motions of the beldame were carefully watched in a quarter which she little suspected; for she had barely reached the couch on which her intended victim reposed, and ere she could raise her arm to strike, than the aged dog sprung at her throat, and brought her to the ground, from which she never rose again: the frail thread of her existence had been snapped by the suddenness of the onset.

This unexpected occurrence awoke the Lord of the Tower, who, springing up, beheld the nurse lying on the ground, with the dog growling over her.

This at once aroused Roderick from his trance; and he briefly explained to his father the singularly mysterious scene he had witnessed, and the fact of his rescue by the wonderful sagacity of the dog.

The father was perfectly amazed that such an attempt should have been made on the life of his son by one whom he naturally supposed would, as his vassal, have rather died a thousand deaths than have touched the hair of the head of the son of her chief. The only plausible ground he could assign for this murderous attempt, was the insanity of the old woman, who, perhaps, perplexed by the unexpected appearance of a stranger in a place where none had heretofore been, had, by some hallucination, fancied him a robber; and, under this impression, had boldly gone forward to do battle for the laird.

"Dear Roderick," said the father, "this is a sad welcome to the Tower of Gloom. If I was superstitious, I should augur something bad from this event. Poor Moome! she had long been a faithful servant, and I could have wished her fate different. We must conceal it from Annette. She will be sufficiently unhappy as it is; and it would be cruel to add to her annoyance by disclosing the strange fact that she had perished in attempting the life of her benefactor's son. Once more, good night, dear boy."

So saying, he pressed his son's forehead to his lips, and, removing the body, left Roderick to his own thoughts.

Poor Annette was shocked exceedingly by the unexpected death of the nurse; but sorrow is said to be near akin to love; and, in the delicate attentions of her cousin, Roderick, the fair Celt felt her grief strangely soothed, and her bosom experience sensations to which it had previously been a stranger.

Old Campbell witnessed the progress of this passion with great delight, and gave the young couple every opportunity for studying "*la belle passon:*" indeed, the necessary confinement of Roderick in the tower threw them so much together, that it was no wonder they became attached to each other.

The scene from the top of the tower was magnificent: the clear and pellucid waters of the fairest of Scotland's lakes at its feet; the isles with which its glassy bosom was studded, looked like so many fairy bowers; and the magnificent range of mountains to the northward, added to the grandeur of a scene the beauty of which words can afford but an inadequate idea. Often, at night, by the light of the silvery moon, the cousins would repair to this favourite seat, where Roderick would speak

> "Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe,
> And sold to slavery;"

whilst Annette listened breathless, but delighted, to his words.

It was here that he first ventured to breathe of love. Seizing the guitar from his cousin's hand, he poured forth his feelings in the following verses:—

> "Impelled by angry fate's decree
> In foreign lands to roam,
> With heavy heart I bid adieu
> To happiness and home.
>
> "I braved the perils of the land—
> The dangers of the sea;
> But every suffering is repaid
> By one kind look from thee."

It is unnecessary to trouble our readers with all the love passages between the two love-sick swains, which, although exceedingly interesting to the parties themselves, is anything but agreeable to any one else. It is sufficient to say, that Annette yielded her heart to her cousin, and that her uncle rejoiced at the surrender. A change for the better was evident in Roderick. He was no longer the gloomy repulsive individual that he once was. His manners gradually softened; and even the coldness with which he originally repelled his father's kindness, began to disappear. He had been barely a fortnight in the tower, when he expressed an urgent desire to be allowed to leave it for a short time. Old Campbell was not a little surprised at this, and represented the great risk he ran in leaving a place of security, and exposing himself to the chance of apprehension: he also expressed some curiosity to know what engagement could lure him from his father's house at such a time. Roderick replied that, were the business his own, he would not have scrupled to have explained everything to his father; but, as any disclosure would compromise other persons, he could not, as a man of honour, betray a trust that had been confided in him. The laird, whose notions of honour were somewhat lax, was not altogether convinced by this reasoning; but he did not press his opposition farther; and Roderick was allowed to depart.

After the absence of a week, Roderick returned, and was welcomed in the most affectionate manner by his father and cousin. Some time afterwards, he again left the tower for a few days; but these absences became less and less, as his love prospered. One day his father, who had been from home for some time, returned, and, calling his son and niece to his presence, said—

"My dear Roderick, you are now a free man—I hold here a free pardon for all offences. The interest of our chief with government has effected this. The Duke of Argyle is ever ready to assist his clansmen; and the faults and errors of the son have been overlooked in the services of the father. No obstacle longer remains to your nuptials with my beloved niece: take her from my hand as the greatest treasure I can give you."

Roderick's passion was equal to her rapture. Here was every obstacle removed. He could again appear in the world as a free agent, and the husband of one whose beauty was her least recommendation.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I know not how to express my gratitude for these favours. Henceforth you shall"—— And here he paused—a blush came over his haughty features, and the sentence was left unfinished.

A week before the nuptials, the old man took his son aside:—

"Roderick, I have something for your private ear."

"I attend."

"It is painful for a father to declare his unworthiness to his own offspring; but it must be. A bitter remorse has, for many years, soured my existence. My wealth is considerable; but it is a burden to me, because it originated in—blood!"

Roderick answered not.

"You must have heard that this tower once belonged to another?"

The son started.

"I have."

"I betrayed my friend. He perished, not by my hands, but by my fault; and, from that moment, deep remorse has filled my bosom: but of that no more. A sense of justice induces me to act decisively. Reginald Grahame had a son."

Roderick rose from his seat, but made no reply.

"It is of him I would speak. Circumstances have induced me to believe that the leader of the caterans who pursued me so long—who harried my lands, and injured my crops—was that son. His feelings towards me must be deadly; but I forgive him. It is but natural that he should hate the destroyer of his father. Would that he knew the pangs I have suffered—the anguish I have felt."

"And is this true? Was your remorse so great? Have you repented of this cruel act?"

"Deeply—deeply, my son; but what avails it?"

"Much; for contrition"——And he paused.

"Proceed."

"I mean to say that a contrite heart is acceptable to Heaven."

"I hope it is—I believe it is. But, to proceed:—I have enough to make you and Annette comfortable; and it is my wish to return to my own estate, now redeemed from the burdens which once pressed heavily upon it. If young Grahame lives, as I suspect he does, I will surrender his father's lands. I ask not his forgiveness—that I expect not—but I request him to take back his own. Have I your consent?"

"Most cordially."

"Then all is right. I must see the gipsy chief. I will place myself in his hands."

"Nay, nay, think not of that. I will myself see him."

"No, no; if he slays me, he but extinguishes a light that soon must be quenched; but if he murder you, I am left desolate, and Annette miserable."

"Feel no alarm: he knows me not. As a stranger, I will seek him; and, be assured, no harm will befall me."

After much resistance, the old man yielded; and Roderick left the tower that night. The only companion that accompanied the messenger of peace was the dog, who had so strangely rescued Roderick from the maniacal attempt of the old nurse. This escort was accidental, and was not discovered until the traveller had crossed the lake in the boat, which his own hand rowed; when, to his great sur-

prise, as he jumped ashore, the animal, who had quietly slipped aboard, made his appearance.

"Poor fellow," said Roderick, patting him on the head; "what has brought you here: your old limbs are more fitted for the fireside, than for the devious path I must tread. I fear me you will regret exchanging the comforts of the tower for the scanty food of the mountain glen."

The distance Roderick had to go was considerable; and, although a good walker, and accustomed to traverse districts as wild, if not wilder, he was unable to accomplish more than thirty miles of his journey; for, as the dog gave evident tokens of fatigue, and was unable to keep up with him, he slackened his pace, and proceeded with less rapidity. The night was dark, and the traveller had wandered considerably from the right path: he saw no traces of civilization about him; he was apparently in the midst of a large and boundless moor.

"Well, it is not the first time that the heath has been my bed—probably it will not be the last; and, if it must be, I will roll myself up in my plaid, and sleep till dawn. O, Oscar, you old fool, why did you not remain where you were; you have deprived me of at least ten miles of my journey, and a comfortable bed to boot."

At this moment the horizon was illumined by a flash of what is termed sheet lightning, and Roderick observed what appeared to be a dwelling about a quarter of a mile distant. The discovery was certainly far from displeasing; and, although the place was much out of the way, Roderick naturally enough conjectured it to be some little, snug dwelling, admirably adapted for the purpose of illicit distillation.

After the ordinary pleasures frequently enjoyed by those who wander in unknown paths, through Highland districts, of plunging knee-deep in quagmires, and getting thoroughly drenched by the cooling mists from the mountains, Roderick, with some difficulty, arrived at the wished-for haven. It was a small and tolerably looking bothy, containing, so far as the wanderer could ascertain, a but and a ben. Peeping through a chink, in the small orifice intended for a window, it was with no ordinary delight he beheld a capital peat fire burning with more than accustomed briskness. As the door was fastened, he "tirled at the pin," as the old ballads term it. A hoarse, but evidently female, voice exclaimed—

"Wha's that, to disturb an honest woman at this time o' night?"

"A stranger, who has lost his way."

"Awa wi'ye: we've nae room for strangers in this kintry: gang your ways."

"But, my good woman, I really can do no such thing. Have you the conscience—can you think of sending me back to the bleak moor, through which I've been passing, when you have such a capital fire blazing away here? Come now, have some compassion."

"Let him in, Christie," exclaimed another voice, proceeding evidently from one of a different gender; "perhaps he may come from Macpherson."

The mandate was obeyed; and Roderick found himself in presence of two men, dressed in military attire, and a middle-aged woman, of somewhat repulsive aspect. The warlike individuals were making themselves comfortable over a bottle of mountain-dew; and the poteney of the "fire-water," as the Indians term it, was pretty evident, from the flushed countenance and thick utterance of the drinkers.

"I am sorry to intrude on you, gentlemen," apologised Roderick; "but I lost my way on the neighbouring moor, and my good stars guided me to this habitation, where I hope"——

"No apologies—no apologies, sir; I have seen service, sir; I receive his Majesty's pay; and know how to treat a gentleman as he ought to be treated, sir. Will you join us in a glass, sir?"

Roderick was by no means desirous of partaking of the offer thus so ostentatiously offered; but, as it was his wish to conciliate rather than offend, he pocketed his pride, and took his place at the deal board, which, placed on the top of an old whisky cask, served for a table.

"May I be bold enough, sir, to ask, whom I have the honour of pledging," quoth the inviter, filling his glass. "My name, sir, is Sergeant Patullo—Sergeant Patullo, of his Majesty's fifth troop of cavalry."

With some hesitation, the name of Campbell was uttered by Roderick.

"Campbell, sir: good name—loyal subjects to his gracious Majesty. Mr Campbell, allow me to introduce Private Kincaid. Your health, Mr Campbell. Are you in the army, Mr Campbell? Pardon me for the question, sir; but you have a fine military look."

"I am not presently employed, although, at one period, I saw a good deal of service; but pray, sir—question for question—may I ask what accident I am to attribute the presence of two military gentlemen in this out-of-the-way place in the Highlands?"

"You may well call it out of the way, sir; but a soldier's duty, sir, requires his presence where his country calls him, sir. I am sorry, sir, that I cannot divulge to so polite a gentleman (more especially, sir, as, with your leave, there is somewhat a scant of good breeding in this petticoat country) the cause of our presence here; but State secrets, sir, must not be divulged."

"Certainly," replied Roderick. "I cannot press you further. You will forgive me for pleading fatigue; but, with your leave, I must take a hurried nap, as I require to be early on my road to-morrow morning. Good night, gentlemen." So saying, he threw himself on a bed in a corner of the room, wrapping himself up in his plaid. The dog took his place beside him.

Roderick soon fell asleep. How long he slumbered, he did not know; but was awakened, at last, by a confused Babel of voices. Opening his eyes, he saw a third person present, and discovered a face which seemed familiar. The discovery was anything but pleasant; and he deemed it prudent to remain quiet, and to counterfeit that repose which he certainly was far from feeling.

The parties engaged in altercation had evidently been drinking deeply. The sergeant had thrown by his precision, and was talking volubly.

"I'll tell you, ye Hieland blackguard, the man's a gentleman, and you shall not disturb him."

"But," replied the stranger, "I'm no going to be a fule, if you are ane, sergeant. If ony o' the band get an inkling of what I'm about, ye'll never pit saut on their tails."

"Nonsense," quoth Private Kincaid: "the man's asleep, and never dreaming of caterans, or the Glen of Benvorlich. I wish thae Highland devils may be as sound as he is when we get there."

"Just let him be quiet, Macpherson," said the sergeant. "I wish I was as sure of fifty guineas as you are. Come, let 's be jolly—fill your tumbler, and dont shirk."

Roderick, who, on other occasions, would have scorned to have become an eavesdropper, was impelled, by strong and urgent reasons, to be a listener; and he easily gathered, from the broken and disjointed conversation of the parties, that Macpherson had been connected with the band of caterans of whom the titular Inshannock was the leader; that, from a quarrel, he had resolved to betray his companions; and, induced by a government reward and promise of pardon, had made the bothy a trystingplace, from whence he was to be conducted to a village some few miles distant, where a detachment of the King's troops was

stationed, from whence he was to guide them to the hiding-place of those who were sought.

By this time the small hours were gradually becoming larger, and daylight was beginning to creep through the crevices in the diminutive window. The revellers were thoroughly inebriated; and Macpherson, no longer awed by his commander-in-chief, again avowed his determination of rousing the object of his curiosity. The sergeant hiccuped a negative, to which no attention was paid; and Macpherson advanced, as steadily as the effect of his libations would permit, to the side of the bed where Roderick lay, apparently fast asleep. The man of curiosity tottered onwards towards the bed; but fate had willed that he should be baffled, for Oscar, who had been watching his footsteps with jealous care, sprang upon him, as he put forth his hand to remove the plaid from the head of the supposed sleeper. The suddenness of the attack brought the intruder to the ground; and the fall entirely removed any glimmerings of reason which his previous inebriety had left him. There he lay all his length in a state of hopeless intoxication.

"Served him right," mutually exclaimed the sergeant and the private; "but what can you expect from a Mac?"

"The Macphersons, Macgregors, and all, are not much better than savages," added the sergeant; who, being a Lowlander, felt that contempt for the Highlanders so common amongst the more southern inhabitants of Scotland.

It is a curious fact—perhaps affording better evidence of the distinctiveness of the two races inhabiting North Britain than any other—that the dislike of the Lowlanders, especially among the lower orders, towards their brethren of the mountains, was extreme, both at the period when the events here related occurred, and long previously: even in these modern times, some portion of the leaven remains. This feeling Sergeant Patullo, a native of Dalkeith, shared with his compatriots.

Roderick rose from the bed not much refreshed, but infinitely delighted by the unexpected manner in which the attempt of Macpherson had been frustrated. Shaking hands with the two military personages, who were just able to keep their feet, and giving his repulsive hostess a gratuity for her night's lodgings, he proceeded on his journey, accompanied by his faithful companion.

"Oscar, twice have you saved me; and your last service was greater than your first. Henceforward we never part."

The rest of the journey was accomplished with speed and safety. The glen of Benvorlich was reached. Two days afterwards, the King's troops arrived; but the nest was cold, and not one trace of the caterans could be found. Little did the worthy sergeant imagine through whose timely information the well-arranged scheme had proved abortive. On the contrary, his suspicions rested on Macpherson, who was taken back, in custody, to the port of Monteith, and there dismissed with ignominy. A week or two afterwards, he was found murdered, with a label on his breast, bearing these words—"The proper reward of a traitor."

The day preceding that fixed for the nuptials, Roderick returned in safety—Oscar following at his heel. He made no mention of his adventure in the bothy, or his second obligation to his canine attendant: he merely observed that his journey had been prosperous.

"Father, I have seen him; and in the leader of the caterans, the heir of Inshannock was detected. He knew me not as your son. I told him your sorrow and your proffer; and here is his answer."

Here he delivered a letter to Campbell, who, hastily unfolding it, read as follows:—

"Donald Campbell,—In vain you seek, by offering back my own, to extinguish my hatred. It is not by gifts that you could deter me from my revenge. Repent; and if the remorse your messenger so forcibly describes is genuine, it will do more to procure my forgiveness than all the wealth you could heap upon me. I shall watch over you; and if—as I shall learn—your repentance is sincere, you may yet escape my vengeance."

"Strange—very strange!" exclaimed the old man. "Then he rejects my offer. But how could I expect otherwise! The last scion of a noble race, he will not compromise the name of Grahame by accepting even his own from the hand of a Campbell. Well, Roderick, Inshannock shall be your marriage portion with Annette; and you shall hold these lands under the condition that they shall be replaced by others whensoever William Grahame shall demand them from you."

"Sir, I accept your gift: the lands of Inshannock are mine so long as unclaimed by the lawful proprietor."

"Agreed. Thus one weight is off my mind; and, my dear Roderick, may I hope that the burden will press less heavily on you than it has on me; and that some day, I trust not very remote, shall witness the surrender of your stewartship to the rightful owner."

"That Inshannock may devolve on him who has best right to it, is as much my wish as yours."

The ensuing day, the minister of Kilmun united Roderick Campbell to Annette Gordon. The marriage was kept quite private, contrary to the usual custom in the Highlands; but this was at the express desire of Roderick, who told his father that it ill became one who had so recently received a pardon for his transgressions, to make any public display even on such an occasion.

Everything, therefore, was quietly managed—two or three friends only being present, to whom the old laird introduced his son for the first time.

In place of returning to the Tower of Gloom, the married couple and the father proceeded to Dungyle, where the honeymoon was spent. Matrimony acts differently upon different people: in some cases it sweetens; in others it sours the temper. With Roderick it operated in the former manner; for our hero had entirely divested himself of that gloom and melancholy which characterised his conduct upon his first return to the house of his parent. With his father it was different. As his life drew near a close, his despondency increased. It was in vain that Annette soothed him, or that Roderick offered him comfort. No longer was he hunted by the cateran chief—no more were his lands devastated, or his cattle carried off. All was quiet, save the workings of his conscience. He grew weaker and weaker, till, at last, he was compelled to keep his bed. Medical advice was procured, but in vain. The skill of the physician could not retard the approach of death.

One beautiful evening, as his son sat beside his bedside—

"Roderick," he feebly exclaimed, "my last hour is at hand. One thing I could wish; but that, I fear, is impossible."

"What is it, sir?"

"That William Grahame could witness my sufferings—could satisfy himself of my penitence, and ease my soul by his forgiveness."

"And could his forgiveness afford you relief?"

"It would."

"Then you are forgiven."

"What mean you?"

"I AM William Grahame; and I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

"My son! What has come over you?"

"Farther concealment would add to my crime. Hear me. I am the son of Reginald Grahame, and the intended avenger of his wrongs. It was I who pursued you, and

ravaged your lands. It was to satisfy my vengeance that I stole into the Tower of Gloom. I represented myself as your long-lost son, that I might make you drink the cup of bitterness even to the dregs. I saw Annette: her gentle but affectionate manners, her kind attentions, made a deep impression. When I retired to rest, my breast was strangely perplexed, and the feeling of revenge predominated. Then came the attempt by Moome upon my life, which was averted by the noble animal I had once consigned to destruction, and whose re-appearance in the Tower filled me with astonishment. The nurse, by some singular instinct, to me inexplicable, had discovered me. Her death preserved my secret.

"This incident again made my purpose waver. I continued in the tower, where the influence of Annette softened my vindictive feelings. Still I could not bring myself to bear with patience your paternal kindness. I left you to join my followers, resolving to fly: still Annette drew me back again. Then came the pardon, to me of inestimable value, as, under it, I could shelter myself from all consequences, even had any one recognised the cateran chief in the heir of the laird of Dungyle and Inshannock.

"I saw before me a happiness I could never, even in my most imaginative moments, have previously contemplated. It was necessary to visit the band, of which I was still nominally the leader. By a singular accident, I became accidentally aware of a plan to surround and capture my brave companions. A miscreant of the name of Macpherson, who had been with me for some time, and had acquired a knowledge of all our places of retreat, for the sake of luere, betrayed his associates. I was very nearly in his power; and, but for my faithful Oscar, would have been recognised as the bandit chief, and delivered up to justice. I escaped in time to warn my friends. They fled; and the military sent for the capture entirely baffled.

"I seized on this moment to devolve the command on the lieutenant, and to resign my sceptre for ever. I parted from my old followers with deep regret; for they were, to a man, attached to me. Although I had strictly forbidden the shedding of blood, except in self-defence, I afterwards learned that they had avenged themselves on Macpherson, who was watched, seized, reproached, and dirked.

"After I ceased to rule, the band ceased to prosper. Less cautious than heretofore, the captain and the greater part were surprised and slain; some few were taken prisoners, who were tried, convicted, and sent to the plantations. Much as I regretted the loss of so many faithful adherents, still my sorrow was tempered by the reflection that now my secret was safe, and that I was a free agent. I could hardly bring myself to forgive you, for revenge is dear to a Highlander. Time gradually lessened my hatred; but, it was not till subsequent events had shewn the deepness of your regret, and the reality of your self-reproach, that my resentment finally gave way. I even began to pity; and though, at one time, I should have rejoiced and gloried in my imposture, now I regard it in a different light; and, so far from your asking my forgiveness, it is I ought to be a suppliant to you."

"Roderick—for so I must still call you," ejaculated the old man—"it is not for me to complain. Your presence and your pardon have eased the mental torment I suffered. To me you have acted as a son; continue to do so; let the secret die with us. No one is injured; and the rightful heir resumes the lands of his ancestors without any one to oppose him; for Annette, failing issue of my own body, is my next heir."

"Your will is mine: if such is your command, it shall be obeyed."

"Give me your hand. I shall now die content. It is needless to distress Annette: let her never know that you are not her cousin."

The old laird lingered a few days, and then died in peace and charity with all . . . . .

Some twenty-five years after the death of the old Laird of Dungyle, the estates came into the possession of his grandson, Donald. Roderick had gone the way of all flesh. Annette survived him; and, in the education of her daughter, Isabella, sought oblivion for her sorrows. Donald was a fine young man; fond of his mother and sister; but by no means under petticoat government. Whilst at Edinburgh college, he formed an intimacy with the Master of Methven—the eldest son of Lord Methven, a peer of ancient family; and, to the friendship thus formed, it is more than probable that a love for the Honourable Emma Methven not a little contributed.

As Donald was not a bad match for the daughter of a by no means opulent nobleman, the intimacy was cultivated by the parents; and Roderick, whose great object was the happiness of his son, gave a sanction, before his demise, to the projected union. After the period of mourning had elapsed, preparations were made for the marriage, and the lawyers were busy with the settlements.

One morning, about a fortnight before the day fixed for the nuptials, Donald received a letter, the contents of which excited the most lively astonishment. It was as follows:—

"Sir,—We are instructed by our client, Mr Roderick Campbell of Dungyle, to take legal steps against you, to recover the estates wrongfully held by you, and which belong to him. We have, therefore, to intimate to you, unless they are surrendered in the course of a fortnight, legal steps will be adopted. We are, Sir, your obedient Servants,

"Sharpe & Swift, W. S.

"St James' Court,
"20*th March*, 17—."

"Sharp and Swift, with a vengeance!" exclaimed the bewildered youth. "Sharp work, to insist upon my giving up my estate; and swift work, to do so in a fortnight. What title can this man set up to my grandfather's estate? None that I can conceive; for the descent from him to my father, and from him to me, is undoubted."

Donald, however, lost no time in communicating this unexpected requisition to his intended father-in-law, to whom he handed the letter. Lord Methven read the epistle carefully.

"Was not Roderick your father's name?"

"It was, my Lord."

"He was implicated in the Rebellion 1745?"

"He was; but he got a remission, from the late King, of all crimes and offences. He was never attainted."

"Then," rejoined his Lordship, "I am quite at fault. It certainly did occur to me, that this claim might have been rested upon his supposed attainture. With your permission, I will place this document in the hands of my family agents, Messrs Slow & Sure, W.S., and direct them to enter into a communication with the agents of your unknown adversary."

It would not be very interesting to our readers to detail the legal game of chess, played by these skilful men of law against each other; and it may suffice to mention, that the claim, which extended to all the large estates of the old Laird of Dungyle, was based upon the fact, that the competitor was neither more nor less than the son, whose place had been filled by Roderick.

As the imposture of Roderick Grahame had been carefully concealed, and the secret had apparently died with him, his son and widow naturally viewed the claim as purely fictitious, and characterised the demand as an attempt to extort money; nevertheless they were staggered by the bold steps adopted by their opponent, who proceeded to get himself served, before the bailies of the Canongate, as only lawful son of Donald Campbell of Dungyle and In

shannock. The proof was apparently conclusive: the identification of the claimant was dependent upon the testimony of two witnesses, who swore distinctly to the fact. It was proved that young Campbell went to France, held a situation in the court of Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender, and that he left it suddenly. This had occurred upwards of twenty years before; but no evidence was given of where he had been after that period, although he gave out that he had been captured at sea by a Barbary corsair, sold as a slave, and had only recently escaped.

The jury—being composed in the usual manner with ordinary Canongate juries—gave themselves little trouble in cross-examination; and, as almost uniformly occurs, served the claimant in terms of his brief, and thus invested him with the legal status of son and heir of the deceased Laird of Dungyle.

Donald was dreadfully grieved by the success of this iniatory proceeding, which was instantly followed up by a reduction of the titles vesting the estates in the person of his father and himself. Painful as the step was, he saw the necessity of breaking off the marriage with his beloved Emma. He waited on Lord Methven, and explained to him the steps adopted on the other side, and his apprehension that there was more in the case of his adversary than he had previously imagined: nay, he added his own impression that the event would turn out adverse to him. "How this has happened, I know not: my father ever was the reputed son and heir of old Dungyle; my mother recognised him as her cousin; and yet this man has made out, to the satisfaction of a jury, that he is the heir of Dungyle.

"But, my dear Lord, the worst part of the communication is to come: I dare not any longer aspire to the hand of your daughter, at least until everything is cleared up: although the words nearly choke me, they shall come out—this marriage must proceed no farther." Unable to restrain his feelings, he burst into tears.

The Peer was deeply moved by the evident sorrow of the young man.

"Donald," said he, "you have acted like a man of honour. I respect you more at this moment than I ever did. Be not cast down; all is not lost; and if the worst come to the worst, have patience, and Emma may yet be yours."

"Bless you, my Lord, for these words: they have infused new vigour into me, and they will the better enable me to bear my discomfiture."

"Donald, you must now act as a man of the world. That there is something radically wrong, I am persuaded; for I cannot conceive how a man should willfully refrain claiming his inheritance for so long a time."

"His capture and sale as a slave may explain this."

"Fiddle-de-dee—this is affirming what is not proved. It is easy enough to circulate such a report; but what does Solomon Slow say to all this, and his worthy partner, Simon Sure."

"Nothing satisfactory. They merely hum and ha—ask questions, but give no answers. They have sent for the charter chest from Dungyle, and I expect it here to-day."

The legal proceedings proceeded with vigour: the reduction was called in court; taken to see, as it is termed; returned and enrolled; and order taken for producing the writings called for. All this was Hebrew to the defender; but he trusted everything to his agents. They, on the other hand, raised a counter-reduction of the service of the claimant, on the ground that the evidence was insufficient. This step was bold, but judicious; for Messrs Sharpe & Swift began to think, that although the expense of these double proceedings might not be much to a party in possession, it was very different when they had to advance the necessary outlay, as they had taken up the cause on speculation. It was hinted that a *douceur*, properly applied, might settle the contest; but Donald peremptorily refused any such compromise, by remarking that—

"If I have justice on my side, why pay this man for troubling me? and, if he has justice on his side, it shall never be said that I took advantage of his poverty to compel him into a relinquishment of his just rights. If, upon proper examination, I find that he is the lawful owner of these estates, I will surrender them."

The charter chest arrived safely, was deposited in the office of Messrs Slow & Sure, and opened in presence of the young laird. The more recent titles—those called for in the summons—lay on the top. Mr Sure then took up one parcel, and next another.

"Ha! hum!" muttered he, taking off his spectacles, carefully rubbing the glasses with his handkerchief, and then replacing them.—"Marriage contract: so there was a marriage contract. Ha! 'Gives, grants, and dispones'—what—'to Annette Campbell, for her liferent use allenarly, and to her issue male by her marriage with Roderick Campbell, or by any other marriage, lawfully begotten, in fee, all and whole the lands and barony of Dungyle.'—This is wonderful! This extinguishes any claim to Dungyle. The lands are validly conveyed. So, if this man is what he calls himself, which I doubt, the game is up with him as to Dungyle. I wish Inshannock was equally safe.—So it is," lifting another parcel. "'Disposition and assignation, by D. Campbell, Esq., to Roderick Campbell, Esq., in trust for William Grahame; and, failing the said William, to the trustee and his heirs.' But what is this?" And he lifted a parcel carefully sealed, and addressed to Donald.

On opening the mysterious packet, a paper was discovered, in the handwriting of his father, detailing the facts previously narrated, with a postscript, from which it appeared that, after the death of old Dungyle, his reputed son, having learned that the real son had been alive at least a year previously, proceeded to France, and there ascertained that the true Roderick, upon learning his father's death, some months after it occurred, had left Paris, had been taken ill on the road, and died. Fortunately, the priest who gave him absolution (for he was a Catholic) was traced; and there was found, wafered to the paper, a certificate of burial under the hands of the proper officials—thus proving to demonstration that the present claimant was an impostor.

In face of such evidence, it was plain that even the skill of Messrs Sharpe & Swift could avail little; and the pretended Dungyle having found it convenient to be off, and "leave no wreck behind," these reputable writers to the Signet, or, as the High School boys term them, Wicked Sinners, made something like a total loss by their speculation. Who the impostor was, never transpired; but it was shrewdly suspected that he was an individual to whom the deceased heir of Dungyle had lost various sums of money, besides some family trinkets, in play; and this suspicion was confirmed by the very articles having been brought forward in support of the identity.

We have only to add, that Donald was made happy in the hand of Emma; and of this marriage are sprung the Barons of Inshannock and Earls of Dungyle.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

On a certain evening in the autumn of the year 1297, a small party of soldiers from the castle of Dumbarton—which was then, with every fortress in the kingdom, garrisoned by English troops, who lorded it over the liberties of Scotland—might be seen wending their way towards the town.

The men were not on duty, nor had they, apparently, any particular object or purpose in view. They had come abroad merely to while away a part of that idle time, of which so much lay upon their hands, as was significantly enough expressed by their straggling, sauntering order, and by their loud and boisterous laugh, which the rough jest or witty remark was, ever and anon, eliciting.

When, however, we said that the men had no direct purpose in view, we had not taken into account the circumstance of there being a certain inn or hostel in the town of Dumbarton, much frequented by the soldiers of the garrison; and that, therefore, it was not unlikely that they had an eye to some of the creature comforts which were there to be found, and contemplated a call on Margaret Rae, the hostess of the house in question.

This was, in truth, the case, as we find that, on entering the town, the party instinctively—for there seemed to be no previous concert amongst them—bent their steps towards a certain narrow street that ran in a northern direction from the centre of the town. Having entered this street, they proceeded leisurely towards its further extremity, till they arrived in front of an isolated house of more respectable appearance than those around it, and over whose door-way there was carved in stone, in high relief, the figure of a ship; Dumbarton being, even at this early period, noted as a seaport. The house just described was the hostel of Margaret Rae—an active, bustling woman of about forty-five years of age.

Margaret was a stanch patriot; but, as the English soldiers of the castle brought her good custom, she was fain to keep her patriotism in her pocket, and to sacrifice her feelings to her interest.

All her caution, however, as regarded this particular, had not enabled her to conceal her sentiments from the English soldiery who frequented her house; for the worthy lady was somewhat outspoken on occasions, and could not always control a certain little mischievous member of which her sex are alleged to have a remarkably ready use: but her military guests took it all in good part, and rather delighted in rousing Margaret's patriotism, and in provoking her to express her national antipathies in the plain vigorous vernacular for which she was somewhat famous.

They, in short, considered the matter as a good joke, and readily overlooked Margaret's reflections on themselves and country, in consideration of the excellence of her liquors, and the promptness and readiness of her services.

"Well, Dame Rae, how dost?" said the foremost of the party of soldiers above spoken of, as, followed by his comrades, he entered the kitchen of Margaret's hostelry.

"Oh, Chester, is that you? and Gouldin, and Toonsend, and a' the lave o' ye?" said Margaret, turning round from the fire, at or on which she had been superintending some culinary process when they entered. "Come awa; I'm glad to see ye; that is, I'm glad to see your change, and ready to gie you fair value for't, in guid meat or drink, whilk ever ye choose, and baith an' ye like. Tak seats, gentlemen, tak seats;" and, bustling about, she quickly placed five or six chairs around a small table that always stood in a corner of the kitchen, ready for the accommodation of such visiters.

The soldiers having seated themselves, the table was quickly covered with drinking horns, in the centre of which rose majestically a huge flagon of double ale—a kind of beverage for which Margaret was celebrated.

"Hast heard the news, Dame Rae?" said he of the party who had first spoken on entering the house—a stout, portly man, large whiskered, and of florid complexion. "Hast heard the news?" he said, replacing a horn, which he had just emptied with great apparent relish, on the table, and winking to his comrades as he spoke.

"No, I've heard naething very particular," replied Margaret, with an air of great interest and curiosity. "What is't?"

"Why, haven't ye heard that the bandit rebel, Wallace, has been taken by some of our people, near a place they call Hambledon, or Hamilton, and that he is to be hanged to-morrow morning?"

"Tuts, is that a'," replied Margaret, with an air of indifference. "That's nae great news to make a phrase aboot. There's as guid fish in the sea as ever cam oot o't. If Wallace be taen, the waur for himsel, puir man. He has dune your folk a gey heap o' mischief in his day."

"Ay, curse him, that he has," replied Chester, becoming suddenly earnest both in tone and manner; "and, amongst the rest, he has the death of my old comrade, Rancliff, to answer for—as good a fellow as ever drew shaft."

"Where did that happen?" here inquired one of the party?

"Why, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, to be sure," replied Chester. "I was in garrison there at that time, and so was Rancliff. One day, he and I, and two or three more of us, went out to have a walk, when, as we were going along, we met a great big fellow—certainly, I will say of him, the tallest, stoutest, and handsomest man I ever saw—carrying a fishing-rod, with a boy behind him, bearing a fishing-basket full of trouts.

"Well, we civilly asked the fellow—we didn't know his name then, but it was Wallace—to let us have a few of his trout; and he civilly enough, too, I must say, desired the boy to give us them. The boy was doing so, when Rancliff came up, and, seizing the basket, said:—

"'Nay, by St Eloy, we must have the whole of them, boy. A part won't be a mouthful to us. Your master can go and catch more for himself.'

"'Why, my masters, what's this of it?' said Wallace, returning, on seeing the struggle between the boy and Rancliff; for he had gone on slowly a bit, after having desired the former to give us a few of the trout. 'You must have the whole, must you? A part won't serve you.' Then, without waiting an answer—'Let go that

basket, you, sirrah,' he said to Rancliff, in a thundering voice, and looking as black as midnight.

"'I wont,' said Rancliff, 'at the bidding of any rascally Scot that ever lived, let him be ever so big.'

"And he was clapping his hand on his sword, when the ruffian, Wallace, who had no arms about him, raised the stock of his fishing-rod, and, with the but-end, struck poor Rancliff a blow on the ear that laid him dead on the spot. Having done this, he pounced on Rancliff's sword before we could prevent him, drew it, and set to work upon us with might and main. We, of course, also drew, and a stout tussel began. The fellow was a good swordsman, and devilish long in the arms; so that, although there were four of us, we had tightish work of it for a while; but the big fellow's courage at length began to fail him—for I had let him blood myself in two or three places—and he, at last, fairly took to his heels for it. We gave him chase for a bit, but found him too long in the legs for us."

"See to that, noo," here exclaimed Dame Rae, as Chester called her—"See to that, noo," she exclaimed, with a well-affected air of implicit credence in the version of the well-known incident just given by her guest. "There's aye twa ways o' tellin a story. As ye war present, Chester, yours is, nae doot, the true ane; but ye'll no hinder some folk sayin', the leein wretches, that it was you that ran, an' no Wallace. That the hail four o' ye gaed aff like the win', when ye saw him get haud o the dead man's swurd; and that it was weel for ye ye did sae, or he wad hae shorn ye doon like as mony coleworts. Heard ye ever the like o' that? What lees folk will tell, after a'."

"They lie in their throat," roared Chester, with reddening face, and striking the table fiercely as he spoke, "who say that we ran from the rebel; and, by St Bridget, I should like to see the man who says it. Shew him to me, dame—just let me see him; and if I don't make hawks' meat of him in ten minutes, my name 's not Harry Chester, that 's all. I tell you what, now, I should like, too," continued Chester—"I should like much to meet this fellow Wallace hand to hand, and foot to foot, with"——

"Gude forbid," here interposed Margaret Rae. "Gude forbid."

"Why so, dame?" asked Chester, in some surprise.

"Because, if Wallace an' you foregathered, I wad lose a guid customer," replied mine hostess.

A shout of laughter from Chester's companions shewed that they at once understood and enjoyed their hostess's jest.

"Why, dame, you think he would pink me," said Chester, making an abortive effort to laugh with the rest. "Well, perhaps he might; but I'd give him some warm work for it."

At this moment, Chester's eye fell, for the first time, on a little ragged boy, who was sitting in a dark corner of the huge kitchen fireplace, and who appeared to be sound asleep.

Had this youngster's conduct, however, been watched during the previous part of the evening, it would have been known that he was not asleep; but, on the contrary, was, and had been, an attentive listener to every word that had been said; and it might, moreover, have been further noted, that he had been studiously endeavouring, if not absolutely to conceal himself, at least to avoid, as much as possible, attracting the notice of the soldiers.

On discovering the boy—

"Ha, whom have we here, Dame Rae?" said Chester, who was always on the look-out for suspicious characters and circumstances; the refractory spirit of the Scots, under the thraldom of English dominion, rendering the utmost vigilance and caution necessary, on the part of the latter, in all their outgoings and incomings. "Whom have we here?" he said, fixing his small, keen, black eye on the apparently sleeping boy.

"Just a bit puir laddie, sir, that goes frae door to door seekin his mouthfu o' meat, puir thing. He comes aften aboot me; and I mak him welcome to a corner o' the ingle, and a bit and a sup o' what 's gaun."

"Bring him forward here, dame, and let 's look what like he is."

"Johnny, Johnny," shouted Margaret, shaking the boy by the shoulders; "waukin up, man, waukin up. Here 's a gentleman wantin to speak to ye."

With a well-affected semblance of sudden surprise and alarm, the boy started to his feet, and, rubbing his eyes, asked what was the matter.

"It 's a gentleman wantin to speak to ye, Johnny. This gentleman here," repeated Margaret, pointing to Chester.

The boy now approached the latter, with the unsteady step and *dazed* look of one who has just awakened from a profound sleep.

Chester scanned him narrowly for a few seconds without speaking. At length—

"I say, youngster," he said, "were you ever in the neighbourhood of Ayr?"

"Never in a' my life, sir," replied the boy, with a look of great stolidity. "Never oot o' the county o' Dumbarton."

"Sure."

"Positive."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what it is, boy," continued Chester—"It strikes me that you have a confounded strong resemblance to the young dog that carried the Scotch rebel leader's fish-basket, at the time he killed my comrade Rancliff, as I was telling my friends here."

"It couldna be me, sir," said the boy, with the same simplicity of manner as before. "I ken naething aboot the Scotch rebel leader, as ye ca' him, nor aboot his killin onybody."

"What a precious bit of ignorance you are, to be sure," said Chester, laughing heartily at the lad's apparent stupidity. "What, have you never heard of the traitor Wallace? Never heard of his murders, of his atrocities of all sorts, eh?"

"No," replied the boy, with a vacant stare at his interrogator.

"Well, you *are* a bright one," said Chester; "and I absolve you from all identity with the rebel's fishing attendant; for he was a sharp dog, and a spirited to boot; for, on our engaging his master, he armed himself with a stick, and shouted and struck at us like a very devil. He was too, when I think of it, a bit taller than you, as I imagine dark haired, too, if I recollect right, and you are light. Still, comrades," he said, now addressing his friends, "if this springald was as well attired as the young rascal I speak of, the resemblance would be very strong. However, like is an ill mark. Here, boy, take a mouthful of this ale, and you may kennel up again."

The boy put the proffered horn to his lips, laid it down again, thanked the donor, and returned to his corner by the fire.

"He 's a fool, I think," said Chester, on the lad's retiring out of earshot. "Still I can't get out of my mind that he 's devilish like the boy that carried the arch traitor's fishing-basket. But this is a simpleton, and a beggar to boot. The other young dog was neither: he was a sharp one, and trimly clad."

Dropping this subject, and, indeed, all others, for a time, the party now took to their ale in right earnest; flagon after flagon being called for with a frequency that excited the surprise of Margaret herself, who could not refrain from saying, as she placed the fourth or fifth measure on the table—

"Hech, sirs, but ye hae been dry the nicht. But it wad be a gey sair drouth that I couldna slocken."

On the party who were drinking of it so freely, the ale soon produced its usual effects. They began talking furiously; and, in the unreservedness of liquor, to discuss sundry matters, which, in their more sober moments, they would hardly have made a subject of conversation in the kitchen of a house of public resort.

It was in this mood they talked over certain military matters, chiefly relating to the nature and order of duty observed in their own garrison—the number of men quartered there, and of the merits and demerits of their several officers. This last subject was a fruitful source of discussion, and one that led to the following disclosure of the tyrannous oppression and lawless rule which the English soldiery at this time exercised over Scotland.

"Speaking of Captain Musgrave," said Chester, who was now pretty much intoxicated—"I'll tell you what, comrades, he's a devilish good fellow; and I'm the man, for one, that will stand by him in anything reasonable he has a mind to, as to-morrow night will prove."

"Why, what's in the wind for to-morrow night, Chester?" said another of the party.

"Dickens, don't you know, Tom?" replied Chester, with a look of drunken surprise. "I thought you had been engaged for the thing. All here are, excepting yourself. Hasn't Musgrave spoken to you at all on any matter of a particular nature?"

"Not a word," replied the man.

"Why, then, as I know you love a bit of harmless mischief, Tom, I'll engage you for him, and give you a scantling of the matter. You may swear, before I begin, there's a woman in the case. There is, and the affair is this:—There's a certain pretty lass, who lives at a place they call Birkenford, about three to four miles from this, whom our captain has taken a fancy to. Now, he has been to see her several times; but she will, on no account, have anything to say to him. He has tried every means in his power to bring her to reason, but nothing will do. Neither fine gold nor fair words. Well, then, seeing this, Musgrave has determined on strong measures with the wench. He has engaged a dozen of us to go out with him to Birkenford to-morrow night, and to have the obstinate jade brought into the castle, to see if a little garrison discipline wont bring her to her senses. A good notion, eh? Toss her up into the saddle beside Musgrave, and away they go. Hey, presto, begone. There may be some brawling about the business, mayhap some blows going, if any of the rascally fellows about take it into their heads to resist us; but we mean to go strong, and will shew them a little English fight for it."

"Is she a girl of family or note?" inquired the man for whose edification the above particulars had been given.

"Not a bit of it," replied Chester. "She's safe game. Just the daughter of a poor beggarly hind, of the name of Ralston. Fanny Ralston is the wench's name. A devilish pretty girl, though, as you shall see, Tom. Well, are you agreed to be one of us, eh? It will be a bit of good sport, and quite in your way, Tom."

"And the guerdon," said the latter. "I always like to have some notion of that in such cases."

"Ten broad gold pieces," replied Chester, "if we manage to get the wench off: five, if we don't, and through no fault of ours."

"Put me down on your roll, Chester," said the soldier. "I go—so book me for one."

"Done," replied the former; "and that business is settled."

Shortly after this matter had been adjusted, the party broke up; when, as Chester was staggering towards the door, he was suddenly struck with a recollection of the boy who had occupied a corner of the fireplace during the previous part of the evening, but who had now left the house.

"I say, dame," he said, pausing midway between the table and the door, "where is the young scapegrace who was dozing by the fire there all night, eh?"

"He's no five minutes awa, sir," replied Margaret Rae. "I wonder ye didna see him gaun oot. He's awa to seek a bed somewhere, puir thing, as I havena accommodation for him."

"Ay; well, now, do you know," said the maudlin soldier, forgetting, apparently, that he had already said quite enough on the subject, which yet seemed greatly to annoy and perplex him—"He was devilish like that boy who was with the rebel scoundrel, Wallace, when my poor comrade, Rancliff, was killed. As like as two peas, by St Bridget. Yes, by St Bridget, as like as two peas. But it don't matter. However, if he had been here now, I'd have put a few more questions to him. I'd have turned him inside out; for I'm a very devil at cross-examining. But, never mind. It don't matter. Good night, Dame Rae—good night."

And the drunken soldier reeled out at the door after his companions, who were already making the best of their tortuous way towards the castle.

Leaving them to accomplish this feat in the best way they could, we will take up the history of the boy's proceedings on the night on which the incidents just recorded occurred.

It was true, as Margaret Rae had said, that he had left the house just as the party of soldiers were about to break up; and, had he been watched, it would have been seen that he had studiously timed the moment of his departure: that he had, in short, marked the first symptoms of the termination of the debauch; and, seeing them, had slipped unobserved out of the house.

But he had not gone far; for the soldiers had not been many minutes away when he returned, and, from her manner, it would seem, as Margaret Rae had expected.

"It was as weel ye gaed oot o' the way, laddie, whan thae English loons war leavin the house," said Margaret; "for yon chiel, Chester, seems to be bothered wi' the notion that he has seen ye before; and if he had begun wi' ye again, as he was muckle inclined to do, might hae ended wi' bringing baith you an' me into trouble."

"I thocht it as weel to keep oot the red-faced sot's way, when gaun oot," replied the boy; "for I guessed that he wad say something in passing. Seen me before, the blin' beast. Ay, he has seen me before, and 'll maybe see me again to his cost."

"Weel, but Geordie, ye haena tell't me whar *he* is, or whar I'm to send the bread to," said Margaret Rae.

"I hadna time whan thae English loons cam in," replied the boy; "but I'm come back now to tell you. My master, who, as I told you before, kens you of auld to be a friend, and puts every confidence in you, is wi' his men at the head o' the Hawk Glen; and if you will send a person there, with a pony load of bread, as early the morn as ye can, he will not forget the obligation, besides paying you handsomely."

"Na, na, nae payment, Geordie: I can weel afford a load o' bread; and do ye think I wadna do that muckle for the guid cause, and for him wha's at the head o't. Ay wad I, lad, and a thousan times mair. The bread will be there, Geordie; but hoo will the man find ye oot; for the Hawk Glen's a gey wide word, and I warrant me ye'll no be a' stanin on a craig to be seen by the hail world."

"Never fear ye for that part o' the matter, *Dame* Rae, as thae southerns ca'd ye," said the boy. "Let the man come within a mile o' us, and we 'll see him if he doesna see us. He'll no hae put his nose in the glen before our watchers will hae their een on him."

"Weel, weel, an' that be sae, a's richt, Geordie. The bread will be with you in the morning. I ken a fine canny chiel that 'll do the job for me, and defy a' the pock pud-

dins on the rock to fin o.t what he's aboot or whar he's gaun."

"That's a' settled then," said the boy; "ana noo I maun be gaun. I hae gathered some news the nicht that 'll mak some folk rue the day they war born, or I'm sair mista'en."

Shortly after, the boy left the house; and it will be matter of some interest to follow him after he had done so.

On quitting Margaret Rae's, the lad, with hurried steps, hastened out of the town, taking an easterly direction, or near about the route marked by the present Glasgow road.

Having proceeded in this direction for about three miles, he suddenly struck off to the left, and began to scramble up the face of a pretty steep acclivity, covered with brushwood. It was a clear moonlight night, so that he had no difficulty in finding out the best and easiest routes through the thick bushes and projecting crags with which the face of the ascent was covered. Selecting these, he quickly reached the summit; when a broad glen or gully, entirely free from wood, but filled with huge masses of rugged rock, and whose sides were formed by two extensive ranges of precipice of great height, and of a light silvery gray colour, lay before him.

This glen the boy now entered, and, tripping lightly over its level bottom, soon reached its upper extremity, when, pausing for a few moments to take breath, he placed his fingers to his mouth, and drew forth a whistle, which, low at first, gradually rose to a shrillness that must have penetrated into the deepest recess of every crevice in the glen.

Having delivered this intimation of his presence, he bent his ear as if to catch a reply. In a few moments it came—a whistle also—but low and faint, as if from a great distance. On hearing the sound, the boy commenced scaling the rocky heights in which the upper or northern extremity of the glen terminated, and toiled on over the rugged way for another quarter of an hour or so, when he again whistled, but this time carelessly and in a low tone—its sole purpose, seemingly, being merely to give intimation of his whereabouts. Neither did he pause for any answer on this occasion, nor did any come. But, instead, there came, even to the boy's surprise, from the top of a huge mass of rock, but of no great height, whose summit was crowned with bushes, and which he was at the moment passing, a hand that suddenly snatched the bonnet from his head, as he walked beneath.

"Who's there?" shouted the boy, starting back in alarm, and looking towards his bonnet, which he saw dangling in the air at a greater height than he could reach.

A laugh was the only reply.

"Ah, it's you, Dalziel," said the youngster, recognizing, by the voice, the person he named. "Give me back my bonnet."

"I wont, till ye tell us the news," replied the sentinel; for such was the person who occupied the summit of the rock; and admirably situated he was for the duties of his trust.

Extended at full length on the top of the granite mass, his whole body, with the exception of his head, buried in the foliage of the shrubbery with which it was covered, he could not be seen at the distance of a yard, while he himself commanded a full and extensive view of one of the most accessible routes that conducted towards and through the rocky regions that lay behind.

Without moving from his recumbent posture, and still holding the boy's bonnet tantalizingly beyond his reach—

"I wont give it ye, ye young mosstrooper, till ye 'ell us all the news. I warrant me, you have a rare budget."

"If I had my crossbow here, I would soon make you drop that bonnet, Dalziel," said the boy, who shewed now very little of that simplicity, or rather imbecility, of character which he had so successfully assumed before the English soldiers in the kitchen of Margaret Rae's hostelry.

"An', thinkest thou, jackanapes, I can't draw a shaft, too?" said the sentinel. "But come hither, Geordie, and thou shalt have thy bonnet, man. Thou art a clever little dog, and worth to us a score of fighting men." Saying this, he pitched the bonnet towards the boy, who stooped down, picked it up, and replaced it on his head. "Now, man, Geordie," continued Dalziel, "tell us what thou hast seen and heard in Dumbarton to-day. Wast at Meg Rae's? and didst see any of the haggis-faced knaves from the castle there? Eh? Didst pick up anything that we can make a job of?"

"Perhaps I have," replied the boy. "But, you know, I must tell *him* all that I have heard first, and before I mention it to another living soul. Nor must I mention it at all to any other, if *he* forbids me, as he often does."

"Well, well, boy, it is, no doubt, best so," replied the man. "It is right that he who acts so wisely and so well for his country's good, should be alone left to judge of what should and should not be done. If you have any intelligence that will be the means of presenting us with an opportunity of revenging us on our oppressors, we shall hear of it in good time. Speed on, boy."

"Where is he just now, know ye?" said the youngster, as he was about to depart.

"He has been going the round of the outposts lately," replied the sentinel; "but, I think, you will now find him in the dell by the cascade."

The boy hastened on his way; now clambering over rocks, now directing his route through the narrow defiles which they occasionally formed, till he arrived at an open space, but of limited extent, into which a tiny stream was tumbling with a brawling noise, the height of its fall compensating its want of volume.

All was still in this little, lonely retreat—all noiseless, save the monotonous sound of the descending waters of the little cascade, which fell with a mournful sound on the ear, increasing the depth of the surrounding solitude.

But, peaceful as the little dell appeared, it held in its bosom, at that moment, a terrible array of the fiercest passions of human nature.

From even a very short distance, no living object could be discerned in the ravine; but, entering it, it would have been found filled with armed men, who, wrapped in their plaids, lay thickly strewed on the ground—some asleep, some musing deeply on the wrongs of their country, and some brooding over the revenge they had already had, or anticipating that which was to come; but all silent and motionless.

At the farther extremity of the ravine, a faint light shone amongst the rocks. A nearer approach discovered that it proceeded from a deep recess, or cave, in which were several persons.

Towards this cave the boy now directed his steps, threading his way through the recumbent warriors, who, ever and anon, greeted him in low whispering tones, as he passed, but, for the most part, merely uttering his name.

Having reached the mouth of the cave, which was guarded by two sentinels, who were pacing to and fro before it with drawn swords in their hands, the boy asked one of them whether there was anything of a particular nature going on within to prevent him entering.

"Nothing that I know of, Geordie," replied the man. "They were talking very earnestly a little ago, but they're all quiet now; and, I suppose, are half, if not wholly, asleep, the most of them."

Without farther parley, the boy now entered the cave, doffing his bonnet as he did so.

Around a fire, which blazed up against the wall of the cavern, sat, on rude blocks of stone, hastily selected for such purpose from the fragments of rocks with which the

ground outside was thickly strewn, five persons of a mien and appearance betokening superior rank. Two of these, when the boy entered, were leaning back against the wall of the cave, and, with closed eyes, seemed to be indulging in a sort of dreamy reverie; for their countenances had not the entire repose and unconsciousness of sleep. The other three, with folded arms and bent heads, reclined, seemingly in deep thought, on the pommels of their swords, which they held perpendicularly between their knees.

At the farther end of the cave lay extended on the ground, with a plaid spread beneath him, a sixth person—a man, apparently, of immense stature.

At the moment the boy entered, he was reclining on his elbow, seemingly asleep. But it was not so; or, if he slept, it was but lightly; for, at the first footfall of the youngster within the cave, he raised himself up, and, with a look of great satisfaction, exclaimed—

"Ha! George, my brave boy, glad to see thee. I was getting very uneasy on thy account. I must not risk thee on any more of these expeditions, but must be content to gain my information by some other means. I would not have thy young life perilled again by such dangerous adventures. Well, my boy, how didst get on? Didst see Margaret Rae? and will she send us the bread? We are in much need of it."

The lad repeated what Margaret had said on this subject.

"And the principal part of thy errand, boy? Didst see or hear anything worth noting?"

The boy now knelt down on one knee, and, in a low tone, told Wallace—for it was no less a personage to whom he spoke—of all that had passed at Margaret Rae's, relating every particular with the utmost fidelity and minuteness of detail.

When he had done, the great Scottish patriot mused, for several seconds, without reply or remark. At length, alluding to Chester's conduct towards the boy—

"The fellow recognised you, George?" he said.

"So far, sir, he did," replied George, who, we need hardly inform the reader, was indeed the identical boy who carried the patriot's fishing-basket on the occasion referred to by Chester, and who was held in high favour by his master, on account of his fidelity, his intelligence, and daring spirit; for these excursions in quest of information that might be serviceable to Wallace, and the patriot band by which he was accompanied, and of which he had now made many in different parts of the country, were the result of a proposal of his own, reluctantly agreed to, however, by his master, who dreaded the boy's falling into the hands of the English. Changing his disguises, however, and affecting that simplicity of character which he had so successfully assumed in Margaret Rae's, he had hitherto escaped all suspicion, and had been the means of bringing such intelligence as frequently enabled Wallace to cut off large detachments of English troops, and thus to render it unsafe for them to move from one point to another unless in great force.

"So far he did, sir," said George, in reply to Wallace's remark on the subject of Chester's recognition. "But he found differences that saved me from entire conviction; and, I think, I played the sheep pretty well."

Wallace smiled, and, after a moment, added—

"Well, boy, lay ye down on my plaid here, and take an hour or two's sleep, while I go and consult with our friends on the intelligence you have just brought me." Saying this, the patriot rose from his recumbent posture, and quickly stood at the full height of his majestic form. He then strode towards the party, who were seated around the fire, and, placing his back to the latter, with his hands joined behind, began to inform them of all he had just heard.

What the result of this communication was, and of the deliberations that followed it, we leave to the sequel to discover; shifting, in the meantime, the scene of our story to the castle of Dumbarton.

It was on the night following that on which the incidents just recorded occurred, that a party, consisting of about twelve or fourteen men, were seen mustering on the open space or esplanade on the summit of the rock.

The hour was late, and the garrison all still; for its occupants, with the exception of those just alluded to, and the sentinels on duty at different points, had long since retired to rest.

The turn-out, then, of the party in question, had the appearance of some intended secret expedition—of some projected enterprise not within the line of ordinary duty.

The men having been drawn up in order, were, shortly after, joined by a person closely wrapped up in a cloak, who, passing alongst their line, seemed to be carefully inspecting the state of their arms and armour, which were, ever and anon, flashing brightly in the moonlight.

The scrutiny over, he gave the word to march; when the soldiers, wheeling round simultaneously, moved off, with regular step and measured tread, towards the long winding flight of stairs by which the lofty rock is ascended—their commander, as the person above spoken of seemed to be, advancing at their head. Having reached the level ground at the bottom of the rock, the party were halted for a moment till their leader mounted a horse, which was found to be there waiting him in charge of a soldier. This done, the band again moved on in silence, taking a northerly direction towards the hill of Dumbuck, which those who have been in that part of the country know, projects like a bold headland on the champaign country beneath.

Holding on their way for about an hour, the party arrived on the brink of an extensive open hollow, of but slight dip, however, from the surrounding surface. Through this hollow ran a river of considerable breadth and volume; on the banks of which, at the upper end of the little strath, was a mill, and, scattered around, several cotters' houses. It was Birkenford.

On arriving at the edge of the descent, the party halted, when Musgrave—for it was he who commanded the expedition—made a signal with his hand to one of the men to approach him. On the man's doing so—

"Chester," he said, "what, think you, will be our best mode of procedure? Shall we force open the door at once, gag the wench, and fling her on horseback? Or shall we proceed gently in the first place; that is, seek admittance in a civil way, and do thereafter as circumstances may require?"

"Why, captain, I'm afraid gentle and civil means wont do. I think it would be but a waste of precious time to try them. So, with deference, I would recommend strong measures at once. I'd give them no time to think. Let us advance cautiously and quietly towards the house, surround it, burst in the door and carry off our prize. If resistance is offered"——The speaker finished the sentence by drawing his finger significantly across his throat; then added—"And no great harm though we set fire to their pig-sty hovels when all's done."

"Well, so be it," said Musgrave. "Let us move on, then. All seems quiet."

"Ay, ay, captain. They little dream whose so nigh them; but we'll give some of them a wakening up presently."

The party now marched on, slowly and cautiously, towards the hamlet, which presented a scene of the most profound repose. Not a sound nor a moving thing was to be heard or seen within or around it.

On reaching the houses, one a little apart from the rest was selected. It was the residence of William Ralston.

Advancing almost on tiptoe, and moving now by signs alone, and these from Musgrave, the party silently surrounded the particular house alluded to. Two men, one of whom was Chester, now approached the door; Musgrave, the while, remaining a little apart, and still mounted. Placing their shoulders to the door, the men gave the latter a forcible and simultaneous jerk, when it instantly flew open, and with a readiness which rather surprised them.

Having forced the door, the men immediately entered; and, for some seconds after they had disappeared, all remained quiet. At length, however, a frightful cry from within, and recognized to be in the voice of Chester, gave intimation to those without of some dreadful catastrophe.

"Stand to your arms, men!" shouted Musgrave; but they were the last words he ever spoke; for, at that instant, the bolt of a crossbow, shot from behind a thick hedge close by, penetrated his brain, and tumbled him from his horse a dead man. The successful shot was accompanied by a shout of exultation in the shrill treble of boyhood. It was the voice of Geordie Hedderwick; and it was from his bow the fatal shaft had been discharged. Alarmed and confounded by these appalling and unexpected occurrences, the men who had surrounded the house huddled together distractedly, not knowing in what quarter to look for the enemy.

Their surprise, however, was of but short duration. In a moment after, they were surrounded by an armed band; and, in the same instant, a man, whose appearance alone was enough to strike terror into their hearts, was amongst them, sword in hand, calling out in a voice of thunder—

"Taken in the very act!—Down, knaves—down, down!" and laying an unhappy wretch prostrate with every blow of his powerful arm.

Some feeble cries for quarter arose from the unfortunate Englishmen, as they cowered beneath the death strokes of the Scottish patriot; for it was he who was now stalking amongst them like the angel of destruction.

"Such quarter as ye give, ye shall have," replied Wallace, as he continued the work of extermination. "Remember the Barns of Ayr—remember the wrongs of Scotland—remember the thousand misdeeds wrought by your plundering and blood-stained hands. Remember all this, and die," he added, with fierce and bitter emphasis, as he struck down the last of the unhappy soldiers.

Several of them had been killed by his followers; but by far the greater number had perished by Wallace's own hand; the mangled image of his murdered wife, who had been barbarously put to death, but a month or two before, by Hazelrig, the English governor of Lanark, being constantly present to his mind, inspiring him with a hate which hardly any measure of vengeance could appease, and converting a disposition naturally gentle and humane, into one of stern and unrelenting ferocity.

"There they lie," now exclaimed Wallace, thrusting his blood-stained sword into its sheath; "and as low lie all the oppressors of Scotland. George, my boy, where art thou?"

"Here, sir," replied the latter, stepping forward with a crossbow in his hand.

"Thou hast done us good service, my brave boy, as thou hast often done before. If God spare thee, and our cause prosper, thou shalt yet wear the spurs of knighthood. Count me the slain, George."

"Two in the house, sir," replied the boy; "the one who was on horseback, whom I tipt over with my crossbow;" (Wallace smiled;) "and, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten"—he went on counting the bodies which lay thickly strewn around. "Thirteen, sir, altogether."

"So," said Wallace, "by so many, then, are our enemies the less."

"Shall we throw the bodies out of the way?" inquired one of the patriot's followers.

"By no means," replied the former. "Let the carrion lie where it is—a warning and a terror to our oppressors. Let the full horrors of the scene meet their sight, that they may know that Scotland has an avenger: ay, one who has devoted every energy of his soul, every nerve of his arm, every faculty which God has given him, to the accomplishment of the independence of his country, and the destruction of her enslavers."

The work of retributive vengeance completed, Wallace and his patriot band returned to their retreat in the mountains; but, not deeming it safe, after such an occurrence, to remain in so near a vicinity to the castle of Dumbarton, which was strongly garrisoned, they, on the following day, moved to a different part of the country, to pursue that desultory warfare against the invaders, which was all that Wallace could yet attempt.

Having presented the last incident of our tale in action, we have now to lay before the reader a brief detail of the previous proceedings of the actors in reference to and in connection with that event.

On Wallace's communicating to his friends—in which circumstances the reader will recollect we left him—the information brought him by the boy, Hedderwick, it was determined to open a communication immediately with Ralston, the father of the girl whom Musgrave had intended to have carried off.

This was accordingly done; and the maiden, by the advice of Wallace, removed to the house of a friend in a distant part of the country.

He then, towards the dusk of the evening on which the abduction was to have taken place, introduced six picked men into Ralston's house, giving them orders to observe the utmost silence, to keep the house perfectly dark, and to make no noise or motion when they should hear the soldiers forcing the door, but allow them to enter, and then stab them with their daggers—a part of the plan which, we have seen, was executed to the letter.

The remainder consisted in Wallace's taking up a position, with twenty picked men also, behind the hedge, from which the boy, Hedderwick, had shot his successful bolt. Here, lying at full length on the ground—for the hedge, though thick in foliage, was low—they awaited the approach of Musgrave and his party. The result is before the reader.

Such was one of the many striking incidents that marked the earlier part of the career of that great man, whose name no Scotsman can mention without a feeling of the deepest veneration—whose struggles for the liberties of his country no Scotsman can recollect without the most overpowering emotions.

THE FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

Although I am not one of those who look back on the school days of boyhood with regret, or who can consider them, as many assert they have found them to be, the happiest period of life; yet, certainly, my recollections of them are not all painful: some of them are pleasing.

Amongst the latter, in my own case, although subsequently leading to distressing circumstances, was the friendship I formed for a schoolfellow, whose real name, for reasons which the sequel will readily suggest, I shall exchange for Middleton.

He was the son of a respectable publican or innkeeper. In scholarship he far surpassed me; and in everything else was, at least, my equal. We were inseparable companions, and were attached to each other by stronger ties than those which usually bind the friendship of schoolboys.

Many a time and oft, in the warmth and openness of our young hearts, we pledged ourselves, with solemn adjur-

ations, to befriend each other through life: to fly to each other in all cases of difficulty or distress. This, however, was a provision for what we considered a bare possibility; for we anticipated none: we reckoned on no misfortune.

Our educational days over, we entered into life—I going into the counting-house of my father, and he commencing an apprenticeship to a lawyer. The intimacy of our earlier days still continued: we were still inseparable companions, and still felt towards each other as warmly as we had ever done.

In course of time, however, my father's business required my removal to ———. My friend and I were thus separated.

For some time after my departure, we corresponded regularly; and our letters were filled with all the ardour, and, I fear, I must add, a good deal of the sanguine absurdities of youth.

By and by, however, as in most similar cases, our correspondence first gradually slackened, and finally ceased altogether.

From this time I heard little more of my friend Middleton. What I did hear, however, gave me very great concern: it was that he was getting unsteady, and falling into loose habits. The accounts of him I received were, indeed, vague; but they were calculated to leave bad impressions, and to induce me to fear the worst for my poor friend. A little time more, and I learned that he disappeared from ——, and none could tell whither he had gone.

From this time, for twenty years, I heard nothing more of the friend of my youth. He was as one who had never been; and it was only on those occasions when, in a musing mood, the memory roams back into the "days of other years," that I recollected him at all. When I did, however, it was with kindly feelings.

About the end of the period just named, I was summoned, on one occasion, to serve as a juryman. The Circuit Court was about to be held in ——, and there were several capital cases to be tried. Amongst the rest, one for forgery on a provincial bank.

Of the jurors summoned on this occasion, I was one of those retained.

We were empannelled in the case of the forger. Soon after taking our places in the jury box, the prisoner was brought to the bar.

His look was downcast: so much so, that it was some time before I got a full view of his countenance. When I did, what was my amazement, what my horror, to discover, in the unfortunate man at the bar, my early friend, James Middleton. But, oh! how changed. Dissipation, and a wild and reckless life, had left few traces of the lively and ingenious, but modest youth, whom I had known twenty years before. Still there were enough left to satisfy me of his identity.

Painful at all times, as it must be to every man of right feeling, my situation now became doubly so. Placed in judgment, as it were, on my old schoolfellow, and, in all probability, to be soon called on to utter that verdict which was to doom him to the scaffold, I felt dreadfully, and would have given worlds to have been elsewhere than I was. But this could not be. I must go through with the painful, but necessary duty, which I had sworn to perform.

The trial had proceeded a considerable way before my unfortunate schoolfellow raised his eyes from the floor. When he did so, his first glance was directed towards the jury box. I kept as much out of sight as possible, in order to avoid being seen by him. His eye, however, fell upon me. A flush came over his pallid countenance, and his head sunk on his bosom. He had recognised me.

The trial went on; and the guilt of Middleton was established beyond all manner of doubt.

We—that is, the jury—retired to make up our verdict. This was but the work of a moment. There was no doubtful point for consideration: all was plain and clear. We were unanimous.

At this stage of the proceedings, a circumstance occurred that greatly added to the painfulness of my situation. A proposal was made by my brother jurors to elect me their foreman—to make me their mouthpiece—to entail on me the duty of announcing the guilt of my schoolfellow, who should hear me—who should be looking on me while I was delivering the judgment that was to consign him to the executioner; for the sanguinary enactments of the statute-book, especially in relation to forgery, were then ruthlessly fulfilled; and there was no doubt that sentence of death would, in the present case, follow conviction.

To avoid the harrowing duty which my colleagues would impose on me, in ignorance of the position in which I stood with regard to the prisoner, I was obliged to mention the circumstance of our having been schoolfellows, and intimate friends in our youth. The mention of these circumstances excited, naturally enough, much surprise amongst my fellow jurors, who, at once appreciating my feelings, proceeded to choose another foreman.

We returned into court. The eyes of the prisoner were anxiously bent on us as we entered. I thought he was looking for me; and I thought, moreover, that there was an expression on his countenance as if he hoped for some friendly mediation at my hands. This might have been imaginary: indeed must have been so; for he could not but have known that I had nothing in my power. However, I thought it, and the idea added greatly to my distress.

The verdict of the jury, unanimously finding the pannel guilty of the crime libelled, was returned by the mouth of our foreman. The judge put on the fatal black cap, and passed sentence of death. My unfortunate schoolfellow was removed from the bar. Again—just before being taken out of court—I thought he gave me one of those imploring looks which I had before imagined I had remarked. I felt giddy, from the violent excitement of feeling I had been labouring under, and was glad when—our painful duties terminated—I got into the fresh air.

On the following day, I visited my unhappy friend in his cell. On my entering, without saying a word he held out his hand to me. I gave him mine: he pressed it hard, and burst into tears. I was no less affected. It was several seconds before either of us spoke. At length—

"Is there anything I can do for you, Middleton?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, after a pause. "There is one thing you can do for me; and which, for old recollections' sake, I am sure you will do. I have a wife and child—a boy, a fine boy."

Here emotion choked his utterance for a moment. He resumed:—

"He is about twelve years of age. See him. Do what you can for him and his mother. You will find them at No. 13, —— Street."

I could make no reply but by pressing his hand. He, however, understood the sign as it was meant; namely, as an assurance that I should attend to his wishes as far as lay in my power.

At this moment, the clergyman who had been appointed to attend him, came in; and I left him, promising to call again in a day or two.

I had made no inquiry into the history of my poor schoolfellow's past life, nor made any direct allusion to the offence which had brought him into his present miserable situation. Delicacy withheld me: and, as he made no communications on these subjects himself, I neither learnt now, nor at any time after, any particulars regarding them. Indeed, I felt

no curiosity on the subject; the circumstances being, altogether, too painful to admit of any other feeling.

Agreeably to my promise, I called on the wife of Middleton. I found her, as might be expected, in great distress; and as, perhaps, might also be looked for, in circumstances of great destitution. The boy, whom he had so especially recommended to my care, I also saw; and he appeared all that his father in part described, and in part left me to conjecture him to be.

All that I could do, in the meantime, was to give them a little temporary relief. This was done, and continued until I considered how I could permanently and effectually aid them.

In the meantime, the fatal day of execution was rapidly approaching. It came—for there was no hope of mercy in this world for my poor friend, forgery being then considered one of the most heinous offences against society which could be committed.

The fatal day came, and the companion of my youth—the gleeful and light-hearted associate of my boyhood—perished ignominiously on the scaffold.

I did not—(this will be taken as a matter of course)—see him executed; but I was told he conducted himself with great composure and firmness; and, what I was still more pleased to learn, had shewn, during the time he lay under sentence, a deep sense of the benefits of the religious exercises in which his spiritual comforters had engaged him. I had seen him several times in the interval, and believe that the assurance I gave him of taking his wife and child under my protection, tended much to reconcile him to the dreadful fate to which he was doomed.

Immediately after the execution of her husband, Middleton's wife retired to a provincial town on the borders of England, where she was not known, and there set up a small huckstery business, with means with which I furnished her; and, as I afterwards learnt, was doing well. Her son I boarded with a mill-wright in the country, to whom I also bound him apprentice.

On the expiry of the lad's time of servitude, I sent him out to the West Indies, recommending him to a correspondent there; and had the satisfaction of learning, soon after, that he was getting on prosperously.

Ten years after this, the concern in which I was engaged fell into difficulties, in consequence of some unfortunate speculations in cotton; and the result, after a severe but vain struggle to meet my obligations, was a bankruptcy. About six months after this event happened, a ship letter was put into my hands by the postman. I opened it. An enclosure fell on the carpet. I picked it up, and found it to be a bill of exchange, in my favour, for a thousand pounds. Confounded at the circumstance, I began reading the letter in which it had been enclosed. It was dated "Rose Vale, Jamaica," and ran thus:—

"My Dear Friend and Benefactor,—It is with the most sincere regret that I have heard of your misfortunes. What kind of heart would be mine were it otherwise. On this, however, I will not enlarge: you will do me the justice to believe it unnecessary: to believe that I *feel* towards you all that I ought to do.

"Notwithstanding all the favours you have heaped on me, I have yet another to ask of you; and it is one which, I trust, you will not refuse me. It is, that you would accept the enclosed trifle as a token of my gratitude—one measured rather by my means than my feelings. If you can excuse the liberty of this proceeding, let, I entreat you, no idea that I am making a sacrifice, or in the slightest degree embarrassing myself, by laying this small tribute of a grateful heart at your feet, deter you from conferring on me the happiness of accepting it. I am, thank God, doing well; and, in a few years, hope to be able to afford you yet stronger proofs of the recollections I entertain of all your kindnesses."

This letter, I need hardly add, was from the son of my unfortunate schoolfellow.

Never did supply come more seasonably than this. Under the circumstances, I did not hesitate to make use of it; but it was with the reservation to repay it, should the purpose to which I meant to apply it, succeed. What this purpose was, it would be matter of no interest to the reader to be informed. Be it enough to say, that it did succeed; and the consequence was, that, in less than three years after, I was in a condition to restore the generous and seasonable loan, or gift, as he intended it, of my grateful protegé. I, accordingly, remitted it to him, with interest; but it was immediately returned me, with a jocular threat to double it if I persisted.

A short time after this, being pretty extensively engaged in the cotton trade, I had occasion to go to New York. When there, I put up at a boarding-house situated in Broadway.

In these establishments, as is well known, all the inmates, or boarders, dine together at a certain hour. It was on one of these occasions, that I observed a gentleman, at the further end of the table, looking at me, from time to time, with great earnestness.

Attracted by the singularity of his behaviour, I regarded him earnestly in turn, and thought that I should know the countenance, but could not, at the moment, recollect where I had seen it. The gentleman seemed in the same perplexity with myself. At length, he rose from his seat, and, walking down the length of the room, came immediately behind my chair. On having done so—

"Excuse me, sir," he said; "but, may I ask if your name be not ——— ?"

In some surprise, I said it was.

"You do not recollect me?" said the stranger.

"No, sir, I do not."

"Will you have the goodness to step aside with me for a moment?" he now said.

I did so; and we retired into the niche of a window.

"My name is ———, sir," he said.

"It is—it is!" I replied, grasping the hand of my grateful protegé, the son of my ill-starred friend, whom I now at once recognised. "How strange that we should meet here, and in this way."

The young man—for he was comparatively still so—now informed me, that he had come to New York for the purpose of getting married. That the young lady to whom he was about to be united, and whom he had first met with in Jamaica, was a native of that city.

On the following day—we, in the meantime, having spent a merry evening together—I was introduced to my young friend's intended—an amiable and accomplished girl; and, before I left New York, had the happiness of dancing at their wedding; a circumstance which I thought, altogether, not the least remarkable feature in the little history of our connection, the dark picture of which was thus not without two or three bright bliuks of sunshine.

Shortly after their marriage, the young couple returned to Jamaica; and, curious enough, again, on the very same day, I sailed for England.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE SIGNAL.

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago, the family of the Oliphants of Shawhill were amongst the wealthiest and most influential in the west of Scotland.

The family mansion—a large castellated building, in the Elizabethan style—stood on the banks of the Clyde, from which it was distant somewhere about half a mile.

It commanded a delightful prospect, while its immediate neighbourhood was rich in all the beauties of the most romantic woodland scenery.

Between the castle—as the house was sometimes called—and the river there was a narrow green lane, or alley, which may still be traced, running parallel with the stream. It is open at both ends; and, although a work of art, its purpose, even at the period of which we write, was unknown to the proprietor, or any other of the inmates of Shawhill.

It was, however, supposed to have, at one time, served the purpose of an entrance, although it must have been a very circuitous one, to the mansion-house; probably ere it had attained the stately dimensions to which the various additions of successive proprietors and occupants had brought it, and before the Oliphants had become the great people they ultimately were.

It was in this sequestered lane, and under the silver light of a bright autumn moon, in the year 1690, that two young persons—a lady and gentleman as their dress indicated—might have been seen walking slowly to and fro, arm-in-arm, and engaged in deep and earnest conversation.

From the cautious regularity with which they always stopped and turned when within a few yards of either end of the lane, it was evident that they sought concealment, and were particularly anxious to avoid observation from the house

In this they might or might not succeed; but to us they were visible enough, and plainly enough could we have overheard all that passed between them.

"I owe you many thanks, Agnes dear, for affording me these opportunities of enjoying your society, although it be by stealth, but for a short time, and, alas! but seldom," said the young man; a very handsome person, with a voice of gentle and pleasing intonation. "I saw the signal," he went on, "the instant you made it. Methought I could even trace your figure; but this must have been a vagary of my imagination; the distance is too great."

"I doubt so, Robert," replied the lady, smiling, and looking fondly in the face of her lover; for that they were lovers, we presume we need scarcely say. "You could hardly have made me out at the distance."

"Well, I thought I did, however," replied the young man, gaily; "and it made me happy. But why so sad to-night, Agnes? It is not your wont."

"Fears of the future, Robert, will sometimes cross my mind, and make me sad," said Agnes. "I cannot help it. You know we are unhappily situated. My proud mother has set her face against our attachment, and has forbid me ever thinking of you more, under pain of her utmost displeasure; and, from your knowledge of her, you may guess of what she is capable. Her resentments are dreadful."

"I know her well, Agnes—I know Lady Oliphant well," said the young man, gravely. "But I should hope that time may effect a favourable change in her sentiments regarding me as a suitor for the hand of her fair daughter."

"Never, Robert, never," replied Agnes, emphatically. "My mother, although she should live for a thousand years, will never relent. Nay, I think, she daily becomes more harsh and stern in her manner towards me, from a suspicion of our secret correspondence; and, I must not conceal it from you, Robert, she daily becomes more violent in the terms of which she speaks of you."

"Well, well, Agnes dear," replied the young man, "there is no help for it. Let us enjoy our present opportunities, and live in hope of happier days."

At this moment, the lovers, who, in the earnestness of their conversation, had stood still for a moment, were alarmed by a rustling amongst the foliage of a small plantation of willows that ran parallel with the lane on one side, and came close to the hedge, which formed one of its boundaries.

"What was that?" muttered Agnes, in a low but terrified tone, clinging to her lover, and looking with great alarm towards the spot whence the noise proceeded.

"Eavesdroppers! eh?" exclaimed the young man, drawing his sword, and rushing towards the hedge, into several places of which he plunged the weapon with all his force, but without any result. "It has been but a breath of wind amongst the leaves," he said, returning to Agnes, who stood trembling in the middle of the alley. "'Twas but a breath of wind amongst the leaves," he said; but in a tone and with a manner that plainly enough shewed that such was not his conviction, but that he had merely said so to soothe the fears of his fair companion.

"Let us part, however, Robert," said Agnes. "It may not be safe for us to remain here longer to-night, at any rate."

"Safe, Agnes!" said the young man, proudly, and thrusting his sword home into its sheath with a jerk. "Safe you are from violence, at any rate, while I am by you, with this good weapon by my side."

"I doubt it not, dear Robert, I doubt it not," replied the timid girl, in great agitation. "But it may be prudent, then, that we part, and that immediately."

"Well, prudent, dear, it may be," said her lover, "I will not gainsay that, the less, that you seem uneasy and agitated." Saying this, the lovers proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the further end of the lane, where, after a tender adieu, they parted; Agnes tripping lightly away towards the house; her lover watching her, and following her with his eyes, until he saw her so near the latter as to be in safety.

Assured of this, he hastened down towards the river; but ere he reached it, he turned a little towards the right, and entered a dark strip of planting which ran down to the water-side. From this he quickly emerged again, leading a powerful black horse, which he had secured in this concealment; mounted him, rode down to the river, dashed into the stream, which took the horse up to the girths, and, on gaining the opposite bank, went off at full speed.

Having brought our story to this point, we will retrograde a little, in order to give some explanations, which our unwillingness to interrupt its opening circumstances has hitherto prevented.

Agnes Oliphant, the young lady whom we have already introduced to the reader, was the only child of Sir James and Lady Oliphant of Shawhill. She was, at this period, in the one-and-twentieth year of her age, singularly beautiful, accomplished, and of a sweet and gentle temper, with a mind of a very superior cast, and a warm and enthusiastic disposition. Her person was not tall. She was, in truth, perhaps, rather low in stature; but her light and sylph-like form was symmetry itself. She was thus, in almost all the latter respects, the very opposite of her mother, Lady Oliphant, who was a proud and haughty woman, of a stern and masculine character, and whose whole soul was wrapped up in the maintenance of the dignity at once of her own descent, which was noble, and that of the house of which she had become mistress by her marriage with Sir James.

In her younger days, she also had been beautiful, and still was what might be called a remarkably fine-looking woman. Her form was tall and graceful, and her features faultless; but they were animated by a sternness of expression that limited their effect on the beholder to mere admiration. Love or esteem they were incapable of exciting.

In her youth, it might have been otherwise; but, now that the buoyancy and generous impulses of that season had passed away, and given place to the gravity and sterner passions of advancing years, every charm which the former might have thrown over her noble countenance, concealing its true expressions, had retired, and left the latter to stand forth in undisguised and forbidding severity.

Sir James, again, the husband of Lady Oliphant, was a man of easy temper. Not wanting in sense, nor even firmness of character, when occasion required it, but of so peace-loving and indolent a disposition, that his haughty and more energetic spouse found no difficulty in first assuming, and ever after retaining, the reins of government in her own hands. Her high behests he never dreamt of contradicting; but, to all she did and said, yielded a passive and unvarying obedience.

The young man whom we have represented as the lover of Agnes Oliphant, was Robert Ramsay, the son of a gentleman of a small landed estate, whose residence—Birkmyre—was on the opposite side of the river Clyde; that is, on the opposite side as regards Shawhill: the former being also situated on a rising ground, the two houses were thus in full view of each other, although distant about three miles.

Young Ramsay was, likewise, an only child; and though his father's means were extremely limited, no expense had been spared in his education. He had studied, for several successive seasons, at the University of Glasgow, and had there greatly distinguished himself by his talents. At the period of which we speak of him, young Ramsay had attained his five-and-twentieth year, and was universally admitted to be one of the handsomest young men in that part of the country.

A year before that in which our story opens, he had held a command in that body of armed citizens which Glasgow, in its loyalty, had despatched to Edinburgh to guard the Convention of Estates, summoned by the Prince of Orange, soon after his accession to the English throne.

On this occasion, his activity, zeal, and manly bearing, had attracted the especial notice of the Duke of Argyle, who commanded the party, and so strongly recommended him to his Grace's favour, that the latter, who knew something of his father, spontaneously made him offer of his powerful patronage in any way he might point out. Young Ramsay expressed a preference for the military profession; and the result was a promise, on the part of the Duke, to obtain for him a commission in the King's body-guard; and it was for this appointment, which he was led to believe he might shortly expect, that he was now waiting.

Of the attachment which existed between Agnes Oliphant and young Ramsay of Birkmyre, the mother of the former was perfectly aware, and greatly had the discovery enraged her; for Ramsay possessed neither of those advantages which were all in all to her—birth and fortune; especially the former.

On first learning of the attachment between her daughter and young Ramsay, the anger of the proud and haughty woman knew no bounds: she threatened her with the most dire consequences should she persevere in maintaining a correspondence with her lover; stamping furiously on the floor as she gave utterance to the violent passions by which she was agitated.

Trembling and affrighted, the poor girl submitted, in silence and in tears, to the fierce outpourings of her mother's wrath. The secret meetings which she gave young Ramsay after this, were matter of great annoyance to her sense both of duty and propriety; and she never returned from one of them, without the painful feeling arising from a violated conscience. But love prevailed over all; and the warm-hearted, affectionate girl, could not resist the earnest and urgent entreaties of her lover to afford him an occasional interview; and this she was the more readily induced to do, that, by all excepting her haughty mother, young Ramsay was thought to be in every respect worthy of her. He was poor; but he was a gentleman both by birth and education; of unimpeachable character and honourable principles. In nothing, in short, did the young pair offend, but in that of indulging in the clandestine interviews alluded to.

Having mentioned the violent disapprobation of Lady Oliphant of the attachment between her daughter and young Ramsay, from her ideas of the unsuitableness of such connection, we must allude to another circumstance, by no means an uncommon one in such cases, which added tenfold to the resentment with which she viewed the forbidden loves of the young pair. Lady Oliphant not only disapproved of Ramsay as a suitor for the hand of her daughter, but anxiously desired that she should fix her affections on another. That other was the young Lord Wellwood; one of the gayest gallants of the day, although by no means in very affluent circumstances. His estates were large, but they were grievously burdened, through a long course of extravagant and reckless living on the part of his predecessors, and which his own course of life was but ill calculated to repair.

The hand of the rich heiress of Shawhill thus became an object of the utmost importance to the young spendthrift nobleman, and he used every means in his power to secure the splendid prize. He was a frequent visiter at Shawhill—his family mansion, which was also on the opposite side of the Clyde, and within view of Shawhill, not being above eight or ten miles distant—and on these occasions exercised every art of which he was master, to recommend himself to the good graces of Agnes, who was compelled to listen to his courtesies with what patience she might. These she met with civility; but carefully guarded her manner from the display of anything that could be construed into encouragement of his suit.

Her indifference to, or rather dislike of him, Wellwood very early discovered; but this discovery, in place of inducing him to withdraw from the further pursuit of his object, had the effect only of making him change his mode of procedure. Instead of continuing the hopeless task, as he found it to be, of endeavouring to recommend himself to the daughter, he addressed himself to the mother, trusting to accomplish his object through her influence,

or rather, through her authority; for he knew and felt that the latter must eventually be had recourse to. In Lady Oliphant, we need not say, Lord Wellwood found, not only a ready, but an anxious disposition to further his views.

One result of this understanding between her Ladyship and the young nobleman was, their having often long and secret conversations together, when the former came to Shawhill, which, choosing to place a stronger reliance on the agency of Lady Oliphant than on his own direct influence, he frequently did without seeking any interview with Agnes at all.

One of the chief topics of conversation, on these occasions, between Lady Oliphant and the young Lord Wellwood, was the attachment of Agnes and Ramsay, of which he was perfectly aware. This attachment was the great stumbling-block in their way; and many were the projects and schemes—all, however, ending fruitlessly—which they devised and talked over for removing the difficulty.

Amongst these, Wellwood did not hesitate to hint darkly at murder; nor did Lady Oliphant listen to these hints with much discomposure. But dread of detection, as the circumstances in which the parties were placed were well known in the country, prevented them acting on the atrocious idea.

Up to this period, Lady Oliphant, although she had peremptorily commanded her daughter to admit the addresses of Lord Wellwood, had not ventured to ask her to receive him as a husband.

Aware of Agnes' gentle nature, she also knew its firmness; and dreaded, bold and determined as she herself was, to bring the matter to issue by a formal demand of the surrender of her affections.

Having brought up our arrears of information to this point, we resume the more direct thread of our story.

It was on the day following the interview of the lovers, as described in the earlier part of our tale, that a young man, of very handsome person, and gaily attired, mounted on horseback, and attended by two or three retainers, also mounted, and wearing rich liveries, rode slowly up the avenue leading to Shawhill House. It was Lord Wellwood.

On arriving in front of the house, the young nobleman flung himself from his horse, which was instantly taken in charge by one of his followers, and advanced towards the door on foot.

While doing this, he caught a glimpse of Agnes, seated at a large bow window in one of the towers by which the building was flanked; and, pausing, made her a low obeisance; then hurried on to greet Lady Oliphant, who, having seen him approach, was standing in the doorway to receive him.

In their looks—in their manner to each other at the moment of meeting—there were palpable signs of a secret intelligence, although not breathed in words. These, indeed, were those of ordinary courtesy.

"Come away, my Lord—come away," said Lady Oliphant, with the stately manner, and in the deep, solemn intonations of voice that formed a part of her very remarkable characteristics. "Come away, my Lord. I have longed for your arrival; and have been looking out for you for this good hour past."

"Pardon, my Lady—pardon," said Lord Wellwood, taking her proffered hand with an air of great gallantry. "I was unexpectedly detained by"——

"Oh, no matter, my Lord," interrupted her Ladyship: "you are still in good time. This way, my Lord—this way," she added, leading the way to her own private room, up stairs; his Lordship having been about to proceed to the dining-room, into which he was usually ushered.

The private apartment of Lady Oliphant gained, the latter carefully secured the door; when, having desired Lord Wellwood to be seated, and having herself taken a chair close to, and directly opposite to him—

"Your Lordship's information," she began, in a subdued tone, "was, I have found, correct. They met last night, and walked together, in the lane by the river, for a considerable length of time, and would probably have done so much longer, but were alarmed by Nixon, who stumbled accidentally amongst the bushes, and, as he tells me, narrowly escaped a sword-thrust from young Ramsay."

"They detected the presence of Nixon, then?" said his Lordship, in some alarm.

"No, no, my Lord; they did not; at least, so Nixon assures me. He escaped observation. They were only alarmed."

"So far well," replied Lord Wellwood. "Then, did he gather anything from their conversation which we could turn to account in any way. Any plans or projects to nip in the bud?"

"No, my Lord—nothing particular; but"——

"That fellow Ramsay *must* be put out of the way," interrupted Lord Wellwood. "Could we not contrive to learn, by some means or other, on what nights they intend meeting? I could have him waylaid, and settle the matter at once."

"Hush, my Lord—hush," said Lady Oliphant, laying her hand on Lord Wellwood's arm. 'We may, probably, find a better, at least a safer way than that. Nixon overheard something about a signal. I know not what it means; but I suspect they have some secret mode of correspondence. Well, we shall see. We shall find out that in the first place: what this signal means: what it is. And I have an idea—that is, something has occurred to me."

"Your Ladyship speaks mysteriously," said Lord Wellwood, smiling.

"Perhaps I do, but not intentionally, my Lord," replied Lady Oliphant, gravely. "My own ideas are not defined. I have them, but they are indistinct and confused. They shall assume a more decided shape by and by.

In the meantime, I propose that the lovers be permitted to meet once more, and that Nixon endeavour to get at the knowledge of what this signal means—what it is. Agnes shall be so vigilantly watched, that she cannot effect a meeting with Ramsay without my knowledge; nor that a word shall pass between them, but shall reach my ear."

"Well, my Lady, I leave it all in your hands," replied Lord Wellwood, who now, as often before, found his genius shrink into nothing before that of the masculine minded Lady of Shawhill. "I leave it all in your hands," he said; "but will expect you to call in my aid, should it be wanted in any way. You understand me."

"Oh, surely, surely, my Lord," replied Lady Oliphant, with something like an expression of contempt; for whatever respect she had for his nobility she had not a great deal for his judgment.

"It is clear," said Lord Wellwood, after a pause, "that I need entertain no hope of success with Agnes so long as this fellow Ramsay is in the way. He must be got rid of some way or other—*that*, I think, is clear."

"I fear so, too, my Lord," said Lady Oliphant. "But we must be wary. Would you wish to see Agnes? I think you had better; for you have been three times here now without seeing her, and she may suspect evil, and put Ramsay on his guard."

"Well, if you think so, and if Agnes will not"——

"Agnes will not—dare not do anything contrary to her mother's wishes, my Lord," interrupted Lady Oliphant, rising. "She ought to be but too proud of your Lordship's attentions."

Saying this, she led the way, followed by Lord Wellwood, towards the apartment in which the latter had seen Agnes as he entered the house.

In a minute after, they were in her presence. Agnes rose on their entrance, and greeted Lord Wellwood with a very low and polite courtesy.

Embarrassed by the consciousness of underhand dealing, and at a loss what to say, Lord Wellwood sat, after the first salutations were over, twirling his hat between his knees, and, anon, stroking idly the very handsome feather with which it was adorned, without saying a word. Perceiving his difficulty, and feeling the awkwardness of the silence:—

"Agnes," said Lady Oliphant, who now, as on all occasions, made a point of remaining present when her daughter and Lord Wellwood were together, for the purpose of awing the former into such deportment towards the latter as she desired—"Agnes," she said, "shew Lord Wellwood the sketch of Bothwell Castle which you made the other day."

Without a word in reply, Agnes went to a small cabinet that stood in a corner of the apartment, took therefrom a sheet of paper, and put it into the hands of Lord Wellwood.

"Very beautiful, indeed—very faithful," said his Lordship, holding the sketch up before him. "This is a talent, Miss Oliphant, which I was not aware you possessed before. Why, you are a perfect mistress of the art."

Agnes acknowledged the compliment merely by a slight smile and courtesy.

"Have you lost the use of speech, girl?" exclaimed her mother, angrily, that you bestow not a word on us."

"What should I say, my Lady?" replied Agnes, blushing deeply. "His Lordship sustains no loss by my silence. I have nothing new to communicate—nothing that could be in any way in the least interesting to his Lordship."

"Anything Miss Oliphant may choose to say, must always be interesting to me," replied Lord Wellwood, gallantly.

Agnes again merely courtesied, when, after some further commonplaces, another profound silence ensuing, his Lordship rose to depart. After he had gone—

"Agnes," said Lady Oliphant, "you do not conduct yourself towards Lord Wellwood as I could desire. You *know* my wishes on that head, and I expect that you will atone for the past by being more compliant for the future."

"Mother, mother!" exclaimed Agnes, with sudden energy, throwing herself at her mother's feet. "In anything but that—O, in anything but that, I will be your humble slave; but, oh, do not, do not, dearest mother, ask me to love Lord Wellwood. I cannot—I never, never can."

"Disobedient wretch!" exclaimed Lady Oliphant, stamping the floor violently, her face flushed with passion. "Dare you thus openly express your determination to oppose my wishes and defy my authority?"

Then, after a pause, she added in a calmer tone, but in one more expressive of fixed resolution—

"Agnes, I desire you to think of no other than Lord Wellwood as a husband. Mark that. Think of it—make up your mind to it, else"——

And she shook her extended finger in the face of her unhappy daughter, turned haughtily away, and strode out of the apartment, leaving the weeping girl, whose spirit had, long ere this, been crushed and broken by the harsh manner of her imperious parent, still in the kneeling posture in which, in the excitement of her feelings, she had thrown herself when soliciting her compassion. In this position she continued for some time after Lady Oliphant had left the apartment, her face buried in her hands, and, resting on a chair, low convulsive sobs every now and then giving indication of the dreadfully agitated state of her feelings. After some time, she arose, her eyes red with weeping, and retired to her own private apartment, which she did not, for that day at least, again quit.

Shifting, for a time, the scene of our story to the residence of Mr Ramsay of Birkmyre, and advancing the time to the third night after the occurrence of the incidents just recorded, we shall find young Ramsay seated at a window in his father's house, from which he is, ever and anon, looking intently in the direction of Shawhill.

It was just the dusk of the evening, and the landscape was beginning, or rather had begun, to resolve itself into a dark undefinable expanse, and the objects by which it was occupied to loose all trace of their minute outlines.

Gradually the obscurity became deeper and deeper, till, at length, the whole scene was swallowed up in a profound and total darkness.

Still the young man kept his seat by the window, and still he continued to look earnestly, from time to time, in the direction of Shawhill.

As the night grew darker, however, his gaze became more intent; and his watch, whatever was its object, more vigilant, until, at length, supporting his head between both his hands, resting on the window sill, he settled himself into a steady posture of observation; not moving nor turning his eye for an instant from the line of direction in which seemed to lie the object of his vigilance. He had thus sat for about half-an-hour, when, in the distant gloom, there suddenly appeared a dim speck of light.

On the first glimpse of the feeble ray—

"Bless thee, Agnes dear, bless thee," exclaimed the young man, joyously, and starting to his feet. "That dim, feeble light, is dearer to me, and more beautiful in my eyes, than the brilliancy of the evening star."

Uttering these enthusiastic exclamations, he hurried out of the apartment, proceeded to the stable, brought out the same horse spoken of elsewhere, and which had been standing ready saddled and bridled, mounted him, and dashed off at full speed in the direction of the ford below the house of Shawhill.

Young Ramsay had just gained a sudden turning of the road between Birkmyre and the ford, when he became aware of several horsemen approaching. They were laughing and talking loudly. The night was too dark to permit of his ascertaining who they were; neither did he care nor desire to know. His only wish was to pass them with as little interruption as possible.

They approached; when young Ramsay, keeping as close to the vacant side of the road as he could, and with only a glance at the party, was passing on, when some taunting expressions from one of the their number, whom, by his voice, he recognised to be Lord Wellwood, followed by a burst of laughter from his companions, arrested his progress. Suddenly checking his horse, and wheeling him round, he rode deliberately into the midst of the party, and approaching Lord Wellwood, who with his associates, were flushed with wine, they being on their return from a hunting party, which had been followed by a dinner and deep debauch—

"My Lord," he said, "I hope I have been mistaken in supposing that I have been the object of your own and your friends' merriment. But, suspecting it, I take the liberty of inquiring."

"No mistake whatever, sir," replied Lord Wellwood, haughtily.

"In that case, my Lord," replied the latter, "I have only to say, that I shall do myself the honour of holding some communication with your Lordship to-morrow;" and he was about to turn about his horse's head, and ride off, when Lord Wellwood, flinging himself from his saddle, and drawing his sword, shouted—

"Nay, this instant; this instant, sir. Every brave man

resents insults on the spot. He who does not, is a coward. Besides, I have long wished for an opportunity such as this, of settling scores with you, Ramsay, and I'm not inclined to let the present pass."

"I too have an account to adjust with you, my Lord," replied young Birkmyre, now also throwing himself from his horse, "and, since you thus urge it, have no objection to take and give the satisfaction required, although I should certainly have preferred another occasion."

"Your friends here," he added, glancing round on the party who had been silent witnesses of this scene, "are, I doubt not, all honourable men, and will not seek to interfere in our quarrel."

A ready assurance of strict neutrality was the answer to this appeal, from one and all.

This settled, a space was left free for the combatants who, in their eagerness for the contest, had already crossed their weapons, which anon glanced brightly in the star light.

Both being skilled in fence and quick of eye, it was some seconds before another motion was made, each being aware of an expert swordsman in his antagonist.

At length, quick as lightning, Lord Wellwood struck for the advanced right leg of his opponent. With equal readiness and dexterity young Ramsay warded off the blow, and returned it with a stroke at Lord Wellwood's shoulder, on which, the point of his weapon only touching, he inflicted a slight wound.

Maddened more by the superiority of fence on the part of his antagonist, which this successful hit seemed to indicate, than by the pain of his wound, Lord Wellwood, who was also excited by liquor, began to strike with a fury and recklessness that soon threw him open to the keen edge of his more calm and collected opponent, which quickly inflicted such a wound on the wrist of his sword arm, as to disable him from continuing the combat The wound was not severe, but it was disabling.

"Another time, Ramsay—another time!" cried Lord Wellwood, grinding his teeth passionately as he spoke, with the point of his sword resting on the ground, and held feebly by the wounded hand.

"You have the advantage at present, but another time, another time!"

"Content, my Lord," replied Ramsay, coolly sheathing his sword. "Another time; but the sooner the better." When, mounting his horse, and touching his hat politely to Lord Wellwood and his companions, who, by their looks, expressed a respect for him which they had not felt before, he rode off.

Reaching the Clyde, he crossed it; rode into the plantation before alluded to; secured his horse to a tree, and, with light and joyous step, bounded towards the green lane in which he had strayed, three nights before, with Agnes Oliphant; having previously determined that he would say nothing to her of the encounter he had had with Lord Wellwood, which he felt would only give her uneasiness without serving any end. There was no one there when he arrived, but he knew it would not be long ere he was joined by those he had come to seek. Nor was he mistaken. He had but taken two rapid turns in the lane, when, just as he had commenced a third, he saw a female figure tripping lightly towards him. He flew to meet her. It was Agnes Oliphant.

The first tender greetings of the fond pair over—

"Lord Wellwood has again been to Shawhill, Robert," said Agnes, sadly.

"Has he?" said her lover; his face flushing with quickened feeling.

"Yes; and his visits are becoming more frequent, and, with their frequency, more hateful. I know not, Robert, where this unhappy matter is to end; but I dread the worst. On the occasion of his last visit, my mother, at length, spoke out what I have long dreaded. She bade me look on Lord Wellwood as my future husband, and to think of no other. Oh, how, how am I to escape from this dreadful situation? My mother's displeasure on the one hand, and a life of misery, unendurable misery, on the other. I have but a choice of these dreadful alternatives."

"We are, indeed, unhappily placed, dear Agnes, but still I trust to time throwing up some chances in our favour," said her lover, taking her tenderly by the hand. "Your mother cannot be instant in forcing your acceptance of Lord Wellwood. She will surely, at least, give you your own time."

"Nay, Robert, I fear not. I fear that many days will not have passed before this unhappy matter will be brought to issue; for, as I told you before, Lord Wellwood's visits are becoming much more frequent, and he and my mother are closeted for hours together; a circumstance which bodes no good."

"In that case, Agnes, what is to be done?" said young Ramsay, in a voice husky with emotion.

"I will *not* become the wife of Lord Wellwood," replied Agnes, with sudden energy. "Let what may betide, Lord Wellwood's wife I shall never be. I will be yours, Robert, or none other's," she added, faintly, and dropping her head on his shoulder.

"That resolution, and that alone, can save us, Agnes," said her lover, embracing her in a transport of joy. "I could not ask, I would not have asked, such a pledge from you; but since you have given it of your own accord, gladly, joyfully, do I accept it.

"Hear me in return, Agnes," he added, sinking on one knee; "hear me, in return, swearing eternal fealty to thee." The fair girl involuntarily knelt beside him, and, in that attitude—the silent stars alone witnessing the solemn compact—they bound themselves to each other for ever.

Soon after this, the lovers again parted; but in that interval they had said much to each other—more than we deem it necessary to record. Of what did pass, we need only mention a mutual promise to meet early again.

It was on the same night that this meeting between the lovers took place, and shortly after they had parted, that a person sought, with stealthy step, the private sitting chamber of Lady Oliphant. This person was one of the serving men of the family. It was Nixon. The hour was late. Her ladyship was alone, and seemed to be waiting for, and expecting, the arrival of her visiter. He tapped respectfully at the door, and was desired to enter.

"Well, Nixon," said her ladyship, in a low tone, "did they meet?"

"Yes, my Lady," replied the man; "they have been in the lane together for nearly an hour."

"And did you watch them well and closely, and avoid alarming them?"

"I did, my Lady, and without exciting the slightest suspicion. Luckily, they stood the most of the time, so that I overheard every word."

"Well, the signal, the signal," said Lady Oliphant, impatiently; "heard ye anything more of the signal? That is what I want to know particularly about."

"I did, my Lady; they spoke of it just before parting, and in such a way, that I have made it out to be the display of a light in the small window of the closet adjoining Miss Agnes' bedchamber."

"Ah, indeed," exclaimed Lady Oliphant, with a smile of malicious satisfaction. "Upon my word, very ingenious—very ingenious, indeed. Ay, a light in the closet window. So, then, I have them. Nothing more, Nixon?"

"They knelt, too, my Lady, and joined hands, and swore to be true to each other for life."

"Oh, they did—did they?" replied Lady Oliphant, with the same cold satirical smile as before. "Mighty good—mighty good, indeed."

"And Miss Agnes swore she would never marry Lord Wellwood, my Lady," added Nixon.

"Oh, of course," replied Lady Oliphant; "of course, if she bound herself to Ramsay, she must, of necessity, have thrown off his Lordship. It is mighty well; but we shall see. You may retire, Nixon. I suppose you have nothing more to say."

"No, my Lady, I think that 's all of any consequence that passed between them," said the man bowing, and retreating towards the door, but apparently, with some reluctance.

Lady Oliphant observed it.

"Oh ay, I forgot. Stop, Nixon," she said; and proceeding to a small ebony cabinet that stood in the apartment, she drew out one of the small drawers with which it was furnished, and counting out several pieces of gold, she put them into Nixon's hand, saying—

"There, Nixon, take that. I am satisfied with your fidelity and vigilance in this matter. Probably I may require your services in a similar way soon again; but, in the meantime, I expect secrecy from you, Nixon—profound secrecy."

"You may depend upon me, my Lady," said the fellow, pocketing the broad pieces which had just been given him; "and I shall be but too happy to perform my humble duty to your Ladyship in any way your Ladyship may see fit. I humbly thank your Ladyship."

And, with one more profound obeisance, he left the apartment.

On his doing so, Lady Oliphant threw herself down upon a couch, and fell into a profound reverie. Evil thoughts were busy with her; dark schemes rose in her mind; and the desperate idea which had long haunted her imagination, began to assume a distinct and definite shape.

"It will do," she muttered, rising from her seat. "At least, it is likely; and, if it does, all will yet be right. There will be no ground for charging me with his death. It will be his own act—no law on earth can say otherwise. But I shall speak with Agnes first, and have her final determination. If it be unfavourable to my wishes. Then"——

Having given utterance to these mysterious expressions, she left the apartment, and retired to rest; or, at least, to such rest as one who meditated an atrocious crime could enjoy.

On the following day, Lady Oliphant did not appear at breakfast. The restless workings of her strong but evil mind had, by depriving her of sleep, thrown her into a slight and temporary illness, which compelled her to keep her apartment. As the day advanced, however, she gradually regained her usual stern composure, when, having got up and dressed, she despatched a messenger to Agnes, to say that she desired to see her in her own apartment.

The poor girl, dreading the interview, turned pale on the message being delivered to her; but instantly arose, and proceeded, with beating heart, to her mother's apartment.

Always stern and repulsive in its expression, there was something in Lady Oliphant's countenance, on the present occasion, particularly appalling. Her dark eye shone with unwonted fierceness, and her lip, which at other times emulated the ruby, was white and parched.

Her trembling daughter marked these alarming signs of excited temper, and quailed beneath the searching glance of her mother's keen and stern eye.

On her entering the apartment,

"Agnes," began Lady Oliphant, in a voice deeper and more hollow than even that for which she was always remarkable, and marked by an ominous deliberation. "Agnes, I have sent for you—I tell you at once—to resume the subject on which I spoke to you some days bygone. I have refrained from alluding to it since, thinking it better to leave you, for a time, to your own undisturbed reflections; and these, I trust, have been such as to prepare you for a ready compliance with your mother's wishes. You are now, I hope, willing to allow me to intimate to Lord Wellwood your readiness to accept him as a husband."

"Mother, mother!" exclaimed the distressed girl, throwing herself, as before, at the feet of her stern parent; and she was about to pour out an ardent supplication for compassion and forgiveness, when her mother, perceiving her purpose, and perceiving also that her will was to be resisted, fiercely interrupted her with—

"No whining, Agnes; I will not be swayed by any silly appeals of that kind; your girlish tears will have no effect on me. Rise, rise, I command you, and speak to me like a rational woman."

The trembling girl arose.

"Agnes," resumed her mother, "give me a plain and distinct answer, to a plain and distinct question. Will you, or will you not, marry Lord Wellwood?"

Agnes was again about to appeal to her mother's sympathies, when the latter, stamping her foot violently, as was her wont when in a passion, reiterated her demand for a brief and explicit answer.

"Answer me," she exclaimed, "will you, or will you not, marry Lord Wellwood? I ask you for the last time."

Thus driven to extremity, "I cannot, mother, I cannot," muttered the unhappy girl, sinking into a chair as she spoke.

"You cannot, you *will* not, you mean, disobedient wretch!" exclaimed her mother, sternly. "But it is well. I have your answer. It was all I wanted. I now know my course. But mark me, Agnes," she added; holding out her hand impressively, as she moved towards the door. "You never, never shall become the wife of Robert Ramsay. Mark these words, and let them sink deep into your heart. Robert Ramsay never shall become the husband of Agnes Oliphant," and she stalked out of the apartment, slamming the door forcibly behind her.

The next proceeding of the haughty mistress of Shawhill was, to despatch a messenger on horseback to Lord Wellwood, to desire his immediate presence.

In three hours afterwards, they were closeted together.

"My Lord," began Lady Oliphant, "I have sent for you to say, that I have this day, nay, not more than three hours since, had a definitive conversation with my daughter regarding your suit, and I am sorry to say the result has been unfavourable. I find her determined to oppose, in this matter, both your wishes and mine, my Lord. Now, as her opposition arises, without doubt, entirely from her attachment to Ramsay—a girlish passion—we must have that young man removed by some means or other; for, so long as he continues in the way, I see no hope of changing Agnes' unfortunate determination. Were he removed; were the cause removed, the effect would cease. If Ramsay were disposed of, I have no doubt that, in time, in a very little time, my authority and influence with Agnes would prevail. It is his near vicinity that keeps alive her foolish passion."

"This is what I have often said," replied Lord Wellwood. "That young Birkmyre must be got quit of."

"You have, my Lord, you have," said Lady Oliphant, "and I was myself of the same opinion, but saw not how it was to be done, save in such a way as must have led to detection, and subjected us to the grasp of the law. This risk I was unwilling to run until no hope remained of changing Agnes' determination. There is *now* no hope, and the thing *must* be done.

"And it *shall* be done," said Lord Wellwood, fiercely.

"I will have his father's house beset, I will have his path waylaid—I will have his life! He stands between me and my hopes, between me and happiness, between me and fortune!" And he set his teeth firmly together as he spoke.

"Patience, my Lord, patience," said Lady Oliphant, placing her hand on the arm of Lord Wellwood. "You would proceed with violence, and expose yourself to risk, probably to an ignominious death. "I know a better and a safer course."

"Ah! What is it, my Lady?" exclaimed Lord Wellwood, eagerly.

"It is not necessary you should know it, my Lord, nor any one else, as I mean to manage the matter myself," replied Lady Oliphant. "It is a scheme of my own devising, and which I alone shall execute. But, my Lord—and this is the chief purpose for which I sent for you—there is, as you know, such a thing as retracting. I do not mean to insinuate that your Lordship may retract. Still, it is a possible thing, as we cannot answer for ourselves by anticipation. We know not what changes may come over us; what inducements may present themselves to-morrow, to cause us to depart from the resolutions of to-day."

"True, my Lady, true," replied Lord Wellwood; "but what does your Ladyship aim at?"

"This, my Lord. You are eager enough just now for the hand of my daughter, but what assurance have I that you will continue so. This might not matter so much if there were no price to be paid for effecting your union; but, there is a price, my Lord, a heavy price, and I am to pay it. Now, my Lord, before doing so, I wish to be secured in the value of that for which I pay. In plain words, before disposing of your rival, I desire to have your written pledge that you will marry my daughter so soon as I shall have induced her to accept you for a husband. And be the forfeiture half your estate."

"It is an extraordinary proposal, my Lady," replied Lord Wellwood, who had listened to her with an interest that almost suspended his breathing; "very extraordinary, indeed; yet, I have no objection, none whatever. I cannot. The advantage is all on my side."

"I am glad your Lordship thinks so," replied Lady Oliphant.

"Shall I write the document you require now?" inquired Lord Wellwood.

"Now, my Lord. Here are the materials," and, going to a side-table, she brought over paper, pen, and ink, and placed them before the young nobleman.

He drew in a chair, and, in a few minutes, produced a document written in the desired terms. Having done so, he handed it to Lady Oliphant for her perusal, saying,

"Is that, my Lady, such a missive as you want?"

Lady Oliphant read the paper carefully. When she had done,

"Exactly, my Lord—this is quite satisfactory," and, having folded up the letter or deed, thrust it into her bosom. "Now, my Lord, our business is settled," she added. "The rest be mine."

Shortly after this, Lord Wellwood took his leave, when, just as he was turning the bottom of the avenue leading to Shawhill, he encountered Nixon, who, from his skulking attitude, seemed to have been waiting for him. It was so. The fellow had thrown himself in his way, in order to reap, if possible, a double reward for his treachery, Lord Wellwood, as he knew, being aware of the infamous duty he was performing. Accosting his Lordship, Nixon repeated to him the result of his observations on the proceedings of the lovers, mentioning, among other things, in an especial manner, the signal by which they communicated—a piece of information this which his Lordship carefully treasured up, with a determination to make his own use of it when opportunity should offer. Having heard all that Nixon had to say, Lord Wellwood threw him some money, and rode on with an anxious and sullen countenance.

Of all that his Lordship had learnt from Nixon, the matter of the signal was that which most occupied his imagination. He thought and rethought of it, again and again, endeavouring to discover what use he could possibly make of it for the annoyance of his rival; and, finally, determined, that he would have it watched for, Wellwood House being, as already said, also within view of Shawhill, and would likewise hasten secretly to the trysting-place, conceal himself in the neighbourhood, overhear what passed between the lovers, and, if opportunity offered, despatch Ramsay on the spot, without waiting for what seemed to him the tedious designs of Lady Oliphant.

Acting on this resolution, Lord Wellwood, on his return home, gave instructions, but without explaining their object, to a confidential domestic to keep a sharp look-out every evening after nightfall for the appearance of a faint light at the top of the western tower of Shawhill House; and to give him information the moment such light was seen.

On the evening of the day following that on which the interview just described between Lady Oliphant and Lord Wellwood had taken place, the former might have been seen, walking all alone, with her usual stately step and majestic mien, towards a certain cottage, or rather hovel, which stood in a solitary dell or ravine, at the distance of about half a mile from Shawhill House. It was the residence of an old woman of the name of Murdieston, who had a reputation in the country for supernatural knowledge; that is, for the gift of seeing into the future. Otherwise, she was considered harmless and inoffensive.

Mary Murdieston's cottage was the property of, and on the estate of, Sir James Oliphant, whom she had known as a boy, having been at that time a servant in his father's house. She was now supported by his charity. Unlike the generality of the class in which public rumour had placed Mary Murdieston, there was nothing stern or repulsive in her character. On the contrary, she was good-natured and talkative. But she was also shrewed and knowing; and, above all, most deeply conversant with all the family affairs of all the families, great and small, within ten miles around her.

"Such a place for your Leddyship to come into!" said Mary Murdieston, in a state of great flurry and agitation, on the entrance of the former into her poor dwelling-place, and running to dust a chair for her accommodation. It was the first time the stately lady of Shawhill had ever entered Mary's cottage, and only the second or third time she had ever spoken to her; for, shut up in her dignity, she was haughty and reserved to inferiors, and, indeed, but barely civil to those who reckoned themselves her equals.

"Mary Murdieston," said Lady Oliphant, with the measured emphasis of a tragic actress, "I have been informed that you possess the gift of divining the future. In this respect, my good woman, mark me, I do not put much faith. I tell you so plainly. Yet, I would hear what you can say regarding a certain matter in which I am at this moment deeply interested." She paused, and looking searchingly at the old woman, added—"Know you of any family concern of mine of particular importance, regarding which you can suppose me to be particularly anxious just now?"

Mary Murdieston exhibited some symptoms of confusion, and made no immediate reply.

"Answer me, woman!" exclaimed Lady Oliphant, sternly and impatiently. "Know ye anything of such a matter as I inquire about?"

"Maybe your Leddyship may mean Miss Oliphant's

marriage wi' Lord Wellwood; that is, your Leddyship's desire to mak a marriage o't. But"——

"Precisely; that is what I mean. Know you of any other person particularly interested in that matter?"

"It's likely your Leddyship may mean young Ramsay o' Birkmyre, wha, if a' tales be true, wadna gie your dochter's—I beg your pardon, my Leddy—young Leddy Oliphant's wee finger for the hail buik o' a' the leddies in Lenrickshire."

"No thanks to him for the preference," replied Lady Oliphant, haughtily. "Being so well informed on other matters," she resumed, "you doubtless know that I look on the attachment between my daughter and young Ramsay with great displeasure, and that I am determined they shall never marry?"

"I hae heard as muckle, my Leddy," replied the old woman; "but it's no easy keepin lovin hearts asunder."

"It may not; but there are sometimes means of doing it, nevertheless," said her Ladyship.

"Dark means and dangerous means hae sometimes been employed for sic purposes, my Leddy," replied Mary Murdieston, "and they may be again."

"Suppose they were tried in this case, would they be successful?" inquired Lady Oliphant, with a slight discomposure of look and manner. "Does your gift enable you to answer that?"

"My gifts are sma', my Leddy," replied Mary Murdieston, with more seriousness of manner than she had hitherto spoken; "but they enable me to see that ye are contemplatin a desperate deed—a deed that will rise against you in the day o' judgment."

"That, if true, would be mine own concern, woman, not yours," said Lady Oliphant, sternly. "All that I have to ask of you, and all that I desire you to answer, if you can, is, whether the measure I mean to take to terminate the connection between young Birkmyre and my daughter will be successful, and whether, in that event, it will be followed by the results I wish?"

"Lady Oliphant," said Mary Murdieston, with sudden solemnity of manner. "I meddle not wi' things o' this kind. I will hae nae traffic in blood nor in murder. But tak ye care, my Leddy—excuse me—tak ye care o' what ye are aboot, lest the branch should revile against the haun that bent it. Ithers than them ye meant may fa' into the pit ye wad dig."

"Drivelling old fool, and greater fool I that I am here," exclaimed Lady Oliphant passionately, rising from her seat, and flinging out of the cottage without deigning further remark.

For nearly a week after this, nothing of any importance, bearing reference to our story, occurred. About this time, it happened that the weather, which had been, for several weeks before, dry and serene, suddenly changed. For these several weeks, not a drop of rain had fallen. The brooks were dry, and the body of water in the Clyde had diminished so much, that half its channel lay whitening and withering in the sun.

At the ford, beneath Shawhill, which was usually about a foot and a half or two feet deep, there were not as many inches. The broken weather, however, which now set in quickly, brought a change. It was on a Monday this change took place. Early in the morning of that day, it began to rain; at first slightly, but, at length, with great violence. It continued thus all day; so that, long before night, the burns and rivulets were running to their brims, and the Clyde, to whose volume all these tributary streams were eagerly contributing, rose rapidly. Boiling and whirling along, the discoloured river seemed a thing of life into which a new vitality, a new vigour, had been inspired. It seemed to revel and delight in its increasing strength, and to be rolling sportively on in the height of its joy, at finding itself once more a noble river. Towards evening, the wind also rose, and the trees began to bend, and to creak, and to moan beneath its strong pressure. The night advanced apace. It became dark—profoundly dark. Lady Oliphant was seen, with a light in her hand, hurriedly and stealthily making her way to the attic of Shawhill House. She entered the bedchamber of Agnes, whom she had left at table with a party who were to dinner.

She passed into the little closet adjoining. She placed the light in the window, locked the door, and retired, carrying the key along with her. In about an hour afterwards, she returned and removed it.

Next morning, a rumour was spread through the country that the dead bodies of a man and horse had been found on the banks of the river; the one two, and the other three, miles below the ford of Shawhill.

This rumour, which, at first, did not say who the unfortunate sufferer was, reached Lady Oliphant. Her stern countenance beamed with satisfaction. She had no doubt that the body that had been found would prove to be that of young Birkmyre; who, as she had hoped, had seen the treacherous signal, obeyed it, and perished in the attempt to cross the swollen river.

What, however, was the horror and dismay of this proud and evil-minded woman, when certain intelligence reached her that the body found was not that of young Birkmyre—who was, at the moment, in a distant part of the country, as Agnes well knew—but Lord Wellwood, who, with murderous designs in his heart, had fallen into the snare of his wily and wicked colleague.

Faithful to his trust, the person whom he had appointed to watch for the signal had seen it, and given him intimation of its appearance, when, taking horse, he rode off towards the meeting place of the lovers, which he well knew.

On coming to the river, he found it swollen, indeed, and looking dangerous; but, urged on by the dark passions that were working within him, he dashed into the stream and perished.

On the violent and irritable temper of Lady Oliphant, this unexpected issue of her atrocious schemes, involving, as it did, the utter disappointment of her hopes, had the most dreadful effects. She, for some days, shut herself up in her own apartment, under pretext of illness. In this time, conscience had been busy with her; and when she came forth, it was to exhibit palpable indications of an unsettled mind. She began, in her wanderings, to mutter dark hints of her murderous design, and its failure as to the object. These her husband and daughter heard with amazement and horror; for, previous to her own communications of the fact, neither they nor any one else had the slightest idea of the shocking circumstance.

It became now an object, with the relatives of the unfortunate woman, that as few as possible should have an opportunity of hearing her guilty confessions. To prevent this, she was shortly after confined to her own room, for which her rapidly increasing malady presented a sufficient reason. A fatal illness soon veiled her madness, with all memory of its origin, in the silent grave.

In little more than a year after, this scene of misery and mourning, at Shawhill, was changed for one of joy and gladness: it was the marriage day of Agnes Oliphant and young Ramsay of Birkmyre.

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AND OF SCOTLAND.

CAROLINE AND HER COUSIN.

Some time about the year eighty-nine or ninety of the last century, Mr Westward was a farmer on the Gleneverton estate. The particular farm which he occupied, and upon which he had been born and bred, was called *Everton Barns;* from which it may be inferred, that it was situated in the same degree of latitude, at least, with the mansion of his landlord. This was indeed the case. At the distance of little more than a quarter of a mile stood Gleneverton House ; one of those old-fashioned dwellings belonging to gentlemen of moderate fortune ; of which numerous specimens might have been seen about forty or fifty years ago : composed exclusively of *rubble work,* which had been carefully whitewashed for, perhaps, the hundredth time ; with three tiers of narrow windows, one above the other, and looking as uniform as a regiment of soldiers; sharp-pointed gables surmounted by what appeared to be *a stair;* gray slate roof; and a small lawn in front. It stood in the midst of some old trees, looking, for all the world, like a hermit who has survived the greater part of the generation to which he belongs. Between it and Everton Barns was a road, with several windings, skirted, on one side, by a high hedge and a strip of ancient plantation, from which the greater part of the large trees had been felled, and their places supplied by underwood and bushes of indigenous growth. The rent of the whole estate, which consisted of only two farms and some smaller allotments, called *cottaries,* beside the land attached to the house, might be between three or four hundred pounds; but even with this sum, small as it may seem, the laird was, in those days, an important personage. He had not married till rather late in life ; his two first children, who were girls, had died young ; the third child, however, was a boy, and, being an only son, in him the hopes and affections of his parents now centred.

The family of Mr Westward, at the time alluded to, beside his wife, consisted of a son, named Arnold, and a daughter, and a niece, respectively called Caroline and Maria. The last of these had been thrown upon his care, when she was a mere infant, by the death of her mother, who was his sister; and, since then, she had experienced, in all respects, the same treatment as his own children. Caroline and her cousin had slept together from the time at which it was deemed safe to trust them without a nurse: their plays and pastimes were the very same. From their never being seen separate, they might easily have been mistaken for sisters ; and both looked up to Arnold, who was nearly two years older than either, as a protector and a brother. He, on his part, made no distinction between them: they grew together, and to him sister and cousin were the same.

In those days, farmers seldom thought of seeking for their children any other tuition than what could be obtained at the nearest parish school ; nay, what was more, the dominie of "the (*not very*) olden time," had frequently the honour of bestowing the elementary parts of education on the future proprietors of the soil, and thus establishing his character in high places by identifying it, as it were, with the aristocracy of the country. If "the young laird turned out weel," it was no uncommon thing for this functionary to take a very considerable share of the praise to himself, and to attribute the greater part, if not the whole of his good qualities, to "the wholesome instructions which he had given him, when he was a *little callant ;*" but if "he gaed a bellwauverin amang the lasses," a thing which really did happen sometimes, or took seriously to hunting, or horse-racing, or drinking, or gambling—thus running or rather riding through the fortune which had been left him by his worthy father—then "the college" or "bad company" was, in general, allowed to go off with the blame, leaving the good dominie "sakeless of the poor gentleman's failings."

In such a state of things, it was not to be expected that Mr Westward would provide tutors and governesses for his children ; nor did he make the attempt :—As soon as they were able to travel the distance, our little hero and heroines were sent off to

> "Where, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
> The village master taught the village school ;"

and there they had their daily morsel of instruction doled out to them along with the other urchins of the parish.

This was an important era in their little lives ; an era which produced a decided change in their prospects and pursuits. From having nothing to think of save their own amusements, they had now lessons to learn, verses, and those perplexing things called *questions,* to get by heart, and a number of other tasks to perform ; but these annoyances, which have been the pest of every schoolboy, from the days of Noah down to the present time, only seemed to knit them together in a closer and more cordial bond of union. From having been sent to school a year earlier, Arnold was farther advanced in learning than either Caroline or her cousin could possibly be ; and to him they both looked up for assistance and instruction whenever they found themselves at fault. It even seemed that they took a pleasure in running to him with every little difficulty which occurred in their various tasks ; while he appeared to feel a degree of satisfaction, and even pride, in being able to solve these difficulties and help them onward. Nor would the most discriminating eye have been able to detect anything like partiality in his conduct towards either, till they had been several years subjected to the discipline of Mr Leathertaws.

By and by, however, Caroline began to suspect, and even to accuse, Arnold of paying more attention to her cousin than to herself.

"A bonny gentleman indeed !" she would say, in a half pet, and almost panting for breath, as she came running up to the others, after having fallen behind, attending to some affair of her own in which they did not join. "A bonny gentleman indeed, to tak up Ria's books and carry them for her, without ever bein bidden, and slink awa wi' her, and leave me to carry mine and come hame my lane ; but I've been owre supple for ye this time yet."

"You have always so many grasshoppers to look for, and so many butterflies to chase," was her brother's common reply on these occasions, "that I never could get you beside me, though I were willing to carry both yourself and your books."

"Oh ay," Caroline would continue, in the same petted humour ; "Ria and you were wont to be as ready to look

for grasshoppers and chase butterflies as me ; but ye'r aye sae thrang, now, helpin *her* wi' her lessons and carrying *her* books, that ye canna get time to look for either grasshoppers or butterflies."

After a second burst of this sort, Arnold, for the most part, tried to pacify his sister, by offering to do as much for her as for her cousin.

"Give me your books and I'll carry them too, Cara," he would say ; "and for your lessons, I'm sure I never refused to assist either you or Ria, as you call her, when you asked me."

This, in general, had the desired effect. Caroline was easily petted when left alone, or treated, as she supposed, with neglect ; but she was as easily pleased when she rejoined her companions and found herself still an object of some importance in their eyes. To facilitate the restoration of harmony, her brother always received her with tokens of the most cordial attachment. It appeared that the little extra attentions which he sometimes bestowed on the other, were more the effect of accident or chance than of any acknowledged partiality ; and, on these occasions, Maria always seemed to consider herself as having been in a fault, and strove to obliterate the recollection of it by an increase of kindness and humility.

By this time, however, there was a marked difference in the appearance as well as the dispositions of the cousins. In both, the *girl* was so far developed, as that a sort of guess might have been formed of what the future woman would be. With a pale complexion, dark hair, and dark eyes, Maria was rather diffident and bashful ; at times inclined to muse in silence, and ponder deeply over the little affairs with which she was concerned. Of neglect or coldness she never complained ; but a very slight degree of either evidently touched her feelings ; and this was, perhaps, one reason why her companion of the other sex was more assiduous in carrying her books and assisting her with her lessons than, under other circumstances, he would have been. Her appearance and disposition were of that gentle and retiring kind which, even in children, claims assistance and draws affection from the beholder, he can scarce tell how. Her feelings, with a considerable degree of depth, were, upon some occasions, also quick and easily excited. Either joy or sorrow—in short, any emotion, if it went beyond a certain length—brought an electric flush to her otherwise almost colourless countenance, and gave her dark eye an expression which, for the time it lasted, savoured more of the woman than the girl. Caroline, on the other hand, with a profusion of light hair and laughing blue eyes, had a complexion as fresh and blooming as the rose which has been bathed in the dews of a summer morning. Coldness or neglect, perhaps, affected her as readily as her cousin ; but while the latter, whatever she might feel, was generally silent, the former never hesitated a moment to give utterance to her thoughts, or, as in the instances already noticed, to shew, by her petted humour, that she did not consider herself treated according to her deservings. But even in these sallies there was a degree of assumption and mimicry, so to speak, which seemed to say that they were more affected than real ; and thus her girlish fits of displeasure were far from being either the least amusing or least interesting part of her character. For the years to which they had attained, both Caroline and her cousin were interesting girls ; and for the different degrees of interest which they excited in different bosoms, they were indebted more, perhaps, to the taste and constitutional bias of the individual beholder, than to any decided superiority which either of them possessed.

Arnold still continued to carry Ria's books, and to assist Ria with her tasks ; Caroline still continued to grumble, occasionally, at being deprived of what she considered her lawful share of these attentions ; and, judging from the old proverb, which says,

> "Where there are only three,
> Young or auld, they seldom agree,"

this disposition might have produced strife at last ; but, about this time, an event happened which, by adding one to the number of the school-goers, tended materially to preserve peace and a good understanding among the whole.

The heir-apparent to the Gleneverton estate, from being rather a delicate boy, had been sent to live for some years with an aunt residing on the seashore, in the expectation that the change of air and situation might be beneficial to his health. During this period his education had been, in a great measure, neglected, but his constitution was greatly improved ; and his father, who was, in some respects, what might be called an old-fashioned gentleman, now determined to try what the talents and industry of Mr Leathertaws the parish schoolmaster could do for him. He was accordingly brought home, and despatched to school without loss of time ; and as boys are, in general, fond of company, and Gleneverton House was not very distant from Everton Barns, he commonly went and returned along with Mr Westward's family.

There is seldom much of aristocratic feeling in the hearts of boys at twelve years of age ; hitherto there had been nothing aristocratic in the breeding of Evan Everton, and the boys and girls mingled together cordially and heartily, without any of those exclusive ideas which, in riper years, divide the inhabitants of the same country into classes and casts—placing between them a barrier almost as impassible as the Alps or the Andes. The frank, langhing, and, occasionally, half pettish, half coquettish humour of Caroline, seemed to please the young laird best, and to her he soon attached himself—frequently carrying her little satchel, and assisting her with the grasshoppers, butterflies, and other unruly live stock, in which she sometimes dealt. This produced a sort of balance in the affairs of the little community, and, after their acquaintanceship was fairly established, there were no more complaints about the carrying of Ria's books. But, notwithstanding these kindnesses, when going to and returning from school, as well as during their playhours, it was no uncommon thing to see her quarrelling with him loudly, and without the smallest respect for his rank, about a mere trifle—the appropriation of a flower, a toy, or something equally worthless ; and if he still continued to oppose her, though by far the weaker of the two, she had seldom any objection to do battle upon him for her own way. Even this did not always settle the matter. If she happened to consider herself worsted in the engagement, her next and last resource was to "shank him aff," as she termed it, "to Ria, or some one else, with his services," telling him, at the same time, that "she was determined to have nothing more to do with him, and never to speak to him again in her life." But though such was her avowed determination, it seldom lasted above ten minutes ; and then it was evident that she could not refrain from teasing and provoking him in her old way, till she had again monopolized the whole of his attention. This intercourse might be said to consist, in a great measure, of a series of quarrels and reconciliations, and yet they always appeared happiest when together. Their very discords appeared to be the means of preserving and strengthening their attachment to each other, which, like animal heat, was thus kept up, or rather increased by friction.

As a matter of course, there was nothing of *love* in these feelings, which, for a time, linked them to each other. No one, save, perhaps, a doubly crazed enthusiast, or a fool waiting to be cheated for the thousandth time, would ever dream of such a passion existing in the hearts of children between ten and fourten years of age. Children,

however, of all ages, are capable of forming particular attachments; and these attachments may either last, or be changed and transferred from one object to another, in the same way as friendships alter and are renewed elsewhere among older people. Before the second and last year of their school-going season terminated, Evan Everton had begun, at times, to manifest an inclination to make friends with Maria; and, on these occasions, his attentions to her cousin were sensibly diminished. When he had it in his power to do so, he would make little presents of sweetmeats and other trifles to the former, which she had not the fortitude to refuse, though she did not seem to relish them greatly; and if, at any time, Arnold chanced to be longer detained in school than usual, he would hasten to her side, and employ all his powers of conversation, innocent trick, and mimicry—the greater part of which he had learned from Caroline—to amuse her; but still there was something in his manner which seemed to say he knew he was doing wrong in thus abandoning an old friend to seek a new one; and, when Arnold was present, he rarely made any attempt of the kind. This indeed might be partly owing to the other boy being two months older than himself, and having, in stature and strength, an apparent advantage over him, of as many years; but he seemed also to have a sense of what was morally right and wrong, which prevented him from going so far as he might have otherwise done, with perfect safety to himself.

This mutability of disposition in her young friend did not pass unnoticed by Caroline. When the little community consisted only of three, she had ever been ready to complain of the slightest appearance of neglect; but now she rarely made any complaint. At such seasons, she, in general, had recourse to all her former teasing and provoking arts, with redoubled assiduity; and when they did not meet with that success which she seemed to desire, it was curious to see how she drew back from that share of the gentle blooded boy's attentions which she might have still enjoyed—observing a strict silence, except when she was directly addressed, and behaving towards him, in other respects, with a degree of womanly reserve which could scarcely have been expected from one of her years. She was not a woman, but the elements of the true feminine character already existed in her bosom; and they manifested themselves nearly in the same way in which they are frequently displayed at a more advanced period of life.

Her reserve seemed to have more effect upon the heart of her volatile companion than any of the little arts which she had hitherto used to attract and keep awake his attention; and, just as she began to regard him with a distant air, he almost always shewed signs of a wish to propitiate her good opinion, and once more renew their former familiarity. Boy as he was, he already seemed to have, at least, a part of one of the failings of full-grown men:—A wish for general admiration appeared to have taken possession of his heart; and, while he could not be satisfied with the regards and the companionship of one of the girls, he evidently ran some risk of lowering himself in the estimation of both. Had the sentiments and feelings thus brought into play been allowed full time and scope, it were difficult to say what consequences they might have produced. Rivalry and discord between the boys might have followed. This, in its turn, might have brought on disagreement and quarrels on the part of the parents; and, as "the weakest," according to the old adage, "goes always to the wall," few can entertain any doubt as to whether the laird or the tenant would have come by the worst. But, before any crisis of the kind could arrive, young Mr Everton was taken from under the care of Dominie Leathertaws, and sent to an academy, in a distant part of the country, to finish his education.

After spending several years at this seminary, and having acquired what was considered learning enough for those days, he was sent to live, for a time, with an uncle, who had long been established in London in a mercantile capacity; and thither we must follow him for a little: but, first, it may be necessary to premise, that he was not sent to the metropolis with the view of amassing money, or becoming a dealer in merchandise. He was the heir of an estate; and such things, in the estimation of his father, were only to be thought of for younger sons, if, in the case of gentlemen, they were to be thought of at all. The sole object for sending him thither was, that he might be benefited by seeing, at least, a part of that wonder called *the world*, and have the advantage of libraries, museums, and such things as are supposed to have an influence in forming the taste, and completing, upon a small scale, the gentleman. But, in pursuance of this plan of improvement, he had, as will be seen, some risks to encounter.

In London—that mightiest, or rather most overgrown, of modern cities—there are always a number of individuals who, without fortune and without industry, contrive to live upon the simplicity of their fellow subjects. Mr Everton was not exactly the sort of person to suit, in every respect, this class of paupers; the *wherewithal* being, in his case, rather too scant to arouse thoroughly their attention. But still, being young, fresh from the country, with a certain sum of money in his pocket which he might spend as he pleased, and inexperienced as country people usually are, he did not altogether escape their notice. Among others who occasionally contrived to prey upon him in a small way, while they, at the same time, persuaded him that they were conferring on him the highest honours, was a Mr Mouldybread. This individual had, at times, plenty of money, and, at others, he was almost in absolute want; but he still maintained some equivocal pretensions to gentility, and a right to associate with "the best company," as he called it; and by him Mr Everton was partly initiated into the mysteries of town life, and led to frequent some haunts, and to mix familiarly with some characters, which did not greatly add to his reputation. It may be farther mentioned, that Mr Mouldybread—living, like most of his fraternity, in single blessedness—either was, or pretended to be, an extravagant admirer of the fair sex. His ideas of matrimony and female virtue were not exactly such as would have been approved of by John Knox; and, with such a friend and associate, it was natural for the young and inexperienced heir of Gleneverton to imbibe, at least, a part of his opinions; and, what was, perhaps, still worse, follow his example in an important part of his conduct. These doings were, no doubt, concealed, as far as possible, from the uncle, who was a busy, hustling man, and who, from being himself proof against all temptations of the kind, never suspected that others were liable to fall into them. It does not, indeed, appear that he was ever fully aware of the connection between his nephew and Mr Mouldybread; and, in the absence of that surveillance which he alone could bestow, had time been allowed, it is highly probable that this connection might have led to the utter ruin of the young man's character and prospects. But it was never intended that he should settle permanently in London; and, when the time for leaving it drew on, a new scheme for forwarding his own views was adopted by Mr Mouldybread. This, however, must be left to develope itself in the course of the story.

During the interval—of which a rapid sketch has just been given—time, according to his wont, had been busy in producing changes both upon and among the human race. At Gleneverton, the old laird was beginning to bend beneath the weight of years, and to look forward to the return of his son as the time which would free him from the cares and the management of the estate, and allow him

that repose which is so necessary to the evening of life. Mr Westward had also lost much of his youthful vigour, but he was still more than adequate to the management of Everton Barns. For some time past, he had been on the outlook for a farm, such as he could stock, for his son; and he, too, looked forward to the return of his young landlord, as an event which might facilitate the accomplishment of his wishes—deeming, no doubt, that he would be ready to use his influence with any gentleman in the neighbourhood, who might have land to let, in behalf of his old schoolfellow. Arnold himself was now a man in the prime and vigour of youth; and the two cousins, Caroline and Maria—with charms of an entirely different order—were decidedly the greatest beauties of the district. Maria—the tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed Maria—was an object of very general admiration; but it was pretty well understood that her heart was already bestowed where her hand would one day follow it: in short, it was believed that her affections had been engaged almost from infancy, and few had the hardihood to presume upon being able to supersede the favoured object. With Caroline the case was widely different: her heart was supposed to be as unfettered as the breeze which fanned the glossy ringlets clustering round her polished brow; and the laughing sweep of her clear blue eye seldom failed to create a prepossession in her favour: but, on a nearer approach, instead of her girlish coquetry, there was now a reserve and a maiden dignity in her manner, which shewed that her affections were not to be caught by every angler who might think he had a right to make the attempt. Between her and Maria the most perfect amity now subsisted; she seemed to have learned, from observation, that a cousin, in some instances, may have a claim upon attentions for which a sister has no right to look; and, instead of quarreling with another individual for his supposed partiality, as had been her wont, she strove to deserve the confidence of either party by facilitating their intercourse as far as lay in her power.

The long-expected day came at last: Mr Everton returned to gladden, as it was believed, all hearts; and, at his coming, all hearts were willing to be glad. But he came not alone; having brought along with him his former acquaintance, Mr Mouldybread, who now seemed to occupy the place of privy counsellor and privileged servant. There were not wanting those, however, who soon began to whisper their doubts if his friend and master would be upon every occasion the better for either his example or his advice; but he had evidently the countenance of the young laird, and no one cared for expressing openly his sentiments concerning him. With respect to that master himself, he was destined to disappoint most of the sanguine expectations which his father's servants and dependants had previously formed. His conduct and manner did not at all accord with their notions of a gentleman. He made the most unblushing allusions to practises from which they had been accustomed to shrink as from the grossest sins; and they were utterly scandalized at the freedom with which he sometimes spoke of that religion which they had been accustomed to reverence—of its teachers, and even of the Bible itself. But still there was about him an open frankness, a degree of generosity, and an undisguised aversion to everything like fraud or hypocrisy, which made them willing to believe that he lacked only better counsellors to be a better man.

Among their first performances, the young gentleman and his friend called at Mr Westward's, and almost at first sight both appeared to be struck with the beauty of the cousins. Mr Everton appeared inclined to bestow his principal admiration upon Caroline; but on their way home, his friend and adviser was unceasing in his praises of Maria—the tall, the majestic, the angel-eyed, the queen-like Maria—as he termed her; and in this, as in most other things, the proprietor-elect of the soil could not refrain from being guided by his taste, and adopting a part of his opinions. There visits were several times repeated, and, upon these occasions, as often as an opportunity occurred, the cousins were addressed with a degree of politeness and seeming deference with which they could well have dispensed. Mr Mouldybread taking upon himself the task of amusing Caroline, while his master spared no pains to secure the good opinion of Maria. These attentions on the part of their distinguished visiters were scarcely very agreeable to the girls; but they deemed it their duty, as well as their interest, to bear with them; and matters were so managed that they created neither alarm nor suspicion till one day, when Mr Mouldybread called, in passing from a walk, as it appeared, and seeing Maria alone in the garden, he immediately made up to her and introduced himself without farther ceremony.

"I wish you much happiness," were his first words. "I have every reason to congratulate you on your enchanting beauty and transcendent good fortune; for, I believe, my noble-hearted and generous young master has fallen desperately in love with you; and I am certain that it is only the fear of his father's displeasure which prevents him from offering you his hand, and making you lady of Gleneverton immediately."

This was, no doubt, a highly seasoned piece of eloquence, delivered in the most emphatic and impressive manner; and what female, it may be asked, in the circumstances of her to whom it was addressed, could listen to it without the most delightful emotions? Mr Mouldybread seemed to anticipate some such result; for he stood waiting for a reply, like one who feels certain that he has said or done something which is sure to excite both surprise and gratitude. But Maria, poor Maria, was so overcome with astonishment, confusion, and, it may be, the apprehension of some fearful consequences which were to follow, that she could not utter a single word of becoming acknowledgment. These mingled and ill-assorted feelings sent the blood in a crimson flush to her naturally pale cheek; and there she stood, like an inspired statue, if such a phrase is allowable, her heart throbbing the while, as if it would have burst from her bosom. Even the most cunning, and the farthest-sighted can see but a short way into the mysterious recesses of the mind, and it is curious to contemplate the blunders which they frequently make. Mr Mouldybread, mistaking her silence and supposed blushes for tokens of the most eminent success in his undertaking, wound up the matter in a most diplomatic-like manner.

"I see you are confused and overcome with this unexpected piece of good fortune," said he, "and I must acknowledge you have good reason for being so. I will therefore leave you at present to enjoy the triumph which your own charms have secured; but I dare say my noble-hearted and generous young master will have the honour of calling some time soon to explain the whole to you himself." So saying, he bowed to her, as it seemed, very condescendingly, and walked off with an expression of the most perfect satisfaction on his countenance.

Willing to take time by the forelock, his noble-hearted and generous young master did accordingly call on the following day; but, in a few minutes after he entered, Maria left the house, intending to make her escape by the garden, and thus avoid the distressing necessity of speaking to him on a subject upon which, if she could muster fortitude to speak at all, she felt certain she must give offence. He, however, observed her motions, and, pretending to look after one of his dogs, he followed close on her heel. When she perceived she was pursued, her trembling limbs refused to carry her hence with the speed she could have wished. She had just reached the garden door and turned

down a footpath, where the garden hedge intercepted the view from the house, when Mr Everton, coming up with her, whispered passionately, "My angel!—the light of my eyes!—my heart's treasure! why do you fly from one who loves you to desperation, and who would willingly sacrifice his life to deserve your affections?"

It were idle to follow him through the whole of that rodomontade which he seemed to have so completely learned, and with which he had perhaps ere now triumphed over females of a different class. As he concluded his figurative and impassioned harangue, he endeavoured to clasp her in his arms: but the attempt at once roused her to consciousness and exertion; and, turning on him a look of indignation, which, in spite of his effrontery, went to his heart, she broke from his embrace, and fled with the greatest precipitation. Thus disappointed and chagrined by his want of success, he had no alternative but to hasten home and accuse Mr Mouldybread of the deceitful part which he believed he had acted towards him.

How this individual succeeded in exculpating himself, is not known; but several unsuccessful attempts were afterwards made by both him and his patron to obtain a private interview with Maria. The former was, at last, so fortunate as to meet her by accident; and then he proceeded, without loss of time, to express his sorrow, in good set terms, at his last communication having, as it appeared, given her some uneasiness—praised his noble-hearted and generous master to the skies—repeated his assurances as to the depth and permanence of his regard for her—and concluded by imparting, as a secret which no one knew but himself, a very unexpected piece of information:—

"You do not, perhaps, know," said he, "that, in the last lease which Mr Westward obtained of Everton Barns, there was a clause authorizing the laird to enclose and plant fifty acres of the hilly part of the farm at any time he thought proper. This land, I understand, was laid out in plantation about ten years ago, and Mr Westward immediately ceased to pay the rent. But, from there being no clause in the lease mentioning such a reduction, Mr Everton has it in his power to prosecute him for the whole of the arrears; and if you continue to treat my noble-hearted and generous young master with coldness, I do not know but he may be induced to persuade his father to adopt this measure; which, as you may believe, must prove ruinous to Mr Westward and his whole family."

He was winding up this most opportune disclosure by begging that she would not speak of these things to any one, but reflect upon them herself, and trust all to the generosity of his noble-hearted young master, when Caroline came to look for her cousin; and, as the worthy diplomatist did not choose to make her a party to the concern, he was forced to retire without any direct answer.

The only effect which this information produced was to make Maria more careful in avoiding the company of both Mr Everton and Mr Mouldybread; and, excepting several unsuccessful attempts to inveigle her into another interview, nothing worth mentioning occurred for the following eight or ten days: but, at the end of this period, Mr Westward received a letter from a lawyer in a neighbouring town, stating his arrears of rent at £560, and requesting him, with professional civility, either to make immediate payment of the same, or find reasonable security; in default of which, he was warned that he might look for summary proceedings upon his crop and stocking.

Confounded by this strange document, and utterly at a loss what to think of so unreasonable a demand, Mr Westward hastened to take legal advice upon the subject; but in it he found little to comfort him. Like the land which he cultivated, he had been considered, by the old laird, as almost a portion of the estate; and little care had been manifested by either party in the making of the bargain. The lease, or *tack*, as it was called, had been simply copied from the old one, by Dominie Leathertaws, with some trifling alterations, such as dates, &c.; and it merely stated the rent, and the reservation already mentioned; it being tacitly understood that no man would demand rent for land which he did not allow the farmer to cultivate. Such *understandings* would not do in the eye of the law, however; and the writer to whom Mr Westward applied was, at last, forced to tell him that his lease afforded him no direct protection. Things now wore a particularly gloomy aspect at Everton Barns. The perplexed farmer saw at once that, to pay the rent of forty or fifty acres of land, from which he had reaped nothing for the last ten years, would be utterly ruinous. Nor was this all; for to do so was only to establish a claim upon the same rent onward to the end of the lease. Yet, if pushed to extremities, he had no legal means of evading the demand. Oftener than once he had determined to seek an interview with his old landlord, and request an explanation; but that individual was at the time in a debilitated state of health; he did not like the idea of embittering his spirit with disclosures of the unreasonableness of an only son; and thus motives of delicacy, as often as anything else, prevented him from making any attempt of the kind. The mystery, too, in which the cause of the threatened mischief was wrapped up made it still more perplexing; but though he was perfectly ignorant of the whole affair, there was one of the family, at least, to whom it was partially known, and she now began to accuse herself for keeping the secret so long.

After a day on which she had appeared more than usually thoughtful, Maria requested Caroline to accompany her on a short walk along the road leading to Gleneverton House. This road, as already said, was skirted by an old hedge behind which was a strip of uncultivated ground, which had once been a plantation, but which was now covered, for the most part, with hazel bushes and underwood. It was the harvest season; the hour was that of sunset; a tranquillizing stillness pervaded the earth and air; and Maria had told a part of her suspicions, together with her reasons for entertaining them, when she stopped suddenly short, stood still, and seemed to listen with breath less attention.

"What ails you now?" said Caroline.

"I thought I heard something rustle behind the hedge," was her reply; "and I almost started to think it might be the cause of all my distress—Mr Everton again seeking an opportunity to declare his heartless passion, and make some new proposal, as dishonourable as those he has already made."

They both listened attentively, but heard nothing farther.

"It must have been a bird scared by our approach, and flitting from its perch," at last said Caroline. Then turning on her companion a peculiar smile, and addressing her in a tone of railery which was evidently adopted to keep in check those feelings to which she did not wish to give full vent, "Maria," she continued, "I could almost envy you that face of yours, which conquers hearts for you wherever it is seen, were it not likely that your last conquest may bring trouble to us all, and ruin to my poor father: but lest you should become vain, I may tell you that I too have had my victories of late; for Mr Mouldybread who, it seems, will be no less a personage than a gentleman of £500 a-year, if an old aunt were only dead, has made professions and proposals to me, altogether as honourable as those with which his present patron has honoured you."

"I wish to God I only knew how to get rid of such honour, and how to save my benefactor—my father, I may call him—from that ruin with which he is threatened," said the other.

"Why don't you tell Arnold?' rejoined Caroline; "and, to put an end to all this scheming at once, let your hands be joined immediately—nay, my dear cousin, do not blush so deeply; for, though you never entrusted me with the secret, I should have been blind had I been a stranger to that mutual affection which has subsisted between you almost from the time at which I was wont to scold him for being more willing to assist Ria with her lessons than to look for grasshoppers and chase butterflies with his sister."

Maria did indeed blush deeply, but her cousin's railery seemed to rouse her to something like an effort at retaliation. Neither of them had moved a foot since making the first stand, and still keeping the same position. When she had somewhat recovered from her confusion:

"At the time from which you are pleased to draw your evidence," said she, "Ria was only a child; and if I were to go back to the same period, I might fish up an abundance of stories about you and Mr Everton chasing insects, and keeping together morning and evening, and maintain, with as much consistency, that a mutual affection had subsisted between you and him ever since."

"In some particulars, it would be rather difficult, I fear, to make good the parallel," said Caroline, whose humour made her, for the moment, almost forget the threatened ruin of her family; "yet candour obliges me to confess that I once regarded him with a curious, girlish affection; and, when he seemed to prefer your company to mine, though I never could hate you, and never wished you a single hour of sorrow, at times I felt almost inclined to wish that you would either stay at home or go to another school; and, had our stations in life been the same, our intercourse as long continued, and his conduct as deserving of respect as vanity whispers that of my brother has been, I might have loved him as deeply—as you love Arnold I was going to say; but, as this would not suit my cousin's sensitive disposition, I must reverse the sentence, and only say, *as deeply as Arnold loves you.*"

This plain and candid confession, which was in perfect accordance with the tone and temper of her who made it, seemed partly to relieve Maria from some distressing feelings under which she had been previously labouring.

"My dearest cousin," she said, "you need not reverse a single word; for, if I have made a secret of my affections, it was only because I wanted the power to make them known, and not because I doubted your friendship. Nor are you at all wrong in your conjecture; for, even in our school-going days, I remember well, my happiness depended entirely upon his smiles and his favours; and, if at any time he seemed to forget me, though I did not venture to complain, I was more miserable than you could believe. Since then, too, when I have seen others turn on me something like a look of attention, often have I wished that Providence had placed me in a desert, far, far away from that pretended admiration, which only distressed me, and allowed me to spend my little span there, with only him and you for friends! Often, often has this dream pleased me, when I was vexed and fretted. But now this wretched man—without one redeeming quality—with no respect for youth and inexperience—no reverence for advancing age—no care for the laws of God, and certainly none for the happiness of his fellow creatures—with nothing to distinguish him from the lower animals save his erect form, the misused power of speech, and that odious and selfish passion which he profanely calls love—he has come to mar my dreams of happiness for ever, and to ruin my best friends, whilst I must regard myself as the cause of all! O Caroline, Caroline, how can I survive the thought?'

By this time Maria had wrought herself up into a fit of the most bitter feeling. Ardent affection for one individual, unmingled dislike to another, the most distressing apprehensions of the storm which seemed about to burst upon her friends, and a conviction that she could do nothing to avert the ruin which hung over them, strove together in her bosom. A crimson flush crossed her countenance. In a few seconds, it became again as pale as death; and, constituted as she was, some alarming crisis might have followed, had not tears come to her relief.

When Caroline saw the depth of her cousin's emotion, her humour was in a moment gone; and, except in so far as she could draw anything like comfort from it, the subject of their former conversation was forgotten.

"Do not distress yourself thus," she said, endeavouring to dry the tears which now flowed. "We are short-sighted, and our fears may have deceived us. Bad as this man is, and wretched as he will one day be if he pursue his present course, we may think worse of him than he really deserves; and, when I recollect what he was when a boy—if that fawning, flattering, perverting thing, who is never from his side, were only dead, or drowned, or driven to live among the fairies—if Mr Everton were but left to himself, and should ever come to learn the extent of the misery which he is occasioning, I cannot yet think him so utterly abandoned, so wholly lost to every nobler feeling, as to believe that he would persist in his present purpose of driving you to distraction, and ruining my poor father!"

"O Caroline, Caroline!" was the only reply which Maria could make.

"I still think his greatest fault is thoughtlessness," continued the other, "and a want of determination to do well, rather than a fixed intention to do evil. If my own observation does not deceive me, his pretended friends are, at least, as much to blame as himself. But this is one of the misfortunes of young gentlemen—all sorts of worthless characters flatter and prey upon them for their own ends; and not unfrequently succeed in making villains of those who, if left to themselves, might be honest men. But, as I said before, why don't you tell Arnold; and, to make an end of this scheming, let *him* make you his wife?"

A deep blush again crossed Maria's cheek; but the ice was now broken, and she found it less difficult to proceed than she had done before.

"I see your meaning at once," said she; "but were I to tell him of this affair, how would it comport with that delicacy which ever belongs to a woman? Would it not rather look like distrusting his fidelity, and using a mean device to hurry him into a—a—to you, at least, I may speak it out—a marriage for which things are not yet prepared?"

"I can easily understand, and I honour your feelings," said Caroline. "Had I been in your place, I should have felt as you do; and had I been a man, I might have been ready to envy my brother the affections of such a woman As it is, I only wish he may deserve them to the full. But I promise you it will be long before any one entertains such sentiments towards that rich, yet poor—cheating, yet cheated thing—Mr Everton."

What more might have been said upon this subject it were difficult to guess; for the two maidens seemed to have forgotten everything else in the absorbing interest of their present discussion: but just as Caroline had uttered the last word, a stifled sigh, from behind the hedge, startled them. The twilight was deepening into night, and as neither of them had the courage to search for the individual from whom it came, they were glad to make for Everton Barns with what speed they could. In cases of perplexity and distress, almost every incident which occurs adds either real or imaginary weight to the load already on the mind. If Maria's heart had been ill at ease before, she had now fresh cause for apprehension. What could produce the rustling behind the hedge, and from whom could the mysterious sigh proceed? were questions which

to one in her circumstances, naturally suggested themselves; and, after pondering over the matter, she could fix upon no one more likely to be the author of both noises, than her persecutor, Mr Everton. If such were the case, she argued, then he must have heard what was said concerning himself; and this again was likely to draw down his heaviest vengeance, both upon her and the family with whom she was connected. But though such had been the gentleman's intentions, he was prevented, for a time at least, from putting them in execution, by an unlooked for occurrence.

On the forenoon of the following day, Mr Mouldybread was arrested by an individual who, as it appeared, had tracked him, not without difficulty, from his former to his present residence, and who now charged him with the crime of pretending to be a gentleman of fortune, and cheating a young lady into the belief that he was about to marry her, till he got from her the sum of £300, with which he had clandestinely made off. Though thus impeached, and all but convicted of being an arrant swindler, he was fruitful in protestations of his innocence, and promises to return in a week or two, with his character perfectly re-established. These, however, were coldly listened to by his former friend, who now seemed to have some reasons beside for suspecting his veracity. In little more than an hour he was proceeding on his journey back to London, and here we must leave him to settle accounts in the best manner he can, with that justice which had at last found him out.

At Everton Barns, nearly another week of the most anxious suspense passed. Previous to this period, some of the schemes of which Mr Mouldybread was the projector, had been partly overheard by some of the servants at the house. These good people thought there could be no harm in whispering their own edition of them to a few of their confidants. The confidants again told them, in a great secret, to a *second* circle of acquaintances and friends; who, in their turn, did the same to a *third;* and thus the sphere of intelligence had gone on, widening and widening, till, as it commonly happens in such cases, the *secrecy* was altogether forgotten, and the whole affair was as public as it could possibly be. The country people, at last, took up the matter in their wonted way, and they soon discovered that the life of the young farmer of Everton Barns, whom they now regarded as the rival of a very great gentleman, was no longer secure. "He might shoot him," said they, "and say he was only shootin at a *petrik*, or he might hire some ruffian to gie him a civil knap, and never ane would ken." Upon Arnold, these surmises operated so far as to make him purchase a brace of pistols, and carry them constantly loaded upon his person; while they threw his sister and cousin, the last of whom regarded herself as the principal cause of all their misfortunes, into a state of terror and apprehension not to be described.

While these feelings were yet at their height, Mr Everton was seen approaching the house, with a gun in his hand, and attended only by his dog. What was the object of his visit could not be distinctly guessed, but, judging from his past conduct, it was attributed to the very worst motives. When he arrived, however, his manner was subdued, with an expression of mingled sorrow and shame in his countenance; but those whom he addressed were too much agitated to notice this circumstance. After the usual salutation, he left a letter for the elder Mr Westward, and then requested to know if he could see his old schoolfellow, Arnold, for a few minutes. The individual for whom he asked soon made his appearance, and, with constrained and distant respect, inquired what his commands might be.

"As I have something to impart which may concern your own feelings," said, or rather whispered, Mr Everton, "I should like to be secure from listeners." The other seemed to hesitate for a moment, and, judging that he was afraid to trust himself alone in a room with one whom he considered an enemy, "The object of my present visit, at least, is friendly," resumed the last speaker. "From me you never had anything to fear, and you have still less now."

"I do not fear you," rejoined Arnold, in a low, measured tone; "I know that you have it in your power to ruin my worldly prospects, and I have little doubt of your intention to do so; but unless you are a viler and a baser coward than I ever suspected you of being, for my personal safety I can have no reason to be apprehensive." With these words, he led the way into a room, and, closing the door and pointing the other, who, by a mistake, still retained his gun, to a seat, he took the pistols from his pocket, as if for the purpose of examining their locks, and awaited, in silence, the commands of his visiter. The moment the latter saw these defensive preparations, with a bitter smile he placed his own weapon in the farthest corner of the room, and, returning to his seat,

"You have been tormenting yourself with needless apprehensions," said he, "and putting yourself to unnecessary trouble in providing against what can never happen. But it is well that I have seen these preparations, for it convinces me of the character which I have fixed upon myself, and the light in which I am regarded by others."

"I believe neither are at present of the most favourable description," rejoined the other; "but as to what reasons you have given people for regarding you as they do, you know best yourself."

"I blush to say that the reasons I have given are too many," was the reply; "but, as I heard one who was an early and, I believe, a true friend say, the other day, 'it is the misfortune of gentlemen to be flattered and preyed upon by all sorts of villains.' Of these I have had my own share; but, though they have frequently brought me to the very verge of crime, it affords me a melancholy pleasure to think that, by some accident or other, and not by any goodness of my own, I have as often been prevented from plunging into the gulf. I do not think I was made for being abandonedly and permanently wicked; and yet, when I reflect on my conduct, I feel that I must appear, in the eyes of others, a heartless, a degraded, and a worthless thing. But I came not here to offer palliations or plead excuses. It was but a few days ago that I heard, or rather overheard, by accident, how matters stood between you and your cousin. I have wronged you both—wronged you deeply; but, since then, I have been labouring to make what atonement I could for my misdeeds, and the trouble which they must have occasioned you."

Here he paused, and sighed deeply, like one who is fully sensible he has done amiss, but who is, at the same time, uncertain as to how far it may be becoming to humble himself before an inferior.

Arnold would have answered; but what he had just heard was so new to him, and so utterly at variance with his previous conviction, that, at first, he could scarcely believe it. Circumstances had imposed caution. If he spoke unadvisedly, he might commit himself in a manner the consequences of which he could not possibly foresee; and he too was silent, rather from an inability to speak, however, than from a wish to hold his peace.

This was a severe trial for the other. His last remains of pride rose to drag him from the presence of one to whom it whispered he had already stooped low enough; but he had a task to perform; and, forcing himself to it,

"I see you distrust me still," he continued; "but time will prove whether this is right or wrong, and, with me, time presses. Mr Oldman, as you know, died last summer. His son has already another farm; and I have left orders for letting you have that which he occupied, if you

choose to accept of it at the same rent which he paid; so that your marriage with your cousin may be consummated without delay; and, for her sake as well as your own, if my advice were worth offering, I would advise you to make no hindrances. The unjust action, with which your father was threatened, is now stopped, as he, perhaps, already knows, from the letter which I left for him. Thus far I have endeavoured to repair the injuries I have done. For myself, his Majesty's commission is already in my pocket. Letters, received this morning, warn me that I must sail with my regiment, for the Peninsula, in a few days; and there, if I cannot earn true honour, I shall at least try to drown the memory of my former disgrace. And, now, I must only say that word, the bitterest we know of, *Fare-you-well!*"

These communications were so unlooked for, and had been made with such rapidity, that the individual to whom they were addressed scarcely knew what to answer; nor did the other allow him time to arrange his thoughts so as to admit of their being readily expressed; for, as he spoke the last word, he snatched up his gun, and left the room, before Arnold could utter a single syllable in the way of reply. Fortune, however, had not yet done with him. As he passed towards the door, he met Maria, whose apprehensions for her lover had drawn her to the spot but a moment before.

"Maria," said he, "I have a last favour to ask. Can you give me your hand as a token that you forgive me?" and, conscious of the integrity of his present purpose, he stretched forth his arm to take the hand which he asked. But a vivid recollection of the past made her, at that moment, shrink from his touch as if it had been fire.

"Despised alike," he muttered to himself, "and shunned by both man and woman. Well, no matter."

And, with these words, he had already cleared the house, and was springing over a young hedge, into a field which had been lately reaped. His dog followed him at the same instant; and, whether the paw of the animal had struck the trigger of the gun, which he still carried in his hand, or whether the accident had been produced by its getting entangled among the twigs of the hedge, never could be determined, but the gun was discharged, and its bearer fell senseless to the earth, while the dog, whining piteously, began to lick his hand.

In a moment, the whole household—Arnold, Caroline, Maria, and Mr Westward—were around him; and there he lay, bleeding and apparently lifeless, before them, with a considerable portion of his left cheek carried away by the shot. While the younger part of the family were employed in removing him to the house, and despatching messengers for medical assistance, Mr Westward hastened to inform his parents, in the least alarming manner, of the accident. To them the intelligence, notwithstanding the most favourable construction which he could put upon it, was stunning; and, though the father had not been abroad for several weeks, they both accompanied him to Everton Barns, to assist, as they believed, in bringing home their only son, but, as he feared, only to see his remains. Before they arrived, however, a medical gentleman stood by his bedside, who, after dressing his wound, from which he said it was possible he might recover; and, feeling his pulse, strictly forbade any attempt at removing him till he should anction it.

For more than a week, he lay there, between life and death, in a state of such uncertainty, that it seemed as if a straw would have turned the balance either way. During this period, Mrs Everton was also accommodated in the house; but as weakness incapacitated her for being his nurse, that task devolved upon Caroline, who, in addition to a feeling heart, displayed the greatest adroitness in discovering and supplying all his wants, as far as a woman's care and tenderness could supply them. When an individual, whether man or woman, is suddenly thrown down by disease or accident, to a state of utter imbecility, there is a something in the very weakness and helplessness with which they are surrounded, which, even when love is altogether out of the question, is well calculated to draw forth the sympathy and regard of both the nurse and the nursed. The consciousness of being treated with care and kindness, on the one side, and of being an object of more gratitude than is, perhaps, deserved, on the other, must operate as a stimulus to the best affections of our nature; and when the nurse and nursed belong to different sexes, when both are young and both unmarried, it can scarcely be matter of wonder if a tinge of the romantic, almost unknown to the parties themselves, should sometimes mingle with these feelings. This has frequently occurred under circumstances more unfavourable than the present. Reaction in favour of the poor invalid was now operating with full force. His character for generosity, and a wish to do justice, was again tolerably established. Caroline, however, never supposed that there was the slightest danger of either falling in love—the bare possibility of such a thing did not occur to her till he was so far recovered as to be on the point of going home; and then, when he lamented pathetically his former indiscretions, and his now marred and disfigured countenance, as having thrown an insurmountable barrier between him and the affections of the only woman with whom he felt he ever could be happy, her heart fluttered, she could not speak, and baffled language evinced its embarrassment in silence by a blush.

When Mr Everton was so far recovered as to be almost well, his mother, one day, called him into her own room; and, after a very unexpected lecture on the propriety of looking out, before it was too late, for a wife, surprised him rather agreeably by mentioning Caroline Westward as the woman whom, from what she had seen of her character, she should prefer for a daughter. To satisfy her own conscience, and any scruples which her son might still entertain, she also succeeded in tracing Caroline's pedigree, through some fourteen or fifteen generations, back to the Westwards of Wester Hall—a very honourable and ancient family, who still held their estate by a charter in the handwriting of one of the monarchs of Scotland.

By way of summing up the matter, we may say that, about two months thereafter, Dr Pentateuch, the worthy clergyman of the parish, was called upon, as the cant phrase has it, "to tie knots with his tongue which other people could not loose with their teeth." By the above allusion, the reader is to understand that he was asked to unite individuals of the opposite sexes in the holy bands of matrimony; and willingly did he perform his task, working "double tides,' and marrying two couples in the same day. When it is told that Caroline and her cousin were the brides, the names of the bridegrooms will be easily guessed. At the termination of the year, Arnold and his newly married wife took possession of the farm which had been formerly held by Mr Oldman. We have no room for farther particulars, nor are they necessary; but, in a world where there is little cause for joy, and where little terminates agreeably, it is a source of real pleasure to be able to say, for once, that all parties were happy.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE YOUNG MOUNTEBANK.

About the beginning of the present century, there came to the little pleasantly situated town of Dunevan—on the west coast of Scotland—one of those peripatetic exhibitions of the art of tumbling, which, we rather think, were more frequently to be seen then than now.

The name of the person who owned the particular concern alluded to, was Yorkley. He was an Englishman; but one of the most respectable of his class. Indeed, both in appearance and manner, he was, in despite of his strange and somewhat disreputable calling, quite a gentleman: he was, moreover, well educated. By what sort of chance, or combination of chances, a person so well qualified, as Mr Yorkley seemed to be to fill a more creditable position in life, came to be the owner and conductor of a concern of this kind, we cannot explain; but so it was.

Mr Yorkley's establishment, however, was, like himself, of a description greatly superior to the common run. His stage, on which the tumbling was exhibited, was a handsome kind of thing in its way; drawn, when he moved from place to place, by two sleek, well-fed horses, arrayed in shining harness. He, himself, always travelled in a gig. His men, of whom, by the way, he had only two, were as sleek and seemingly as well fed as the horse. They were well dressed, and lived in good quarters; namely, the head inn of the town, where their master also put up.

The whole concern, in short, had the appearance of being a thriving one; and, certainly, was as respectable as it is possible such an establishment could be.

We have said that Mr Yorkley had only two men—he had no more—but there was a boy, a boy of remarkable personal beauty; bright and pure complexion, with a head of long fair curled hair. The dress which he wore on the stage when tumbling—for this was the purpose to which his capacities were devoted—was somewhat fantastic, but it certainly set off his very handsome face and figure to great advantage. It consisted of wide trousers and a tight-fitting body, of pure white material; and around his waist, a bright red sash.

The beauty of the boy's countenance was yet further increased by an expression of modesty and melancholy which, as rarities in persons of his calling, added greatly to the interest which he excited among the unsophisticated population of Dunevan. And deep was this interest, and deeper yet their sympathy, when they saw the beautiful and unfortunate boy, as they deemed him, bent backwards, with his head locked between his feet till his body formed a complete circle, and thus placed on the head of a brawny mountebank, who wore him as a turban; the boy's face, the while, reddened to an apoplective hue by the violent constraint of his unnatural position. Deep, we say, was the sympathy which this painful exhibition of the poor boy excited amongst the wondering crowds who gathered around the stage to witness the performances of the tumblers. But there was one amongst that crowd whose sympathy was yet deeper, and who, in that moment, resolved to *act* on the benevolent impulses to which the sight of the tumbling boy gave rise

It was on the forenoon following the day on which the particular performance alluded to took place, that a lady called at the Star Inn, and inquired if she could have a private word with Mr Yorkley.

The waiter gave that person notice of the request, and returned with his compliments, and that he should be happy to see her. In the next moment, a stout, middle-aged, lady-looking woman, with a countenance strongly indicative of a generous and feeling nature, entered the apartment with a polite and graceful curtsy.

"I have come, sir," she said, addressing Mr Yorkley, "to make an appeal to your feelings as a gentleman and a Christian. To come to the point at once, sir, would you have any objections to part with the boy whom I saw yesterday on the stage, amongst your performers; provided you were assured that he should be well cared for, clothed, educated, and maintained?"

Taken by surprise at the singularity of the request, it was some seconds before Mr Yorkley could make any reply; at length—

"Really, madam," he said, "your proposition is somewhat of an odd one. The boy is of great value to me. He is of excellent dispositions, and promises to be a first-rate performer. Besides, I have been at considerable expense with him; much more than his services have yet repaid."

"He is no relation to you, I understand," said the lady.

"None whatever," replied Mr Yorkley. "I had him from the Charity House of Newhilton; he is an orphan."

"Well, sir, resumed the lady, to cut this matter short, if you will part with the boy—for my heart is set on having him—I will pay you down twenty pounds as a consideration for the expense you have been at on his account, and ten pounds more for the loss of his services. Take this into consideration, and I will call again in the evening. My name is Mrs Watson. You can make inquiry about me in the meantime; and, I trust, will be satisfied both with what you may learn, and with the terms I offer."

Tempted, though not yet quite decided, by the tender of so considerable a sum as thirty pounds, Mr Yorkley promised to think of the matter, and to be prepared with a definitive answer against the lady's return.

The inquiries which the latter suggested, Mr Yorkley made, and found that Mrs Watson was a lady of high respectability, great benevolence, and in easy circumstances. A widow, with only one child, a son, who was captain of a West India trader from Greenock.

This account of the lady decided Yorkley, who had really a regard for the boy, and he agreed to part with him. The stipulated sum was paid him; and, that same evening, the little tumbler—rejoiced at quitting a calling for which he never had had any fancy—became an inmate of the comfortable residence of Mrs Watson.

To the inquiries of that lady regarding his parents and their condition in life, he could give no satisfactory answer. All that he could tell was, that his name was William Wood, and that he had been brought up in the Poor's House of Newhilton. When he had been placed there, or by whom, he could not tell; neither did he know of having a single friend or relation. A vague recollection, however,

he said he had of his mother, whom he described as having "once been a lady." But on what ground he assigned her this character, he could not tell. It was merely a dreamy reminiscence of childhood.

The benevolence of feeling which first induced Mrs Watson to rescue the boy from the miserable and degrading life of a mountebank, was none of those sudden impulses which so frequently lead those who mistake susceptibility for charity to do kindnesses, of which they afterwards repent. Hers was a pure and steady generosity, that followed up, with unflagging benevolence, its first suggestions. She had her young protegé genteelly clothed and put to school.

Fortunately, and as had not always happened to her, Mrs Watson's charity, in the present case, was not misplaced, in so far as regarded the object of it.

The boy proved dutiful and affectionate. Took every opportunity of evincing his gratitude to his protectress, and was attentive to his learning, in which he made very marked progress.

It was at the end of about two years after this, and on a cold and wet wintry night, that a woman called at Mrs Watson's and desired to see her.

She was told by the servant that Mrs Watson was out at a party, and would not be home till a pretty late hour.

The stranger,—who was a sickly, dying-looking creature, and most miserably dressed—in a tattered gown and an old faded bonnet, and whose wretched appearance was rendered still more so by her drenched condition; for, although the cold rain was pouring in torrents, she had no umbrella or other covering,—expressed great disappointment at missing Mrs Watson, and, adding that she had something very particular to say to her, asked whether she might not be allowed to sit in the kitchen till she returned, as she had come a long way to see her, and knew of no other place to go to?

The girl, struck with compassion for the miserable-looking woman, and unable to find it in her heart to refuse the shelter sought in such a night, conducted her into the kitchen, and placed her in a chair before the fire.

The wretched creature expressed the utmost delight with the warmth. Taking off her dripping bonnet, and stripping her wet feet of the miserable shoes, and equally miserable stockings with which they had been covered, not protected, she huddled in to the fire, and hung over it with greedy gratification.

"You are well off, my girl," she said, addressing the servant, as she toasted her thin, but, as the girl noticed, white and elegantly formed hands before the fire. "You are well off," she said, "to have so comfortable a home as this. Praise God for it my girl. You never can be sufficiently grateful. Oh, if you had suffered the tenth part of what I have suffered, much, much would you value the peace and comfort you are here enjoying."

There was something in the tone and manner of the stranger that struck the girl forcibly. Both indicated a refinement strangely at variance with present appearances.

"I have, indeed, much to be thankful for," said the girl, "and, I trust, I am thankful. I have a good mistress. One of the best and kindest hearted that ever lived."

A sob from the poor creature by the fire, told of some sudden emotion. "Yes, a good and kind hearted," she said, covering her face with her hand, and speaking in the choking voice of grief.

"Oh, how much better than I. But she has had her reward, and I have had mine. She has been happy, and I have been miserable." And again she sobbed bitterly.

To the servant girl, both the language and the conduct of the poor stranger were inexplicable. The knowledge of her mistress which her words implied, surprised her, but still more the comparison which she drew between herself and her.

In the meantime, the night wore on. It was now eleven o'clock. The hour had scarcely struck, when the door bell was smartly rung.

"My mistress," said the girl.

The stranger's pale face grew paler still, and she became violently agitated.

The girl hastened up stairs to the door, opened it, and admitted Mrs Watson.

"There 's a poor woman, ma'am, with something genteel about her too, in the kitchen, very anxious to see you. She 's in a wretched state, and has been waiting you these three hours."

Poor creature, I will go down to her," said Mrs Watson, "some urgent case of distress, doubtless. But, no, rather send her up to me, Jane. She may have something of a private nature to communicate. Send her up," and Mrs Watson passed into the dining-room, and, lighting the two candles which stood on the table, awaited the entrance of her visiter, with a look of anxious sympathy; for hers was a benevolence of disposition that no demand, however unseasonable, could ruffle.

In a minute after, the door of the apartment opened, and the emaciated form of the stranger entered.

She paused, midway, without saying a word, and gazed almost wildly on Mrs Watson. In similar silence, the latter returned the gaze. There was the working of strong and strange feelings on the countenances of both. It was but for a moment, however. In the next, they rushed towards each other. "My sister, my poor, my unfortunate sister," exclaimed Mrs Watson.

"Your poor, your unfortunate sister, indeed, Mary," replied her visiter, flinging her arms around her, hiding her face on her shoulder, and sobbing hysterically. "Oh Mary, Mary, what I have suffered," she muttered. "What I have suffered these long dreary ten years past. My folly, my sins, have been great, but they have been severely punished. But it is nearly over now. I have come to die in your arms, Mary. I have no time to live, and you will not cast me off. I know you will not, guilty as I am."

"Oh, my sister, my sister, why speak in that way?" exclaimed Mrs Watson, bathed in tears, and all but inarticulate from emotion. "You cannot, you never could doubt my affection. But, why did you not do this long since? Why did you delay coming to me till now?"

"Shame, shame, my sister—shame deterred me. Guilty as I have been, I have never been lost to shame."

"Well, well, no more of this just now, Lucy," replied Mrs Watson, glancing at the wretched attire of her sister. "You are now at home, and we will soon bring you round again."

"Never, never, Mary," interposed Lucy, in a melancholy tone.

"Come, now, don't talk that way, Lucy dear," replied Mrs Watson, assuming a cheerful manner. "You will take a little refreshment, for I see you are weakly and exhausted, and, as it is late, you will retire to bed. I have a snug little bedroom for you. In the morning, I will see to having you attired as you ought to be, and we will then too, speak over past affairs at more length."

What followed, we need not detain the reader by detailing at length. Suffice it to say, that every kindness and attention was shewn by Mrs Watson to her unhappy relative who, however, wearied and exhausted, crushed in spirit and broken down in body, soon retired to bed.

Of this circumstance we will avail ourselves, to give a brief sketch of the history of the unfortunate Lucy Raymond.

She was a younger sister of Mrs Watson's, and had once been remarkably beautiful, traces of which beauty still lingered on her care-worn and emaciated countenance.

About ten years previous to this, she became the victim of an unprincipled seducer; a fellow of low and dissipated habits. With this man she eloped, and for many years it was not known whither the miserable pair had gone. Vague but distressing accounts, however, from time to time, reached her friends, of their leading a life of poverty, dissipation, and crime; wandering from place to place, in aimless and homeless wretchedness.

At length, they entirely disappeared, and nothing more was heard of them, until the unhappy woman presented herself at her sister's door, in the way described. This interval, however, had been one of a dark and dismal hue. In that time, Lucy's husband—for they had been married—had committed a robbery, had been apprehended, tried, and banished. What kind of life the unhappy woman led subsequently to this event, we will not describe, but leave it to the reader's worst suspicions. That life, however, whatever it had been, was, as she herself said, fast drawing to a close. The morning following her arrival at her sister's found her in a high fever. Her eye had an unnatural brilliancy, and a bright hectic spot glowed on her pallid cheek. As the day advanced, she became worse; her breathing became more difficult, and she sunk into a disturbed and troubled sleep, or rather lethargy. While in this state, she was heard muttering, from time to time—

"My poor boy!—Oh, my poor boy!—My William, my William, if I only saw you once more, I could die satisfied!"

"Who do you speak of, Lucy dear?" said Mrs Watson, who, bathed in tears, was sitting by her bedside.

The dying woman opened her eyes, and looking wildly at her sister for a second, as if endeavouring to make out her features, replied, after a pause, and in a perfectly composed tone,

"Did I not hear you call out the name of William, sister?"

"Yes, dear, you did," said Mrs Watson. "A young protegé of mine, who"——

"At this moment, the boy entered the apartment with some medicine for which he had been sent to the doctor's. Lucy's eye fell upon him. With a convulsive effort, she sprung up in the bed, stretched out her arms towards him, and shrieked out, "My son!—my son!" Both Mrs Watson and the boy drew back in affright, thinking that some fierce fit of madness had seized the suffering patient. She marked their fears, and, guessing their suspicions, exclaimed, "No, no, I am not mad. He is my son—he is, he is!—William, William, my child, will you not come to your mother? Do they not call you William Wood? That was the name we took! And were you not in the Charity-House of Newhilton? O, God, thy ways are inscrutable!"

To both the boy himself and Mrs Watson, the mention of these particulars carried conviction of the singular fact that the former was, indeed, the son of her who now claimed him. Satisfied of this, the boy rushed into her arms; while Mrs Watson hurried to the foot of the bed, where, concealed by the curtains she gave way, in silence, to the overwhelming emotions, which a circumstance so extraordinary was so well calculated to excite.

On the evening of this eventful day, the poor sufferer breathed her last; declaring that she died cheerfully, now that she had seen her son, and that she left him under the protection of one so able and willing to befriend him.

For two years after the occurrence of this singular and melancholy event, the lives of Mrs Watson and her protegé, now her nephew, went on smoothly and happily as before. The latter, however, was now growing a stout and handsome lad, and was rapidly bringing his education to a close. During all this time, Mrs Watson's son had only been once at home, and then only for a very short time; but he had written very often—for he was an affectionate son; and in these letters had more than once hinted, that if his cousin had any fancy for the sea, he would be glad to train him in his own ship. Mrs Watson did not approve of the lad's becoming a sailor, but she did not conceal from him the wishes of her son in that particular. Nay, she invariably gave him his letters to read. The perusal of these letters, although, perhaps, they did not excite in William any fixed determination regarding the adoption of the sea as a profession, had the effect of turning his thoughts towards it in a way that influenced the destinies of his future life. We have said that, for two years after the death of Mrs Watson's sister, nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of the lives of herself and nephew. At the end of this period, however, came a serious change: Mrs Watson died suddenly, and with her death ceased the annuity on which she and William had lived so comfortably, and with which she had done so much good.

On the decease of his aunt and benefactress—an event which left him wholly unprovided for—the young man, now in his sixteenth year, determined on taking to that profession which his cousins hints had so often suggested to him. He would have joined Captain Watson's ship, of course, in preference to any other; but, unfortunately, the captain, having left the West India service, had gone on a trading adventure to South America, and was not expected to return for two years at soonest. The lad, therefore, determined on taking the first ship he could find; indulging in a hope that he would some time or other, and that, probably, not very remote, fall in with his cousin, Captain Watson. Having come to this resolution, he proceeded to Liverpool, and there entered on board a vessel bound for the river Gambia in Africa. She was a large ship; freighted with an adventure of merchandise for the native Africans, for which she was to bring in return, a cargo of teak wood, bee's wax, gums, and ivory.

In about a week after young Wood joined the vessel, she sailed, and, in due time, reached her destination, without any accident or other circumstance occurring worth noting. As the *Liverpool*, which was the name of Wood's ship, sailed up the river, she passed a dark, rakish-looking vessel at anchor in the middle of the stream. The peculiar appearance of this ship excited young Wood's curiosity. He inquired what she was, and was told that she was a slaver. The young seaman looked with horror on the guilty vessel, and his lively fancy immediately summoned up a series of the most harrowing scenes of misery, to which this unholy traffic can give rise. He saw the violent separation of husband and wife; of child and parent; of brother and sister. He heard the distressing cries of the unhappy victims of slavery. He saw them writhing under the lash of their brutal captors, or dragging along the heavy fetters which bound their excoriated and emaciated limbs. These were the visions of a young and generous nature, that revolted at cruelty, and injustice, and oppression. The slaver was passed, and the *Liverpool* was shortly after also at anchor.

It was about a fortnight after the arrival of the *Liverpool* in the Gambia, that, as young Wood was one day rambling inland a little way, a practice to which his curiosity frequently prompted him, he was suddenly startled by a loud whooping and yelling; proceeding from a deep woody ravine, whose western ridge he was at the moment traversing.

On hearing the cries, Wood looked down into the hollow beneath, and saw a native running wildly along, with four or five seamen in pursuit of him. The latter he knew belonged to the slaver that was in the river. The former, he could not doubt, was an unhappy wretch whom they sought to capture and carry into bondage.

Anxious and earnest were the wishes of the young sea-

man that the poor African might escape his ruthless pursuers, and eager and intense the interest with which he watched the inhuman chase.

To his great delight, the native seemed to be rapidly distancing his pursuers, who, like bloodhounds, kept toiling after him, though no match for him in speed of foot, as if relying on tracking him should superior swiftness give him the advantage.

Quickly was the ravine cleared by the flying African, to whose natural speed the terrors of slavery had added tenfold power. Round the shoulder of the rising ground that formed one of the sides of the dell he swept, with the speed of a greyhound. On, on he flew, till he came to a patch of copsewood, within twenty yards of where the young seaman stood, but whom a projecting rock and his own agitation prevented him seeing. Into this little copse he plunged, and no trace of him remained.

In a minute afterwards, his pursuers, breathless and bathed in perspiration, came up to young Wood. They wore broad-brimmed straw hats, and each had a belt about his middle, in which was stuck a brace of pistols and a cutlass.

"Ho, youngster!" exclaimed the foremost of this crew of devils. "Did you see where that black scoundrel went to. Eh?"

Wood replied, that he did not.

"It's a lie, a lie, you young scamp you!" shouted the same fellow furiously. "You couldn't but see him."

"I didn't say that I did not," said Wood, "I only said, that I didn't see where he had gone to. How could I tell that. But I can tell you which *way* he has gone."

"Well, you young son of a sea cook, that's what we want to know," said one of the men. "Which way, then, did the black nigger go. Eh?"

"Down into that hollow there," said the young man; pointing to another dell at a little distance, but entirely clear of, and considerably beyond, the place where the black was concealed.

"Ha, curse him, he'll get earthed," exclaimed the mate of the slaver, for such was the rank of one of the party.

"Come, youngster, will you join the chase. Eh? You're longer and suppler in the legs than any of us, and its twenty dollars and a keg of rum to the man who first lays hands on him, although we all come in for prize money, first and last, for that matter."

Young Wood, having, as we need hardly say, declined this invitation, saw the party start on the wild-goose chase of seeking the African in the dell to which he had pointed, with great but secret satisfaction.

Of them, he saw no more, although he lingered about the place for fully two hours.

He would fain have gone into the thicket in which the poor black was hid, to inform him of his safety, for the time at least. But recollecting that he could not make himself intelligible to him, that his appearance was much more likely to alarm him than anything else, probably urge him to flee from his retreat, and thus expose himself to capture, and, lastly, that there was danger of being seen, should he venture into the copse, and of suspicion being thereby excited, he resolved to refrain, and to return to his ship without taking any further step in the matter. This he accordingly did, but mentioned nothing of the scene he had witnessed to any of his shipmates; lest the prospect of reward should tempt some of them to give information to the slaver's crew of the place of the poor black's concealment.

Two days after this, happening to be again near the spot alluded to—for he was a great rambler when the nature of his duties would permit such indulgence—Wood's curiosity prompted him to explore the copse where the negro had hidden himself, to see what kind of facilities it afforded for such purpose. With this view, he began cautiously parting the bushes, advancing step by step, as he opened the way. Two or three paces had he gained, when, to his great terror and alarm, he saw a pair of eyes, he could not tell whether those of a human being or a wild beast, glaring on him from a crevice in some rocks which the wood concealed. The young man's first impulse was to retreat; but, on second thoughts, it occurred to him, that the eyes in question might be those of the poor black, although he could hardly think it possible that he should be still an inmate of that retreat. He looked again, and discovered that they were those, at any rate, of a human being. A second glance assured him that this being was no other than the poor negro. He advanced towards him, and, by signs, endeavoured to assure him that he was a friend. The poor black appeared to comprehend him, but when Wood presented him with a couple of biscuit he happened to have about him, and which he devoured with fierce avidity, all doubt of the friendly disposition of his visiter seemed to vanish. He grinned with delight in his hiding-place, in which his whole person was concealed, his face only being exposed, and uttered some uncouth sounds of satisfaction.

For two days, then, the poor hunted negro had not dared to leave his concealment; for, having been a prisoner of war to a chief then on the coast trafficing with the slaver, he had to fear his own countrymen as much as the crew of the latter. It was thus he had been compelled to remain in his hiding-place, where he must have perished of hunger, but for the timeous appearance of Wood. Every day after this, for upwards of a week, the latter, observing the utmost caution in his proceedings, secretly sought the retreat of the poor black, carrying him small supplies of provisions, and occasionally a little rum.

At the end of this period, Wood had the satisfaction of bringing him intelligence—for they had contrived to interchange a few simple ideas by signs—that the slaver was about to quit the country; being already under weigh. In an ecstasy of joy at this information, the poor negro was about to hurl away the stones with which he had built himself into his retreat, and to spring forth, when both he and Wood were appalled by suddenly hearing several loud voices proceeding from the skirts of the copse. The language spoken was English. The tone and manner that of rough seamen. Wood lay as still as death, scarcely daring to breathe; while the poor black crouched into his den; his eyes starting from their sockets with terror. Every moment, the voices came nearer and nearer; and, at length, approached so close, that Wood could distinctly hear every word that was said. These brought little comfort.

"It's hereabouts!" said one. "It was just here we lost him, and the young scamp has been seen coming this way every night since. So, lads, let's have a proper search of this bit of wood, here." And a trampling and beating of the bushes, as if by half-a-dozen people at the least, gave notice that the wood was entered, and a strict search begun. Nearer and nearer came these appalling sounds, and now both Wood and the negro could see the flashing cutlasses, with which the unwelcome intruders were hewing their way, and sweeping recklessly about them, in the hope of their lighting on some concealed fugitive. In another minute they would have been discovered—for the branches that touched Wood were already moved by the approaching party, although the copse was so close and thick, that he was still unseen—but for a very singular and unexpected occurrence. This was the sudden and tremendous roar of some animal. It was the most appalling sound young Wood had ever heard; producing indescribable sensations of terror, and paralyzing every energy.

In the case of Wood, however, this was the mere effect

of its tremendous tones, for he neither knew nor could conjecture from what animal it proceeded. The poor black, however, knew this well; and great was the terror he evinced; hardly less than that which the near approach of the slaver's party—for we need hardly say it was some of the crew of that vessel that were in the copse—had excited. Having eagerly motioned to Wood to lie still, the negro endeavoured, by distorting his countenance, gaping with his mouth, looking ferociously, and moving his hands in imitation of paws, to give Wood an idea that the animal whose awful voice they had just heard was a lion, and the imitation was sufficiently correct to answer the purpose intended. As might be expected, the roar of the savage beast cleared the copse of the intruders in a twinkling. Out they flew in all directions, and took to their heels in the most dreadful dismay. Notwithstanding the earnest, though unexpressed entreaties of the negro, Wood could not resist the curiosity that impelled him to see what was taking place outside the copse. In despite of the former's efforts to hold him back by the legs, he clambered so far up the rocky ledge in which the negro was concealed, as to project his head above the level of the foliage, and thus command a view extending to a considerable distance around. He was too late to see all that had passed; for the whole was the work of but an instant. Enough, however, was still to be seen to strike him with horror. At a little distance from the copse, he saw an unfortunate wretch, one of the crew of the slaver, and whom he supposed to be the mate, lying on his back, and a huge lion standing over him, wagging his tail, and anon tearing at him, with low savage growls of mingled satisfaction and revenge. None of the others of the crew were to be seen. Each had consulted his own safety; leaving their ill-fated companion to his doom.

It is probable, however, that they had not seen what had happened him; but, although they had, they could have rendered him no assistance; for he was already apparently quite dead, and, yet, little more than a minute had elapsed since the first roar of the savage creature had been heard. Horrified at the sight, and dreading that the fate of the unfortunate seaman would soon be his own, Wood sunk down into the copse again, causing as little movement amongst the foliage as possible for fear of attracting the notice of the ruthless monster.

On reaching the ground, he quietly seated himself; and, in this position, awaited the result of the terrible adventure. His hope was, that the lion, on satisfying himself with his victim, would seek another and more distant retreat than the copse. But the fear that he would (and this was the more natural conclusion) seek the shelter he had just left, was yet stronger than this hope.

For about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, Wood, who felt that his only chance of safety was in keeping perfectly still and quiet, heard nothing to give him any idea of what was going on outside the copse. It was a time of dreadful suspense. This suspense, however, was not now to be of much longer continuance.

On the lapse of about the period named, he heard, with a horror that made him start from his seat, the lion bounce into the copse, with a tremendous roar, and, immediately after, the report of a musket struck his ear.

Fortunately, the lion had entered the copse, at a point considerably wide of that in whose line he was situated, and thus missed seeing him; but Wood feared that he would not be long in discovering him, and yet he dared not move from his present position; for he felt that the slightest attempt at doing so would only hasten the catastrophe he dreaded, by giving the animal notice of his presence.

But another danger now assailed him. He heard a rapid succession of shots; and became aware that a number of people had assembled outside the copse, and were firing into it, in the hope, doubtless, of either killing the lion or driving him from his covert. Fortunately for Wood, as more than one of the bullets discharged into the copse had struck the rock within a yard of him, in the latter purpose they succeeded. The lion was wounded, of which circumstance he gave intimation by a hideous roar—bounding, at the same time, out of the covert on the side opposite that on which he had entered, and making, at his utmost speed, for some wooded heights, at the distance of about half a mile inland.

A shout from those on the outside of the copse, which was immediately followed by a perfect silence, gave intimation of this movement of the lion's, and of the circumstance of his assailants having gone off in pursuit of him.

Availing himself of this fortunate occurrence, Wood, after intimating to the poor negro, in serving whom he had exposed himself to all these risks, that he would return on the morrow, stole out of the copse, and hastened towards that point of the river where his vessel lay, escaping the observation of the party in pursuit of the lion, who, besides being shut out from view of him by a rising ground, were too much engrossed by their dangerous but exciting pastime, to perceive his retreat.

On leaving the copse, Wood passed the body of the man who had been killed by the lion, and though dreadfully torn and mutilitated, recognised him from his dress, to be, as he had conjectured, the mate of the slaver, and the same person whom he had seen with the others in pursuit of the negro, and who had so roughly demanded information as to that unhappy being's route. He thought it a judgment on the deceased.

Next evening Wood again visited the copse, but it was now with fear and trembling; for recollection of the occurrences of the day before, was strong upon him—although he did not think it likely that the lion, even if he had escaped his pursuers—of which, however, he had heard nothing, would so soon again seek a covert in which he had been so much disturbed. Besides, he had promised the poor negro to return, and the miserable being must perish of hunger if he did not.

Urged by these considerations, he entered the copse, and proceeded to the well-known locality of the black's retreat. It was deserted. The loose stones with which he had built himself up in his den, were thrown down and scattered about, and no trace of its late inmate anywhere to be seen.

Had he left his concealment of his own accord, or had he been discovered and carried off by the slavers? were inquiries which now rose in Wood's mind; but they were inquiries which neither now, nor at any time during his subsequent stay in Africa, were ever answered.

On that same evening, the slaver actually sailed; her former display of a similar purpose being only a feint to effect some deceptions on shore, connected with the infamous traffic in which she was engaged. In about a fortnight after these occurrences, the *Liverpool* having completed her cargo, left the Gambia, and commenced her voyage home.

With the same good fortune which had marked her outward voyage, she arrived at Liverpool. No disaster nor event of any kind worth noting having taken place in that interval. For several years William Wood continued in the African trade; but never again returned to the Gambia—the company in whose service he was, having found greater facility for traffic in several other parts of Africa. During this time, Wood's steady conduct and superior education, to which he had, since first going to sea, added a thorough theoretical knowledge of navigation, had procured him the appointment of first mate of the *Liverpool*, in which ship he still continued; and there was every prospect of his soon obtaining the command of one of the ships

belonging to the company which he was so efficiently and faithfully serving.

And this was a promotion to which he was soon after actually preferred. He was appointed to the command of the *Manchester*, a small but handsome ship of about 200 tons burthen, belonging to the same owners as the *Liverpool*.

In this vessel Captain Wood made several prosperous voyages to various parts of the world. The last he was destined to make in her was to the island of Cuba. When within about two days' sail of Porto Rico, their intended destination, a dark, low-lying schooner, of suspicious appearance, was descried, one morning at daybreak, bearing down upon them.

Captain Wood had been previously informed, by a vessel which he had bespoken, that a schooner, answering the description of the one now in sight, and strongly suspected of piracy, was skulking about these seas. He had, therefore, now little doubt that the vessel bearing down upon them was the identical ship alluded to. and as little, that her intentions were hostile.

Under this impression, Captain Wood crowded all sail; deeming that he would better consult the interests of his owners by escaping than fighting; for which last he was but indifferently prepared.

Providing for the worst, however, and determined, if it should come to a struggle, to defend his ship to the last extremity, he ordered such preparations to be made as his means would admit of.

Two short carronades, the only large guns with which the vessel was furnished, he had put into a serviceable condition, shotted and run out. Some small arms and cutlasses were also brought on deck—one of the latter he immediately girded on himself, and stuck a brace of pistols in his belt.

In the meantime, the schooner appeared to be rapidly gaining on them, notwithstanding every effort to increase the velocity of the *Manchester*, which had always been considered a first-rate sailer, but which was found to be far inferior in this respect to the schooner.

It now became evident to Captain Wood and the people on board his ship, that the latter must soon be overtaken, and that a contest must be the issue.

About midday, the schooner was within a league of the *Manchester*. In another hour she was within musket-shot distance, when she run up the Spanish flag and fired a gun, the ball from which knocked some splinters from the mainmast of Wood's vessel. Still the latter held on her way, without noticing the salute of the pirate, who, without repeating her fire, kept steadily on her course, with the view, apparently, of running alongside her intended victim.

This purpose she shortly accomplished, and, on gaining a position exactly parallel to the latter, and distant only some fifteen or twenty yards, poured into her a destructive fire, killing and wounding several of the crew. The pirate now also shortened sail, so as to maintain her relative position to the *Manchester*, into which she continued pouring broadside after broadside, with murderous effect. The latter gallantly returned the fire of the pirate, from both her carronades and small arms, but the contest was too manifestly a most unequal one.

In less than fifteen minutes, there was not a sufficient number of men left in the *Manchester* to work her guns, three fourths of them being either killed or wounded. Amongst the latter was Captain Wood himself, through whose thigh a musket-ball had passed, but luckily without breaking any bones.

Perceiving that her opponent was nearly silenced, the schooner now yawed towards the *Manchester*, and succeeded in locking herself to her. In the next instant, the deck of the latter was covered with her crew cutlass in hand, cutting down all before them. The ship was now fairly taken.

A more ferocious looking set of ruffians than those who now crowded the deck of the *Manchester*, Captain Wood had never seen. Dark complexioned, bushy whiskered tatterdemallions, more like the refuse of a jail than seamen. They were mostly Spaniards, with a sprinkling of French and Portuguese.

The first proceeding of the pirates was, to remove the living, including all who were not so badly wounded as to be unable to walk, into their own ship. Amongst these was Captain Wood.

What subsequently passed, the prisoners, of whom there were in all only four, were not permitted to see; for they had no sooner been carried on board the schooner, than they were heavily ironed, and thrust into dark and separate holes below—places, apparently, specially constructed for such purposes. Having thus secured their captives, for what future fate the latter knew not, nor could conjecture, the pirates proceeded to plunder the *Manchester*. This done, they scuttled her, and left her to sink with all on board, their being many in the vessel still living, although severely wounded.

It was about three days after this, as nearly as Captain Wood could guess, for he had no means of noting time, that that person became aware, from an unusual noise and bustle on deck, that something extraordinary was going on. In less than half an hour afterwards, the report of heavy guns at once confirmed his conjectures, and gave him notice that the pirate was engaged with some vessel.

What the particular circumstances of the case were, however, he, of course, could not conjecture.

In the meantime, the confusion and noise on deck, and the rapidity of the firing increased. Thus it continued for nearly half-an-hour, when it began to slacken, and finally ceased. Noises and shouting, as if of a struggle on deck succeeded. This, however, was of but momentary duration. All quickly and suddenly became comparatively quiet.

The engagement had terminated, but which party had been victorious, Captain Wood could not tell, although several circumstances led him to think that the pirate had had the worst of it, if she had not indeed been absolutely taken.

This latter was, indeed, the case, as Captain Wood was now soon made aware.

He heard a search going on below, by persons who spoke English. In a moment after, the door of his prison was burst open, and three sailors, one carrying a lighted lantern, and all armed with cutlasses, presented themselves.

"Hilloa, messmate," exclaimed one of the men, on seeing Captain Wood; "who the devil are you. Eh? Are you one of the cut throat scoundrels, or some poor devil whom they have got their paws on?"

Captain Wood briefly told them, who and what he was, and how he had come into his present unhappy situation.

With the characteristic humanity of sailors, the three poor fellows now flew to unloosen the fetters by which the prisoner was bound, and hurried him on deck to see their captain who, they assured him, would be "glad to see him."

On ascending to the deck, the scene that presented itself to Captain Wood, was a striking one. The deck itself was covered with killed and wounded men; while in the forepart of the vessel, stood, crowded in gloomy silence the survivors of the pirate crew.

Aft, on the quarterdeck, stood a tall, stout seamen-looking personage, of a gentlemanly and commanding presence, with a sword in his hand, and a brace of pistols in his belt. Around him stood a number of British sailors, while a yet greater was scattered up and down the deck.

At a little distance, was seen a loftily rigged ship under weigh, with the British flag flying. She was a privateer, and he who was standing on the quarterdeck of the pirate was her captain. The seamen, part of the crew. By these the schooner, after having been thoroughly peppered by the guns of the privateer, had been boarded, and she was now their prize.

On approaching the commander of the privateer, Captain Wood announced his name, and proceeded to inform him of the circumstances of his capture, concluding by expressing his obligations to him, for rescuing him from the hands of the pirates, from whom, he said, the mildest fate he expected was, to have been put on shore on some desolate coast.

While Captain Wood was speaking, the commander of the privateer seemed to be more intent on scanning his features, as if endeavouring to recollect them, than listening to what he said. The former, in turn, also thought that he had seen the very handsome face, on which he was looking now before ; but he could not recollect when or where.

At length. 'Sir," said the commander of the privateer, "may I ask, if ever you resided in a place called Dunevan, in Scotland ?"

"I have, sir," replied Captain Wood.

"Did you know a Mrs Watson there?"

"Know her. Ay, that I did. My benefactress. The best friend I ever had. She brought me up, sir, and to her I owe amongst a thousand other obligations, the education I possess. Well did I know her, sir, and never shall I forget her. Never cease to revere her memory."

A tear started in the eye of the commander of the privateer, and, in a voice choked with emotion,

"I am her son, sir," he said ; grasping the hand of Captain Wood, and unable to add more.

In equal silence, proceeding from a similar oppression of feeling, the latter returned the grasp of his newly found friend and relative ; muttering only "Captain Watson." It was a singular meeting ; forming one of those extraordinary incidents, by which the lives of individuals are frequently marked.

Captain Wood found the son of his benefactress aware of his mother's death, and also of the relationship in which the latter stood to each other ; Mrs Watson having informed him of the latter particular, as also of the remarkeble and melancholy circumstances attending the discovery of her own relationship to her protegé.

Captain Watson, quartering his cousin in his own cabin, and enrolling, with their own consent, his three late fellow-prisoners, who had also been relieved from their places of durance on board the pirate, amongst his own crew, now proceeded to Porto Rico with the schooner.

On his arrival there, the pirates were given up to the legal authorities of the place, were soon after brought to trial, and six of them, including the captain and mate, condemned to be hanged, the remainder being sent to the copper mines.

The vessel was also condemned and sold, and the proceeds divided amongst the crew of the privateer.

A splendid piece of silver plate, with a suitable inscription, was also presented to Captain Watson, by the merchants and ship-owners of Porto Rico, in token of their gratitude for the service he had rendered them, in capturing the *San Salvador*, Don Innez, one of the most dreaded pirates that ever infested their seas.

These matters detained Captain Watson for a considerable time at Porto Rico, but on their being all settled, he again put to sea, carrying his cousin along with him, to whom he had said, in the interim—

"Having been in the command of a vessel of your own, I cannot offer you a subordinate appointment in my ship. But, if you will take a cruise along with me, as, I presume, you would prefer going to England with me at any rate, you shall have share and share alike of any prize we may be fortunate enough to take. When we return to Liverpool, I think I shall be able to do something better for you."

For several months, the *Revenge*, which was the name of Captain Watson's vessel, knocked about various ports of the world, and, finally, returned to Liverpool, bringing with her a valuable prize, a French brig laden with palm oil, which she captured off the Bay of Biscay.

The prize having been sold, Captain Watson, to whom the privateer wholly belonged—having been fitted out at his sole expense—insisted on his cousin accepting an equal portion of the proceeds with himself. This, however, he peremptorily refused, but was finally prevailed on to accept two hundred guineas, or somewhere about a fifth part of the sum originally intended for him.

Through the influence of Mr Watson, who was well known to, and much respected by the ship-owners of Liverpool, Captain Wood was soon again found employment. He was put in command of a fine new ship, bound for the Brazils ; and, in a fortnight after, or, in somewhat less than a month from the time of his last arrival at Liverpool, he sailed for that quarter of the world.

It was between nine and ten years from this period, before Captains Watson and Wood met again ; their roving profession keeping them, during all that time, widely asunder ; sometimes at opposite sides of the globe.

It was at Liverpool they again met, and by accident, on the quay. Being well on in the afternoon, an adjournment to a tavern was proposed, that they might talk over old affairs, and each give the other a sketch of his history since their separation. The proposal came first from Captain Wood.

"With pleasure, my dear fellow," replied the frank seaman. There's a poor black fellow, who was for several years, my steward, who has lately opened a grog shop, up streets ; a bit of a smartish tavern. We'll go there. I put up with him."

Thither the two accordingly went, and were received with great politeness by a respectably dressed man of colour. He looked earnestly at Captain Wood, when he entered, but said nothing further than welcoming his guest.

Having been shewn into a handsomely furnished apartment, the two friends took their seats at a table, with a bottle of wine between them, and began an earnest and interesting conversation.

While thus engaged, their sable host entered the room very frequently, under various pretences, and each time took, unobserved, an earnest look of Captain Wood.

At length, on one of these occasions, approaching the table, at which the friends sat, with many bows and apologies for intruding—

"Capitain," he said, addressing Captain Wood, "excuse me, saar ; but, may I ask you, if you hab been in de riber Gambya, about seventeen year ago, in a merchan ship ?"

Surprised at the question, Captain Wood smilingly replied, that he certainly had.

"I tink so, saar," said Mr Everard, the name by which the sable tavern-keeper was known. 'You hab recollect, saar, excuse me, a poor black fellow, who hide himself in a wood from de slaber ?"

"Ah, to be sure I do !" replied Captain Wood.

"Well, saar, what you tink. I am dat man."

"Impossible," said Captain Wood, in great astonishment.

"Neber ting more true, though, saar," said Everard, smiling. 'Neber. I am dat man, indeed, and you are de

same good person who keep me from starving. I neber forget it, and all my house, and all my eberyting, I would lay at your feet. I neber forget it. Neber, neber."

"Bless my soul, Everard," here exclaimed Captain Watson, in the utmost surprise, "you have told me that story often; but little did I dream that the kind-hearted lad who befriended you on that occasion was my own cousin, Captain Wood, here. It is the strangest thing I ever heard in my life."

It will readily be believed, that the surprise of Captain Wood at this singular meeting was not less than that of his relative. Everard, Joshua Everard, as he was called, now gave Captain Wood, at his request, a relation of the various circumstances and occurrences, which had tended more or less directly to bring about the odd changes in his destiny of which his present situation was the climax.

His story, put into correct English, was as follows:—

"You recollect," he said, looking towards Captain Wood, "all the circumstances connected with our first acquaintance, and the last incident by which it was marked?"

"Perfectly," replied Captain Wood. "I will not forget them in a hurry."

Everard smiled.

"Well, then, sir," he said, "I need not seek to refresh your memory by recurring to previous details; but at once proceed to say that, in about two hours after the party had gone in pursuit of the lion, in which, I believe they were unsuccessful, they returned to the copse in which I was concealed. I heard them entering it, shouting and hallooing; for, having driven the lion from it, they had now no dread of penetrating it.

"From the vigilance and pertinacity with which they searched every place; laying open, to its centre, every bush and clump of underwood where it was possible for a human being to be concealed; I saw that they felt quite assured that I was not far off.

"My concealment, however, as you know, was a good one: so good, that their search for me was long in vain. I thought, indeed, at one time, that I should escape; for the party, after beating about everywhere, for upwards of an hour, to no purpose, all met together in the copse, where they stood talking for some time, and, as it seemed to me, about abandoning the pursuit, which, indeed, they had already in effect done.

"Unluckily for me, however, this meeting accidently occurred right opposite my concealment, and within a few yards of it. Still I was unseen, my hidingplace unsuspected. The party were about to move off, when one of their number, a young fellow, happened to cast his eye on the loose stones with which I had built myself into my den. He looked fixedly at the spot for a few seconds, without saying a word to any of his companions. He then slowly approached the place; peering curiously between the interstices of the stones as he advanced, as if suspecting there was a cavity behind.

"On coming up to the spot, he placed his hand on the largest top stone that closed up the mouth of the den, and pulled it to the ground. This proceeding at once exposed me to his view. On seeing me, he started back with a mingled shout of terror and exultation. His companions, who had already left the spot, came running back in alarm, when the fellow who had discovered me, having hastily explained what had taken place, the whole party rushed towards my concealment, tore down the loose stones with which I had built myself in, and dragged me out, with curses and imprecations, by the hair of the head. Having got me out, they fell to kicking and abusing me most unmercifully.

"I was now conveyed down to the sea-side, and, shortly after, carried on board the slaver, and thrust down into the hold, amongst a crowd of my unfortunate countrymen.

"In three weeks after, we were landed at Falmouth in Jamaica, and sold to different planters.

"It was my good fortune, on this occasion, to be bought by a worthy man of the name of Edgecombe, an English gentleman who had always been remarkable for the kindness with which he treated his slaves, making them as happy as the nature of circumstances would admit. In this happiness I was soon a partaker, and to an extent which I had but little anticipated. Mr Edgecombe, I am sure I do not know for what reason, soon evinced a remarkable degree of favour for me. I saw it, was delighted with it, and exerted myself more and more to deserve it. My good master's partiality for me increased, and eventually induced him to take me into his house as a domestic servant, or attendant. In this capacity, I had the good fortune to acquit myself so much to his satisfaction, that when, four or five years afterwards, he returned to England, he carried me along with him. On touching British ground, I was, of course, a free man, but I still continued in the service of my good master, and would have done so to the end of my life, had not his own terminated prematurely. Three years, or so, after our arrival in England, Mr Edgecombe died; leaving me two hundred guineas, as a mark of his sense, as he was pleased to express it in his will, of the fidelity of my services. With this sum, I opened a public-house in Wapping, thinking that I might make a living in this way, by sea-faring people, and others of the lower classes. But my knowledge of civilized life, as it is called, nay, even of the English language, was yet too limited to enable me to conduct such an establishment with any chance of success. My colour, too, was against me. In short, I was robbed, cheated, abused, and insulted on all hands, and, as a matter of course, eventually ruined. Luckily, however, they were not all rogues who frequented my house. One good friend I found amongst them. This was the steward of an East India ship.

"On my failure, in the public-house line, this friend procured me the appointment of under steward on board of another East India ship. In two years after, I rose, by steady, civil, and honest conduct, I believe, to be head steward. And in this kind of employment, I continued for about ten years; sailing in various ships, and to various quarters of the world. Having saved a little money, I have now quitted the sea, and, with more experience of the world, and more knowledge of its ways than when I first made a similar attempt, have opened the tavern in which you are now seated, and in which I am so delighted to see you."

Such then was Everard's account of himself; and it left nothing unexplained or unaccounted for. Between eight and nine years after this—for we must now hurry our tale to a close—Joshua Everard died; and, as he had never been married, left his entire property, to which, a prosperous business, in the line of life he had last adopted, had added very considerably, to Captain Wood. A bequest which came most seasonably to that person, as he had some time before retired from the sea in bad health, and by no means in easy circumstances. His relative, Captain Watson, had, several years previously, gone to settle with his family in the United states of America, and they never again met.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

"The game of life! how is it played—by whom—
For what? What fearful trickery
To gain some wretched end; and, still more sad,
How much of mental power, which ought to boast
A nobler aim, employed for means the basest!
'Tis brave to see two knaves engaged, each bent
On duping his opponent; but, alas!
There are some nobler victims—some, whose fate
Might wring hot tears of blood from human hearts."

Old Play.

The father of Walter Augustus Hamilton, our hero, was a man who sacrificed everything to his own ease and comfort. It was a matter of extreme indifference to him how the world wagged, so as he was not personally inconvenienced thereby. He took no interest in its affairs, save that which teaches us to "Eat, drink, and be merry." Left, at his father's death, with a well-stocked farm, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and a plentiful supply of cash to carry it on for a few years, in a short time he rushed headlong to ruin, by reason of his incapability to prevail over himself to use a little exertion. Being thus forcibly made aware of his inability to conduct business, he deemed it advisable to place himself under the control of some one; and, for that purpose, he so far overcame his inherent laziness, as to rise one morning by daybreak, adorn himself in his best toggery, and walk over to Mrs Wadset, the widow of an opulent and respectable linendraper, and boldly demand her hand in marriage. The widow, who was "fat, fair, and forty," and exceedingly desirous, as all widows are—ay, and young maidens too—of having a husband, after some trifling display of bashfulness, at once consented; and a few weeks thereafter saw her installed in the dignities of Mrs Hamilton. This lady had for her dower, besides a self-contained house of three stories high, situated in Newington, several thousand pounds, lent out at interest by her law agents, who were pretty generally esteemed to be—however extraordinary it may appear—*honest* men. Thus was Mr Hamilton at once provided for.

About a twelvemonth after their union, our hero was born. His earlier years were passed in the usual way in which the earlier years of children are almost invariably passed—that is to say he was fed on pap and mutton broth, cried a great deal, and was exceedingly troublesome to his nurse. When he had attained the age of five, without being annoyed with the appearance of a younger brother or sister, Mrs Hamilton had given up all hopes of any further addition to her family. She, therefore, resolved that her only son should become a prodigy of learning. He was, accordingly, apprenticed to the mysteries of dancing, fencing, drawing, and music, shortly afterwards; and, on reaching his tenth year, was entered as a pupil to the first class of the New Academy at Silver-mills, then just opened—it being, in Mrs Hamilton's estimation, a more aristocratic place than the High School, and at which her son would infallibly mix with boys his superiors in birth and station, who might prove of much advantage to his advancement in the world.

Here it was that Walter Augustus formed the acquaintanceship of a boy named Poodle, the son of a London attorney, who, being Walter's senior by two years, and having received his early education in England, where the much-to-be-deprecated system of "fagging" exists, deemed the Scotch boy a fit subject to tyrannize over. Walter Augustus, though extremely passionate, was a sweet-tempered boy; and he bore Poodle's insults, and even blows, for some time, with the most exemplary patience, until one day, that Poodle having broken a pane of glass in one of the school windows, and having sworn that Walter was the culprit, in the impulse of the moment, Walter drew forth a broken clasp-knife, which he happened to have in his pocket, and wounded Poodle in the hand. The blood flowed plenteously; and Poodle was not slow in telling all the other boys in the class of Walter's "desperate character." One of them, in particular, taking upon himself the gift of prophecy, ventured to assert that, some day or other, "Walter Hamilton would commit a murder!" Trivial as the circumstance was from which the boy made this wise deduction, Walter could not dispel from his mind the idea that the boy really spoke of his future fate; and, for years, that dreadful sentence never left his memory.

About the time that Walter arrived at the age of fourteen, there came to live, for a short time, with his parents, a young lady, the daughter of an intimate friend of Mrs Hamilton. She was a beautiful, accomplished woman, of twenty-two; and for her Walter conceived a violent affection. A girl of his own age for a sweetheart would never have been endurable; but a full-grown and beautiful woman was just the being on whom, he thought, he ought to bestow his love; for he read novels, and the pathetic stories in the magazines, and deemed himself a being of some consequence. He loved melancholy and moonlight, studied Byron, contemplated the setting sun, and wrote serious verses upon the moon, the trees, the flowers, the sea, and upon everything in Nature. He would not have written anything lively for the world; for he thought fun an insult to his feelings. He was a scholar and a poet; and he had long been wanting to fall in love with somebody. The arrival of Miss Stanford at his father's, was the signal for the commencement of his operations in the field of Cupid; but the affair was more serious than he could have imagined—more of real feeling mingled with the thing than he expected. He "never told his love;" but, for many months, endeavoured to make it apparent to "the girl of his choice," by every possible pathetical mode. He looked at her till he could look no longer; listened to her every word; gathered flowers for her, and, when they were dead, wept over them and placed them next his heart. He read to her all the love verses in the magazines and newspapers of the day, and affected to caress little children in her presence. He thought of her in her absence, till his thoughts became feelings; and what was begun, as a matter of course, terminated in real tenderness, no less ridiculous.

Finding himself alone with her by moonlight, in a bower behind the house, he fell upon his knees, seized her lily hand, and made a vehement declaration of his passion; besought her to have compassion on his youth, vowed eternal constancy, and swore he could not live without her. He

drew a glowing picture of the happiness of married life; talked long and warmly upon the tyranny of parents and of friends; and, finally, rising with the subject, assured her that he had seven shillings and sixpence saved off his "piece money;" and besought her to commit herself to his protection, and elope with him that night. He was too much agitated, in the first instance, to observe the effect of his pleadings; but he was soon most fearfully enlightened; for the little gipsy, at the termination of his declaration, rose from her seat, and, bursting into a loud laugh, ran out of the bower. To add to Walter's misery, the cruel girl, a week after this event, married a man of thirty-four, who, as Blackwood says, "shaved twice a day;" and, no doubt, she entertained him with an account of the smooth faced boy's presumption.

Nothing remarkable occurred during the further attendance of Walter Augustus Hamilton at the academy. At the end of the fifth year, he was transplanted to the junior Humanity Class in the University of Edinburgh; where, if he did not acquire any other accomplishment, he was taught, by the elder boys, to get deep in his tailor's books, smoke cigars, drink whisky toddy, and strut along Princes' Street every day, with the most devil-may-care manner imaginable. There is no saying to what results such precocious beginnings, of what is termed "life," might have led, had not Walter Augustus been suddenly awakened to a sense of his true condition, by the death of his mother; who, having been defrauded of her patrimony by the failure of those who held it in trust, had died the victim of a broken heart.

Left almost alone in the world—for Walter well knew that his best friend was gone—the brilliant prospects he had looked forward to he felt were fast fading. His father was too easy a man to care much for anything, so long as he could procure his own subsistence without any exertion; for, on Mrs Hamilton's demise, a merchant, who had known her and her husband from their childhood, having learned the cause of her death, came generously forward, and offered to take the house in Newington off Mr Hamilton's hands, upon the speculation of allowing him fifty pounds a-year for it during his lifetime. To this Mr Hamilton at once consented. The pittance thus obtained, however, was clearly not sufficient to keep both father and son; so the merchant, before-mentioned, took upon himself the task of providing a situation for Walter Augustus, which he did, by placing him behind the counter of a small draper's shop in the town of Leith. Such a trade was, by no means, congenial to either the young gentleman's taste or feelings; and he remonstrated with his father on the subject. Prayers, entreaties, and protestations, were all in vain—Walter Augustus was sent *on trial*. Three days were quite enough to disgust him with the trade, the draper himself, his capacious, vulgar, red-faced spouse, their three excruciatingly ugly daughters, and their two bandy-legged sons. It was then that he announced to that amiable set of persons, his intention to remove himself and his property, consisting of two changes of linen, "Rede's Road to the Stage," "Shakspeare" in one volume, and Byron's "Childe Harold," whithersoever it might please the fates to ordain.

He had no sooner astonished the abominables by announcing his intention, than he proceeded to carry it into effect. It was in June; and the weather was warm, even for the season. He walked into the Links, which was populated by sundry babes and grown-up children, all engaged in the then fashionable game of cricket. What a delicious afternoon that was! Walter looked upon himself as one who had escaped from the trammels of a cruel taskmaster.

"The world was all before him where to choose."

Alas, poor boy! he little knew upon what a villanous world it was that he had cast himself. He walked along the sea-shore towards Portobello; and as he gazed upon the clear and smooth rolling waters, he felt not the pangs of hunger Night came on, and the chill dews fell around. He crept into a field upon the wayside; and, with the damp grass for his couch, the trunk of an old tree for his pillow, heaven for his canopy, and some very annoying doubts as to the propriety of casting away a bad home in the absence of a better for his consolation, he fell fast asleep; nor did he awaken until the following morning, when Phœbus took the liberty of rousing him.

With what horror did Walter now contemplate his desolate condition. He felt weak and stiff about the joints; and it was not till he had plunged into the sea, and set his blood once more in vigorous circulation, that he could shake off the idea of utter helplessness and outcast misery. Unknowing what course next to pursue, and heedless how he was going, he walked listlessly and sadly towards Edinburgh; and it was not till he found himself, at nine in the morning, in front of the Register Office, that he awoke to a knowledge of his whereabouts.

To return to his father, and talk to him about the debasing vulgarity of the people he had been placed with, seemed to Walter a throwing away of labour and argument; and to speak to him of what he considered himself fit for, and even yet might *become*, would, he felt convinced, only lead him to shrink from what it would be necessary for him to *do*; and, with these considerations, he resolved never again to see his father until he could say—"I have struggled, and I have conquered."

The sale of his copy of "Childe Harold," procured for Walter the means of purchasing a breakfast; and he stept into a coffee-house, for the purpose of filling up the dire *hiatus valde deflendus* which his stomach loudly called for. While breakfast was preparing, he took up a newspaper, and, happening to glance over the advertisement columns, his eye met that of—

"Wanted—A smart, intelligent, and well-educated youth.

"Apply to Humphrey M'Swine, S.S.C."

"Here is an opening for some enterprising young fellow," thought Walter; and he was not long in thinking himself just cut out for the situation—all the epithets in which the advertisement abounded, answering, in his estimation, his own description. Breakfast over, he hurried off, in remarkably high spirits, to Humphrey M'Swine's residence, which was situated in a narrow lane somewhere in the New Town. How he rubbed up his Latin, and trembled from head to foot, as he stood upon the door step waiting the servant's obedience of his tintinnabulary summons: how he rejoiced, amid his trepidation, that he had once read "Erskine's Institutes of the Law of Scotland," and also "Thomson upon Bills."

Vain rejoicing! The door at length was opened by a red-faced, red-elbowed, and remarkably adipose damsel, who, while Walter asked for Mr M'Swine, and told her that he had called in reference to an advertisement which had appeared in the papers, employed one hand in wiping with her apron the grease which she had laid upon the door handle with the other. She then decamped, leaving Walter to gaze into the gloomy lobby, or otherwise amuse himself till her return. He was not kept long in waiting, but forthwith was shewn into Mr M'Swine's business room.

"Oh!" said Mr Humphrey M'Swine, with a strong Highland accent, from behind a pile of printed law papers, arranged on a business table for shew, "you are the lad that wants the place, are you? Have you ever been in service before?"

Walter replied in the negative.

"Never been in service yet!" exclaimed the northern attorney, with as sharp and suspicious a look as such a bull-headed monster could call up. "How have you lived then?"

"I have just come from college," answered Walter; but this explanation made anything but the favourable impression he had anticipated.

"And what can you do, sir?" was the next inquiry.

Walter stated his capabilities as modestly and briefly as considerable natural vanity, and a vehement desire of employment, would allow him.

With wonder impressed upon his bull-dog-like countenance, the solicitor heard him to the end, and then asked—"What sort of a place the young shentleman expected?"

"That of copying clerk," replied Walter.

"Oich, oich, ye'll no dee here—awa, awa wi' ye. There's no employment for the likes of you. I writes all my papers and conducts all my business myself. What I want is a boy to clean boots and knives, to open the door, run messages, and mak himself generally useful; for I cannot bide to have women servants aboot my house—they're sae extravagant. They never can buy beef without bones. Awa' wi' ye, sir—out of my house."

And Walter did go out of his house, but not without feeling a strong inclination to give the low Highlander a beating for his insolence. He saw, however, he was not able for such an effort; so he deemed it advisable to pocket the affront, and go away peaceably; but this repulse caused him more sharp and lasting agony than any other event in his after life.

"Alone, alone—all, all alone," like Coleridge's ancient mariner, as Walter Hamilton was, he did not, at first, know what course next to pursue; but, after an hour's minute deliberation, his resolution was made. Disposing of his remaining books, he departed from Edinburgh, with ten shillings in his purse, and a change of linen in a small paper parcel, and took the road to Glasgow. With occasional helps from empty carts and the backs of stage coaches, he contrived to reach Airdrie that night, where he slept, and next day he set foot in the Trongate of Glasgow, just as the High Church was striking eleven. After regaling himself with the most popular viands of that interesting city, viz., pies and porter, and taking a quiet stroll through the crowded streets, he proceeded to the Broomielaw, from which a steamer was just starting for Greenock. He entered as a steerage passenger, and was soon sailing down the magnificent Clyde at a rapid rate. On reaching Greenock, Walter's first act was to exchange his coat for a sailor's jacket, and his boots for a pair of pumps. That accomplished, he took a boat, and boarded a frigate lying off the shore.

When he got on board, the captain was at dinner. Walter wrote a hasty note, telling his business. He was desired to wait; and he had ample leisure to learn such particulars from the seamen as might be of use to him in his expected interview, ere he was summoned to attend.

"Been to sea before?" inquired the captain, after Walter had been ushered into the cabin.

"Never, sir, since I was a mere child; but I have always had a wish to be so."

"Humph! You wrote this note?"

"I did, sir," said Walter.

"Do you understand any other language than English?"

"French, perfectly; Greek, Latin, and Italian, much less so."

The captain turned to his brother officers; and Walter could see him smile, which he at once set down as a favourable omen. "I shall be shipped," he thought, "and rise by my own daring and my own zeal." His dream was soon dispelled.

"It is as I suspected," said the captain, when he at length broke silence. "Your learning and your manners assort very ill with your coarse jacket. Believe me, boy, you have done ill to abandon the comforts of your home: you have no idea of the hardships of the situation you solicit; and before you were a week on board, you would curse yourself for volunteering, and me for accepting your services. I shall cause you to be put ashore immediately; and though I do not wish to interfere with whatever course you may feel inclined to adopt, I beg of you to think to-night of your parents, and to turn homewards, and relieve their sufferings."

Little did the captain know that he was giving an advice to one who could not follow it; that he was speaking to one who was homeless, motherless, and the son of a father who would not have given himself the smallest trouble to save him from starvation or the hulks.

Walter could not reply; but his downcast countenance and burning cheeks merely served to confirm the captain in the opinion he had formed of him. Handing him a glass of wine, and shaking him heartily by the hand, the captain bade him farewell, and placed him in the care of a warrant officer, whom he desired so see him safely landed. Walter leapt into the boat, the oars groaned in the row-locks, and their dripping blades flashed in the moonlit sea. In a few minutes he was again on shore.

After standing stupidly gazing upon the returning boat until he could no longer see her, Walter, with a very blank countenance, retraced his steps to the "Troger" with whom he had left his coat and his boots; and, after much haggling, got them back in exchange for the blue jacket and the pumps, upon payment of the sum of two-and-sixpence. He slept that night in Greenock, after having debated with himself as to what he should try next; and, as usual, came to a determination. He bethought him of becoming a stage player. The stage had, all his life, been looked on as the place to which he could fly when neglected by the world. From his earliest infancy, he was madly and enthusiastically attached to theatricals; but these were the first moments he ever seriously resolved to enter into the profession. There was no theatre open in Greenock at that season, but having ascertained that a company were performing at Helensburgh, he set out early the next morning for that beautiful watering-place, and reached it soon after noon. He soon found out the theatre; and having ascertained the manager's residence, speedily stood before that august personage; for, unlike the managers of great towns, he was "very easy of access;" and, after mentioning his wish to become a member of the company of Thespians, he was engaged, at the liberal salary of twelve shillings a-week, to "go on" as a miscellaneous leader of an awkward squad of supernumeraries, intended to represent a regiment of soldiers, and occasionally to appear in the line of "a walking gentleman." It was by the greatest good luck that he even got this appointment; for, there being a vacancy in the company, the manager had received, by post, at least twenty offers to supply it; and he was just on the eve of writing to engage a Mr Buggins from Dumfries, when Walter called; and his genteel appearance, and willingness to perform that very night, at once secured for him the engagement.

Behold our hero, now fairly entered at last on the arduous duties of a profession, such as it is, and in which he was to experience many vicissitudes. Little do those mistaken pietists, who rail against the theatre as an unchristian diversion, know of the "many miseries" which attend the life of a poor player, doomed to wandering and privation. If they did, they would, perhaps, pause ere they ventured to write one line against him, particularly as they have no convincing argument to advance. Subject to the despotic sway of a manager, hard wrought and ill paid, bearing

> "The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely;"

and all in the delusive hope of one day procuring an engagement in London, and there by a display of those ex-

traordinary abilities which they imagine themselves to possess, gaining wealth and fame, and all those joys the world can give. Many, very many, are doomed to a player's life from their infancy: their fathers were actors before them, and they have no opportunity of rising above "the beggarly profession," should such be their earnest wish. A young and pretty female, "orphaned and without a home," thus left, with no other means to resort to for her subsistence, is greatly to be pitied. The managers of theatres, provincial ones in particular, on whom such girls are ever dependent, are great bashaws, and if their roving eyes should take a fancy to any of these "sweet speaking pieces of womanhood," in their unprotected state, they have no power of resistance: threats of starvation, and, in some cases, actual starvation, are resorted to, and such arbitrary measures go a good way towards the subjugation of the unyielding fair one.

The first character in which Walter made his appearance on the stage was that of an anonymous Highlander in "Rob Roy," there being no time for him to prepare a speaking part. The next morning, the manager told him that he had selected a sweet little character for him to appear in that very night, and handed him the book to commence his studies. This sweet little character was no other than *Darby*, in "The Poor Soldier"—a character in which he was not likely to cut a good figure. However, he had no choice; but, taking the book, he retired to the upper end of the stage, and, pacing to and fro, commenced his studies. In a short time, he was able to go over the part with great correctness; and before he left the theatre, at four o'clock, he was "dead perfect."

During the day, Walter had been troubled with certain qualms, which young actors are subject to; and when the night came, it was with a palpitating heart that he went to the theatre. What a state of nervous agitation he was in, when he peeped through a hole in the curtain, and saw that the house was full. He was told by his comrades to keep up his spirits, and never to mind the fright, as it would just be one plunge, and then all would be over.

"My advice to you, young man," said Mr Spiggles, the leading tragedian, "is, to regard those heads you see sticking up in the pit there as so many full-grown cabbages."

Though Walter felt their kindness in thus attempting to encourage him, it was without effect. He trembled from head to foot; so much so, that he could hardly put on the dress, which had the additional drawback of being too small for him. It was of light blue, and had evidently been made to fit one of a greyhoundish description; and Walter was a stout-built young man, of fair proportion. When, therefore, he succeeded in pushing himself into the "mutton case," he felt completely pinned in; his arms stuck out, and he had not the power to draw them in again. Had he been confined in a strait jacket, he could not have felt so uncomfortable; yet, in this state, he walked on the stage like a malefactor going to execution. His appearance was greeted by an uproarious laugh from all parts of the house; and some of the least sympathizing among the audience shouted out—"A tailor! a tailor!" This was annihilation. Walter tried to speak; but his mouth was so dry and parched, that, although he opened it, and made the form of speaking, he could emit no sound. The laughing and shouting continued. Strong indignation conquered the feeling of fright: he shut his eyes to keep out the light, and spoke all the words boldly and loudly, but without "the slighest taste of the brogue;" and no sooner had he finished his task, than he rushed off, lest his terror should have caused him to drop down on the stage. The next scene he managed a little better, and obtained the honour of the manager's approving nod.

"'Twill do in time," said he: "nothing but fright. Soon rub the rust off. You've got a pretty voice. I will give you a serious part next night. Take the book to-night, and come perfect to rehearsal to-morrow."

Walter was glad his task was over; and as the clock struck twelve, he emerged from the theatre with the sum of one-and-fourpence in his pocket—the amount of his share for that night's performance, which had been more than usually well attended.

On his return to his lodgings—for his genteel appearance had gained him a room in a tolerably respectable house, on condition of defraying his expenses nightly—he threw himself upon the mercy of his landlady, and handed over to her his one shilling and fourpence; but, as she expected a larger sum—having, besides his bed, provided him with two dinners and a breakfast, and having heard that the players had had a full house—she received it with a gloomy countenance, such as a landlady alone can exhibit when she demands her rent, and her poor lodger has nothing with which to pay it. It was in vain that Walter explained to her the deductions that had been made from the general receipts; and, Heaven knows! in a sharing company they are tremendous. She was not aware of anything of that nature; and all the eloquence he could use was of no avail to convince her that he had not retained the greater portion in his own keeping: so they parted with mutual displeasure, Walter supperless to his couch, and she to her own room, vowing vengeance against the swindling stroller. It could scarcely be supposed that after a whole day and night's labour at the theatre, and after such a reception as this, Walter could be in a fine mood for study; yet he proceeded to open his book, and set to work, as much to divert his mind from annoyance, as to persevere in his new calling, and, by dint of application, endeavour to qualify himself for some better theatre, where he might procure the means of existence. The new part he had assigned to him, was *Rosse*, in the tragedy of "Macbeth." He liked it; and when one likes a part, they are usually at the utmost pains to qualify themselves to represent it to the best of their ability. He did so; and, before he slept, made himself what is called "rough perfect" in it. When he awoke in the morning, well knowing that he had no chance for breakfast, he sallied forth, book in hand. He chose the most unfrequented paths on the banks of the Clyde; and, by eleven o'clock, the hour of rehearsal, had got the words so perfect, that he could say them without making a single mistake.

At the end of the day, Walter observed almost all his new companions adjourn together to enjoy themselves in a tavern. They had not been so foolish as he had been, to give their thankless hostesses all, or even a part of their last night's share. They had more experience than Walter, and could brave the storm with a much better grace. Being in no capacity to join them, Walter slunk off unobserved to his solitary walk. That day his diet was of the kind with which strolling players in particular are extremely well acquainted, and designate by the title of "beef and greens:" that is to say, they feast their eyes upon the cows grazing in the meadows. However, the approaching bustle of the night, and the preparation of dressing for the piece, the lively sallies of the performers, and the pomposity of the manager, superadded to a relapse of his disease of the preceding night, usually called "stage fright," most effectually dispelled the pangs of hunger. He spoke the part in fear and trembling—he could not be expected to act it. He was tolerated; and received, after the business was over, the sum of fivepence, and two ends of candle!

It is astonishing with what method and regularity a provincial company of actors will go through their performance to a house containing one individual at full price, and about half-a-dozen at half price; for this is about the usual complement of audience, even though the company should be a

good one. And it was with this "profession" that Walter had allied himself, in the vain hope of rising above poverty. He possessed, in an eminent degree, two necessary qualifications for an actor—energy and attention. This the manager soon discovered; and finding that Walter had no objections, after a little practice, to perform the duties of prompter, besides appearing on the stage, he felt highly delighted, as it allowed himself greater leisure; and Walter's time, except four hours allowed him for sleep, was accordingly completely engrossed, and no additional pay tendered him. The result of all which was, that, at the end of the short season, he had become thoroughly disgusted with an actor's life; but, as nothing better presented itself, he applied for and received an engagement in England. Within two years, many were the country towns he visited in the capacity of stroller, but at none of them did he ever procure so much of this world's wealth at one time as to furnish him with a comfortable supper. It was while in this unenviable state, that he received intelligence of the sudden death of his father. He was utterly devoid of the means of travelling to Scotland, nor did he know any one who could lend him a shilling; so he was compelled to remain where he was, and feed upon the bitter reflection that a stranger's hand had smoothed his father's dying pillow, a stranger's hand would place him in the grave. An instance of the destitution to which Walter was reduced may here be mentioned:—Once being engaged to play at Shipton, and having travelled upwards of seventy miles to the scene of action, he arrived there in company with three other heroes of the sock and buskin. Not one of them had a single halfpenny in his pocket; and on waiting on the manager, they discovered that he was as "short" as themselves; but he gave them the assurance (a commodity with which managers are always plentifully supplied) that, in a day or two, the theatre would open; that the magistrates had given permission; fine large barn bespoke; capital theatrical town; always good benefits, and salary sure. Soothed by so brilliant a prospect, Walter and his three companions adjourned to a public-house, where they made known their profession to the landlord, and concluded an agreement for board and lodging at very moderate terms: an excellent supper and bed followed. Several days passed very delightfully in walking, angling, and other "pleasant pastimes," interspersed with good breakfasts, dinners, teas, and suppers; when, lo! the manager entered their sitting room one morning, with despair in his countenance, and stated that an unexpected opposition had taken place on the part of the magistrates, who had withdrawn their permission for the opening of a theatre, and was afraid they should be compelled to leave the town. That very day the company was broken up; and our party were left to consider how they should discharge their bill for a week's board and lodging, which the landlady had just handed them, accompanied with a cruelly suspicious glance. This was at eleven o'clock on a Saturday forenoon. They walked out to plan ways and means, and returned to their accustomed dinner. None was forthcoming. Thought that the folks of Shipton might not eat dinners upon a Saturday, so waited patiently for tea: none appeared. Supper; not a cheeseparing. Went to bed: rose on Sunday morning to breakfast: saw nothing but a bare table and angry looks. At length, literally famished, Walter Augustus Hamilton, the oracle of the party, waited on the landlady, and solicited something for himself and companions to eat. It was stoutly refused; not a morsel would be given till the bill was paid. One o'clock arrived, and the party, looking out of the tavern window into the street, experienced the tortures of Tantalus, in witnessing the passing to and fro of joints, pies, &c., from the neighbouring bakehouses.

Eight-and-twenty hours had elapsed, and not a morsel had entered their mouths. Again was the landlady entreated; but, no, the bill must first be paid. Another hour passed, the conversation turned upon people who had been starved to death, and other equally interesting topics, when the door suddenly opened, and, to their surprise, in walked the landlord, who had been from home all day, with a quartern loaf, some cheese, and a pot of porter. He placed them on the table, and told them to eat; but added, that, in the morning, he would take them before a magistrate. The eatables were speedily demolished; and, hunger being somewhat appeased, gentle hints were uttered of the necessity of getting out of the house and the town as fast as possible. Walter suggested that, as he had a pair of inexpressibles, a decent shirt, and a few "properties," in his bedroom, it would be a pity to decamp without them. He, accordingly, proceeded to the bedroom, and, after drawing on his trousers, and putting on his other shirt, and a waistcoat or so, above their legitimate brethren, returned to his companions wonderfully increased in bulk. The plan was much admired, and likewise adopted by them. And now came the difficulty of getting out of the house. It was a fine summer's evening, and the window of the room they occupied was thrown up. Walter looked into the street, suggested an egress thereby, which had scarcely been proposed, when the shrill and angry voice of the landlady was heard in the stairs, exclaiming—"Where be the shirts as was on the bed?" This was the signal for desperation: the party leaped from the window into the street, and ran with all speed out of the town; and it was not till they reached a corn-field, some two miles from thence, that they ventured to halt and take breath; where they disencumbered themselves of their superfluous apparel, and proceeded to Northampton in great glee.

The next town at which Walter thought it likely he would procure an engagement, was Carlisle. He had to travel all the way on foot; and a mighty long way he found it, for he had not much "to come and go upon." Towards the evening of the second day, in crossing a by road through a forest, near the base of the mountain of Skiddaw, he was accosted by two men in tattered garments, with clubbed sticks in their hands, with—

"Which way are you going, my boy?"

Walter's beard was of a fortnight's growth, and he looked as rough and as uncouth as either of them. He told them he was a stranger to the country, and hardly knew which way he was going.

"Come, then," said one of them, "let's see what you are made of. Turn out your pockets."

On this Walter threw open his greatcoat—drew forth his stage dagger; and they started back, not expecting, seemingly, to find him armed.

"Harkye, my friends," said Walter, brandishing his tin-foil dagger, "I am one of the desperate ones, and have more need of *protection* than to be rifled. I am flying from the poverty of the world; and if you can point out to me any way to better my fortune, I shall feel extremely obliged to you."

"Will you be one of us?" asked the first speaker.

"What are you?" naturally inquired Walter.

"We are," returned he, "part of a company who dwell in this forest, and lead a very easy, undisturbed life. We are sworn friends to each other, and live by marauding."

"That is to say," retorted Walter, "you are a gang of rascals;" but, checking himself for the asperity of the term, on reflecting that it is the polite and the witty only who can bear raillery, he said—"Come, my lads, I don't mean to affront you. You may be as great, in *your* way, as the best of men are in *theirs*. You, perhaps, act hut as the rest of the world—that is, you do no right, take no wrong, keep what you get, and get what you can; plunder those only who have not heart to give; live an independent life upon the fat of the land; and kill your own mutton. Come, lead on: I'll see your company!"

"But we must know," said one of them, "what likelihood there is of your continuing with us, and that you will not betray us."

"My poverty," replied Walter, "is the best security for my not quitting an easy, independent life; and, as I shall be but one among many, if I prove treacherous, pistol me."

"Agreed!" cried they. "Give us your hand."

Then one of them pulled a gin bottle from his pocket, and asked Walter "if he would have a sup?" Walter drank with them, as a ratification of their covenant, and then followed them.

During the way, they informed Walter that their company consisted of seventeen stout men, between twenty years of age and fifty, and that it was of many years standing. Not putting the greatest confidence in these his new friends, Walter made them walk before him, saying, that, "as they became better acquainted, he, probably, should not be so distrustful." They took what he said in good part, and told him "they thought they should reach their place of rendezvous by the hour of meeting, which was eleven o'clock." They led him through many intricate and by paths; and Walter observed, that though they passed several foresters, none took any more notice than merely looking back after he and his companions had passed them. One person, indeed, stopped, and mentioned to Nim, (which was the name of the ruffian who had spoken first to Walter,) that his henroost had been robbed the night before, and he was anxious to know whether any of their friends knew anything about it. Nim assured him he could speak for himself, "ay, indeed," he added, and for the whole company." For, it would appear, they suffered no plunder in the place, if they could help it, but what they committed themselves.

"We act with generosity," Nim told Walter, as they pursued their journey, "and never take but from those who can afford to lose."

"It would be happy for this country," observed Walter, "if all men could boast the same; for it is the misfortune of the wretched ever to be the prey of the rapacious."

"Eeod, Nim!" said Trig—(for that was the name of the other honourable scoundrel whom Walter had been pleased to take by the hand;) "this seems to be a good fellow—he must be our ruler next year."

To this mark of approbation, Walter made a profound obeisance of acknowledgment; and he was then informed by the banditti, that "one of their company was annually chosen ruler by a majority of the rest."

They were now near the place of rendezvous. A very short time brought them up with the company, which seemed to be all met; and such a set of banditti Walter had never seen assembled before. They were seated on the ground in a ring, within a glade in the thickest part of the forest; and, as a circular trench was dug out within this ring, to let down their legs as they sat, the ground before them served them for a table, which was raised above the level of their seats by the earth thrown out of the trench. Before each man were placed his wallet, and his weapons of defence. On Walter's arrival at this place, his companions introduced him to their ruler, as one that wished to be of the company; "and for whose honour and attachment," they said, "they could venture to answer."

"Gentlemen," said Walter, addressing the company, "you see before you a man, who though young in life, has seen enough of the world to be sick of it; and who will be happy to find a retreat among *you*. I am a stranger to fear, and equal to anything consistent with prudence. What the majority of this company dare propose, I think I dare undertake; and, if conducted with spirit, will almost answer for the event."

This speech met with general applause, and Walter was installed a member of the band.

Walter continued in this society nearly two years. At his first outset, he gave such universal satisfaction, that, in three months after his joining it, he was unanimously chosen their ruler. His first endeavour was to place the company on a more *respectable* footing than it had ever been before. They acted sometimes in a body, sometimes in detachments; and so, scoured the whole forest. They were at constant war with the smugglers; robbed them whenever they had an opportunity; and, in so doing, became, in their own estimation, useful members to the State. It was a rule that Walter laid down, never to commit any depredations but on suspected people, on the griping and avaricious, and such persons as studied to be troublesome to the band; but it was strictly forbidden to rob solitary individuals upon the highway. Thus, from villains of the first denomination, Walter reduced them to scoundrels of the second—making them rather serviceable to the community than otherwise. Although linked with

"Desperate men, dealing in desperate ways,"

Walter Hamilton contrived to keep himself free from those crimes with which his associates were burdened. He touched not their stolen gear, even the food he eat was derived from the presents sent him, in his capacity of leader, by the farmers near the forest, for the protection his band afforded them. His control, however, ceased the moment he lost his rulership; and, with horror, he saw his associates degenerating into their old system of promiscuous robbery. Disgusted with their ongoings, he had made up his mind to part company with them; and a circumstance occurred which rendered this imperative.

Shortly after Walter had made this resolve, he happened to take a stroll through the forest; and, ere he once had thought where he was going, he unexpectedly found himself near the highroad. It was a beautiful summer's day; the air was pure, and sunshine was over the face of Nature. The noise of distant carriage wheels struck upon Walter's ears; and, looking along the road, he descried a carriage rolling onward at a brisk pace. It had just reached the corner of the wood, when two men jumped from among the trees, and commanded the postilion to halt. Walter was not slow to recognise his ancient friends, Nim and Trig, in the persons of the highwaymen. One of them presented a pistol to the postilion's head, and caught hold of the horses by the reins, while the other proceeded to open the carriage door. A long and piercing scream met Walter's ear; and, on the instant, he hurried forward to offer his assistance to the oppressed. He was just in time to prevent Nim from forcibly tearing a pair of gold bracelets from the arm of a young lady—the only occupant of the coach.

"Desist," cried Walter, fiercely.

"Pooh! pooh! no blarney!" exclaimed Nim, assuming an air of coolness; "move on your way, and leave us alone. You ain't our ruler now."

Walter did not allow the ruffian time enough to say more, but, with the butt end of his pistol, instantly levelled him with the earth. Trig, seeing his comrade fall, took to his heels, leaving Walter master of the field.

The young lady in the carriage thanked Walter, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, for her deliverance. She offered him her purse; but he politely declined it, and, making a low bow, bade the young lady a respectful "farewell:" he then shut the carriage door, and desired the postilion to proceed on his way. The carriage drove off, and Walter was again alone. After what had just occurred between him and the ruffian Nim, who lay at some short distance off, still insensible, he knew that it would be folly for him to return to the quarters of his free companions. He, therefore, set off, on the spur of the moment, for Carlisle, which he soon reached; and was soon lucky enough to procure an engagement at the theatre.

He had been here some weeks, when, one day, as he was proceeding homeward, after rehearsal, his attention was arrested, at the corner of one of the principal streets, by seeing a horse, on which a lady rode, dashing along at a terrible pace. The animal had evidently taken fright; and from the nervous grasp with which the fair rider clutched the reins, Walter at once perceived that her courage was giving way, and that her trepidation would soon cause her to relax her grasp, when it was plain what would be her fate. No one in the street attempted to stop the horse, but every one rather hurried out of its way. In an instant Walter had darted forward, and succeeded in catching the now infuriated animal by the bridle reins. The impetus of the animal being thus suddenly stopped, the lady loosed her hold, and pale, and breathless, was slipping from her saddle, when Walter stepped to her side, and caught her in his arms ere she touched the earth. What was his amazement to find, that he clasped to his breast the form of her whom he had saved from the rough handling of the ruffian Nim. He gave orders that the horse should be taken care of, while he conveyed her to the nearest inn, where, after a short time, she was sufficiently recovered to proceed home. She could not speak her unbounded gratitude to her deliverer; words failed her when she attempted it. She informed him that her name was Jemima Blake; that she was the only daughter of an extensive landed proprietor in the vicinity: and, at parting, strongly pressed him to visit her at Woodvale, when her father would have an opportunity of thanking him for the preservation of her life.

Walter did not hesitate to accept of the kind invitation; and many were the happy evenings he spent at Woodvale. Months passed, and Walter loved. The affection he had felt for Miss Stanford, he had long looked back upon as a mere boyish fancy; but now, that he was grown a man, the love which now filled his breast was of quite a different cast: it was a deep, a devoted attachment, unmixed with thoughts of wealth or honour: he loved Jemima for herself alone. Jemima was of a romantic turn of mind, and therefore was not slow to reciprocate. She loved Walter almost as intensely as he loved her. They had secret meetings and moonlight walks, and their troth was plighted. Jemima knew well that her father would never consent to her becoming the wife of a strolling player; and, without his knowledge, it was clearly impossible that the nuptial ceremony could take place in Carlisle. In the enthusiasm of the moment, Walter proposed an elopement, on the first night he was not required at the theatre; which was at once agreed to by Jemima, perhaps more from a mistaken notion of the romantic than for any other reason. The period fixed on for the elopement at length arrived. It was the twilight hour of a summer's evening at which they met, Walter having previously given orders for a carriage to be in readiness at a short distance from the residence of Jemima. The thin crescent of the new moon floated in the eastern sky, and the deep woods glowed with the rose glories of twilight. Over the peak of a dim shadowy hill, glittered the solitary star of evening. A universal silence seemed to pervade the whole face of nature: the voices of the birds were stilled; the breeze, which had refreshed them during the day, died away as if its offices were completed. "What heart," says the younger D'Israeli, in his exquisite novel of "Vivian Grey," "has not acknowledged the influence of this hour—the sweet and soothing hour of twilight!—the hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest—when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved more dearly; when we remember our enemies only to forgive them."

"Come, my own one, my dearest," said Walter, clasping the beautiful girl to his heart. "Let us fly to love and liberty. The carriage is in readiness at the corner of yonder copse. Come, I am all anxiety, we may be surprised!"

Jemima could only answer him with a kind, a gentle look, for there was sorrow in her heart; duty was striving hard with inclination, and she half repented of having given her consent to the rash step she was about to take. In Walter's presence she felt herself, as it were, spell-bound; she could not retreat, and she suffered herself to be led forward towards the copse. At the moment that Walter was assisting her into the carriage, the figure of a man appeared suddenly before them.

"Good Heavens! it is my cousin," cried Jemima. "Save yourself, Walter. Leave me to my fate!" So saying, she sunk, terror-stricken, into Walter's arms. Walter placed her in the carriage, and turned to his opponent.

"What would you, sir?" he said.

"Villain!" cried the stranger, "your life must answer for this outrage. Defend yourself! Here are pistols!" And he forced one into Walter's grasp. "Now, sir, take your stand!"

Walter raised the pistol almost mechanically; his finger was on the trigger; a moment, and, to his horror, his adversary fell dead at his feet. In the first moment of his anguish, he would have given worlds to have undone the deed, but it was too late. He was a murderer! The prediction was accomplished. With desperate energy he leapt into the carriage, and gave orders to drive off. A last look he cast upon the body of his unhappy victim; the face was turned towards the sky; a moonbeam rested on the pale and ghastly features. Walter started; he knew that face. Horror! he had killed his schoolfellow, George—he had killed him who, in a careless moment, had said, "Walter Hamilton would commit a murder!" He could look no longer; but, throwing himself back in the carriage, for a few moments gave himself up to the agonizing thoughts which came thick and fast upon him. He was speedily aroused from his unpleasant reverie, and called back to the world he had forgotten, and the consciousness of the proximity of a being that was dear to him, by a faint sigh from his companion. That sigh was the signal of returning life; for, at the very moment her cousin had forced the pistol upon Walter, she had fainted. By a little care and attention on Walter's part, he had soon the happiness of seeing his beloved Jemima restored to consciousness; but, alas! it was not to be of long duration. He bent down, he kissed her soft silken cheek, and whispered in her ear the soft tale of love. Her hand was in his; her head sunk upon his breast. Suddenly she clung to him with a strong grasp.

"Jemima! dearest! You are overcome. Speak! speak, my beloved! Say you are not ill!"

She spoke not, but clung to him with a fearful strength, her head still upon his breast, her full eyes closed. Walter leant over her; he did not attempt to disengage her arms; and, by degrees, by very slow degrees, her grasp loosened. At last, her arms gave way, and fell by her side, and her eyes partly opened.

"Thank God!—thank God! Jemima! my own—my beloved! Say you are better!"

She answered not; evidently she did not see him. A film was on her sight, and her eye was glassy. Walter called out to the coachman to stop; and he rushed to a streamlet that flowed by the wayside; and in a moment he had sprinkled her temples, now covered with cold dew. Her pulse beat not; the circulation seemed suspended. Her eyes were open, and fixed in their stare; and her hand was stiff! Almost frantic, Walter desired the coachman to proceed to the next cottage, which, he remembered, was about a mile off, and procure some other assistance to the helpless girl. This the coachman refused to do. In his

agony Walter could almost have struck the fellow to the earth; but the reflection that the blood of one being was more than enough to answer for, stayed his hand. He shouted aloud. No one came—no one was near.

Once more he bent over the beloved one, with staring eyes and "ear attent," listening for the soundless breath. No sound! not even a sigh. Oh, what would he not have given for her shriek of anguish! No change had occurred in her position; but the lower part of her face had fallen, and there was a general appearance which struck him with awe. Her body was quite cold. He gazed, and gazed, and gazed. It was very slowly that the dark thought came over his mind, very slowly that the horrible truth seized upon his soul. He gave a loud shriek, and fell upon the lifeless body of Jemima Blake.

When Walter came to himself again, he was stretched on his bed in his own room in the inn at Wallworth. The beams of the new moon were streaming in at the casement upon a figure, enshrouded in white, that was stretched upon a table. Walter, with some difficulty, arose, and staggered towards it. Heavens! there lay Jemima Blake, quite stiff and cold. Suddenly the recollection of all that past evening's events crowded upon his brain. He wept, he knelt, he prayed. He hugged the lifeless body of her to whom he had pledged his young affection, and imprinted his burning kisses on her clay-cold lips.

Suddenly the door of the room was burst open, and the glare of lights filled the apartment.

"There," said a voice, which Walter, even in his frenzy, recognised as belonging to the coachman whom he had hired to assist him in his scheme that night—"There he is."

"Seize the murderer!" shouted another voice.

Walter started, and rose to his feet, confronting his adversaries.

"Who calls me?" he cried. But none answered; for, beneath the wild and unearthly glare of his eyes, the myrmidons of justice quailed.

"Seize him!" said the second voice, after a pause.

"Stand off!" said Walter. "The first who approaches me shall die." And he clutched up a strong iron bar from a corner of the room. "Wretches! bloodhounds! think ye I would part with her? Never! In these desperate arms I'll bear her through the world, till, in the grave, we find Arcadia."

"Alas! he's mad," whispered the landlady to one of the bystanders.

"Who says I'm mad?" shrieked Walter. "I am *not* mad! Stand aside—stand aside, and let me pass!"

As he said this, he flung, without any apparent effort, the corpse of Jemima Blake across his left shoulder, and, brandishing the iron bar in his right hand, made for the door. The crowd mechanically gave way; and it was not till after he had been some minutes gone that any one thought of pursuing him. Ere they could make their way down to the inn-yard, Walter had passed the outer gate; and the horse on which the chief constable had rode was found to have been loosened from the post to which he had been tied. There was little doubt but that the murderer had forced him into his service. The animal was a swift one, and Walter's escape was sure.

* * * * * *

"Tramp! tramp! along the land they speed;
Splash! splash! across the sea;
The scourge is red—the spur drops blood—
The flashing pebbles flee."

Onward yet, onward still, over the wolds of Cumberland, did Walter Hamilton ride, on his fleet courser, through the midnight air, with the body of Jemima Blake before him on the saddlebow, until he reached the shore of the Solway. Here dismounting, Walter left the horse to the guidance of his own sweet will, and, with a giant's strength, climbed the shelving rocks which jutted overhead, bearing the body in his arms. High up among those rocks, there was "a deep cave dug by no mortal hand," to which Walter, while on a strolling expedition to Burnham, in the pursuit of his calling, had once seen a countryman ascend, for a wager of five shillings. The feat was accounted a difficult one; and there was no other but this man had, in any one's recollection, paid a visit to this cave. What had been considered so difficult, was accomplished by Walter Augustus Hamilton with the greatest possible ease. Here, in this cave, he laid the body down, and enjoyed the luxury of grief in solitude. The horrible excitement which filled his mind, and long watching and weeping over the fair form of her whom he had loved best on earth, which he here indulged in, in a short time brought on a brain fever. For days and days he lay upon the hard couch which the rocky floor afforded him, without a human being to attend him—without one to bring him even a drop of water to cool his burning throat. At length he recovered, as if it were by a miracle; but his reason had fled. Often, in the pure delight of listening to the echoes, did he make the rocks ring with his idiot laugh.

During the next six months, he seldom stirred from the cave, except to go in quest of food, or to sport among the living waters below; but there he sat, upon a stone, humming some once favourite air, and swinging his body to and fro, as he gazed upon the now fast decaying form of Jemima Blake.

His presence here was become known to the neighbouring peasantry, from the incursions he had made upon the produce of the barnyards; and he was, in their eyes, more an object of terror than of pity. It was, therefore, no very extraordinary thing, that the authorities of Carlisle should have got scent of the murderer, and that the peasantry around should have given, to the soldiery who were despatched in quest of him,

"A clue to his secret lurkingplace."

It was not so very easy, however, to procure any one bold enough to attempt scaling the rocks to capture him, certain as they were of encountering and being at the mercy of a maniac. There was one of the soldiers who, at length, *did* consent to attempt it. He had proceeded a considerable way in his passage up the rocks, when Walter, never dreaming that any one was below, appeared at the mouth of the cave, it being the hour in which he was wont to lave his limbs in the waters. No sooner did he perceive the crowd upon the beach beneath him, than he knew they were come for him. Casting his eyes down the rocks, he saw the figure of the soldier half way between him and the earth. With suddenness he withdrew into the cave, and almost immediately returned, holding above his head, with both hands, the large stone on which he used to sit. An instant, and he hurled it down upon the soldier's head. The poor fellow fell, brained, to the earth; while the idiot's laugh sounded loud among the rocks. His triumph was not long, for the soldiers below seeing their comrade fall, discharged a volley of musketry at him. A long loud shriek; Walter leaped into the air; and his body, pierced by a hundred bullets, rolled at their feet.

In the sea sand was the grave of Walter made, with no stone to mark his restingplace, and but the foaming waves to hymn his funeral dirge.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

DAVID LORIMER.

"There is a history in all men's lives."—*Shak*

It has been often said, and, I believe, with truth, that there are few persons, however humble in station, whose life, if it has been of any duration, does not present some incidents of an interesting if not instructive nature.

Induced by a belief in this assertion as a general truth, and, yet further, by an opinion that, in my own particular case, there are occurrences which will be considered somewhat extraordinary, I venture to lay the following sketch of my life before the reader, in the hope that it will not be found altogether devoid of interest:—

With the earlier part of my history, which had nothing whatever remarkable in it, I need not detain the reader further than to say that my father was, though not a wealthy, a respectable farmer in Lanarkshire; that he lived at ——, within fourteen miles of Glasgow; that I was well educated; and that, at the period when I take up my own history, I was in the eighteenth year of my age.

Having given these two or three particulars, I proceed:—

It was in the year 18—, and during the week of the Glasgow Fair, which occurs in July, that my father, who had a very favourable opinion of my intelligence and sagacity, resolved to entrust me with a certain important mission. This was to send me to the fair of Glasgow to purchase a good draught horse for him.

I am not sure, however, that, with all the good opinion my father entertained of my shrewdness, he would have deputed me on the present occasion had he been able to go himself; but he was not able, being confined to bed by a severe attack of rheumatism. Be this as it may, however, the important business was put into my hands; and great was the joy it occasioned me, for it secured me in an opportunity of seeing Glasgow Fair—a scene which I had long desired to witness, and which I had seen only once when but a very young boy.

From the moment I was informed by my father of his intention of sending me to the fair—and which was only on the day preceding that on which the horse-market is held—my imagination became so excited that I could attend to nothing. I, indeed, maintained some appearance of working—for, though the son of a farmer, I wrought hard—but accomplished little of the reality.

The joys and the splendours of Glasgow Fair, of which I had a dim but captivating recollection, rose before my mind's eye in brilliant confusion—putting to rout all other thoughts, and utterly paralyzing all my physical energies. Nor was the succeeding night less blessed with happy imaginings. My dreams were filled with visions of shows, Punch's opera, rope-dancers, tumblers, &c., &c.; and my ears rung with the music of fiddles, bugles, tambourines, and bass drums. It was a delicious night with me; but the morning which brought an approach to the reality was still more so.

Getting up betimes, I arrayed myself in my best attire; which attire, as I well recollect, consisted of a white corduroy jacket, knee breeches of the same colour and material, and a bright red waistcoat. A "neat Barcelona," tied carelessly round my neck, and a pair of flaming red garters, at least two inches broad, wound round my legs just below the knee, and ending in a knot with two dependent ends hanging down, that waved jauntily as I walked, completed my equipment.

Thus arrayed, and with thirty pounds in my pocket to purchase a horse for my father, I took the road, stick in hand, for Glasgow.

It was a fine summer morning. I was in high spirits and, in my red waistcoat and red garters, looked, I believe, as tight and comely a lad as might be seen.

Pushing on, with a light heart and light step, I quickly reached the suburbs of the city; and, in a few minutes more, was within view and earshot of the sights and sounds of the fair. I saw the crowd; I got a glimpse of the canvas roofs of the shows at the end of the old bridge—the locality on which the fair was then held; and heard the screaming and braying of the cracked trumpets, the clanging of the cymbals, and the thunders of the bass drums.

My heart beat high on hearing these joyous sounds. I quickened my pace; and, in a few seconds, was in the thick of the throng that crowded the space in front of the long line of shows extending from the bridge to the Bridgegate. As it was yet several hours to the height of the horse-market, I resolved on devoting that interval to seeing some of the interesting sights which stood in such tempting array before me.

The first that fixed my regard was "The Great Lancashire Giant," whose portrait, at full length—that is, at the length of some fifteen or twenty feet—flapped on a sheet of canvas nearly as large as the mainsail of a Leith smack.

This extraordinary personage was represented, in the picture, as a youth of sixteen, dressed in a ruffled shirt, a red jacket, and white trousers. And his exhibitor assured the spectators that, though but a boy, he already measured nine feet in height and seven feet round the body: that each of his shoes would make a coffin for a child of five years old, and every stocking hold a sack of flour. Six full-grown persons, he added, could be easily buttoned within his waistcoat; and his tailor, he asserted, was obliged to mount a ladder when he measured him for a jacket.

Deeply interested by the astounding picture of this extraordinary youth, and the still more astounding description given of him by his exhibitor, I ascended the little ladder that conducted to the platform in front of the show; paid my twopence—the price of admission; and, in the next minute, was in the presence of "The Great Lancashire Giant:" a position which enabled me to make discoveries regarding that personage that were not a little mortifying.

In the first place, I found that, instead of being a youth of sixteen, he was a man of at least six-and-thirty: in the next, that if it had not been for the raised dais on which he stood, the enormous thickness of the soles of his shoes, and the other palpably fictitious contrivances and expedients by which his dimensions were enlarged, he would not greatly have exceeded the size of my own father. I found in short, that the tremendous "Lancashire Giant" was merely a pretty tall man, and nothing more.

Quitting this exhibition, and not a little displeased at

being so egregiously bitten, I passed on to the next, which was "Mr Higgenbotham's Royal Menagerie. The Noblest Collection of Wild Beasts ever seen in the Civilized World."

This was a splendid affair. On a narrow stage in front were seated four fat red-faced musicians, in beef-eater coats, puffing and blowing on bugles and trombones. Close by these, stood a thin, sharp-eyed, sallow-complexioned man, in plain clothes, beating a huge drum, and adding the music of a set of Pandean pipes, which were stuck into his bosom, to the general harmony. This was Mr Higgenbotham himself.

But it was the paintings on the immense field of canvas above that particularly attracted my attention. On this field were exhibited an appalling collection of the most terrific monsters. Lions, as large as cows, gambolling amongst rocks; ourang-outangs, of eight feet in height, walking, with sticks in their hands, as grave and stately as drum-majors; and a serpent, as thick as a hogshead, and of interminable length—in truth, without any beginning, middle, or end—twining round an unfortunate black, and crushing him to death in its enormous folds.

All this was irresistible. So up the stair I sprang, paid my sixpence, and, in a moment after, found myself in the centre of the well sawdusted area in the interior, gazing on the various birds and beasts in the cages around me. It was by no means a perplexing task; for, as in the case of "The Great Lancashire Giant," the fulfilment of the inside but little corresponded with the promise of the out. The principal part of the collection I found to consist of half-a-dozen starved monkeys; as many parrots—grey and green; an indescribable monster, in a dark corner, strongly suspected, by some of the spectators, of being a boy in a polar bear's skin; a bird of paradise; and a hedgehog, which they dignified with the name of a porcupine

"Whar 's the lions, and the teegers, and the elephants, and the boy instructor, and the black man?" said a disappointed countryman, addressing a fellow in a short canvas frock or overall, who was crossing the area with a bucket of water.

"Ah! them 's all in the other caravan;" replied the man, "vich should 'ave been here on Monday night, but hasn't coom yet; and, we suppose, has broken down by the way: but there 's a hanimal worth 'em all," he added, pointing to the indescribable monster in the dark corner. "The most curiousest ever was seen. Take a look on him; and if you don't own he is, I'll beat him, skin and all. They calls him the great Guampa from South America."

Having said this, the fellow, desirous, for reasons best known to himself, to avoid further questioning, hurried away, and disappeared at a side door.

It was just as this man left us, and as the small crowd of spectators, of whom I was one, who had surrounded him, were dispersing, that a gentleman—or a person, at least, who had the air and manner of one, although somewhat broken down in his apparel—came close up to me, and whispered in my ear, in a perfectly calm and composed tone—

"My lad, you are robbed."

With a start of horror, and a face as pale as death, I clapped my hand on the outside of my buttoned jacket, to feel for my pocketbook, which I carefully deposited in an inside pocket. It was gone.

"Be calm—be composed, my lad," said the gentleman, marking my excessive agitation, and seeing that I was about to make some outcry. "The fellows will bolt on the least alarm; and, as there are three or four of them, may force their way out, if driven to extremity. Leave the matter to me, and I'll manage it for you."

During all this time, the stranger, who had spoken in a very low tone, carefully abstained from looking towards those of whom he was speaking, and wore such an air of composure and indifference, that no one could possibly have suspected, for a moment, what was the subject of his communication to me.

Having made this communication, and desired me to remain where I was, and to exhibit no symptom of anything particular having happened, my friend, as I could not but reckon him, went out for an instant.

When he returned, he kept hovering about the entrance into the show, as if to prevent the egress of any one; but without making any sign to me, or even looking at me. My agitation during this interval was excessive; and although I strictly obeyed my friend's injunctions—notwithstanding that I knew not to what they were to lead—I could not suppress the dreadful feelings by which I was distracted. I, however, did all I could to refrain from exhibiting any outward sign of consciousness of my loss.

To return to my friend. He had not stood, I think, more than a minute at the entrance to the menagerie, when I observed three fellows, after having winked to each other, edging towards it. My friend, on seeing them approach, planted himself in the doorway, and, addressing the first—at the same time extending his arms to keep him back—said—

"Stop a moment, my lad, I have something to say to you."

The fellow seemed taken aback for a moment by this salutation; but, quickly regaining his natural effrontery, he, with a tremendous oath, made an attempt to push past, when four policemen suddenly presented themselves at the entrance.

"Come away, my lads," said my friend, addressing them. "Just in time—a minute later, and the birds would have been flown. Guard the door there a moment." Then, turning to the astonished spectators who were assembled in the area—"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there has been a robbery committed here within these fifteen minutes. I saw it done, and know the person who did it; but, as he has several colleagues here, all of whom I may not have discovered, I have no doubt that the pocketbook—the article stolen—has been long since transferred to other hands than those that first took it. It is, therefore, necessary that we should all, without any exception, submit to a search of our persons by the officers here."

No objection to this proceeding having been offered by any of the persons present, the search began; my friend submitting himself the first.

The operation was a tedious one; for it was unsuccessful. One after another, including the three suspicious characters already alluded to, was searched; but no pocketbook was found. At length, the last person was taken in hand; and he, too, proved innocent—at least of the possession of my lost treasure.

I was in despair at this result, thinking that my friend must have been mistaken as to the robbery—that is, as to his having witnessed it; and that my money was irretrievably gone. No such despair of the issue, however, came over my friend: he did not appear in the least disconcerted; but, on the completion of the fruitless search, merely nodded his head, uttering an expressive humph.

"It's gone," said I to him, in a tone of bitter anguish.

"Patience a bit, my lad," he replied, with a smile. "The pocketbook is within these four walls, and we'll find it too."

Turning now to one of the men belonging to the establishment, he desired him to bring one of the rakes with which they levelled the sawdust in the arena.

It was brought; when he set the man to work with it—to rake up, slowly and deliberately, the surface of the sawdust, himself vigilantly superintending the operation, and directing the man to proceed regularly, and to leave no spot untouched. I need not say with what intense interest I watched this proceeding. I felt as if life or death were in the issue; for the loss of such a sum as £30 although it

could not, perhaps, be considered a very great one, was sufficiently large to distress my father seriously; and already some idea of never facing him again, should the money not be recovered, began to cross my mind.

All thoughts, however, of this or any other kind, were absorbed, for the moment, by the deep interest which I took in the operations of the man with the rake: an interest this in which all present, less or more, participated

For a long while this search also was fruitless. More than half the area had been gone over, and there was yet no appearance of my lost treasure.

At length, however—O! how shall I describe the joy I felt? a sweep of the rake threw the well-known pocketbook on the surface of the sawdust. I darted on it, clutched it, tore it open, and saw the bank-notes apparently untouched. I counted them. They were all there.

"I thought so; I thought we should find it," said, with a calm smile, the gentleman who had been so instrumental in its recovery.

The whole proceedings of the thief or thieves, so promptly and correctly conjectured by my friend, was now obvious. Finding that passing it from hand to hand would not avail them, he who was last in possession of it had, on the search commencing, dropt it on the ground, and shuffled it under the sawdust with his foot.

The police now requested my friend to point out the person who had committed the robbery, that they might apprehend him; but this he declined, saying that he was not quite sure of the man, and that he would not like to run the risk of blaming an innocent person; adding, with the quiet smile that seemed to be natural to him, that, as the money was recovered, it might be as well to let the matter drop. The police, for some time, insisted on my friend pointing out the man; but as he continued firmly to decline interfering further in the matter, they gave it up and left the place.

Every one saw that it was benevolence, however improperly exerted, that induced my friend to refuse giving up the culprit; and as I had now recovered my money, I felt pretty much in the same disposition—that was, to allow him to fall into other hands.

I now presented the man who had been employed to rake the arena with five shillings, for his trouble. But how or in what way was I to reward the friendly person to whom I was wholly indebted for the recovery of my pocketbook. This puzzled me sadly. Money, at least any such sum as I could spare, I could not offer one who, notwithstanding the little deficiencies in his apparel formerly noticed, had so much the appearance and manner of a gentleman. I was greatly at a loss. In the meantime, my friend and I left the exhibition together; he lecturing me the while, although in the most kindly manner, on the danger of going into crowded places with large sums of money about one's person.

He said he had seen a good deal of the world, had resided long in London, and knew all the tricks of the swell mob.

"It was my knowledge and experience of these gentry," he added, "that enabled me to manage your little matter so successfully." We were at this time passing along Stockwell Street, when, observing a respectable looking tavern, it struck me that I might, without offence, ask my friend to take a little refreshment—a glass of wine or so.

With some hesitation, I proposed it.

He smiled; and as if rather complying with my humour, or as if unwilling to offend me by a refusal, said—"Well, my young friend, I have no objection, although I am not greatly in the habit of going to taverns. Not there, however," he added, seeing me moving towards the house on which I had fixed my eye. There is a house in the Saltmarket, which, on the rare occasions I do go to a tavern, and that is chiefly for a sight of the papers, I always frequent. They are decent, respectable people. So, we 'll go there, if you please; that is, if it be quite the same to you."

"I said it was, and that I would cheerfully accompany him wherever he chose.

This point settled, we proceeded to the Saltmarket; when my friend, who, by the way, had now told me that his name was Lancaster, conducted me up a dark, dirty looking close, and finally into a house of anything but respectable appearance. The furniture was scanty; and what was of it, much dilapidated: half the backs of half the chairs were broken off; the tables were dirty and covered with stains, and the circular marks of drinking measures. A tattered sofa stood at one end of the apartment. The walls were hung with paltry prints; and the small, old-fashioned, dirty windows hung with dirtier curtains.

To crown all, we met, as we entered, a huge, blowzy, tawdrily dressed woman, of most forbidding appearance, who, I was led to understand, was the mistress of the house. Between this person and Mr Lancaster, I thought I perceived a rapid secret signal pass as we came in, but was not sure.

All this—namely, the appearance of the house and its mistress, the shabbiness of the entrance to the former, the secret signal, &c. &c.—surprised me a little: but I suspected nothing wrong; never dreamt of it.

On our taking our seats in the apartment into which we had been shewn, I asked my good genius, Mr Lancaster, what he would choose to drink.

He at once replied, that he drank nothing but wine; spirits and malt liquor, he said, always did him great injury.

But too happy to be able to contribute in any way to the gratification of one who had rendered me so essential a service, I immediately ordered a bottle of the best port—he having expressed a preference for that description of wine.

It was brought; when Mr Lancaster, kindly assuming the character of host, quickly filled our glasses, when we pledged each other and drank.

Wine, at that time, was no favourite liquor of mine, so that I soon began to shew some reluctance to swallowing it.

Mr Lancaster, perceiving this, began to banter me on my abstemiousness, and to urge me to do more justice to the wine, which he said was excellent.

Prevailed on, partly by his urgeney, and partly by a fear of displeasing him by further resistance, I now took out my glass as often as he filled it.

The consequence was, that I soon felt greatly excited; and, eventually, so much so, that I not only readily swallowed bumper after bumper, but, when our bottle was done, insisted on another being brought in; forgetting everything but my debt of gratitude to Mr Lancaster; and losing sight, for the moment at any rate, of all my own obligations, in the delight with which I listened to his entertaining conversation. For another half hour we went on merrily, and the second bottle of wine was nearly finished, when I suddenly felt a strange sinking sensation come over me. The countenance of Mr Lancaster, who sat opposite me, seemed to disappear, as did also all the objects with which I was surrounded.

From that moment I became unconscious of all that passed. I sunk down on the floor in the heavy sleep, or rather in the utter insensibility, of excessive intoxication.

On awaking, which was not until a late hour of the night, I found the scene changed. The room was dark, the bottles and glasses removed, and my friend, Mr Lancaster, gone.

It was some seconds, however, before I was struck by this contrast; that is, before I fully recollected the circumstances which had preceded my unconsciousness. These, however, gradually unfolded themselves, until the whole stood distinctly before me. After having sat up for a second or two—for I found myself still on the floor when I awoke, having been left to lie where I fell—and having recalled all the circumstances of the day's occurrences, I instinctively clapped my hand to the breast of my jacket to feel for my pocketbook. It was again gone. Thinking, at first, that it might have dropt out while I slept, I began groping about the floor; but there was no pocketbook there. In great alarm I now started to my feet, and began calling on the house. My calls were answered by the landlady herself, who, with a candle in her hand, and a fierce expression of face, flushed, apparently, with drink, entered the apartment, and sternly demanded what I wanted, and what I meant by making such a noise in her house.

Taking no notice of the uncourteous manner in which she had addressed me, I civilly asked her what had become of Mr Lancaster?

"Who 's Mr Lancaster?" she said, fiercely. "I know no Mr Lancaster."

"The gentleman," I replied, "who came in here with me, and who drank wine with me."

"I know nothing about him," said the virago; "I never saw him before."

"That 's strange," said I; "he told me that he was in the habit of frequenting this house."

"If he did so, he told you a lie," replied the lady; "and I tell you again, that I know nothing about him, and that I never saw him before, nor ever expect to see him again."

I now informed her, that I missed a pocketbook, containing a considerable sum of money; and, simply enough, asked her, if she had it, or knew anything about it.

At this, her rage, which, before, she seemed to have great difficulty in controlling, burst out in the wildest fury.

"I know nothing about your pocketbook," she exclaimed, stamping passionately on the floor; "nor do I believe you had one. It's all a fetch to bilk me out of my reckoning; but I'll take care of you, you swindler! I'm not to be done that way. Come, down with the price of the two bottles of wine you and your pall drank: fifteen shillings—or I'll have the worth of them out of your skin;" and she flourished the candlestick in such a way as led me to expect every instant that it would descend on my skull.

Terrified by the ferocious manner and threatening attitude of the termagant, and beginning to feel that the getting safe out of the house ought to be considered as a most desirable object, I told her, in the most conciliatory manner I could assume, that I had not a farthing beyond two or three shillings, which she was welcome to; all my money having been in the pocketbook which I had lost—I dared not say of which I had been robbed."

"Let's see what you have, then," she said, extending her hand to receive the loose silver I had spoken of. I gave it to her.

"Now," she said, "troop, troop with you; walk off, walk off," motioning me towards the outer door, "and be thankful you have got off so cheaply, after swindling me out of my reckoning, and trying to injure the character of my house."

But too happy at the escape permitted me, I hurried out of the house, next down the stair—a pretty long one—at a couple of steps, and rushed into the street.

I will not here detain the reader with any attempt at describing my feelings on this occasion: he will readily conceive them, on taking into account all the circumstances connected with my unhappy position. My money gone, now, there was no doubt, irretrievably; the market over; no horse bought; the hour late; and I an entire stranger in the city, without a penny in my pocket; my senses confused; and a mortal sickness oppressing me, from the quantity of wine I had drank, and which, I began to suspect, had been drugged.

Little as I was then conversant with the ways of the town, I knew there was but one quarter where I could apply or hope for any assistance in the recovery of my property. This was the Police Office.

Thither I accordingly ran, inquiring my way as I went, for I knew not where it was, with wild distraction in my every look and movement.

On reaching the office, I rushed breathlessly into it, and began telling my story as promptly and connectedly as my exhaustion and agitation would permit. My tale was patiently listened to by the two or three men whom I found on duty in the office. When I had done, they smiled and shook their heads; expressions which I considered as no good augury of the recovery of my pocketbook.

One of the men—a sergeant, apparently—now put some minute queries to me regarding the personal appearance of my friend, Mr Lancaster. I gave him the best description of that gentleman I could; but neither the sergeant nor any of the others seemed to recognise him. They had no doubt, however, they said, that he was a professed swindler, and, in all probability, one of late importation into the city. That there was little question that he was the person who had robbed me; adding, what was, indeed, obvious enough, that he had assisted in the recovery of my pocketbook from the first set of thieves who assailed me that he might secure it for himself.

The house in the Saltmarket, which I also described as well as I could, they knew at once, saying it was one of the most infamous dens in the city. The men now promised that they would use every exertion in their power to recover my money, but gave me to understand that there was little or no hope of success. The event justified their anticipations. They could discover no trace of Lancaster; and as to the house in the Saltmarket, there was not the slightest evidence of any connection whatever between its mistress, or any other of its inmates, and either the robber or the robbery. The police, indeed, searched the house; but, of course, to no purpose.

Being, as I have already said, penniless, and thus without the means of going anywhere else, I remained in the Police Office all night; and, in the hope every hour of hearing something of my pocketbook, hung about it all next day, till towards the evening, when the sergeant, of whom I have before spoken, came up to me as I was sauntering about the gate, and told me that it was useless my hanging on any longer about the office. That all would be done in my case that could be done; but that, in the meantime, I had better go home, leaving my address; and that if anything occurred, I would instantly be informed of it. "But I think it but right to tell you, young man," he added, "that there is scarcely any chance whatever of your ever recovering a sixpence of your money. I mention this to prevent you indulging in any false hopes. It is best you should know the worst at once."

Satisfied that the man spoke truly, and that it was, indeed, useless my hanging on any longer, I gave him my name and address, and went away, although it was with a heavy heart, and without knowing whither I should go: for, to my father's house I could not think of returning, after what had happened. I would not have faced him for the world. In this matter, indeed, I did my father a great injustice; for, although a little severe in temper, he was a just and reasonable man, and would, most certainly, have made all allowances for what had occurred to me.

The determination—for it now amounted to that—to which I had come, not to return home, was one, therefore, not warranted by any good reason: it was wholly the result of one of those mad impulses which so frequently lead youthful inexperience into error.

On leaving the vicinity of the Police Office, I sauntered towards the High Street, without knowing or caring whither I went. Having reached the street just named, I proceeded downwards, still heedless of my way, until I found myself in the Saltmarket—the scene of my late disaster.

Curiosity, or, perhaps, some vague, absurd idea of seeing something or other, I could not tell what, that might lead to the recovery of my pocketbook, induced me to look about me to see if I could discover the tavern in which I had been robbed. I was thus employed, that is, gaping and staring at the windows of the lower flats of the houses on either side of the street—for I did not recollect on which was the house I wanted—when a smart, little man, dressed in a blue surtout, with a black stock about his neck, and carrying a cane in his hand, made up to me with a—

"Looking for any particular place, my lad?"

Taken unawares, and not choosing to enter into any explanations with a stranger, I simply answered—"No, no."

"Because if you were," continued my new acquaintance, "I should have been glad to have helped you. But, I say, my lad—(Excuse me," he went on, now looking earnestly in my face, and perceiving, by my eyes, that I had been weeping, which was indeed the case.)—"You seem to be distressed. What has happened you? I don't ask from any impertinent curiosity, but from sympathy, seeing you are a stranger."

Words of kindness, in the hour of distress, by whomsoever offered, at once find their way to the heart, and open up the sluices of its pent-up feelings. The friendly address of the stranger had this effect on me in the present instance. I told him at once what had occurred to me.

"Bad business, my lad; bad business, indeed," he said. "But don't be cast down. Fair weather comes after foul. You'll soon make all up again."

This was commonplace enough comfort; but, without minding the words, the intention was good and with that I was gratified.

My new friend, who had learnt, from what I told him, that I was penniless, now proposed that I should take share of a bottle of ale with him. Certain recollections of another friend—namely, Mr Lancaster—made me hesitate, indeed positively decline this invitation, at first; but, on my new acquaintance pressing his kindness, and the melancholy truth occurring to me that I had now no pocketbook to lose, I yielded, and accompanied him to a tavern at the foot of the High Street. I may add, that I was the more easily induced to this, that I was in a dreadful state of exhaustion, having tasted nothing in the shape of either food or drink for nearly thirty hours.

Having entered the tavern, a bottle of ale and a plate of biscuit quickly stood before us. My entertainer filled up the glasses; when, having presented me with one, he raised his own to his lips, wished me "better luck," and tossed it off. I quickly followed his example, and never before or since drank anything with so keen a relish. After we had drank a second glass each—

"Well, my lad," said my new acquaintance, "what do you propose doing? Do you intend returning to the plough tail, eh? I should hardly think you'll venture home again after such a cursed mishap."

I at once acknowledged that I did not intend returning home again; but as to what I should do I did not know.

"Why, now," replied my entertainer, "I think a stout, good-looking, likely young fellow as you are, need be at no loss. There's the army. Did you ever think of that, eh? The only thing for a lad of spirit. Smart clothes, good living, and free quarters, with the chance of promotion. The chance, said I?—why, I might say the certainty. Bounty, too, you young dog! A handful of golden guineas; and pretty girls to court in every town. List, man, list,' he shouted, clapping me on the shoulder, "and your fortune's made."

List! It had never occurred to me before. I had never thought, never dreamt of it. But now that the idea was presented to me, I by no means disliked it. It was not, however, the flummery of my new acquaintance, who, I need hardly say, was neither more nor less than a sergeant in coloured clothes—assumed, I suppose, for the purpose of taking young fellows like myself unawares. I say it was not his balderdash, which, young and raw as I was, I fully perceived, that reconciled me to the notion of listing. It was because I saw in it a prompt and ready means of escaping the immediate destitution with which I was threatened; my foolish determination not to return home having rather gained strength than weakened, notwithstanding a painful sense of the misery which my protracted absence must have been occasioning at home. To the sergeant's proposal of listing, therefore, I at once assented; when the former, calling in the landlord, tendered me, in his presence, the expressive shilling.

The corps into which I had listed was the ——, then lying in the Tower, London; there being only the sergeant and two or three men of the regiment in Glasgow, recruiting. The matter of listing settled, the sergeant bespoke me a bed for the night in the tavern in which we were, that being his own quarters.

On the following day I was informed, much to my surprise, although by no means to my regret, that a detachment of recruits for the —— were to be sent off that evening, at nine o'clock, by the track-boat, for Edinburgh, and from thence, by sea, to the headquarters of the regiment at London, and that I was to be of the number. At nine o'clock of the evening, accordingly, we were shipped at Port Dundas.

Before leaving Glasgow, however, I made one last call at the Police Office, to inquire whether any discoveries had been made regarding my pocketbook; but found that nothing whatever had been heard of it.

On the following day we reached Edinburgh: on the next we were embarked on board a Leith smack for London, where we arrived in safety on the fourth day thereafter, and were marched to the Tower, which was, at the time, the headquarters of the regiment. Amongst the young men who were of the party who came up with me from Scotland, there was one with whom I became particularly intimate, and who was subsequently my comrade. His name was John Lindsay, a native of Glasgow. He was about my own age, or, perhaps, a year older. A lively, active, warm-hearted lad, but of a restless, roving disposition.

It was, I think, about a fortnight after our arrival in London, that Lindsay, one day, while rummaging a small trunk in the barrack-room, which had formed the entire of his travelling equipage from Scotland, stumbled on a letter, with whose delivery he had been entrusted by some one in Glasgow, but which he had entirely forgotten. It was addressed, in a scrawling hand—"To Susan Blaikie, servant with Henry Wallscourt, Esq., 19, Grosvenor Square, London."

"Here's a job, Davy," said Lindsay, holding up the letter. "I promised faithfully to deliver this within an hour after my arrival in London, and here it is still. But better late than never. Will you go with me and see the fair maiden to whom this is addressed? It contains, I believe, a kind of introduction to her, and may, perhaps, lead to some sport."

I readily closed with Lindsay's proposal, and, in ten

minutes after, we set out for Grosvenor Square, which we had no difficulty in finding. Neither were we long in discovering No. 19, the residence of Henry Wallscourt, Esq. It was a magnificent house, everything about it bespeaking a wealthy occupant.

Leaving me on the flagstones, Lindsay now descended into the area; but, in two or three minutes, returned, and motioned me, with his finger, to come to him.

I did so, when he told me that he had seen Susan Blaikie, and that she had invited us to come in. Into the house we accordingly went, and were conducted by Susan—a lively, pretty girl, who welcomed us with great cordiality—into what appeared to be a housekeeper's room.

My comrade, Lindsay, having given Susan all the Scotch, particularly Glasgow news, in his budget, the latter left the room for a few minutes, when she returned with a tray of cold provisions—ham, fowl, and roast beef.

Placing these before us, and adding a bottle of excellent porter, she invited us to fall to. We did so, and executed summary justice on the good things placed before us.

After this, we sat for about half an hour, when we rose to depart. This, however, she would not permit, till we had promised that we would come, on the following night, and take tea with her and one or two of her fellow-servants. This promise we readily gave, and as willingly kept. One of the party, on the night of the tea-drinking, was the footman of the establishment, Richard Digby—a rakish, dissipated-looking fellow, with an affected air, and an excessively refined and genteel manner; that is, as he himself thought it. To others, at least to me, he appeared an egregious puppy: the obvious spuriousness of his assumed gentility inspiring a disgust which I found it difficult to suppress. Neither could I suppress it so effectually as to prevent the fellow discovering it. He did so; and the consequence was, the rise of a hearty and mutual dislike, which, however, neither of us evinced by any overt act.

Having found the society of our fair countrywoman and her friends very agreeable, we—that is, Lindsay and myself—became frequent visiters; drinking tea with her and her fellow-servants at least two or three times a-week. While this was going on, a detachment of the new recruits, of whom Lindsay was one, was suddenly ordered to Chatham. I missed my comrade much after his departure; but as I had, by this time, established an intimacy with Susan and her fellow-servants, on my own account, I still continued visiting there, and drinking tea occasionally, as formerly.

It was on one of these occasions, and about ten days after Lindsay had left London, that, as I was leaving Mr Wallscourt's house at a pretty late hour—I think about eleven at night—I was suddenly collared by two men, just as I had ascended the area stair, and was about to step out on the pavement.

"What's this for?" said I, turning first to the one and then to the other of my captors.

"We'll tell you that presently," replied one of the men, who had, by this time, begun to grope about my person, as if searching for something. In a moment after—"Ah! let's see what's this," he said, plunging his hand into one of my breeches pockets, and pulling out a silver tablespoon. "All right," he added. "Come away, my lad;" and the two forthwith began dragging me along.

The whole affair was such a mystery to me, and of such sudden occurrence, that it was some seconds before I could collect myself sufficiently to put any such calm and rational queries to my captors as might elicit an explanation of it. All that I could say, was merely to repeat my inquiry as to the meaning of the treatment I was undergoing—resisting instinctively, the while, the efforts of the men to urge me forward. This last, however, was vain; for they were two powerful fellows, and seemed scarcely to feel the resistance I made. To my reiterated demand of explanation, they merely replied, that I should have it presently; but that they rather thought I did not stand greatly in need of it.

Obliged to rest satisfied, in the meantime, with such evasive answers, and finding resistance useless, indeed uncalled for—as I was unconscious of any crime—I now went peaceably along with the men. Whither they were conducting me, the reader will readily guess—it was to Bow Street.

On being brought into the office, the men conducted me up to a person, who, seated at a desk, was busily employed making entries in a large book. One of my captors having whispered something into this person's ear, he turned sharply round and demanded my name. I gave it him.

"The others?" he said.

"What others?" I replied. "I have only one name, and I have given it."

"Pho, pho," exclaimed he. "Gentlemen of your profession have always a dozen. However, we'll take what you have given in the meantime." And he proceeded to make some entries in his book. They related to me, but I was not permitted to see what they were. The table-spoon which had been found in my pocket, and which had been placed on the desk before the official already spoken of, was now labelled and put past and I was ordered to be removed.

During all this time, I had been loudly protesting my innocence of any crime: but no attention whatever was paid to me. So little effect, indeed, had my protestations, that one would have thought—judging by the unmoved countenances around me—that they did not hear me at all; for they went on speaking to each other, quite in the same way as if I had not been present. The only indication I could perceive of a consciousness of my being there, and of their hearing what I said, was an occasional faint smile of incredulity. At one time, provoked by my importunity, and my obstinate iteration of my innocence, the official who was seated at the desk, turned fiercely round, exclaiming—

"The spoon, the spoon, friend; what do you say to that—found in your pocket, eh?"

I solemnly protested that I knew not how it came there; that I had never put it there, nor had the least idea of its being in my possession till it was produced by those that searched me.

"A very likely story," said the official, turning quietly round to his book; "but we'll see all about that by and by. Remove him, men."

And I was hurried away, and locked up in a cell for the night.

I cannot say that, when left to myself, I felt much uneasiness regarding the result of the extraordinary matter that had occurred. I felt perfectly satisfied that, however awkward and unpleasant my situation was in the meantime, the following day would clear all up, and set me at liberty with an unblemished character. From all that had taken place, I collected that I was apprehended on a charge of robbery—that is, of abstracting property from Mr Wallscourt's house, of which the silver spoon found in my possession was considered a proof. There was much, however, in the matter, of painful and inexplicable mystery. How came the constables to be so opportunely in the way when I left the house; and, more extraordinary still, how came the silver spoon into my possession? Regarding neither of these circumstances could I form the slightest plausible conjecture; but had no doubt that, whether they should ever be explained or not, my entire innocence of all such guilt as the latter of them pointed at, would clearly appear. But, as the saying has it, "I reckoned without my host." On the following morning I was brought before the sitting

magistrate; and, to my inexpressible surprise, on turning round a little, saw Richard Digby in the witness-box. Thinking, at first, that he was there to give some such evidence as would relieve me from the imputation under which I lay, I nodded to him; but he took no farther notice of the recognition than by looking more stern than before.

Presently my case was entered on. Digby was called on to state what he had to say to the matter. Judge of my consternation, gentle reader, when I heard him commence the following statement:—

Having premised that he was servant with Mr Wallscourt, of No. 19, Grosvenor Square, he proceeded to say, that, during the space of the three previous weeks, he had, from time to time, missed several valuable pieces of plate belonging to his master. That this had happened repeatedly before he could form the slightest conjecture as to who the thief could possibly be. At last it occurred to him, that the abstraction of the plate corresponded, in point of time, with the prisoner's (my) introduction to the house; in other words, that it was from that date the robberies commenced, nothing of the kind having ever happened before. That this circumstance led him to suspect me. That, in consequence, he had, on the previous night, placed a silver table-spoon in such a situation in the servants' hall as should render it likely to be seen by the prisoner when he came to tea, Susan Blaikie having previously informed him that he was coming. That, shortly after the prisoner's arrival, he contrived, by getting Susan and some of the other servants out of the room, on various pretexts, to have the prisoner left alone for several minutes. That, on his return, finding the spoon gone, he had no longer any doubt of the prisoner's guilt. That, on feeling satisfied of this, he immediately proceeded to the nearest station-house; and, procuring two constables, or policemen, stationed them at the area gate, with instructions to seize the prisoner the moment he came out; and that if the spoon was found on him—of which he had no doubt—to carry him away to Bow Street.

Such, then, was Mr Digby's statement of the affair; and a very plausible and connected one, it must be allowed, it was. It carried conviction to all present, and elicited from the presiding magistrate a high encomium on that person's fidelity, ability, and promptitude.

The silver spoon, labelled, as I had seen it, was now produced; when Mr Wallscourt, who was also present, was called on to identify it. This he at once did, after glancing at the crest and initials which were engraven on the handle. The charge against me thus laid and substantiated, I was asked if I had anything to say in my own defence.

Defence! what defence could I make against an accusation so strongly put, and so amply supported by circumstances? None. I could meet it only by denial, and by assertions of innocence. This, however, I did, and with such energy and earnestness—for horror and despair inspired me with both courage and eloquence—that a favourable impression was perceptible in the Court. The circumstantial statement of Digby, however, with all its strong probabilities, was not to be overturned by my bare assertions; and the result was, that I was remanded to prison, to stand trial at the ensuing assizes, Mr Wallscourt being bound over to prosecute.

Wretched, however, as my situation was, I had not been many hours in prison when I regained my composure; soothed by the reflection that, however disgraceful or unhappy my position might be, it was one in which I had not deserved being placed. I was further supported by the conviction, which even the result of my late examination before the magistrate had not in the least weakened, that my innocence would yet appear, and that in sufficient time to save me from further legal persecution. Buoyed up by these reflections, I became, if not cheerful, at least comparatively easy in my mind. I thought, several times, during my imprisonment, of writing to my father; to whom, by the way, as I should have mentioned before, I wrote from Edinburgh, when on my way to London, in order to relieve the minds of my mother and himself from any apprehensions of anything more serious having happened me; telling them of my loss, and the way it had occurred, but without telling them that I had listed, or where I was going. I say, I thought several times, during my confinement, of writing to my father, and informing him of the unhappy circumstances in which I was placed; but, on reflection, it occurred to me that such a proceeding would only give him and the rest of the family needless pain, seeing that he could be of no service to me whatever. I, therefore, dropped the idea, thinking it better that they should know nothing about the matter; nothing, at least, until my trial was over, and my innocence established; concomitant events, as I had no doubt they would prove. In the meantime, the day of trial approached. It came, and I stood naked and defenceless; for I had no money to employ counsel, no friends to assist me with advice. I stood at the bar of the Old Bailey shielded only by my innocence; a poor protection against evidence so strong and circumstantial as that which pointed to my guilt.

My trial came on. It was of short duration. Its result what every one who knew anything of the matter foresaw but myself. I was found guilty, and sentenced to four teen years' transportation.

As on a former occasion, I will leave it to the reader himself to form a conception of what my feelings were when this dreadful sentence rung in my ears: so horrible, so unexpected. A sudden deafness struck me, that, commingling all sounds, rendered them unintelligible; a film came over my eyes; my heart fluttered strangely, and my limbs trembled so, that I thought I should have sunk on the floor; but, making a violent effort, I supported myself; and in a few seconds, these agitating sensations so far subsided as to allow of my retiring from the bar with tolerable steadiness and composure.

It was several days, however, before I regained entire possession of myself, and before I could contemplate my position in all its bearings with anything like fortitude or resignation. On attaining this state, a thousand wild schemes for obtaining such a reconsideration of my case as might lead to the discovery of my innocence presented themselves to my mind. I thought of addressing a letter to the judge who had tried me; to the foreman of the jury, who had found me guilty; to the prosecutor, Mr Wallscourt; to the Secretary of State;—to the King. A little subsequent reflection, however, shewed me the utter hopelessness of any such proceeding, as I had still only my simple, unsupported assertions to oppose to the strong array of positive and circumstantial evidence against me. That, therefore, no such applications as I contemplated could be listened to for a moment. Eventually satisfied of this, I came to the resolution of submitting quietly to my fate in the meantime, trusting that some circumstance or other would, sooner or later, occur, that would lead to a discovery of the injustice that had been done me.

Writing to my father I considered now out of the question. The same reasons that induced me to abstain from writing him before my trial, presented themselves in additional force to prevent me writing him after. I resolved that he should never know of the misfortune, however undeserved, that had befallen me. I had all along—that is, since my confinement—looked for some letter or other communication from Lindsay. Sometimes I even hoped for a visit from him. But I was disappointed. I neither saw nor heard anything of him; and, from this circumstance, concluded that he too thought me guilty, and that this

was the cause of his desertion of me. Friendless and despised, I at once abandoned myself to fate.

Of poor Susan Blaikie, however, I did hear something, and that was, that she was discharged from her situation. This intelligence distressed me much, although I had foreseen that it must necessarily happen.

In the apartment or cell into which I was placed, after having received sentence, there were five or six young men in similar circumstances with myself; not as regarded innocence of crime, but punishment. They were all under sentence of banishment for various terms.

From these persons I kept as much aloof as possible. My soul sickened at the contamination to which I was exposed by the society of such ruffians; for they were all of the very worst description of London characters, and I did all I could to maintain the distinction between myself and them, which my innocence of all crime gave me a right to observe.

Under this feeling, it was my habit to sit in a remote part of the cell, and to take no share whatever either in the conversation, or in the coarse practical jokes with which they were in the habit of beguiling the tedium of their confinement.

There was one occasion, however, on which I felt myself suddenly caught by an interest in their proceedings.

Seeing them one day all huddled together, listening with great delight to one of their number who was reading a letter aloud, I gradually approached nearer, curious to know what could be in this letter to afford them so much amusement.

Conceive my astonishment and surprise, when, after listening for a few minutes, I discovered that the subject which tickled my fellow prisoners so highly, was a description of my own robbery—that is, of the robbery in Glasgow of which I had been the victim.

It was written with considerable humour, and contained such a minute and faithful account of the affair, that I had no doubt it had been written by Lancaster. Indeed, it could have been written by no one else.

The letter in question, then, was evidently one from that person to a companion in crime who was amongst those with whom I was associated. No doubt he who was reading it. The writer, however, seemed also well known to all the other parties.

In the letter itself, as well as in the remarks of the audience on it, there was a great deal of slang, and a great many cant phrases which I could not make out. But, on the whole, I obtained a pretty correct knowledge of the import of both.

The writer's description of me and of my worldly wisdom was not very flattering. He spoke of me as a regular flat, and the fleecing me as one of the easiest and pleasantest operations he had ever performed. He concluded by saying that, as he found there was nothing worth while to be done in Scotland, he intended returning to London in a few days.

"More fool he," said one of the party, on this passage being read. "That affair at Blackwall, in which Bob was concerned, has not yet blown over, and he'll be lagged as sure as he lives, before he's a week in London."

"Well, so much the better," said another. "In that case, we'll have him across the water with us, and be all the merrier for his company."

It was, I think, somewhat less than a month after this, for we were detained in prison altogether about two months after sentence, till a sufficient number had accumulated for transportation, that we, meaning myself and those in the ward in which I was confined, were favoured with a new companion.

Throwing open the door of our ward, one afternoon, the turnkey ushered in amongst us a person dressed out in the first style of fashion, and immediately again secured the door. At first I could not believe that so fine a gentleman could possibly be a convict; I thought rather that he must be a friend of some one of my fellow-prisoners. But I was quickly undeceived in this particular, and found that he was, indeed, one of *us*.

On the entrance of this convict dandy, the whole of my fellow-prisoners rushed towards him, and gave him a cordial greeting.

"Glad to see you, Nick," said the fellow who had foretold the speedy apprehension of the letter writer, as already related. "Cursed fool to come to London so soon. Knew you would be nabbed. What have you got?"

"Fourteen," replied the new comer, with a shrug of his shoulders.

During all this time, I had kept my eyes fixed on the stranger, whom, I thought, I should know. For a while however, I was greatly puzzled to fix on any individual a identical with him; but, at length, it struck me that he bore a wonderful resemblance to my Glasgow friend, Lancaster.

His appearance was now, indeed, greatly changed. He was, for one thing, splendidly attired, as I have already said; while, at the time I had the pleasure of knowing him first, he was very indifferently dressed. His face, too, had undergone some alterations. He had removed a bushy pair of whiskers which he sported in Glasgow, and had added to his adventitious characteristics a pair of green spectacles. It was these last that perplexed me most, in endeavouring to make out his identity. But he soon laid them aside, as being now of no further use—an operation which he accompanied by sundry jokes on their utility, and the service they had done him in the way of preventing inconvenient recognitions. Notwithstanding all these changes, however, in the new comer's appearance, I soon became quite convinced that he was no other than Lancaster; and, under this impression, I took an opportunity of edging towards him and putting the question plumply to him, although under breath; for I did not care that the rest should hear it.

"Your name, sir, is Lancaster, I think," said I.

He stared in my face, for a second or two, without making any reply, or seeming to recognise me. At length—

"No, youngster, it isn't," he said, with the most perfect assurance.

"But you have taken that name on an occasion," said I.

"Oh, perhaps, I may," he replied, coolly. "I have taken a great many names in my day. I'll give you a hundred of them at a penny a dozen. But, Lancaster, let me see," and he kept looking hard at me as he spoke. "Why, it can't be," he added, with a sudden start. "Impossible! eh?" and he looked still more earnestly at me. "Are you from Glasgow, young un?"

I said I was.

"Did you ever see me there?"

I shook my head, and said, to my cost I had.

How my friend, Mr Lancaster, received this intimation of our former acquaintance, I must reserve for another Number, as I must also do the sequel of my adventures; for I have yet brought the reader but half through the history of my chequered life,

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE CONVICT;

BEING THE SEQUEL TO "DAVID LORIMER."

The reader will recollect that when he and I parted, at the conclusion of the last Number, I had just intimated to Mr Lancaster my conviction of our having had a previous acquaintance. Does the reader imagine that that gentleman was in any way discomposed at this recognition on my part, or at the way in which it was signified? That he felt ashamed or abashed? The sequel will shew whether he did or not.

On my replying to his inquiry whether I had ever seen him in Glasgow, by shaking my head, and saying that I had to my cost, he burst into a loud laugh, and, striking his thigh with as much exultation as if he had just made one of the most amusing discoveries imaginable, exclaimed—

"All right. Here, my palls," turning to the other prisoners. "Here's a queer concern. Isn't this the very flat, Dick," addressing one of their number, "that I did so clean in Glasgow, and about whom I wrote you! The fellow whom I met in the show."

"No! Possible!" exclaimed several voices, whose owners now crowded about me with a delighted curiosity, and began bantering me in those slang terms in which they could best express their witticisms.

I made no reply to either their insolences or their jokes, but, maintaining an obstinate silence, took an early opportunity of withdrawing to a remote part of the apartment. Nor did I—seeing how idle it would be to say a word more on the subject of the robbery which had been committed on me in Glasgow, as it would only subject me to ridicule and abuse—ever afterwards open my lips to Lancaster on the matter; neither did he to me, and there the affair ended; for, in a few days after, he was removed, for what reason I know not, to another cell, and I never saw him again.

Let me here retrograde for a moment. In alluding, in the preceding Number, to the various wild ideas that occurred to me after my condemnation, on the subject of obtaining a reconsideration of my case, I forgot to mention that of applying to the colonel of my regiment. But, on reflection, this seemed as absurd as the others; seeing that I had been little more than three weeks in the corps, and could, therefore, lay claim to no character at the hands of any one belonging to it. I was still a stranger amongst them. Besides, I found, from no interferenee whatever having been made in my behalf, that I had been left entirely in the hands of the civil law. Ioquiries had, no doubt, been made into my case hy the commanding officer of my regiment; but, with myself, no direct communication had taken place. My connection with the corps, therefore, I took it for granted, was understood to be completely severed, and that I was left to undergo the punishment the sentence of the civil law had awarded.

To resume. In about a week after the occurrence of the incident with Lancaster above described, I was removed to the hulks, where I remained for somewhat more than a month, when I was put on board a convict ship about to sail for New South Wales, along with a number of other convicts, male and female; none of them, I hope, so undeserving their fate as I was.

All this time I had submitted patiently to my destiny, seeing it was now inevitable, and said nothing to any one of my innocence; for, in the first place, I found that every one of my companions in misfortune were, according to their own accounts, equally innocent, and, in the next, that nobody believed them.

It was in the evening we were embarked on board the convict ship; with the next tide we dropped down the river; and, ere the sun of the following day had many hours risen, found ourselves fairly at sea.

For upwards of three weeks, we pursued our course prosperously, nothing, in that time, occurring of the smallest consequence; and, as the wind had been all along favourable, our progress was so great, that many of us began thinking of the termination of our voyage. These, however, were rather premature reflections, as we had yet as many months to be at sea as we had been weeks.

It was about the end of the period just alluded to, that, as I was one night restlessly tossing on my hard straw mattrass, unable to sleep, from having fallen into one of those painful and exciting trains of thought that so frequently visit and so greatly add to the miseries of the unfortunate, my ear suddenly caught the sounds of whispering. Diverted from my reflections by the circumstance, I drew towards the edge of my sleeping berth, and, thrusting my head a little way out—the place being quite dark—endeavoured, by listening attentively, to make out who the speakers were, and what was the subject of their conversation. The former, after a little time, I discovered to be three of my fellow-convicts—one of them a desperate fellow, of the name of Norcot, a native of Middlesex, who had been transported for a highway robbery, and who had been eminently distinguished for superior dexterity and daring in his infamous profession. The latter, however—namely, the subject of their conversation—I could not make out; not so much from a difficulty of overhearing what they said, as from the number of slang words they employed. Their language was, to me, all but wholly unintelligible; for, although my undesired association with them had enabled me to pick up a few of their words, I could make nothing of their jargon when spoken colloquially.

Unable, therefore—although suspecting something wrong—to arrive at any conclusion regarding the purpose or object of this midnight conversation, I took no notice of it to any one, but determined on watching narrowly the future proceedings of Norcot and his council.

On the following night, the whispering was again repeated. I again listened, but with nearly as little success as before. From what I did make out, however, I was led to imagine that some attempt on the ship was contemplated; and in this idea I was confirmed, when Norcot, on the following day, taking advantage of a time when none of the seamen or soldiers, who formed our guard, were near, slapped me on the shoulder with a—

"Well, my pall, how goes it?"

Surprised at this sudden familiarity on the part of a

man from whom I had always most especially kept aloof, and who, I was aware, had marked my shyness, as he had never before sought to exchange words with me, it was some seconds before I could make him any answer. At length—

"If you mean as to my health," said I, "I am very well."

"Ay, ay; but I don't mean that," replied Norcot. "How do you like your quarters, my man? How do you like this sort of life, eh?"

"Considering all circumstances, it's well enough; as well as ought reasonably to be expected," said I, in a tone meant to discourage further conversation on the subject. But he was not to be so put off.

"Ay, in the meantime," said he; "but wait you till we get to New South Wales; you'll see a difference then, my man, I'm thinking. You'll be kept working, from sunrise till sunset, up to the middle in mud and water, with a chain about your neck. You'll be locked up in a dungeon at night, fed upon mouldy biscuit, and, on the slightest fault, or without any fault at all, be flogged within an inch of your life with a cat o' nine tails. How will you like that, eh?"

"*That* I certainly should not like," I replied. "But I hope you're exaggerating a little." I knew he was.

"Not a bit of it," said Norcot. "Come here, Knuckler;" and he motioned to a fellow-convict to come towards him. "I've been telling this young cove here what he may expect when we reach our journey's end, but he wont believe me." Having repeated the description of convict life which he had just given me—

"Now, Knuckler, isn't that the truth?" he said.

"True as gospel," exclaimed Knuckler, with a hideous oath; adding—"Ay, and in some places they are still worse used."

"You hear that," said Norcot. "I wasn't going to bambouzle you with any nonsense, my lad. We're all in the same lag you know, and must stick by one another."

My soul revolted at this horrible association, but I took care to conceal my feelings.

Norcot went on:—"Now, seeing what we have to expect when we get to t'other side of the water, wouldn't he be a fool who wouldn't try to escape it, if he could, eh? Ay, although at the risk of his life?"

At this moment we were interrupted by a summons to the deck, it being my turn, with that of several others, to enjoy the luxury of inhaling the fresh sea breeze above. Norcot had thus only time to add, as I left him—

"I'll speak to you another time, my cove."

Having now no doubt that some mischief was hatching amongst the convicts, and that the conversation that had just passed was intended at once to sound my disposition, and to incline me towards their projects, I felt greatly at a loss what to do. That I should not join in their enterprise, of whatsoever nature it might be, I at once determined. But I felt that this was not enough, and that I was bound to give notice of what I had seen and heard to those in command of the vessel, and that without loss of time, as there was no saying how wild or atrocious might be the scheme of these desperadoes, or how soon they might put it in execution.

Becoming every moment more impressed with the conviction that this was my duty, I separated myself as far as I could from my companions, and, watching an opportunity, said, in a low tone, to the mate of the vessel, whom a chance movement brought close to where I stood—

"Mischief going on. Could I have a moment's private speech of the captain?"

The man stared at me for an instant with a look of non-comprehension as I thought; and, without saying a word, he then resumed the little piece of duty he had been engaged in when I interrupted him, and immediately after went away, still without speaking, and, indeed, without taking any further notice of me.

I now thought he had either not understood me, or was not disposed to pay any attention to what I said. I was mistaken in my conjectures, and in one of them did injustice to his intelligence.

A moment after he left me, I saw the captain come out of the cabin, and look hard at me for a second or two. I observed him then despatch the steward towards me. On that person's approach—

"I say, my lad," he exclaimed, so as to be heard by the rest of the convicts on deck—"Can you wipe glasses and clean knives, eh? or brush shoes, or anything of that kind?"

Not knowing his real purpose in thus addressing me, I said I had no experience in that sort of employment, but would do the best I could.

"Oh, if you be willing," he said, "we'll soon make you able. I want a hand just now; so come aft with me, and I'll find you work and shew you how to do it too."

I followed him to the cabin; but I had not been there a minute, when the captain came down, and, taking me into a state room, said—

"Well, my lad, what's all this? You wanted a private word of me, and hinted to the mate that you knew of some mischief going on amongst the convicts. What is it?

I told him of the secret whisperings at night I had overheard, and of the discourse Norcot had held with me; mentioning, besides, several expressions which I thought pointed to a secret conspiracy of some kind or other.

The captain was of the same opinion, and, after thanking me for my information, and telling me that he would take care that the part I had acted should operate to my advantage on our arrival in the colony, he desired me to take no notice of what had passed, but to mingle with my associates as formerly, and to leave the whole matter to him.

To cover appearances, I was subsequently detained in the steward's room for about a couple of hours, when I was sent back to my former quarters; not, however, without having been well entertained by the steward, by the captain's orders.

What intermediate steps the captain took, I do not know, but, on that night, Norcot, and other ten of the most desperate of the convicts, were thrown into irons.

Subsequent inquiry discovered a deep laid plot to surprise the guard, seize their arms, murder the captain and crew, and all who resisted, and take possession of the ship.

Whether such a desperate attempt would have been successful or not, is doubtful; but there is no question that a frightful scene of bloodshed would have taken place; nor, that, if the ruffians had managed well, and judiciously timed their attack, they had some chance, and probably not a small one, of prevailing.

As it was, however, the matter was knocked on the head; for not only were the leaders of the conspiracy heavily ironed, but they were placed in different parts of the ship, wholly apart, and thus could neither act nor hold the slightest communication with each other.

Although the part I had acted in this affair did not operate in my favour with the greater part of my fellow convicts—for, notwithstanding all our caution, a strong suspicion prevailed amongst them that I was the informer—it secured me the marked favour of all others on board the ship, and procured me many little indulgences, which would not otherwise have been permitted, and, generally, much milder treatment than was extended to the others; and, I confess, I was not without an idea that I deserved it.

On our arrival at Sydney, whither I now hurry the reader, nothing subsequent to the incident just recorded having occurred in the interval with which I need detain him, I was immediately assigned, with several others, to

farmer, a recently arrived emigrant, who occupied a grant of land, of about a thousand acres, in the neighbourhood of the town of Maitland.

Before leaving the ship, the captain added to his other kindnesses, an assurance that he would not fail to represent my case—meaning with reference to the service I had done him in giving information of the conspiracy amongst the convicts—to the governor, and that he had no doubt of its having a favourable effect on my future fortunes, provided I seconded it by my own good conduct.

The person to whom we had been assigned, an Englishman, being on the spot waiting us, we were forthwith clapped into a covered waggon, and driven off to our destination, our new master following us on horseback.

The work to which we were put on the farm was very laborious, consisting, for several weeks, in clearing the land of trees; felling, burning, and grubbing up the roots. But we were well fed, and, on the whole, kindly treated in other respects; so that, although our toil was severe, we had not much to complain of.

In this situation I remained for a year and a half, and had the gratification of enjoying, during the greater part of that time, the fullest confidence of my employer, whose good opinion I early won by my orderly conduct, and—an unusual thing amongst convicts—by my attention to his interests.

On leaving him, he gave me, unasked, a testimonial of character, written in the strongest terms.

I was now again returned on the hands of government, to await the demand of some other settler for my services.

In the meantime, I had heard nothing of the result of the captain's representation in my behalf to the governor, but had no doubt I would reap the benefit of it on the first occasion that I should have a favour to ask. The first thing in this way that I had to look for was what is called a ticket of leave; that is, a document conferring exemption for a certain period from government labour, and allowing the party possessing it to employ himself in any lawful way he pleases, and for his own advantage, during the time specified by the ticket. My sentence, however, having been for fourteen years, I could not, in the ordinary case, look for this indulgence till the expiration of six years, such being the colonial regulations.

But imagining that the good service I had done in the convict ship would count for something, and probably induce the governor to shorten my term of probation, I began now to think of applying for the indulgence. This idea I shortly after acted upon, and drew up a memorial to the personage just alluded to; saying nothing, however, of my innocence of the crime for which I had been transported, knowing that, as such an assertion would not be believed, it would do much more harm than good. In this memorial, however, I enclosed the letter of recommendation given me by my last master.

It was eight or ten days before I heard anything of my application. At the end of that time, however, I received a very gracious answer. It said that my "praiseworthy conduct" on board the ship in which I came to the colony, had been duly reported by the captain, and that it would be remembered to my advantage. That, at the expiry of my second year in the colony, of which there was six months yet to run, a ticket of leave would be granted me; thus abridging the period by four years: and that, if I continued to behave as well as I had done, I might expect the utmost indulgence that government could extend to one in my situation.

With this communication, although it did not immediately grant the prayer of my petition, I was much gratified, and prepared to submit cheerfully to the six months' compulsory labour which were yet before me.

Shortly after this I was assigned to another settler, in the neighbourhood of Parrammatta. This was a different sort of person from the last I had served; and, I am sorry to say, a countryman. His name I need not give; for, although the doing so could no longer affect him, he being long dead, it might give pain to his relatives, several of whom are alive both here and in New South Wales. This man was a tyrant, if ever there was one, and possessed of all the passion and caprice of the worst description of those who delight in lording it over their fellow creatures. There was not a week that he had not some of my unhappy fellow-servants before a magistrate, often for the most trivial faults—a word, a look—and had them flogged by sentence of the court, by the scourger of the district, till the blood streamed from their backs. Knowing how little consideration there is for the unhappy convict, in all cases of difference with his task-master, and that however unjust or unreasonable the latter's complaints may be, they are always readily entertained by the subordinate authorities, and carefully recorded against the former to his prejudice, I took care to give him no offence. To say nothing of his positive orders, I obeyed his every slightest wish with a promptitude and alacrity that left him no shadow of ground to complain of me. It was a difficult task; but it being for my interest that no complaint of me, just or unjust, should be put on record against me, I bore all with what I must call exemplary patience and fortitude.

I have already said that my new master was a man of the most tyrannical disposition: cruel, passionate, and vindictive. He was all this, and his miserable fate—a fate which overtook him while I was in his employment—was, in a great measure, the result of his ungovernable and merciless temper.

Some of the wretched natives of the country—perhaps the most miserable beings on the face of the earth, as they are certainly the lowest in the scale of intellect of all the savage tribes that wander on its surface—used to come occasionally about our farm, in quest of a morsel of food. Amongst these were frequently women with infants on their backs. If my master was out of the way when any of these poor creatures came about the house, his wife, who was a good sort of woman, used to relieve them; and so did we, also, when we had anything in our power. Their treatment, however, was very different when our master happened to be at home. The moment he saw any of these poor blacks approaching, he used to run into the house for his rifle, and, on several occasions, fired at and wounded the unoffending wretches. At other times he hounded his dogs after them, himself pursuing and halooing with as much excitement as if he had been engaged in the chase of some wild beasts instead of human beings—beings as distinctly impressed as himself with the image of his God.

It is true that these poor creatures were mischievous sometimes, and that they would readily steal any article to which they took a fancy. But in beings so utterly ignorant, and so destitute of all moral perceptions, such offences could hardly be considered as criminal; not one, at any rate, deserving of wounds and death at the caprice of a fellow-creature, acting on his own impulses, unchecked by any legal or judicial control. Besides, it were easy to prevent the depredations of these poor creatures; easy to drive them off without having recourse to violence.

The humanity and forbearance, however, which such a mode of proceeding with the aborigines would require was not to be found in my master. Fierce repulsion and retaliation were the only means he would have recourse to in his mode of treating them; and the consequence was, his inspiring the natives with a hatred of him, and a desire of vengeance for his manifold cruelties towards them, which was sure, sooner or later, to end in his destruction. It did so. One deed of surpassing cruelty which he perpetrated accomplished his fate.

One day, seeing two or three natives, amongst whom was a woman with a young infant on her back, passing within a short distance of the house, not approaching it—for he was now so much dreaded by these poor creatures, that few came to the door—my master, as usual, ran in for his rifle, and calling his dogs around him, gave chase to the party.

The men being unencumbered, fled on seeing him; and being remarkably swift of foot, were soon out of his reach. Not so the poor woman with the child on her back: she could not escape; and at her the savage ruffian fired; killing both her and the infant with the same murderous shot.

This double murder was of so unprovoked, so cold-blooded, and atrocious a nature, that it is probable, little as the life of a native was accounted in those days, that my master would have been called upon to answer for his crime before the tribunals of the colony; but retribution overtook him by another and a speedier course.

On the following day, my master came out of the house, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, with an axe in one hand, and the fatal rifle, his constant companion, with which he had perpetrated the atrocious deed on the preceding day, in the other, and coming up to me, told me that he was going to a certain spot in an adjoining wood to cut some timber for paling, and that he desired I should come to him, two hours after, with one of the cars or sledges, in use on the farm, to carry home the cut wood. Having said this, he went off, little dreaming of the fate that awaited him.

At the time appointed, I went with a horse and sledge to the wood; but was much surprised to find that my master was not at the spot where he said he would be. A surprise which was not a little increased by perceiving, from two or three felled sticks that lay around, that he had been there, but had done little—so little, that he could not have been occupied, as I calculated, for more than a quarter of an hour. Thinking, however, that, wherever he had gone, he would speedily return, I sat down to await him; but he came not. An entire hour elapsed, and still he did not make his appearance. Beginning now to suspect that some accident had happened him, I hurried home to inquire if they had seen or heard anything of him there. They had not. His family became much alarmed for his safety—a feeling in which my conscience forbids me to say that I participated.

Two of my fellow-servants now accompanied me back to the wood, which it was proposed we should search. This, so soon as we had reached the spot where my master had appointed to meet me, and where, as already mentioned, he had evidently been, we began to do, whooping and hallooing, at the same time, to attract his attention, should he be anywhere within hearing.

For a long while, our searching and shouting were vain. At length, one of my companions, who had entered a tangled patch of underwood which we had not before thought of looking, suddenly uttered a cry of horror. We ran up to him, and found him gazing on the dead body of our master, who lay on his face, transfixed by a native spear, which still stood upright in his back. It was one of those spears which the aborigines of New South Wales use, on occasion, as missiles, and which they throw with an astonishing force and precision.

Such, then, was the end of this cruel man; and that it exceeded his deserts, can hardly be maintained.

Luckily for me, my period of service with my late master was at this time about out. A few days more, and I became entitled to my ticket of leave. For this indulgence I applied when the time came, and it was immediately granted me for one year. On obtaining my ticket, I proceeded to Sydney, as the most likely place to fall in with some employment. On this subject, however, I felt much at a loss; for not having been bred to any mechanical trade, I could do nothing in that way. Farming was the only business of which I knew anything; and in this, my father having been an excellent farmer, I was pretty well skilled. My hope, therefore, was that I would find some situation as a farm overseer; and thought Sydney, although a town, the likeliest place to fall in with or hear of an employer. On arriving in Sydney, I proceeded to the house of a countryman of the name of Lawson, who kept a tavern, and to whom I brought a letter of introduction from a relative of his own who had been banished for sedition, and who was one of my fellow labourers in the last place where I had served. On reading the letter, Lawson, who was a kind-hearted man, exclaimed—

"Puir Jamie, puir fallow, and hoo is he standin 't oot?"

I assured him that he was bearing his fate manfully, but that he had been in the service of a remorseless master.

"Ay, I ken him," said Lawson. "A man that's no gude to his ain canna be gude to ithers."

"You must speak of him now, however, in the past tense," said I. "Mr ——— is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Lawson, with much surprise. "When did he die?"

I told him, and also of the manner of his death.

"Weel, that is shockin," he remarked; "but, upon my word, better couldna hae happened him; for he was a cruel-hearted man." Then, reverting to his relative—"Puir Jamie," he said; "but I think we'll manage to get Jamie oot o' his scrape by and by. I hae gude interest wi' the governor, through a certain acquaintance, and houpe to be able to get him a free pardon in a whily. But he maun just submit a wee in the meantime.

"But anent yoursel, my man," continued Lawson, "what can I do for ye? Jamie, here, speaks in the highest terms o' ye, and begs me to do what I can for ye; and that I'll willingly do on his account. What war ye bred to?"

I told him that I had been bred to the farming business, and that I should like to get employment as a farm overseer or upper servant, to engage for a year.

"Ay, just noo, just noo," said honest Lawson. "Weel, I'll tell you what it is, and it's sae far lucky—there was a decent, respectable-looking man here the day, a countryman o' our ain, and I believe he'll sleep here the nicht, wha was inquirin' if I kent o' ony decent, steady lad, who had been brocht up in the farmin' line. I kenna hoo ther ca' the man, but he has been in my house, noo, twa or three times. He's only twa or three months arrived in the colony, and is settled somewhere in the neighbourhood o' Liverpool—our Liverpool, ye ken, no the English Liverpool. He seems to be in respectable circumstances. Noo, if he comes to sleep here the nicht, as I hae nae doot he will, seein' there's nae coach for Liverpool till the morn's mornin'—I'll mention you till him, and maybe ye may mak a bargain."

I thanked Lawson for his kindness, and was about leaving the house, with a promise to call back in the evening, when he stopped me, and insisted on my taking some refreshment. This, which consisted of some cold roast fowl and a glass of brandy and water, I readily accepted. When I had partaken of his hospitality, I left the house, repeating my promise to call again in the evening. The interval, knowing nobody in Sydney, I spent in sauntering about the town.

On the approach of evening, I again returned to Lawson's. He was standing in the doorway when I came forward.

"Come awa, lad," he said, with a glad face, on seeing me. Your frien 's here, and I hae been speakin' to him aboot ye, and he seems inclined to treat wi' you. But he's takin a bit chack o' dinner 'enoo; sae we'll let him alane for twa or three minutes. Stap ye awa in, there, to the

bar, in the meanwhile, and I'll let him ken in a wee that ye're here."

I did so. In about ten minutes after, Lawson came to me, and said the gentleman up stairs would be glad to see me. I rose, and followed him. We entered the room; the worthy landlord leading the way. The stranger, with his elbow resting on the table, was leaning his head thoughtfully on his hand, when we entered. He gazed at me, for an instant, wildly; he sprung from his chair; he clasped me in his arms. I returned the embrace. Reader, it was my own father!

"Davie, my son," he exclaimed, so soon as his surprise and emotion would permit him to speak, "how, in the name of all that's wonderful, has this come about? Where are you from? How came you here; and where, on earth, have you been all this weary time, since you left us?"

It was several minutes before I could make any reply. At length—

"I have much to tell you, father," I said, glancing, at the same time, towards Lawson, who stood, with open mouth and staring eyes, lost in wonder at the extraordinary scene, which he yet could not fully comprehend.

Understanding, however, the hint conveyed in that look, the worthy man instantly quitted the apartment, leaving us to ourselves. On his doing so, I sat down at table with my father, and related to him the whole history of my misfortunes, without reserve or extenuation.

The narrative grieved and distressed him beyond measure; for, until I told him, he had no idea that I stood before him a convicted felon; his first impression naturally being that I had come to the colony of my own free will.

Unlike all others, however, he, my poor father, believed implicitly my assertions of entire innocence of the crime for which I had been transported. But he felt bitterly for the degrading situation in which I stood, and from which neither my own conscious innocence nor his convictions, he was but too sensible, could rescue me in so far as regarded the opinion of the world.

Having told my father my story, he told me his. It was simply this—the story of hundreds, thousands:—Tempted by the favourable accounts he had heard and read of Australia, he had come to the resolution of emigrating; had, with this view, sold off at home; and here he was. He added, that he had obtained a grant of land, of about 500 acres, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, on very favourable terms. That, although he had not found everything quite so suitable or so well-ordered as he had expected, he had no doubt of being able to do very well when once he should have got matters put in proper train. He said he had already got a very good house erected on the farm, and that, although their situation, for the first two or three months, was bad enough, they were now pretty comfortable; and he hoped that, with my assistance—seeing, as he interpolated, with a faint smile, I had just cast up in the nick of time—they would soon make things still better.

"Your poor mother, Davie," continued my father, recurring to a subject which we had already discussed; for my first inquiries had been after that dear parent, who, I was delighted to learn, was in perfect good health, although sunk in spirits in consequence of long mental suffering on my account. "Your poor mother, Davie," he said, "will go distracted with joy at the sight of you. Her thoughts by day—her dreams by night—have been of you, Davie. But," he added, seeing the tears streaming down my cheeks, "I will not distress you by dwelling on the misery you have occasioned her. It's all over now, I trust, and you will compensate for the past. Neither will I say a word as to the folly of your conduct in flying your father's house as you did. You have paid dearly for that false step; and God forbid, my son, that *I*, your father, should add to the punishment. You are, I perceive, too sensible of the folly to render it necessary. So, of that no more."

Of that folly I was indeed sensible—bitterly sensible; and could not listen to the calm, rational, and kind language of my father, without looking back with amazement at the stupidity of my conduct. It now seemed to me to have been the result of utter insanity, madness. I could neither recall nor comprehend the motives and impulses under which I had acted; and could only see the act itself standing forth in naked, inexplicable absurdity. Recurring again to the circumstances which had led to my present unhappy position, and which were always floating uppermost in my father's mind—

"That scoundrel, Digby," he said "must have been at the bottom of the mischief, Davie. It must have been he who put the spoon into your pocket. What a fiendish contrivance!"

"I have always thought so, father," I replied; "and, on my trial, ventured to hint it, as I also did to the turnkeys and jailors; but, although none said so directly, I saw very clearly that all considered it as a ridiculous invention—a clumsy way of accounting for a very plain fact."

My father now proposed that I should start with him on the following morning, per coach, for Liverpool, from which his farm was distant an easy walk of some six or seven miles. On the following morning, accordingly, after having duly acknowledged our worthy host's kindness, we took our seats on the outside of the coach, and were soon whirling it away merrily towards our destination.

During our journey, it gave both my father and I much painful thought how we should break the matter of my unhappy position to my mother. It would be death to her to learn it. At first we thought of concealing the circumstances altogether; but the chances of her hearing it from others, or making the discovery herself when she was unprepared for it, through a hundred different means, finally determined us on communicating the unpleasant intelligence ourselves—that is, my father undertook the disagreeable task; meaning, however, to choose time and circumstance, and to allow a day or two to elapse before he alluded to it.

Having arrived at Liverpool, we started, on foot, for my father's farm. Should I attempt it, I would not find it easy to describe what were my feelings at this moment, arising from the prospect of so soon beholding that dear parent, whose image had ever been present to my mind—whose kind tones were ever sounding in my ears like some heart-stirring and well-remembered melody. They were overpowering. But when my father, after we had walked for about an hour, raised his stick, and, pointing to a neat farm-steading on the slope of a hill, and on the skirt of a dense mountain forest that rose high behind it, said—"There's the house, Davie," I thought I should have sunk on the ground. I had never felt so agitated—excepting in that unhappy hour when I stood at the bar of the Old Bailey, and heard sentence of transportation awarded against me. But I compare the feelings on these two occasions only as regards their intensity: in nature they were very different, indeed. On the former, they were those of excruciating agony; on the latter, those of excessive joy. As we approached the house, I descried some one at the door. It was a female figure. It was my mother. I gasped for breath. I flew over the ground. I felt it not beneath my feet. I would not be restrained by my father, who kept calling to me. My mother fixed her gaze on me, wondering at my excited manner—wondering who I could be, all unconscious, as I could perceive by her vacant, though earnest look, that I was her son—the darling of her heart. But a mother's eye is quick. Another moment,

and a shriek of wild joy and surprise announced that I was recognised. In the next, we were in each others' arms, wiapt in a speechless agony of bliss!

My father, whom I had left a long way behind, came up to us while we were locked together in this silent embrace, and stood by us for a few seconds without speaking a word, then passed quietly into the house, leaving us to ourselves.

"My son, my son!" exclaimed my mother, so soon as the fullness of her feelings would allow of utterance, "you have been cruel, cruel to your mother. But I will not upbraid you. In seeing you again—in clasping you once more to my bosom—I am repaid a thousandfold for all you have made me suffer."

With what further passed between us, I need not detain the reader.

The tender expressions of a mother and son meeting under such circumstances as we met, being the language of nature, the embodiment of feelings which all can conceive, there is no occasion for dilating on them in my particular case. I pass on to other things of more general, or, at least, more uncommon interest.

The first day of my arrival at my father's farm was passed entirely within doors in social communion, and in bringing up that arrear of interchange in thought and feeling which our separation for so long a period had created.

On the following day, I commenced work with my father; and although I had done my duty faithfully by both the masters I had served since I came to New South Wales, I soon found the difference between compulsory and voluntary labour.

In the former case, I certainly wrought diligently, but as certainly not cheerfully. There was an absence of spirit that quickly gave rise to listlessness and fatigue, and that left the physical energies weak and languid. In the latter case, it was far otherwise. Toil as I might, I felt no diminution of strength. I went from task to task, some of them far harder than any I had yet encountered, with unabated vigour, and accomplished with ease double the work I ever could get through with when in bondage.

The joint labours of my father and myself, assisted occasionally by hired service—for he could not endure the idea of having convicts about him—soon put a new and promising face on the farm.

We cleared, we drained, we enclosed, and we sowed and planted, until we left ourselves comparatively little to do—I mean in the way of hard labour—but to await the returns of our industry.

It was some time after we had got things into this state—that is, I think about three months after I had joined my father—that the latter received intelligence of a band of bushmen or bushrangers having been seen in the neighbourhood. He was assured that they were skulking in the adjoining forest, and that we might every night expect our house to be attacked, robbed, and ourselves, in all probability, murdered.

This information threw us into a most dreadful state of alarm. These bushrangers, as the reader probably knows, being runaway convicts, men of the most desperate characters, who take to the woods, and subsist by plundering the settlers—a crime to which they do not hesitate to add murder—many instances of fearful atrocities of this kind having occurred.

For some time we were quite at a loss what to do; for, although we had fire-arms and ammunition in the house, there were only four men of us, my father, myself, and two servant lads, while the bushrangers, as we had been told, were, at least, ten or twelve in number. To have thought then of repelling them by force was out of the question; it could only have ended in the murder of us all.

Under these circumstances, my father determined on applying to the authorities for constabulary or military protection, and with this view went to Liverpool, where the district magistrate resided.

On stating the case to the latter, he at once gave my father a note to the commanding officer of the garrison, enjoining him to send a small party of military along with him. These to remain with us for our protection as long as circumstances should render it necessary, and, in the meanwhile, to employ themselves in scouring the adjoining woods, with a view to the apprehension of the bushrangers, and to fire on them without hesitation in all cases where they could not be captured.

The result was, that a party of twelve men, commanded by a sergeant, were immediately turned out, and marched off with my father.

I was sitting on an eminence close by the house, and which commanded a view of the road leading to and from Liverpool, looking out for my father's return, when the party came in sight.

As they neared, I recognised in the men, from certain particulars in their uniform, a party of the —th, the regiment into which I had enlisted.

The circumstance excited some curious feelings, and awakened a train of not very pleasing reflections.

I had never dreamt of meeting any of the corps in so distant a part of the world; yet there was nothing more likely or more natural, a large military force being always kept in New South Wales, and frequently changed.

I felt, however, no uneasiness on the subject, thinking that it was not at all probable, seeing the very short time I had been in the regiment, and the constant accession of new men it was receiving, I should be recognised by any of the party.

In the meantime, the party were rapidly approaching me, and were now so near, that I could perceive the sergeant to be a tall and handsome young man of about two or three and twenty. Little did I yet dream who this sergeant was. I descended to meet them. We came up to each other. The sergeant started on seeing me; and looked at me with a grave, surprised, and fixed gaze. I did precisely the same by him. We advanced towards each other with smiling faces and extended arms. "Lorimer!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Lindsay!" I replied. It was, indeed, Lindsay, my old comrade, promoted to a sergeantcy.

Our mutual astonishment and satisfaction at this extraordinary and unexpected meeting was, I need not say, very great; although I certainly thought I perceived a certain dryness and want of cordiality in Lindsay's manner towards me. But for this I made every allowance, believing it to proceed from a doubt of my innocence, if not a conviction of my guilt, in the matter for which I had been transported. He, in short, it seemed to me, could not forget that, in speaking to me, although an old comrade, he was speaking to a convicted felon. However, notwithstanding this feeling on his part, we talked freely of old stories; and, as we were apart from the men, I did not hesitate, amongst other things, to allude to my misfortune, nor to charge the blame of it on Digby.

"Well," said the sergeant, in reply to my remarks on this subject, "since you have mentioned the matter yourself, Lorimer, I am glad to hear you say so—that is, to hear you say that you are innocent of that rascally business; for, putting your assertions, so solemnly made, to what my wife says—for she has some queer stories of that fellow Digby—I have no doubt, now, of your innocence."

"Your wife!" exclaimed I, in some amazement. "In the first place, then, you are married; in the next, how, on earth, if I may ask, should she know anything of Digby?"

"Why, man, Susan Blaikie is my wife," replied the sergeant, laughing; "and she's not, I take it, half a dozen

miles from us at this moment. I left her, safe and sound, in my quarters, in Liverpool, not two hours ago; and right glad will she be to see you, when you can make it convenient to give us a call. But of that we will speak more hereafter."

Like two or three other things recorded in this little history, this information gave me much surprise, but, like few of them, much gratification also; as I had feared the worst for poor Susan, seeing that she had been discharged from her situation, as I had no doubt, without a character, probably under a suspicion of being concerned with me in the alleged robbery.

By the time I had expressed the surprise and satisfaction which Sergeant Lindsay's communication had given me, we had reached the house, when all conversation between us, of a private nature, ceased for the time.

The first business, now, was to set some refreshment before the men. This was quickly done; the sergeant, my father, and I, taking care of ourselves, in a similar way, in another apartment. The next was to take the immediate matter in hand into consideration. Accordingly, we three formed ourselves into a council of war, and, after some deliberation, came to the following resolutions:—That we should, soldiers and all, keep closely within doors during the remainder of the afternoon; and that, as it was more than probable the bushmen would make their attack that very night, and as it was likely they would know nothing of the military being in the house, seeing that they always kept at a distance during the day, or lay concealed in hidden places, we should take them by surprise. That, for this purpose, we should remain up all night, and place ourselves, with loaded arms, by the windows, and in such other situations as would enable us to see them approaching, without being seen by them.

Having determined on this plan of operations, we resumed our conversation on indifferent matters, and thus spent the time till it was pretty far on in the night, when Lindsay suggested that it was full time the men were distributed in the positions we intended them to occupy. Two were accordingly placed at each window of both the back and front of the house: the sergeant and I occupying one; he with one of our muskets, and I with a rifle. It was a bright moonlight night; so that, as the vicinity of the house was completely cleared around, to the distance of at least 200 yards on every side, no one could approach it without being seen; although they could remain long enough invisible, and in safety, in the dense wood beyond, and by which the house was surrounded on all sides but one.

The sergeant and I had thus sat for, I think, about an hour and a half, looking intently towards the dark forest beyond the cleared ground, when we thought we saw several small, dark objects flitting about the skirts of the wood; but whether they were kangaroos or men, we could not tell.

Keeping our eyes fixed steadily on them, however, we, by and by, saw them unite, and could distinctly make out that they were approaching the house in a body. Soon they came sufficiently near to enable us to discern that it was a party of men, to the number of about eight or ten. There might be more, but certainly no fewer. We could now, also, see that they were armed—at least a part of them—with muskets.

Satisfied that they were the much dreaded bushrangers, of whose vicinity we had been apprised, the sergeant hastily left the window, at which he and I had been seated, and, stealing with soft and cautious steps through the house, visited each of his posts, to see that the men were on the alert. To each he whispered instructions to put their pieces on cock; to go down on their knees at the window, and to rest the muzzles of their muskets on the sill, but not project them out more than two or three inches. He concluded by telling them not to fire a shot until they heard the report of his musket; that then they were to pepper away as hard as they could pelt, taking, however, a sure and steady aim at every shot.

In the meantime, the bushmen, whose advance had been and still was very slow and cautious, as if they dreaded an ambuscade, had approached to within seventy yards of the house. Thinking them yet too distant to make sure of them, we allowed them to come nearer. They did so; but they had now assumed a stealthy step, walking lightly, as if they feared that their footfalls should be heard. They were led on by one of their number; at least there was one man considerably in advance of his fellows. He was armed with a sword, as we saw it flashing in the moonlight.

The party, handling their guns, in readiness to fire, on the slightest alarm, at any living object that might present itself, were now within thirty or forty yards of the house, and had halted to reconnoitre; when the sergeant, who had been on his knees for several minutes before, with his piece at his eye, said, softly, "Now," and fired. Whether he had aimed at the foremost man of the gang, I do not know; but if so, he had missed him, for he still stood firm. At this person, however, I now levelled, fired, and down he came. In the next instant the shots were rapping thick and fast from the different windows of the house.

The bushrangers, taken by surprise, paused for an instant, returned two or three straggling shots, and then fled in the utmost consternation and disorder. We kept pelting after them for a few minutes, and then, quitting the house, gave them chase, with a whooping and hallooing that must have added in no small degree to their terror. In this chase we overtook two that had been severely wounded; and came upon a third, near the skirt of the wood, who, after running so far, had dropped down dead. The others who had fled, some of whom, we had no doubt, were also wounded, escaped by getting into the forest, where it was no use looking for them. The two wounded men we made prisoners, and carried back to the house. As we were returning, we came upon the man whom I had brought down. Being extended motionless on the ground at full length, we thought him dead, and were about to pass on, intending to leave him where he lay till the morning, when I thought I heard him breathing. I knelt down beside him, looked narrowly into his face, and found that he was still living. On discovering this, we had the unfortunate man carried to the house; and having placed him on a mattrass, staunched the bleeding of his wound, which was on the right breast, and administered a little brandy and water, which almost immediately revived him. He opened his eyes, began to breathe more freely, and, in a short time, was so far recovered as to be able to speak, although with difficulty.

The excitement of the fray over—if the late affair could be so called—my heart bled within me for the unhappy wretch who had been reduced by my hand to the deplorable condition in which he now lay before me. My conscience rose up against me, and would not be laid by any suggestions of the necessity that prompted the deed. In my anxiety to make what reparation I could for what now seemed to me my cruelty, I sat by the miserable sufferer, ready and eager to supply any want he might express, and to administer what comfort I could to him in his dying moments; for that he was dying, notwithstanding the temporary revival alluded to, was but too evident, from his ghastly look and rapidly glazing eye.

It was while I thus sat by the unhappy man, and while silently contemplating his pallid countenance, by the faint light of a lamp that hung against the wall of the apartment, that I suddenly thought I perceived in that counte-

nance some traces of features that I had seen before. Whose they were, or where I had seen them, I did not at first recollect. But the idea having once presented itself, I kept hunting it through all the recesses of my memory. At length, Digby occurred to me. But no, Digby it could not be. Impossible.

I looked on the countenance of the sufferer again. It was slightly distorted with pain, and all trace of the resemblance I had fancied was gone. An interval of ease succeeded. The real or imagined resemblance returned. Again I lost sight of it, and again I caught it; for it was only in some points of view I could detect it at all. At length, after marking, for some time longer, with intense interest, the features of the sufferer, my conviction becoming every moment stronger and stronger, and my agitation in consequence extreme, I bent my head close to the dying man, and taking his cold and clammy hand in mine, asked him, in a whisper, if his name was not Digby. His eyes were closed at the moment, but I saw he was not sleeping. On my putting the question, he opened them wide, and stared wildly upon me, but without saying a word. He seemed to be endeavouring to recognise me, but apparently in vain. I repeated the question. This time he answered. Still gazing earnestly at me, he said, and it was all he did say, "It is."

"Don't you know me?" I inquired.

He shook his head.

"My name is Lorimer," said I.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, solemnly. "For one, at least, of my many crimes it is permitted me to make some reparation. Haste, haste, get witnesses and hear my dying declaration. There 's no time to loose, for I feel I am fast going!"

Without a moment's delay—for I felt the importance of obtaining the declaration, which I had no doubt would establish my innocence—I ran for my father and Sergeant Lindsay, and, to make assurance doubly sure, brought two of the privates also along with me. It was a striking scene of retributive justice.

On our entering the apartment where Digby lay, the wretched man raised himself upon his elbow. I ran and placed two pillows beneath him to support him. He thanked me. Then raising his hand impressively, and directing it towards me—

"That young man there," he said, "David Lorimer, is, as I declare on the word of a dying man, innocent of the crime for which he was banished to this country. I, and no other, am the guilty person. It was I who robbed my master, Mr Wallscourt, of the silver plate, for which this young man was blamed; and it was I who put the silver spoon in his pocket, in order to substantiate the charge I subsequently brought against him, and in which I was but too successful."

He then added, that in case his declaration should not be deemed sufficient to clear me of the guilt imputed to me, we should endeavour to find out a person of the name of Nareby, Thomas Nareby, who, he said, was in the colony under sentence of transportation for life for housebreaking; and that this person, who had been at the time of the robbery for which I suffered, a receiver of stolen goods, and with whom he, Digby, had deposited Mr Wallscourt's plate, would acknowledge, at least he hoped so, this transaction, and thus add to the weight of his dying testimony to my innocence.

Digby having concluded, I immediately committed what he had just said to writing; and having read it over to him, obtained his approval of it. He then, of his own accord, offered to subscribe the declaration, and with some difficulty accomplished the task. The signature was hardly legible, but it was quite sufficient when attested, as it was, by the signatures of all present excepting myself. Exhausted with the effort he had made, Digby now sank back on his pillow, and, in less than three minutes after, expired.

We now learned from the unhappy man's two wounded companions, who, the reader will recollect, were our prisoners, that, soon after my trial and condemnation, he, Digby, had left Mr Wallscourt's service, not under any suspicion of the robbery of the plate, but with no very good general character. That he had then betaken himself entirely to live with the abandoned characters whose acquaintance he had formed, and to subsist by swindling and robbery. That he had proceeded from crime to crime, until he at length fell into the hands of justice; and his banishment to the colony, where he had arrived about six months before, was the result. That he had not been more than a month in the country, when he and several other convicts ran away from the master to whom they had been assigned, and took to the bush. Such was the brief but dismal history of this wretched man.

On the following day, we buried his remains in a lonely spot in the forest, at the distance of about half a mile from the house, and thereafter proceeded with our prisoners to Liverpool. On arriving there, I accompanied my father to the magistrate on whom he had waited on a former occasion; and having stated to that gentlemen the extraordinary circumstance which had taken place—meaning Digby's declaration—he advised an immediate application to the governor, setting forth the circumstances of the case. This I lost no time in doing; enclosing within my memorial Digby's attested declaration, and pointing out Nareby as a person likely to confirm its tenor. The singularity and apparent hardship of the case, combined with the favourable knowledge of me previously existing, attracted the attention of the governor in a special manner, and excited in him so lively an interest, that he instantly had Nareby subjected to a judicial examination, the result of which was a full admission, on the part of that person, of the transaction to which Digby alluded.

Satisfied now of my innocence, and of the injustice which had been unwittingly done me, the governor not only immediately transmitted me a full and free pardon, but offered me, by way of compensation, a lucrative government appointment. This appointment I accepted, and held for thirty years, I trust with credit to myself and satisfaction to my superiors. At the end of this period, feeling my health giving way, my father and mother having both, in the meantime, died, and having, in that time, scraped together a competency, I returned to my native land, and have written these little memoirs in one of the pleasantest little retirements on the banks of the Tweed.

I have only now to add, that I had frequent opportunities of seeing both Lindsay and his wife, after the establishment of my innocence, and that no persons could more sincerely rejoice in that event than they did. My poor mother, whom my father had made aware of my situation soon after my arrival, and who had borne the intelligence much better than we expected, it put nearly distracted with joy.

"My puir laddie," she exclaimed, "*I* ay kent to be innocent. But noo the world 'll ken it too, and I can die happy."

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE ADVENTURES OF MALCOLM MOWBRAY.

"I know of no existence like that passed in the world for teaching us its general selfishness, or from which one may learn to moralize with such good foundation upon its paltry attributes."—*Violet; or, The Danseuse.*

At the age of eighteen did Malcolm Mowbray find himself "alone in the world." His father and mother had died within a week of each other, and one grave served to contain them both. His father had been by no means an opulent man, one hundred a year being all the income he derived from his estate, which was situated in Stirlingshire, near the small village of Gargunnock; yet did his pride prevent him from apprenticing his son to any trade, craft, or calling, for he wished to bring him up "a gentleman." As a preparatory step towards his son's bursting upon an astonished world in that character, Mr Maxwell—for that was the name of Malcolm's progenitor—had placed his son, at an early age, at a grammar school in the neighbourhood, where he acquired tolerable proficiency in the arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Being fond of study, Malcolm became master of the classics; and the minister of Gargunnock, who professed to have his interest at heart, kindly furnished him with the loan of such books as were calculated to improve his mind, and which the circulating library at Stirling did not possess. Malcolm's father took care that he should be taught dancing; and, with a sufficient number of lessons on the small sword, to enable him to defend himself, which he picked up from a fencing-master who attended a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, Malcolm did not want the outward accomplishments of a gentleman. But his father's death was a blow to his future advancement in life.

Mr Maxwell had lived, as half the world do, upon expectations: looked forward to the death of an uncle, mortgaged his little patrimony to keep up appearances, and died, as the common phrase goes, some hundreds of pounds worse than nothing. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that, when his estate, furniture, and other things, were converted into cash, Malcolm should find himself utterly destitute, after the creditors had been obliged to be satisfied with twelve shillings in the pound. With the assistance of his good friend the minister, who really felt for his situation, Malcolm made application to his father's uncle for relief, but without success. His answer was, that his nephew's son had been brought up a *gentleman*, and he should *now* see to what account the lad could turn his profession. He had never been consulted upon the lad's education, and he was determined not to give him a shilling. Hereupon the minister, from motives of pure humanity, went round to the neighbouring gentry, among whom he had the good fortune to raise fifty pounds, which were appropriated to the relieving of Malcolm from his humiliating circumstances. The next step the minister took, was to find a situation for his protegé. He had a brother who kept a school in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and who was willing to take Malcolm as an assistant.

Part of Malcolm's fifty pounds was expanded in equipments; and, on his departure from Stirling, he found himself possessed of three ten pound notes of the National Bank, and five pounds fifteen shillings in cash—a sum which he then thought would last for ever. His good friend advised him to husband it to the utmost; and, as he pressed his hand at parting, invoked a blessing on his head. With a worldly prudence, and a wish that no future situation of his life might hurt the pride of his father's family, he exchanged the name of Maxwell for that of Mowbray.

Nothing of consequence befell Malcolm during his passage to Edinburgh, except that he made the acquaintance of a travelling pedlar, who, on being "treated" to a glass or two of whisky by Malcolm, began discoursing upon the mysteries of his profession, and took a great deal of pains to persuade Malcolm that he was a rascal. Upon landing at Newhaven, and putting his hand in his breeches pocket to pay the Chain Pier dues, Malcolm, to his inexpressible surprise, could "hear no silver sounds," nor copper sounds either; and, what is better still, there was no tangible evidence of a single coin inhabiting his pocket. He began to scratch his head and try to remember what he had done with his cash; but, beyond a sixpence he had paid for whisky to the pedlar, and half-a-crown he had lost at cards to that same gentleman, his memory could not account for a ten pound note and the remainder of the fifteen shillings, all of which he had placed in his pocket on leaving Stirling. That the pedlar had taken his money, Malcolm did not hesitate to think. He looked about, but could nowhere see the fellow, he himself being the last passenger on the pier; so, making a merit of necessity, he unbuckled his portmanteau, in which the remainder of his money was stowed, and, having settled with the pier keeper, was soon on his way up to Edinburgh, and resolving to take better care of his money in future.

The academy of Dr Wallop'em, the minister's brother-in-law, was situated in the pleasant little village of Liberton, which, as some of our readers must know, is about two miles south of Edinburgh, and was celebrated, some four years since, as being the residence of two of the prettiest damsels Scotland could produce. Here Malcolm Maxwell was received with apparent civility; but he was soon given to understand that the doctor did not require an assistant. His school was but of late established, two scholars had left him the day before, and he had no greater number than he could attend to himself.

"However," he added, addressing Malcolm, "out of respect to my brother, I will contrive to give you house room till you can find a situation; and as I understand you are not able to afford much, if you will occasionally assist me in school hours, I shall not ask you to pay for your board and lodging more than fifteen shillings a week."

Being a stranger in that part of the world, and not knowing where to go, Malcolm thought it as well to accede to the doctor's exorbitant demand, at the same time dissembling so far as to say he felt very much obliged to him for his friendly offer. Malcolm was then introduced to the doctor's family, which consisted of a wife, a daughter about seventeen, rather pretty than otherwise, and six boys, between the ages of nine and fourteen. Mrs Wallop'em was some years younger than the doctor, and seemed to look upon her daughter with a jealous eye, and as one who

told her she was growing in years. Miss Julia, in her turn, was of a forward cast, and thought she had more right to be noticed than her mother, who was a married woman, and, in her time, had had her share of admirers.

"Julia!" said Mrs Wallop'em, shortly after Malcolm had been seated in the back parlour, "I wish you'd leave the room—you stare at the young man as if you had never seen a young man before."

"Ay, go! you young baggage," said the doctor, "and get us something nice for supper."

Julia slammed the door after her, but not without having previously given Malcolm to understand, by her looks, that she was angry at being sent out of the room. Mrs Wallop'em, primming up her mouth, and adjusting her features into an affected form of reserved politeness, hoped Mr Mowbray would excuse the awkwardness of the girl, who had seen but little of the world—had rather outgrown her age; for, though in size she resembled a woman, she was, in fact, little more than a child.

After a little taste of the pleasures of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," Malcolm resolved to retire from Dr Wallop'em's as soon as an opportunity presented itself; for he began to find that fifteen shillings of weekly expenditure was decreasing his small stock of cash most marvellously. Malcolm had now been a fortnight in the family, during which Mrs Wallop'em and her fair daughter did everything in their power to make his time pass agreeably. The mother, in order to have his company abroad, would frequently request the doctor to spare him, as it was proper to have an escort to the place where she was going; and Julia would often steal up into his room, when he was alone, and entertain him with the secret anecdotes of the family. From her he learned that her papa was no doctor, but had merely assumed that title in order to give a sort of *eclat* to his school: that her mamma had several male visiters unknown to her papa, who was, of course, fully occupied during the day. In short, she told him how much her mamma hated her papa, and how much she detested them both; and that she would give the world if any one would take her out of the house: that she did not care where she went, if she was but from home. Indeed, such was the favour Malcolm was in, with both mother and daughter, that a dread of the chapter of accidents was one principal motive for his wishing himself away.

Having an opportunity of seeing the newspapers, he looked carefully over the advertisements, hoping to meet with something that might suit him. His circumstances would not admit of his being over nice; for what with presents to Miss Julia, outdoor treats to her mother, with bed, board, and washing dues, his finances were reduced to little more than ten pounds. Malcolm did not communicate his design to the Wallop'ems; for, once away, he wished to be quit of them for ever; but he told them that a friend in Edinburgh had promised to look out for a situation for him, and, under pretence of going to this friend, Malcolm had an opportunity of applying at the places to which many of the advertisements directed him. At length, he had the good fortune to be appointed to a situation, the qualifications for which were stated to be "a good address, and gentlemanly appearance." Of course, Malcolm considered himself eligible in those respects. His office was to act as a decoy at an auction during the time of sale, and lead persons on to bid their money. He was to attend from eleven to three every lawful day; and his pay was to be twelve shillings per week.

Accordingly, Malcolm, who was to be installed in his appointment on the Monday following, took a lodging at the south side of the town, third story up, for which he was to pay four shillings and sixpence a week, being resolved to make the remaining seven shillings and sixpence answer every other purpose. Happy in this engagement, Malcolm acquainted the doctor that he should be no longer troublesome to him: that he was going to Australia in the capacity of tutor to a gentleman's family. He found it, however, somewhat difficult to get away; for the doctor had conceived such a violent affection for him, that, rather than part with him, he would take half-a-guinea a-week. Mrs Wallop'em used all her rhetoric to persuade him to continue and Miss Julia all her charms; but nothing would do. He was suffered to depart in peace, on his promising to correspond, as occasion should offer, with Julia, to whom, as the report went in the village—of course of her own primary circulation—he was engaged. He had been brought up with proper notions of right and wrong, and could scarcely reconcile this deception with his conscience; but when he considered the plea of necessity, he was easily led to justify the proceeding.

Malcolm's figure gave the utmost satisfaction to his new employer, who could only have wished him a few years older. That was easily remedied by Malcolm's mode of dress; and they contrived it between them, by means of a disguise, that he bore the appearance of forty. The following maxims were then laid down for Malcolm's use by the auctioneer:—

1*st*, Always watch my eyes; and when I look you full in the face, bid something more than the last bidder. 2*d*, Never see a flaw or an imperfection in anything selling; and find out beauties, if possible, even where there are none. 3*d*, Pretend to know the value of everything; and assert, in a confidential manner, to bidders, and in a kind of whisper, that the article selling is worth double the money bid for it.

Acting upon these maxims, Malcolm discharged his duty so well as to please his employer, and often procured for him a better price for his goods than he expected. Sometimes, indeed, the sale was interrupted by a person contradicting the auctioneer flatly, and declaring aloud that the article was not what he represented it to be. In this case, Malcolm was immediately directed to bid; and he, of course, became the buyer. The company were then dismissed with—"Gentlemen! I am much obliged to you for your attendance, and shall be happy to see you again to-morrow." The company, of course, withdrew. The obnoxious person gone, the street door was shut for five minutes, and then re-opened, with a "Walk in, gentlemen; sale just going to commence;" and the room was presently filled again with fresh company; for these sales are always held in some very public thoroughfare.

Malcolm had been in this employment upwards of two months, when an accident happened that was the cause of his losing his place. During the selling of a plated cruet-stand, worth about thirty shillings, who should come in but Dr Wallop'em. As Malcolm was disguised, it was not very possible for the doctor to know him unless he spoke, and this he took care to avoid doing. The doctor bade a guinea and a half for it; which the auctioneer not thinking enough, he looked at Malcolm, and so desired him to bid against the doctor. Malcolm did it by a nod; but as the doctor did not see it, he asserted he was the last bidder. The auctioneer appealed to Malcolm; but he was as mute as a fish, and Wallop'em was the buyer. The company were dismissed, and Malcolm was immediately discharged. But his anger did not cease here. Whilst in his service, Malcolm had sold his own watch, and bought a rather better one: he had also purchased a pair of pistols. The watch, which was a good one, had been brought to the auctioneer with a request to sell it, which he refused. Malcolm, therefore, purchased it for fifty shillings, and sold his own for pretty nearly the same sum. This watch was a stolen one, and was advertised; and the auctioneer carried his resentment so far as to give information that he had seen such a watch in Malcolm's possession. A warrant

was accordingly issued, and one evening, about ten o'clock, as our hero was taking his bread and cheese, in his lodging, prior to going to bed, he heard a great noise below, and a fellow, with a stentorian voice, inquiring for one Malcolm Mowbray. Conscious of having done no wrong, he went down stairs, and was immediately taken into custody, and charged with a highway robbery. All that he could say had but little effect. The warrant must be executed. The watch was accordingly taken out of his pocket, his room searched, and the pistols, which lay upon his table, were seized. He was then taken to the Police Office, where he was confined all night.

The next morning, he was taken before the sitting bailie, and charged with robbing a man of his watch, on the Portobello road, the Friday evening previous. The prosecutor swore to his property; but there was one thing in Malcolm's favour, he could not swear to his identity, as the prisoner appeared to be a younger man than the one who had robbed him. This, however, was soon set aside, by the master of the house, where Malcolm lodged, deposing that he had been in the habit of going out every day disguised as an elderly gentleman. Circumstances were too strong against Malcolm for him to get off. He had sent to the auctioneer, who could prove that the watch had been offered to him for sale, and whose evidence would, of course, have operated in Malcolm's favour; but he was intentionally out of the way, and Malcolm's case was remanded to a higher court. That day week he was brought before the sheriff.

Malcolm was not destitute of money; and, during the time of his confinement, had set about collecting evidence in his own favour. Luckily he recollected that a porter at the auctioneer's was present when he bought the watch; and that, on the evening when the prosecutor was robbed, he had been confined to his room with a slight indisposition, and called in the aid of a neighbouring apothecary. These, Malcolm felt persuaded, would justify his innocence, if the auctioneer was still so relentless as not to appear in his behalf, which he thought most likely; for he well knew that such is the strange conduct of mankind, that whilst a man knows you, and has reason to think he is well with you, he will do you no open injury; but if convenience, or any circumstance, has once led him to treat you ill, so that he despairs of your ever forgiving him, he becomes your most inveterate enemy; and though you have never given him the least offence, it is all the same—he acts and speaks of you, in future, as if you had been a thorn in his side ever since he had any knowledge of you. It was not so, however, with this man, though he had been the means of getting our hero apprehended by a false insinuation. Thinking, no doubt, he had punished him sufficiently, he thought proper, on application, to appear in his favour. Malcolm's innocence was proved and he was liberated.

After this occurrence, Malcolm saw that it would be useless for him to remain longer in Edinburgh; for, although he had been acquitted, he knew the Scotch too well to think that the story would be forgotten; nay, he was aware that it would live in their remembrance, coupled with their own private opinion of the matter, that he was actually guilty, but, for some cause or other, unfathomable to them—for which they would not be long in giving a reason—he had been set free. There was also the chance of the Wallop'ems finding out his whereabout, and annoying him into a marriage with Miss Julia. These things considered, Malcolm packed up his wardrobe, which was none of the largest, and with it upon his shoulder, two pounds in his pocket, and a walking stick in his hand, he took the road for London, which he deemed as the most legitimate mart for his abilities, of which he was not a little vain. He calculated on reaching the overgrown city in a week, or ten days at the farthest; and, with admirable foresight, resolved that his travelling expenses should not exceed one shilling sterling per diem.

Nothing of any consequence happened until he arrived in Yorkshire, which he did on the fifth day from that of his setting out. It was a beautiful evening, in the mellow autumn, that he found himself trudging along the road between Ripon and Aldborough. Finding himself somewhat weary—for he had travelled a considerable way that day—he determined to put up for the night at the first house of public entertainment he could see. It was not long before he had the good luck to descry, at a short distance from the highway, such a place as he had wished for; so, on the instant, he proceeded towards it. The house was composed of two stories, white-washed in front, and ivy leaves mantling the gable-end. There was an air of comfort about it which pleased Malcolm, at the same time he felt certain that the charges would not be exorbitant. He advanced into the kitchen, and took his seat at a respectful distance from the fire; for, having been toiling along all day under the influence of burning Sol, he had no desire to encounter any additional caloric. When he entered, there was only one individual in the apartment. This was the maid of all work, who kept bustling about, as she alternately devoted her attention to the mixing of a pudding upon the dresser, and the basting of a fowl which was revolving before the fire.

"I say, my good woman," said Malcolm, after he had sat a few minutes without any notice having been taken of him, "can you give me something to eat?"

"Thou beest a rum un," said the damsel, somewhat saucily, "to think I'd attend to thee afore gentlefolks;" and as she again turned her attention towards her culinary operations, which, for the moment, she had suspended, Malcolm could hear her mutter—"Good woman, indeed!"

O ho! thought he, that's where the shoe pinches, is it? Then, speaking aloud, he said—

"And so, my pretty girl, you expect gentlefolks, do you?"

The little which Malcolm had already seen of the world, had taught him the power and the value of flattery; and his past experience was not belied in the present instance, for he had no sooner called the kitchen wench a "pretty girl," than a sweet smile played upon her countenance; and she replied, with much more blandness in the tones of her voice than she had exercised on the former occasion—

"Oh, yes; measter and missus expects a lady and a gentleman in a whoile—a real lady, and a real gentleman. But, ifecks, thou'lt be awanting summut to eat and drink;" and, without more ado, she tossed off for him, in the frying-pan, a pretty distinct quantity of ham and eggs; with which, and a pot of porter, Malcolm proceeded forthwith to regale himself. Whilst thus employed, the host and hostess, attired in their walking gear, entered, and the latter's attention was anxiously directed through a window at the other extremity of the kitchen, to that where Malcolm sat, as if looking out for some expected arrival.

"There they coom at last," she cried, as the sound of carriage wheels was heard. "Jenny, roon and help the gentlefolks to get in their loogage;" and Jenny flew to do her bidding. "Noo, Tim!" she said to her husband, "let us see them oop stairs, and then be off, for thee know'st the gentleman said they wished to be private for soom hours." So saying, the couple left the kitchen; and Malcolm, immediately after, saw them, through the window, assisting a young and beautiful lady and an officer to alight from a handsome carriage. The sound of many feet were then heard upon the carpeted wooden stairs which led to the second story of the house, and the same was continued on the floor immediately above Malcolm's head. Then Jenny made her reappearance in the kitchen; and Malcolm

saw that the host and hostess had gone on their walk, for, at that moment, their figures darkened the window.

"I mun mak heaste wi' their dinner, though." And Jenny took the fowl off the spit and deposited it on a plate, then, from a pot which stood half on the hob, half over the fire, she extracted a beautiful leg of mutton, smoking hot, which she speedily embellished with caper sauce. "Mayhap, thee could'st help me owp wi' one o' them dishes, for they're in a hoory loike." More from a feeling of curiosity to get another peep at the lady, than from any other motive, Malcolm very good humouredly took up one of the dishes, and followed Jenny to the room above. The lady he had come to look at was seated with her face to the window; but as the door opened, she turned, and Malcolm was struck with her exceeding loveliness; he thought that he had never seen anything half so beautiful. In his trepidation, he nearly spilt some of the caper sauce upon the floor; but, suddenly recovering himself, he set down the dishes with precision, and left the room.

Malcolm, having been early imbued with the spirit of romance, could not help attaching some importance to the circumstance of the appearance of these people in such an out-of-the-way place. There was certainly something very strange in it; and the host and hostess, too, leaving the house the very instant they came, and that, too, seemingly by the express wish of the gentleman, added greatly to the mystery. It was what Malcolm could not at all comprehend; so, after some spirited conversation with Jenny, he retired to the sleeping apartment allotted for him, about ten o'clock, at which time the host and hostess had not returned.

He had just tumbled into bed, and was preparing himself for a quiet snoose, when he thought he heard a scuffling, a rattling of chairs, and voices rather loud, in the next room. He listened, and felt convinced he was not mistaken. Fully persuaded that all was not right, he jumped up, and threw on his clothes in haste. He had no sooner done so, than the noise became louder, and a scream burst upon his ear. With speed he left his own room, and darted into that of the strangers. He had scarcely time to notice that the young lady was struggling to free herself from the rude grasp of the officer, ere the officer left her and caught him by the shoulder, exclaiming—

"Rascal! who sent for *you*. Get out of the room this instant, or I'll be the death of you." So saying, he unsheathed his sword.

"I shall not retire," said Malcolm, with firmness. "This lady seems to need protection, and I will defend her with my life."

Hearing a friendly voice, the poor creature ran to Malcolm, and, placing herself under his protection, implored him to continue with her, and save her from ruin.

The gentleman, on the other hand, was in the utmost rage and, pushing Malcolm from him, insisted on his leaving the room, or he would run him through the body. Finding Malcolm noways inclined to obey his injunctions, he made a lounge at him, which Malcolm parried with his hand, closed in, and disarmed him. The young lady screamed and fainted; and the villain, seeing himself foiled, took up his hat, hurried down stairs, and drove off. He was no sooner gone, than Malcolm, by the aid of some hartshorn, which he, fortunately, found upon the mantlepiece, brought her to her senses. Seeing herself free from her villanous companion, she thanked Malcolm in the warmest terms for his timely assistance; and, begging him not to leave her yet, they sat down, and the lady deemed it prudent to explain to him the circumstances which had brought her to that lonely house.

It appeared, from her narrative, that she was the daughter of a private gentleman of good family and fortune in the city of York: that her name was Seymour: that the officer was a Captain Easton, who had solicited her hand in marriage, but, his father being alive, and he having nothing but his pay to depend upon, her father had opposed the match: that this gentleman, however, having gained her affections, she had been so imprudent as to leave her home with him, under the idea of being privately married to him: that, under a variety of frivolous pretences, he had delayed the ceremony; and she now saw the drift of his base intentions: that his conduct had at once obliterated every spark of her attachment; and that, if possible, she now hated him more than ever she loved him.

This being her story, she asked Malcolm what he thought she had best do.

"Why, ma'am," replied Malcolm, "I would earnestly advise you to return home, acknowledge your indiscretion to your father, and, as from what has passed, he will have no reason to dread your elopement with the same person in future, I flatter myself he will readily forgive you."

With this advice she was well pleased; and, expressing a desire to leave the house before the host and hostess returned, Malcolm encouraged the step by informing her that the night mail would pass that way in a very short time, and proposed to accompany her as far as York. No time was lost in preparation; and Malcolm, after paying his bill to Jenny, with a parting kiss, was soon on the high-road, with Miss Seymour leaning on his arm. The weather being extremely fine for some weeks previously, the roads were in excellent condition; and, as the air was mild, and the night not very dark, they had a pleasant walk for nearly half an hour, at which time the mail overtook them. Luckily there was plenty of room, so that Malcolm had little difficulty in securing an inside seat for Miss Seymour, and an outside one for himself. This being adjusted, the coach continued its way; and our travellers were set down within the walls of the ancient city of York just in time for breakfast; a meal which Miss Seymour invited Malcolm to partake of at the place where the coach stopped; for, although his manners were above the common, his dress, and the part he had acted in carrying up dishes at the roadside inn, had impressed her with the idea that he was a servant.

Immediately afterwards, Miss Seymour expressed a wish to return on the instant to her father's house; and Malcolm was ready to escort her. When they reached the house, Malcolm, according to instructions received, knocked a single rap at the door, and told the servant that opened it that Miss Seymour did not wish her father to know of her return until she had seen her mother. Miss Seymour then parted with him, desiring him, if he purposed staying so long in York, to call for her that afternoon.

At the time appointed, Malcolm waited on Miss Seymour, who, being attired in white, seemed to him much more lovely than she was before. She again thanked him for her miraculous preservation, and told him that she was "still more obliged to him for the advice he had given her, which had reconciled her to the best of parents, and without which she should have forfeited that love she never was so sensible of till now." She then gave him to understand that her father wished to see him; and he was accordingly ushered into the old gentleman's study.

On his entrance, Mr Seymour advanced and shook him by the hand. He then thanked him, with tears in his eyes, for the deliverance of his child.

"She has seen, I believe," said he, "her indiscretion; has repented of her conduct; and now is more endeared to me than ever; and as for the part you have acted in this affair, I can never sufficiently repay you; but, be assured, you may always rely upon me as a friend to you."

So saying, he put into Malcolm's hand a fifty pound note, and told him that, if he should enter into his service, he should have one every year, so long as he thought proper to remain.

Poor as Malcolm was, he modestly refused the note.

"I am amply repaid," said he, "in having merited your good wishes and your daughter's; and as I am certainly in want of some decent employment at present, I shall be most happy to engage with you."

"Fifty pounds, I hope, wont hurt you." So he insisted upon Malcolm's taking the money. He then said—"I can employ my present valet at an estate I have in the country, and you may come to me whenever you think proper."

The next morning, therefore, saw Malcolm in possession of his new place; to which he was the more eager to go, as it would give him an occasional opportunity of seeing Miss Seymour—an attachment to whom he found, despite the great distance between their respective stations in life, grew insensibly upon him; and, dangerous and fruitless though the thought might be, he could not but indulge it. He was determined, however, not to offend the family he was in, but to watch and wait patiently for that critical moment, if ever it should arrive, that might give a more favourable turn to his pretensions.

The family in which Malcolm now found himself, consisted of Mr and Mrs Seymour, and their daughter Louisa. They were all Roman Catholics; and a great number of the servants were so too. When Malcolm first became a part of the establishment, he was kindly treated by every one in the house; but, as soon as it was known that he was a favourite up stairs, he became obnoxious below. He endeavoured, by every means he could think of, to conciliate his fellow-servants; but jealousy had so taken possession of their minds, that it was all in vain. Everything they did for him was said to be more than he deserved. His shoes were not half cleaned; the knife that was placed for him at dinner could not cut; the bread he was helped to was stale; the beer flat; and, as he was generally attending upon Mr Seymour at the usual time of breakfast in the housekeeper's room, when he came down, the toast was all gone, the tea was cold, and the cream was slopped. He bore all this very patiently; for what will not a person endure with a favourite object in view?

All Malcolm could do, in the present circumstances, was to make a friend of Miss Seymour's own maid, as it would facilitate his intercourse with her mistress. She was a good-natured woman, of about thirty years of age, and greatly in her young lady's favour. Through her, Malcolm learned that Miss Seymour had expressed the highest regard for him, and wished for an opportunity of being of use to him; for she said that he had the manner of a gentleman; and was sure, though in the situation of a servant, he had received a gentleman's education, and that her father and mother were of the same opinion. Through this same channel, Malcolm made her acquainted with his early history; for the maid conveyed all he said to the ear of her mistress; and this Malcolm had foreseen. By Letty, (that was the maid's name,) he was informed that Miss Seymour had communicated to her the intelligence that "Captain Easton, who had treated her so ill, had made several applications for leave to renew his addresses to her; but she was determined never to listen to him more. Her heart," she said, "was her own again, and she hoped she should have sufficient discernment and resolution never to bestow it more upon a worthless object." She ended by hinting that, if she was mistress of her own fortune, she would not hesitate to bestow it upon Malcolm.

Miss Seymour having opened her mind so much to her maid respecting Malcolm, and which, he conceived, could have been only said with the view of his hearing it again, took an opportunity, one morning, when she came into Letty's room, to request her private ear for a few minutes. With great and amiable good-nature, she despatched her maid on an errand, when Malcolm addressed her thus:—

"If it be not an act of the highest presumption, madam, for one in *my* humble situation to declare an attachment to a young lady of *your* rank and fortune—if it be not an offence against propriety and duty, to solicit your attention to any tale of mine—I would venture to represent to you, that though you see me here as your father's valet, I am a gentleman both by birth and education; and have hopes, neither wild nor romantic, of inheriting a very considerable landed property. I mention this only to induce your favourable hearing."

"Malcolm," said she, interrupting him, "from the time I first saw you, I was convinced that, though wearing a livery, you were bred to better expectations. I am of too selfish a nature not to acknowledge that, were I mistress of worlds, you have deserved them all. I have a heart, it is true, to give again; but what is my poor heart without my hand? *That* is at my father's disposal; were it at my command, I would say more."

"A thousand blessings on you, my dear Miss Seymour, for this generous declaration," cried Malcolm, in rapture, taking her hand; "let me extort but one declaration more, and, poor as I am, I shall be the happiest of men."

"Your good sense, Mr Malcolm," returned she, "will, I am persuaded, prevent your urging me to say anything I ought not to say. What I am mistress of, you may command; what I have not to give, you cannot expect."

"I have too high a veneration for you, my dear Miss Seymour, to urge the least impropriety. You have frankly confessed your heart is still at liberty, but not your hand. I ask not your hand at present, but solicit only your heart; and that you will give me a chance, by time, of possessing the former; at least, that you will promise me not to bestow the one where you cannot yield the other?"

"This I solemnly promise," said Lousia. "My heart you have won, and it is yours. I have only to lament that I cannot give my hand as readily."

Letty that instant entering the room, Miss Seymour departed, after assuring Malcolm that she would take the first opportunity of seeing him again. She kept her word; for, in a few days, she sought him out, and presented him with an enamelled ring as a pledge of her sincerity.

Thus, in an endearing enjoyment of a reciprocity of affection, through the confidence of Letty, and the convenience of her room, did many days glide smoothly on. But this was not to last long; for Malcolm had been in the family only about six weeks, when, one morning, Miss Seymour came to him in Letty's room, with a kind of terror in her countenance, and the following letter in her hand, which she gave him to read:—

"Thou most cruel of women, I have been long at a loss to account for your indifference; but with the cause I am now acquainted. I have a rival among your father's *servants*. I have too much pride to acquaint Mr Seymour with the fact; but I shall watch the scoundrel's motions, and remove him from you. Your injured servant,

"Charles Easton."

The alarm occasioned by this letter, caused Malcolm many an unquiet moment. He was determined to be prepared for any violent attack; and, therefore, never went out afterwards but with a stout walking stick and a brace of loaded pistols.

The third day after Miss Seymour had shewn him Captain Easton's letter, he was going out, in the evening, about six o'clock. The month was October, and the day was consequently just at its close. He had on a dark gray coat, and plain hat, with a gilt band. And just as he opened the outer door, he heard a voice say—"That's he." At this he rather drew back; and a man in a chairman's coat ran up the steps towards him, and, with a cudgel in his hand, made an attempt to seize him. Malcolm struck him upon the

arm with his stick; and, with his foot, thrust him down off the steps. At that instant he descried other two men, armed with bludgeons, making up to him. One had nearly reached him, when he took out one of his pistols and fired it. The man fell, and Malcolm took shelter within the house, bolting the door behind him. Finding himself so far safe, he ran to the stables at the back of the house, put on an ostler's jacket he saw there, in lieu of his coat, tore the band from his hat, so that he might not be known, and made his escape into the meuse lane in which the stables stood.

He pushed away to a neighbouring stand of coaches, got into one, and desired the man to drive him rapidly out of the town, via London. When he considered himself out of the reach of pursuit, he dismissed the coach, and, taking refuge for the night in an inn which presented itself a few miles further on the road, he began to consider what was proper to be done. After some deliberation with himself, he came to the determination of writing to Mr Seymour, explaining the cause of his abrupt departure, and begging him to stand his friend. He thought of writing also to Louisa, but refrained from doing so, lest his letter should be intercepted by her father; and as he knew she would be made acquainted with his situation from the other letter he had written, he felt easy upon that point.

The letter despatched, the next morning saw Malcolm on his way to London, on the top of the coach, as, having money in his pocket, he deemed it more pleasant and safer to take that conveyance.

* * * * * * *

Arrived in London, the first thoughts of Malcolm, after having secured for himself a comfortable lodging, were to look out for a situation. He offered his services to the printer of a morning newspaper, and wished to be engaged in any way he could be found of use.

"What is your forte?" inquired the printer, "can you pen a good parliamentary debate or bespatter a character?"

"I am blessed with a happy memory," innocently said Malcolm; "and am persuaded I could bring away a speech nearly as it is delivered."

"Delivered! phoo!" replied he, "we don't want a *verbatim and literatim* reporter. You surely can't suppose a speech is delivered as it is set forth in the newspapers? No, no, friend, there is sad hacking work in the delivery. The members of both houses, owe their good speeches to the abilities of the reporters, who give the public the substance of what is there said, in language *fit* to be read. Can you twist an argument so as to give it a sense different from the intended one? Our paper is a party print, and every line in politics must carry the sense we wish it. Next," continued he, "as to bespattering a character, if you are clever at *this*, I can employ you."

Malcolm gave him to understand that he thought he should succeed best in this department, for that he was so determined an enemy to vice and imposition in general, that he must drag it forth wherever he found it lurking.

"That wont do, friend," quoth the printer, "you mistake my meaning—with vice and imposition *in general* we have nothing to do; we don't set up as correctors of morals; our plan is to write a character into disrepute that opposes our party."

With this man, Malcolm, for want of better employment, was not slow to engage; and he performed his work, as usual, with satisfaction to his employer. It was, while in this service, that, as he had a deal of spare time on his hands, he bethought him of writing a novel, upon a new and improved principle. When completed, he took it round to several of the first publishers in London; but he, having neither recommendation nor literary reputation was quietly dismissed without his novel being looked at. At length, he had the good luck to fall in with an obscure publisher in the city, who, being in desperate circumstances, was willing to embark in any speculation in which there was the smallest chance of his bettering himself. Malcolm entered into terms with him immediately, which were, to share between them the profits, after 1250 copies had been sold. The work was accordingly sent to press, and, being issued in detached portions, with fancy covers, took amazingly with the public. There were no fewer than 20,000 copies disposed of, and the publisher, though poor, being an honest man, fairly accounted to Malcolm for his legitimate moiety of the profits. Malcolm went on successfully as an author: and, in little more than a year and a half, had realised a sum exceeding £5,000.

Malcolm was now in a way to offer his hand openly, and in face of the whole world, to Louisa Seymour; but, alas! he knew not where she then was. During the great length of time since his coming to London, his thoughts had been continually with her. He had written several letters to her at her father's residence at York, but they were invariably returned to him through the post office, with a notification that the Seymours had left that city. He would have gone thither to be personally assured of the fact, but uncertainty respecting the fate of the man he had shot at, withheld him. He could learn no tidings of Miss Seymour's whereabout. Once he thought she might be in London; and, with a more than youthful enthusiasm, set about the Quixotic plan of discovering her. He frequented the theatres, and all the other public places of amusement, night after night; looked for her among the passengers on the streets during the day, but all to no purpose—no Louisa was there. During his perambulations, he more than once encountered the form of a much older female acquaintance than Miss Seymour—this was no other than Julia Wallop'em. On one occasion, he saw her in a box at the Italian Opera House, in company with an elderly gentleman, who, upon inquiry, Malcolm ascertained to be Lord Fitzdoodle, an amorous old bachelor; and once again he saw her driving along Oxford Street in the peer's carriage. On neither of these occasions did she seem to see him, and he could not get near enough to converse with her, or make her aware of his proximity. There could be no doubt left on his mind as to the station she occupied in Lord Fitzdoodle's household.

One day, Malcolm was invited to dine with the Marquis of Walton—a nobleman whom Malcolm knew only by character, but that character did him honour. He courted Malcolm's acquaintance from an idea that he might be useful to him with his pen in the political world. Malcolm was received with politeness at the nobleman's house. There were several gentlemen present, among whom Malcolm, to his mortification, recognised Captain Easton. Malcolm knew him at once, but he remembered nothing of Malcolm, who was just as well pleased, and felt satisfied that no circumstance could lead to a discovery. As fate would have it, however, after the cloth had been removed and the wine began to mount to their brain, the conversation turned upon various topics which polite men seldom broach when in their sober moods, and the Marquis of Walton began rallying the Captain upon the subject of his "love chaces," observing, at the same time, that he had little reason to boast of predilections, for to him they had been attended with bad consequences.

"By the way," added the Marquis, "was that fellow whom you waylaid in York ever heard of afterwards?"

"No," replied Captain Easton, smiling, "the rascal, I dare say, has been hanged at some country assizes long before this. How in the world so fine a girl as Miss Seymour could countenance the advances of so low and ignorant a scoundrel, is to me astonishing."

Malcolm took the opportunity to observe, that the ladies, in general, being made of finer material than the male sex, were blessed with a peculiar discernment, and could discover beauties and perfections much more readily than men.

"At least," he observed, 'we must leave them at liberty to know what they themselves best like."

"Yes, sir," returned the captain; "but this fellow was a servant of her father, and one of the most low-bred scoundrels in the world. You are unacquainted with the story, sir, and therefore cannot decide upon the merits of it."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Malcolm, "the affair is within my recollection. I knew some of the parties, and, I believe, sir, that you are indebted to that low-bred scoundrel's impunity in not prosecuting you for the attack you caused to be made upon his life."

"You seem to take this business up, sir!" said the officer, with warmth, "in a very ungentleman-like manner, and very unbecoming the situation in which you were introduced here."

The marquis would have interfered, but Malcolm requested to be heard.

"I am not insensible," replied Malcolm, addressing the captain, "of the honour the Marquis of Walton has done me, by inviting me to his house, and I beg his Lordship's pardon for anything that may have escaped me to trouble the harmony of the afternoon, but I will submit to no indignity."

At this, Captain Easton rose and walked about the room in heat, muttering the words—"Fellow—impertinence—impudence." One of the company, more pacific than the rest, took Malcolm aside, and requested him to retire for a few minutes, till the captain's heat had subsided. This Malcolm objected to.

"I have more reason," said he, "to be displeased than Captain Easton has; and, if he knew me, I am persuaded he would not dare to look me in the face. I am the very man his unguarded tongue has traduced. I glory in being the very 'rascal' and 'scoundrel' he has thought proper to calumniate."

Thunderstruck at this, the company knew not how to act, but Malcolm soon left them to themselves; for, approaching the Marquis of Walton, he said—

"I regret that this unfortunate rencontre should have occurred to interrupt the happiness of the evening. I regret it not on my own account, but on yours. I beg you will allow me to take my leave for the present; but, ere I go, I cannot omit this opportunity of thanking you for the good opinion you have been pleased to entertain of me, and I trust my conduct in life has been, and will continue such as to leave you no room to alter it."

The next morning, Malcolm called upon a friend, and detailed to him all the circumstances of the case. His friend at once expressed his willingness to wait upon Captain Easton on Malcolm's behalf, to demand an apology for the insult. The captain would make no apology, so Malcolm had no alternative but to send him a challenge, which, after some hesitation, he accepted. They met the following morning, at a short distance from town, and at the first fire the captain was wounded, and fell. The seconds, before they knew whether the wound was dangerous or not, advised Malcolm to fly. He took their advice, and was soon on his way to the Continent.

No sooner was he landed at Calais than he felt safe from pursuit. His mind, however, was not at ease, for he was fearful that he had wounded the captain dangerously; but, as his friend had said that he would write instantly if such was found to be the case, and no letter reaching him during the week he remained in Calais, he became somewhat more at ease.

Being abroad in a foreign country without recommendation, and without any intention of continuing long, Malcolm thought of little but looking about him and seeing what naturally presented itself to his view. From Calais he wandered to Dunkirk, and from Dunkirk to Bruges, and so on to Ghent. It was here that, whilst at morning service, one Sunday, in the chapel of the convent of the Rich Dames, he heard a shriek in the gallery among the nuns, which rather disturbed the ceremony for the moment, but, as all was soon quiet again, he took no farther notice of it. About nine o'clock in the evening, however, as he was sitting down to supper at the St Sebastian, in that town, a note of the following import was put into his hands:—

"Sir,—The writer of this letter is a female in the year of her noviciate at the convent of the Rich Dames. If your name is Malcolm Mowbray, and from England, I am right in my address, and wish for an interview. Come to the grates of that convent to-morrow at eleven, inquire for Sister Agatha, pass for her kinsman, and you will see one whom you may probably *wish* to see."

Having understood Flanders, by all accounts, to be a country of intrigue, Malcolm concluded this to be a business of the same kind. However, he impatiently waited for the hour of assignation at the Rich Dames'; and, having followed the directions given him in the letter, he was shewn into a parlour, where, in a few moments, to his surprise and pleasure, he was gratified with the sight of—his dear Louisa Seymour. He clasped her in transport to his breast. Neither of them could speak for some time—the joy of meeting quite overcame them. When Louisa had recovered herself, she informed Malcolm that the occasion of her being there was for having refused to marry a gentleman of her father's choice. She said she was not yet professed, but that, ere long, she would have been compelled to take the veil. She also told him that her mother was dead, and she was her heiress to the extent of £300 a-year, which her father withheld from her. Malcolm proposed that she should throw herself under his protection, which she at once acceded to with rapture. He promised to take the matrimonial vow the first opportunity that offered, according to the ritual of the Romish Church, and that he would ratify it at the altar of his own so soon as they set foot in England.

The next night, Louisa made her escape from the convent; and, by Malcolm's assistance, stepping into a chaise which waited for her, they made the best of their way to Lisle, a town in French Flanders, and out of the reach of the police of Brabant. Here the marriage ceremony was performed; and, shortly afterwards, they made their way for England.

In answer to Malcolm's inquiries, respecting the man who had assaulted him in York, Louisa informed him that the fellow had been killed on the spot; and that the coroner's jury, in consequence of her father's statements, had brought in a verdict of "killed in self defence."

On their arrival in England, their marriage was again solemnized after the form prescribed by the established religion of England. When they had been some months settled in a beautiful little villa, some miles to the westward of London, Malcolm made several applications to Mr Seymour, who was living at that time in Norfolk; but he was so exasperated at the conduct of his daughter, that he would attend to none of them; and Malcolm was under the necessity of proceeding against him in law to recover the £300 a-year that became the property of Mrs Mowbray on the death of her mother; but such is the glorious uncertainty of the law, that many terms elapsed ere Malcolm could bring the matter to a final bearing.

About this time, Mrs Mowbray received several letters

from a person who signed himself Sarsfield, requesting a private interview; but, of course, she paid no attention to this.

One evening, in the twilight, as she was returning home alone from a friend's house in the neighbourhood, she was accosted by a gentleman, evidently disguised, who said he was the person who had written her the letters; and he begged that she would take his arm and accompany him to town. She desired him to be gone; when he came nearer, and caught her by the arm, at the same time whispering in her ear, in a well known tone of voice, "Louisa!" She started at the sound, and stared him full in the face. It was Captain Easton she gazed on. She uttered a loud shriek, and fell fainting to the earth.

When she came to her senses, she found herself at home. On inquiring how she came there, her husband told her that a peasant, hearing a scream on the road, had flown to the spot whence it proceeded; and having found her lying senseless, and knowing who she was, had brought her home. In return, she informed Malcolm of the sudden appearance and proposal of Captain Easton; and he resolved to find an early occasion of punishing the villain's insolence; but this he had not an opportunity of doing soon; for the fright which Mrs Mowbray had received brought on premature labour, and she died in giving birth to a still-born child.

That very evening, the news came to Malcolm that the lawsuit had been decided in his favour, and that his uncle in Scotland had died, leaving him heir to his estate. But what was fortune to him now—she for whom he had toiled and wished for wealth, could not now share it with him. There are some moments so painful in their endurance, that we would gladly forget that they belong to human existence, and the present was one of those agonising moments to Malcolm.

As soon as he could prevail upon himself to quit England, where the bones of Louisa lay, he proceeded to Scotland to take up his estate. One of the first acts of his life was to settle a pension of five hundred a-year upon the honest clergyman who had befriended him in his earlier years; and he lived long after to do good to all around him.

Captain Easton, or, as he now was, the Earl of Sarsfield—for, by reason of his father's death, he had succeeded to that title—hearing of the death of Mrs Mowbray, and to what the cause of it had been attributed, retired to a solitary place on the seashore at Dover, where he committed suicide. His body was not found till a few days had elapsed; and none of those who looked on it could tell how proud a soul had once dwelt within.

MARY ARMSTRONG.

It is some years since I resided at the village of Marston, situated on the Tweed. Here dwelt the worthy John Armstrong, the minister; and Mary, the gentle and modest Mary, his only daughter. Mr Armstrong, when I first knew him, was nearly sixty; a man of considerable judgment and great sensibility of heart, his religion was pure and rational, and his charity extensive. He was beloved by all in the village. If there was any fault of which I could accuse him, it was a too doating fondness for his daughter, who, had she not been blessed with an excellent disposition, would certainly have been injured by it. Mary Armstrong was then eighteen; and though not handsome, yet there was a mildness of expression in her countenance far superior to any regularity of feature. Happy were the many hours which I spent beneath Armstrong's roof. When the evening closed the labours of the weary villagers, there, seated in his quiet parlour, would Armstrong, with the tear of fondness starting in his eye, listen to the melting sweetness of Mary's voice, as she sung some favourite melody; or, conversing on subjects of taste and morality, instruct, whilst he highly entertained, his willing auditors.

During the past summer, I set out on a visit to Marston, full of anticipation of much happiness. At the entrance of the village, I met a friend with whom I entered into conversation, and I ventured to inquire about the minister and his daughter. He appeared disconcerted at my question, and hesitated to reply.

"What is the matter?" cried I; "Is Mr Armstrong ill?"

"No," he said; "but Miss Mary."

"What of her?" I eagerly exclaimed.

"Miss Mary," he continued, with a sorrowful expression of countenance, "is to be buried to-morrow morning. There is not a dry eye in the village."

It appeared that, some time after I had left Marston to embark in business in Edinburgh, Mrs Strafford of Comrie Park had died; and Miss Strafford, of whom Mary was a most intimate friend, had prevailed upon Mr Armstrong to allow her to reside at Comrie Park. Miss Strafford had a brother—Henry by name—who had come from college to be present at his mother's funeral; and he fell violently in love with Mary, and would have married her but for his father, who was much displeased when he heard of the matter. Mary then returned to her father's. Some time after this, by Miss Strafford's wish, she again visited Comrie Park. Alas! it was a serious visit to her. She and Henry attempted an elopement, and were discovered. Henry was packed off to the Continent; and, shortly after, Mary exhibited symptoms of becoming a mother. At this, Squire Strafford fumed and frowned, and wound up the matter by ordering Mary out of his house. She returned to her native village—to her heart-broken father—to be thrown upon a bed of sickness, from which she never again arose.

On the morrow I rode over to Mr Armstrong's with an intention of seeing my afflicted friend, and of being present at the awful ceremony. When I came within sight of the house, my sensations nearly overcame me. I had scarcely resolution to approach the house. The villagers were assembled on the green. I entered, and, meeting a servant, he pointed to the parlour and retired. The door was half open—Armstrong was within—he knelt beside his daughter's coffin. He observed me, and beckoned me forward. I would have spoken, but I could not. I gazed a moment on the wreck that lay before me, and sighed in a convulsive manner, for the tumult of my spirits quite oppressed me; and Armstrong, observing this, seized my arm, and, ordering the coffin to be screwed down, led me into another room.

The procession moved onwards. The grave had been made within the aisle of the village church. The bearers had just set down the coffin, when suddenly the church door was thrown open, and a young man, in mourning, rushed in. In frantic terms, he called upon his "Mary;" and, breaking through the crowd, stopped on seeing the coffin. He started some paces backwards. "Help me; she is murdered!" he exclaimed; and threw himself upon the coffin. It was with some difficulty we tore him from it. He struggled hard, and his eyes darted fire; but, at length, having liberated himself, he rushed from the church. The next morning Squire Strafford was found dead in his bed; but none were found hardy enough to impute the crime of parricide to the maniac Henry. The rest must remain a mystery.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE VICTIM OF SUPERSTITION.

I STILL think of the summer of 1803 with pleasure: it passed over my head more tranquilly than any other of my chequered life. I had, no doubt, been crossed in love; but the shade of regret it left being more pleasing than painful, I had no wish to shake it off. In my wanderings along the banks of the lovely Esk,* I always felt as if in a pleasant dream, while I sauntered or lay reclining near the spot where I was wont to meet the object of my late attachment. The spring and summer flowers had all faded like the dreams of youth; but the fields waved yellow, and smiled in plenty. The trees were still clothed in luxuriant foliage, although, in various places of the woody banks, the fresh green of summer was changed to gaudier hues, that spoke to the reflective mind of approaching decay; like the hectic flush that sits upon the cheek of the youthful pilgrim to an early tomb.

The hardy harvest flowers were still in bloom in some secluded nook: the gaudy foxglove raised its flowery stalk, while the tiny bluebell hung its pale-blue graceful cup from the crevices of the rocks, or peeped from among the half-withered grass—most attractive of flowers to a Scotsman's eye.

Musing, I had wandered on, unconscious of the lapse of time or distance. I had left the Esk at Roslin, and was on the high-road, on my return home for the twilight was almost gone, and the moon had risen. Romantic nature has its charms; so have the busy paths of man. I was now attracted by the bands of industrious Highlanders, who had left their native hills to assist the Lowlanders to gather in the produce of their more fruitful soil, as they plodded on their toilsome journey to the south. Each little band, as it passed, raised some new idea in my mind, as it happened to contain more or less of those characteristics peculiar to them all. The aged sire or matron, still vigorous in decay; the youthful maiden and beardless stripling: but the stout young man was rarely seen among them—these had joined the warrior bands that, far, far from their native hills, maintained their country's fame.

I had nearly reached my home, when a stranger rose from the bank by the wayside, upon which he had been sitting, and began to walk on before me, but so very lamely, that I soon came up to him, and saw that he moved with great pain. Compassion induced me to address him, and inquire if he would accept of my assistance.

"Thankfully," he replied; "for I feel my ancle very painful. I gave it a severe twist some time since. I was in hopes the pain would soon go off; but it is, I feel, on the increase. How far are we from the next village? I know not its name; yet I think we are not far from it. When you assisted me in my dream, we had not far to walk."

Surprised at the incoherence of this address, I looked hard at the speaker, to ascertain whether he was the worse of liquor or insane; but he appeared to be neither. He was, as far as I could guess, about fifty years of age, and of an engaging appearance. His features, regular and manly, had yet an expression of subdued sadness, such as I had never seen before in all my wanderings. This I attributed to the accident which he had lately met with, and began to attempt to give him such comfort as the circumstances suggested. He heard me for some time in silence, while a heavy sigh more than once escaped him. At length, he said—

"My kind friend, my ancle gives me little concern; for it will, I hope, soon be well again. A night's rest will put all to rights."

And, as if to change the subject, he began to chant a song. At first, the air was wild and melancholy, I had never heard the like; but gradually it sunk into low and plaintive notes, like the wailings of suppressed anguish. The words were Gaelic, and unintelligible to me; but the music thrilled through my frame, and melted me almost to tears; it was so much in accordance with my own feelings and the stillness of the scene. He ceased. A few moments we walked on in silence. I, expecting him to begin another song, feared to speak, until he said—

"Excuse me, friend. I am but a melancholy companion. I want a merry chant to beguile the way, but my heart refuses to obey my will: I would fain be merry, but I am ever sad."

And again he began to sing, but it was now in English. The words were those of a convict song, of a date prior to the American War.

> "Here I must live and die, a slave to Madam Ghie;
> And, alas! but I'm weary, weary, O!
> Slow, slow the time moves on, all hope is fled and gone;
> And, alas! but I'm weary, weary, O!

By this time we had reached Lasswade, and I had become much interested in my new acquaintance. There was something in his manner and address that spoke him no common character. At the end of the bridge I stopped, and inquired if he had any friend or acquaintance in the village.

"None that I know of except yourself," he replied, as frankly as if we had been acquainted for years. "But I have always a friend in company with me, go where I will, that makes me welcome;" and he placed his hand on his pocket: "I have him here."

I laughed, and said—"That is a friend on whom you can always rely."

"Oh," says he, "I go this night with you; for I did so in my dream. So lead, and I will follow."

"There was a sincere frankness in the manner in which he said this, that deprived it of any air of rudeness, abrupt as it was; besides, the allusion he had twice made to a dream, roused my curiosity to know more of my strange companion. I frankly gave my consent, and took him to my room to pass the night, and, if possible, learn his history from his own lips. We no sooner entered the apartment than, gazing around him, he said, as if unconsciously—"Yes, it is the same; it is ever thus;" and sank upon a chair with an air of languor and depression that excited both my curiosity and compassion.

"What is the same? what is ever thus?" said I, "if I may inquire."

Roused from his reverie by my question, he replied—

* See Nos. 261 and 291.

"I must have thought aloud, in the bitterness of my spirit; for these are ever my thoughts—thoughts that render life an irksome burden to me. For these thirty years I have felt as if I had been re-living a life spent in some former period. Nothing is strange—nothing is new to me; and the feeling is a weary and depressing one. If there be evil, I endure it in anticipation tenfold more than if it came unwarned. If there be what to others would have been pleasure, it brings none to me. I had, I feel, enjoyed it before; and the spell is broken. It is a miserable thing to know futurity; and doubly is that misery increased by the consciousness that we are ourselves its cause."

I looked upon the stranger with astonishment, for his language appeared to me the language of insanity; but he shewed no indication of such unhappy condition. His voice was deep and impressive; his manner calm and collected. In our discourse on other subjects he was connected, and particularly well-informed. So much so, that I felt great pleasure in listening to him. Observing my surprise, he said—

"Young man, I appear to speak in riddles to you. I am a riddle to myself. My whole life has been one long and inexplicable riddle. But I will give you a sketch of my history, and you can judge for yourself."

Having said this, he began:—

"It is in the loveliest vale in Scotland, on the banks of Loch Tay, that all my earliest recollections dwell; for there I first awoke to consciousness. My grandfather had been a servant to the Earl of Breadalbane; and my father rented a small farm—a favoured tenant. There were of us three sons and two daughters. I was the second son. We laboured and lived in joy and peace on the farm under our parents' roof. My brothers were of a quiet and contented turn. No thought of change ever seemed to agitate their minds. They performed their humble duties neither with spirit nor indifference. The energy they wanted seemed to have been reserved for me. From my earliest youth, my chief pleasure was to roam among the deep dells, or range over the lofty Benlawers, whose summit I have often scaled, and from which I have gazed with rapture on the wild and magnificent scenes that stretched far, far beyond the range of human eye, while all around was still as the grave, the deep silence broken only by the whirr of some solitary ptarmigan; while, far in the blue expanse of sky above, would be seen floating, supported on his dark dun wings, a solitary eagle, in quest of prey. On him would I gaze until he vanished from my sight in distance. Who that has taken delight in such scenes from youth can feel pleasure in the tame scenes of the Lowlands? I have ever felt, while here, as if I dwelt in a land of pigmies.

"Under this dreamy, cloudless sky of existence, I had nearly reached my twentieth year, when a most intense feeling took entire possession of my mind. It had long been an occasional visitant. I was sitting at a distant sheiling, enjoying the songs and mirth of the maidens, on a summer evening. While all around was joy and gladness, I became pensive and sad. A few minutes before, I had been the happiest of the company: now I could have sat and wept. I withdrew, and sat at a distance, oppressed by a feeling I could not overcome. A voice seemed to whisper in my ear—Can such happiness endure until, like my father's, my locks are gray, and the churchyard of Kenmore becomes an object of desire? My whole mind became engrossed with an anxious desire to pry into the secrets of futurity. Day and night the wish haunted me, and continued to increase until it overpowered every other feeling, and I could have dared anything to have it gratified.

"While in this state of mind, I heard of a cunning woman, who lived in a lone cottage at Killin, who cured diseases by charms and rhymes. She knew the virtues of every healing herb, and could fortell what was to come. Love-sick maidens were wont to consult her; and many were the wonderful stories told of her skill. The knowledge she possessed had been in the family for generations back—further than tradition could reach. No language but Gaelic could she speak.

"To her I resolved to apply, and went secretly with my gift. When I entered her wretched abode, she was seated by her fire, her head resting on her hands. For some minutes she took no notice of my salutation, nor changed her position. I stood looking upon her with awe, but without fear. At length, she turned her keen gray eyes upon me, and said—

"'Come ye, young man, for yourself, or come ye for another?'

"'For myself,' I replied.

"Her voice, sharp, and unbroken even by age, gradually became soft, even to sadness, as she spoke:—

"Speak ye the truth, my bairn; speak ye the truth? Can any care requiring my skill have touched a heart so young?'

"At once I told her of the purport of my visit, and importuned her to grant my wish if in her power. She resumed her former position, as if I had not been present, and remained silent for some time. Soon she began to rock her body backwards and forwards, uttering at intervals, a low moan; then, with more distinct enunciation, thus expressed herself:—

"'The beautiful, the fair-haired boy asks the fearful question! He knows not what he asks. I cannot grant his wish, in mercy to himself, lest his curse disturb my rest when I sleep beneath my turf. Go home, my fair-haired boy, and join the maidens' song. Take not up a load you can never lay down again.'

"Dissatisfied with this enigmatical response, I increased my gifts; and, by dint of these, and urgent importunity, finally prevailed on the ancient crone to gratify my wish of obtaining a glimpse into the future. Having promised that I was implicitly to follow her directions, she gave me some dried herbs, of which I was to chew at the first appearance of the next new moon, having first bathed in a stream running towards the rising sun, after having passed my shirt through the smoke of a fire into which salt had been thrown. This done, without being witnessed by any one, or speaking a word, I was to retire to a solitary place. I was to put the herbs in my mouth, chew them, and lay myself down with my head to the east, and wait the event. I was too eager to omit one item of the instructions I had received; and accomplished all on the appearance of the new moon. The night was lovely and serene; the stars shone in all their splendour; while the thin crescent form of the queen of night, dimmed not their lustre. I arrived at the solitary spot I had selected for my unhallowed rites. I put the accursed herbs into my mouth, and laid me down. No fear or misgiving visited me, so strong was the impulse that urged me to my misery.

"I had only lain a few minutes, when a sickness almost to death came upon me. I felt a whirling sensation in my brain, that made the ground seem to reel beneath me. All power of motion forsook me; and I either fell asleep, or consciousness left me. But soon strange forms began to flit before me, horrible and unsightly. I shrunk with terror, and endeavoured to conceal myself; but my efforts were vain. A strange consciousness pervaded my entire frame. What passed behind me seemed as distinct as what was passing before me. I appeared to have left my body and to have become a spirit; for I saw my own form stretched out by the large gray stone where I had lain down. I felt I had the power of volition, and could dart through the air in any direction; but some secret power or impulse always hurried me back to the spot. Hideous phantoms crowded around me some with a most malignant aspect, others

THE VICTIM OF SUPERSTITION.

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looked upon me as if in pity; but we held no communion. It was neither dark nor light, yet all was clear and distinct. I felt no human passion, neither fear nor joy. I moved through the air without an effort, as I have felt before and since in my ordinary dreams. I felt only an intensity of perception, I may say of vitality, of which I had never any sense before.

"While in this state, I saw my body rise and go towards my father's house. A sympathetic impulse forced me along with it. When *we* got home, the usual avocations went on, and scene after scene passed before me, in which my body was less or more engaged. I saw my acquaintances. Some I saw married, some I saw leave their father's roof, and several I saw carried to the tomb. At length, I saw a beautiful maiden often seated by me in some secluded spot, or walking with me by the shores of Loch Tay. Preparations for a wedding were made in my father's house. I knew not the maiden or her friends. They were from one of the valleys in Lochaber. All the wedding guests were met, save the bride and her relations, who were coming down the loch in a boat. I went to meet them. The boat went down; and three disappeared from my sight—one of them the bride. I saw her dead body borne to the cottage; and the marriage feast remain untouched. I saw her carried to her native valley, and laid in the grave of her fathers, and the other two bodies laid by her side."

At this point, my singular companion became so much affected, that I requested him to defer the sequel of his narrative.

"Nay," says he, "it is now almost told that is worth telling. But a long succession of events flitted before me. At length, I saw my body borne to a churchyard far from my native home. No friendly hand carried me to the grave, and my time is near at hand."

Here the speaker paused; and we both remained silent for some time. At length I said:—

"Your veracity, my good sir, I do not call in question; but may not all you have told me be but a mere illusion?"

"Alas!" replied he, "it is no illusion. Would that it were. Then might my former peace of mind return. But I feel it never can. I am now a being incapable of enjoyment. A consciousness haunts me that I am living a joyless life over again. An automaton, with a will indeed, but controlled by a master-hand. Even my present situation I was in long years before."

"You speak with an assurance that creates my wonder," said I; "but have you, indeed, my friend, found all happen as you saw?"

"I shall relate to you," he replied, "the history of my misfortunes since that fatal night; and judge for yourself.

"No sooner had my body seemed to me to be covered in the grave, than I awoke. I was faint and sick; but the whirling that had oppressed me had now ceased. I attempted to rise; but the effort was painful. I had become so benumbed, that every member felt as deprived of vitality. A painful sensation, like the prieking of thorns, was over my whole body. Urged by the fears that now filled my mind, I strove against my sufferings. I arose and hurried towards my father's house, nor once dared to look behind. As I ran, my limbs gradually resumed their wonted powers, but my mind remained a chaos of confusion. I got, unquestioned, into bed, and soon fell into a profound sleep. The time I had passed at the stone must have been considerable; for the moon had just risen to the east of Benlawers, but was considerably to the west before I reached my father's cottage.

"On the following morning, my father awoke me to my usual labour. I felt now no inconvenience from my adventure save a slight weakness. It was peat casting time. The corn was green, and the weather warm and agreeable. I felt, for some days, merely as if I had dreamt some strange and perplexing dream; and, for several weeks, matters went on in the usual way at the farm. The harvest was now over, and I had almost ceased to think of my adventure as a matter of any importance, when the event occurred from which I date the commencement of my sufferings.

"The family of the Earl of Breadalbane, accompanied by a number of strangers, had arrived at the castle. A day was appointed for a hunt. I was passionately fond of the chase, and in the habit of following to assist the gamekeeper. The day was fine. I was in high spirits, and eager for the sport. No sooner, however, did the gay throng prepare to set off, than a painful sensation came over me. I had seen the same in my dream as vivid as it was now before me. One of the gentlemen rode a beautiful bay horse. I had seen him and his horse fall over a high bank. The horse was killed, and he much hurt. In the excitement created by this recollection, I requested the gamekeeper to warn the rider not to proceed to the field, or join in the chase that day, as he valued his life. I only got laughed at for my warning. The party set off in high spirits; but mine were fled. My mind was strangely agitated. I wished to disbelieve the convictions that oppressed me, and to encourage a hope that I was under some illusion; but in vain. I had now no pleasure in the sport. Nothing was new to me. I had seen the same chase before. I left the happy group, and went to the spot where I anticipated the accident would happen, with a faint hope that I might be able to prevent it, or that it might not occur. I seated myself on a stone near the fatal spot. The chase swept past me; the rider and his bay horse close behind, flying towards his doom. I started to my feet, making signs and shouting aloud to warn him of the danger; but he either did not understand, or heeded not my efforts, for, in the next moment, the accident had happened precisely as I had seen it. Running to the spot, I found the horse and rider lying side by side; the horse quite dead, but his rider still breathing. While I was bringing some water to bathe his face, the others came up. He was now carried to the castle, much hurt; but he ultimately recovered. From this time, I ceased to doubt, and my sufferings may be said to have begun; for I was not wiser than before I had acquired my painful knowledge, since, although I had a glimmering forecast of events, I knew not when they were to happen, until I saw some circumstance that pointed them out; for the numerous instances I had seen, that made no lasting impression on my mind, were so mixed up with the more important, that all I knew was the order in which they were to happen. My foreknowledge, therefore, has been of no use to me, and has only served to deepen the gloom caused by the certainty of their occurrence. What lapse of time must intervene between the events, I have no means of ascertaining.

"The words I had spoken to the gamekeeper made a great sensation, and were much talked of. My low spirits at times, had been often noticed, and many good-natured attempts made to banter me out of them; but, from this time, I was freed from this annoyance, as my melancholy was now attributed to my having got the second sight, for which I became an object of respect. But, from all, I concealed the guilty adventure which is now embittering my existence; and, while my brothers and acquaintance enjoyed every passing occasion of pleasure, I either joined in it languidly, or looked on with indifference. I had no enjoyment in anything; for I had nothing new to witness. All had already passed before me.

"At times I would battle with my feelings, and, for a time, be, to appearance, the most joyous of the merry-makers—vainly attempting to drive the gloomy thoughts that oppressed me from my bosom. At others, I have attempted to shun the scene of mirth. Both efforts were equally vain. A stronger impulse, or some event over which

I had no control, ever forced me back to act a part similar to what I had witnessed before I became the wretched solitary being I now am.

"Thus time passed on. I had made up my mind to leave my father's house, and proceed to the Lowlands, in hopes that change of scene might banish from my mind the consciousness that was consuming me. I had a strong inclination to enlist into the army; for I knew I was to be, at one time or other, a soldier. But the idea was, in the meantime, driven from my mind by love; a love so powerful, that it banished even the melancholy termination I had too much reason to fear it would have. Even yet I have a vivid recollection of the pleasing delirium which absorbed my whole soul, and of my infatuation in myself filling to the brim the cup of anguish I was about to raise to my lips. It was now the spring, and pretty far advanced. I had more than once heard my brothers and the other young lads speak of an interesting young woman who had lately come from the braes of Lochaber to keep her aunt, an aged and lone widow. Their encomiums made no impression on me. She had been there for several weeks before I saw her for the first time, and then only by accident. It was evening, and I was returning from one of my solitary walks, when I perceived the maiden milking her cow. My way led close past her. I was struck by her figure and surpassing beauty. I thought her the loveliest creature I had ever seen. As I approached more near, the light forsook my eyes—I almost sunk to the ground. She was the same I had seen in my dream, in every lineament, in every feature. Her occupation, too, was the same. All this rushed on my recollection with a force that stunned me. In the sweetest accents she bade me 'Good evening;' but I hurried from her in silence, and rushed into my father's house, where I threw myself on my bed, and gave way to my feelings.

"I summoned up resolution, and determined, this time, to conquer and avoid the misery that was before me, by leaving my home in a few days. The morning came, and found my resolution unchanged; but the image of the fair stranger haunted my mind even as I was preparing for my departure. Again and again I said to myself, I will see her once more: there can be no harm in that. Accordingly, towards evening, I sought her; but it was with the intention of obtaining a sight of her only before I should depart on the following day. Unhappily, I met her on my way. I could not be uncivil when the salutation of the evening was again offered me. We entered into conversation. The time passed on: my resolution was forgotten. There was a music in her voice that charmed all evil thoughts away. Thus day followed day, and each found me less and less willing to depart.

"My mother, who had been for some time ailing, had become worse. I could not leave my home until I knew the issue. Here my dream, as in other instances, was of no avail to me. I knew that my mother would die before me; but whether at this time or not, I could not say. In the meantime I had, I knew not how, become a constant visiter at the widow's cottage; yet every visit I resolved should be my last—still they were repeated. I had no pleasure in my existence, except in those hours passed with Sally. Blinded by my love for her, I had almost persuaded myself that my dream might be only a strong delusion, to which accident had given the appearance of reality; and that, if I could but forget, all would be right.

"Thus passed several months of happiness, that can be tasted only once in the course of life: it is when the delightful passion of love is first awakened, and meets return in the bloom of youth. I had ceased to think of everything except my Sally. No relation frowned upon our loves: our marriage day was fixed, and all prepared. My bride had gone home to her friends for some articles of *plenishing*, and was to be conveyed back by her brothers, and a few relations, who were to be present at the wedding. We expected them the evening before, as the mirthful ceremony of the feet washing was to be gone through. The sunset and evening wore on; night came, but the bride's party did not arrive. I had never told Sally of my fatal foreknowledge. No one knew of the anxiety and fears that rendered me miserable during that long, that dreary night. I wandered like a spectre by the banks of the lake, accompanied by my brothers, who, in vain, endeavoured to quiet my apprehensions. I would not leave the side of the loch. Idly they told me Sally and her party would not come by water, as they had it not to cross; but there lay all my fears.

"The breakfast hour came, but no bride. All my friends were met; but no bagpipe rung out its merry strains: our meeting resembled more a funeral than a bridal. A shout arose—'There comes the bridal party.'

"'Thank heaven,' I said, as we went forth to meet them, my heart in a tumult of joy, which as quickly sunk to despair when I saw them in a boat, at a distance, with every sail set. I could just hear the music of their pipes as it floated on the breeze. The same sight had passed before me on that fearful night; the power of speech left me: I groaned and beat my bosom wildly. My eyes were riveted on the gay party who, I was now certain, were soon to perish. Why dwell on the agony of that hour. Horror was depicted on the countenances of all my friends; for they believed I had the second sight; and, while the vision is before the seer, no one speaks to him. I had been spoken to; I only answered by my groans: I would have sunk to the ground had not my brothers supported me; I felt as if life were ebbing fast away; my eyes had become dim. A loud and piercing shriek from those around me rung in my ears. The boat no longer floated on the waters; the thoughtless and merry party were either beneath the surface, or struggling for their lives. The boat had been upset by a sudden gust from the hills. You know the rest—I was a widower bridegroom.

"For many months after this fatal event, I was unconscious of existence. I wandered about through those haunts where I had been with Sally. I was silent and harmless, an object of solicitude and pity to every one. Slowly I recovered my consciousness, but took no interest in what was passing around me, selfishly indulging my griefs. Rumours of war being about to commence with America, to reduce the refractory colonists to obedience, had reached the remote glens of the Highlands, and that the chiefs were about to raise regiments to aid the government from their own estates. These were to be officered by the sons of the factors, and the poorer proprietors, who could raise the number of men required to obtain their commission; and neither the most fair nor gentle means were employed, subsequently, to make up these quota. So harsh, indeed, were the means adopted, that many young men fled to the Lowlands to avoid enrollment. A species of illegal impressment was set on foot, and many instances of cruelty occurred. Every farmer who had two or more sons, was compelled to part with one at least, or, perhaps, two. These were, in many cases, secured in barns, to prevent their escaping. My father got notice that he must give one of his sons, or another tenant would get his farm. This, if not directly said, was implied.

"So selfish had my mind now become, through suffering, that I witnessed, on this occasion, the anguish of parents, and the grief of young men and maidens, with indifference. Of our family, my younger brother, William, was pitched upon for a soldier. He disliked it, and became dull and melancholy. My parents were also grieved; but they thought he was only sorry to leave his home, and that

be would recover his usual sprightliness when he joined his regiment. In one of my wanderings, at this time, my attention was attracted by the voice of mourning. It came from the same spot where Sally had first consented to be mine. My curiosity was roused, I listened in a frame of mind I had long been a stranger to; for I recognised the voice of my brother William. He was endeavouring to comfort a maiden who hung upon his bosom, bewailing their cruel separation. I heard them plight their faith to each other, and weeping, take farewell. My brother was to leave his home on the following day.

"So great was the effect on me of the melancholy scene of which I had just been an unseen witness, that it at once roused me from my long-continued indulgence of selfish sorrow. A new energy arose in my bosom. My heart once more beat lightly; and the languor that had weighed me down so long, suddenly left me. I felt almost as if I might even be happy; at any rate, that I could be the means of procuring happiness for another, and that other, one I loved. My resolution was formed at once. I came before the surprised lovers, who looked on me with amazement, so great was the change a few minutes had made on my countenance, animation and resolution having taken the place of gloom and despondency. While I made known to them my resolve, which was, to go in William's steed, Kitty, his lover, hung on my breast, and wept the thanks she could not speak.

"'But, William,' said Donald, 'my poor unfortunate brother, I cannot allow you to go in my place. Stay you at home, and comfort our poor parents, who will be delighted with your recovery; and be kind to Kitty, till I return.'

"As he said this, the maid cast her tearful eyes towards him with an imploring look. How much more I loved my brother at this moment than I had ever done.

"'William,' I said, firmly, 'I am resolved to go; for I feel that I will be happier when removed from these scenes than I can ever be when near them; and if you will not allow me to go as your substitute, I will accompany you. But why cause a double grief to our parents, and leave Kitty to mourn your absence, perhaps your death. The animated manner in which I made this declaration, surprised my brother; so altered was my look and the tone of my voice from what they had been, ever since the melancholy day that had almost laid my reason prostrate. Suffice it to say, that he, at length, joyfully acceded to my proposal of going in his stead, and we parted; I leaving the lovers to enjoy their unexpected happiness, and returning to my father's house with a lightness of heart I have never owned since. So grateful were my sensations, that I felt for a time as if I had put on a new existence, and had become once more capable of entering into the enjoyments of my fellow-men.

"As my parents were circumstanced, they had no choice—one of their sons must go. They, with considerable reluctance, gave their consent to the change; but only, I believe, on my urging that I would be much happier anywhere than on the borders of Loch Tay, where every spot called to recollection the loss I had sustained. My very peculiarities had endeared me more to them than my brothers; for I had been for years an object of care and anxiety to them. Never had the family worship warmed my heart as it did that evening. My soul seemed to melt within me when my father, in his prayer, poured out his thanks to God for restoring my mind once more to energy, and implored his peculiar protection and blessing on me. From that evening, never have I omitted following the usage of my father's house. It is the only solace I have in my wretched frame of mind; but never since have the same feelings glowed so intensely in my bosom.

"On the following day I set off for Perth, with a number of young lads, where we were drilled and the regiment

embodied. But soon the effects of that unhallowed night once more began to embitter my existence. This was a revival of the feeling that nothing I saw was new to me. Every situation in which I was placed, I had been in before; yet, since my illness, recollection of what I saw was completely gone. I knew not what was to come; but no sooner did the smallest incident occur or change take place, than my memory recalled it with painful precision. Even the result will at times be recalled by it before completion. It is the same with my vision as with the poem or song I may have heard only once, but which I admired. A few words, or a line or two here and there, dwell upon the memory, and are often recalled; but no sooner is the poem or song heard again, than all comes fresh, and the little you have remembered you can anticipate.

"Thus months rolled on. At length, we were embarked for America. Even in the ship, I felt as if I had been in her before, and the broad Atlantic was not strange to me. Near the Gulf of St Lawrence we encountered a severe storm, and were nearly wrecked on the Island of Anticosta. The storm lasted for several days; and it was only by severe exertion, and the aid of us soldiers at the pumps, that we, by the mercy of God, were saved. I was the only man on board who felt assured that we should escape, when the captain of the vessel and crew had relinquished every hope. I told my fellow soldiers not to fear, for we would reach Quebec in safety; and urged them to exert themselves, by setting the example. As I was believed by those who had come from about Kenmore to have the second sight, my serious abstracted manner had confirmed their report to the others, and no man in the regiment doubted it. Even the officers were more inclined to believe than disbelieve. The consequence was, that, in the period of our greatest danger, the soldiers felt more confidence than the sailors, and cheerfully exerted themselves at the pumps, as obedient to the orders of their officers as if we had been on the Inch of Perth at drill, although it was only by the greatest efforts we kept the vessel from sinking, while wave after wave almost washed us from the deck. After the storm had abated, and we were sailing up the majestic St Lawrence, I was looked upon by all on board with a kind of reverence that was painful to me. On our landing, I was promoted, first, to corporal, then to be sergeant on the first vacancy. My promotion made no change in my painful feelings, I did my duty with a benumbing sense of monotony, even when we were in the face of the enemy; and engaged in action it was still the same. But I shall not fatigue you with my dull and cheerless history; I fear you are as weary of it as I am of my life. I served in America till the conclusion of the war. When we were disbanded, I returned to the borders of Loch Tay; but all was changed to me. My parents were now dead, and my brothers had migrated to the Lowlands. Still I felt endeared to the scenes of my youth and misfortunes. The feelings they awakened fed my melancholy. Thus passed the interval till the present war broke out, when I was importuned to join the Breadalbane fencibles as sergeant, to assist in disciplining the men. I complied, and was with them in Ireland during the Rebellion. Even the scenes of misery and bloodshed I saw there, all passed before me as if I saw them enacted for the second time. One circumstance alone has made an impression on my mind. It happened near Wexford. After the Battle of New Ross, I was sent with a party of men to search a cabin for pikes and arms, said to be concealed in it. The night was dark and starless, but our guide led us direct to our destination. It was a miserable abode for human beings to inhabit. There was no light in it. It stood desolate and alone. About fifty yards from it I halted my men, and inquired of the guide if he was sure that we were come to the proper house. He assured me we were. I then took

the necessary steps, by placing my comrades so as to prevent the escape of any of the inmates, if there were any, which I much doubted; but I was soon undeceived; for one of the strangest sounds, all at once, fell upon my ear, I had ever heard. It seemed, to me, at first, to rise from the ground, in different parts; for the echoes and stillness of the night made it appear to come from various quarters. It was a wild unearthly wail. Attentively listening, I found it to proceed from the cabin. I turned to the guide to inquire the cause; but never shall I forget the look of agony I saw expressed in his countenance, as he stood incapable of motion. My question roused him to consciousness, when, clasping his hand in agony, he cried—'Sure its the wake, and the curse is upon me;' and, the next moment, he darted from my side like a frighted deer. I levelled my piece and called to him to stand. It was idle; for, before I had time even to level my musket, he was lost in the darkness. We closed upon the cabin. The strange noise still continuing, I pushed up the door, which was not fastened. On my entrance, a piercing scream was uttered by a number of females, old and young, who were crouched upon low seats on the earthern floor and around the fire. A pause of a few minutes ensued; during which, I stood, with my musket in my hand, lost in amazement; for, on a low, wretched bed, lay the corpse of some one lately dead, with a candle at the head and feet. There was not a man to be seen in this miserable abode. Before I had recovered sufficiently to speak, an aged female, apparently above eighty years of age, approached me. So striking was her resemblance to the cunning woman I had consulted at Killin, that I felt myself almost overcome. I loathed to look, yet I could not take my eyes from her face, on which sat a malicious scowl, as she gazed, with her keen gray eyes, on me, and seemed to penetrate my very thoughts. I felt as a bird fascinated by a snake. At length, she said, 'Unfeeling agent of a cruel government, what want you in the house of death?' and she pointed her long and shrivelled arm towards the dead body.

"As soon as her eye was off me, I felt my faculties return, and gave the word to the men to proceed in their duty, strictly, but as gently as possible. During their search I told the females the cause of our unwelcome visit, and the information upon which we acted. In vain I questioned them about arms. They, one and all, declared their ignorance of any. Every part of the cabin was carefully and minutely examined; even the bed on which the dead body lay; for even that was felt and uncovered, lest it might have been a deception and a concealment for arms; but nothing even to excite suspicion was found in or near the cabin.

"During the whole search and my questionings, the aged female had maintained a dogged silence. She sat leaning over the fire; her skinnyhands, the bony fingers clasped in each other, before her knee. At times, she rocked her body to and fro, and muttered to herself, unmindful of what was going on. Satisfied that we had got false information, or had been led astray by the guide who had fled, I ordered the men to fall in. Before we left the cabin, I turned to the females, and said I was sorry for the trouble I had been obliged to put them to, more especially at such a time. As I concluded, the old woman rose suddenly from her seat, and coming to me, said—'You have done as you were ordered, and done it as gently as you could. But I saw, in the turf-ashes, him that led you here, and I have seen his reward. Biddy O'Connel's curse was on him, and shall remain.' Here she uttered a lengthened howl, such as I had never heard before or since. 'Ochon that I should live to curse my sister's son.' And she once more retired to her seat, and resumed her former posture, when I gave the word to march. It was not without considerable difficulty that we reached headquarters, where I made my report to the officer on duty, and then retired to bed, my mind entirely occupied with the old female I had seen. Even this strange occurrence was to me as every other. I had seen it for the second time, and I felt an impression that the adventure was not yet concluded, and that I was to come in contact with the old woman again.

"Next forenoon, while I was on the mainguard, the body of the guide, who had fled before we reached the cabin, was brought in. It was shockingly mutilated. He had evidently been murdered by some person or persons not three hundred yards from the spot where he had left us. He was found by a party of men who had been in search of some of the rebels, who were reported to be lurking in the neighbourhood. Strong suspicions were entertained against the inmates of the cabin I had searched; the more so as I found none of the men at home. A strong party was sent out to bring them to headquarters, that they might be examined by the authorities. All that were in the house, male and female, were to be made prisoners. If the men were still absent, the party was to search the neighbourhood for them, and make every inquiry. All this was done in vain; for, when the party reached the cabin, the corpse had been removed, and no person was found in or near it except the old woman, who was brought to headquarters. The men of our regiment could not refrain from laughing when they saw the detachment bringing in a feeble old woman, whom a stout boy might have forced to go where he would.

"As the country was in so disturbed a state that the jails were full of those who were either found in actual rebellion or accused of being implicated in it, the lawful authorities were harassed by their arduous and painful duties; for vengeance was prompt there and then. Scarce was the old woman delivered to my charge, when she was taken before the authorities for examination. What passed there I know not; but she was in a short time brought back, and given again in charge to the guard. I was informed she maintained a resolute silence, and would not answer a single question that was put to her.

"As I was conducting her to a solitary room, where she was to be kept from communicating with any one, we passed the bench upon which the murdered body lay. Her keen eye recognised it, for it was insufficiently covered by one of the soldier's greatcoats. Suddenly she stopped, uttering her fearful cry; then staggered towards the body, and, lifting the covering, threw herself upon the mangled corpse. We stood around in surprise; but she regarded us not. She continued her wailing cries. Rough and innured to violence as our men were, they were moved at the sight, and looked on in silence, as if awed by the objects before them. The wailing of the old woman now began to be mingled with sentences addressed either to herself or the dead body. Often she repeated—

"'Oh, why did I curse you, my darling boy! I have thrown a stone at Heaven, and it has fallen on my own head and crushed me to death. Speak to Aunt Biddy, my darling, only once.'

"Gradually her utterance became more faint, as if from exhaustion, and only stifled groans were heard. I gently attempted to disengage her from the body, to remove her to her cell, using the mildest expressions I could. She turned her eyes upon me; but their fire was gone—they were heavy and languid.

"'Let me lead you, my good woman,' I said, 'from this melancholy sight.'

"At once her eye kindled up afresh.

"Just one minute, and you may do with or to me what you will. I have a duty to perform, and I must do it here.

"Then, sinking on the floor upon her bare knees, she poured forth a volley of curses, mingled with invocations to saints, that almost made me tremble, so fearful was the

import, and so demoniac was the appearance of the old witch as she uttered them, at times waving her withered arms in the air, and at the name of each saint bowing her head to the ground, and crossing her forehead and breast. I could not, unless I had been a witness, have conceived that religion, if it could be so called, could have been so blended with the malice of devils. At the conclusion, she took a small crucifix from her bosom, kissed, and replaced it. Then, slowly rising up, she said—

" 'I have done all I have to do now on earth; and the holy saints receive my soul! I have laid on the villains the curse no priest in Ireland can lift. They may now flog me to death to make me tell; but I never shall: there is no need. Biddy's curse never was given in vain.'

" It is hard to say whether fear or loathing of the old wretch had most possession of my mind. There was, to me, however, something peculiarly appalling in her appearance and conduct, suffering as I was from following the counsel of a similar mysterious individual. After she was locked up, a strong desire to interrogate her seized me. So powerful was the feeling, that I could not resist it. I imagined—and the hope made me resolute—that she might probably point out a remedy for the malady that embittered my life, by means similar to that which brought it upon me; for that she was of a like character with the wise woman at Killin, I had no doubt.

" When the prisoners were to be served with their allowance, I took the old woman's myself. When I entered, I found her seated in a corner of her cell upon the ground, almost coiled up like a ball; her head resting on her knees, and her hands hanging listlessly by her side to the ground. It was with difficulty I aroused her. When I did, she answered in a feeble voice, nor lifted her head for some time. At length she became more attentive, when I told her what I had been so foolish as do in my youth. She listened with attention, but neither spoke nor moved until I had finished, when she uttered a low, fearful laugh, that made my heart sick, then fixing her eyes upon me, she said—

" 'Why, sassanach, do you tell me this—what would you have from me? You got your wish, what more do you require? You had the courage to work the charm, but you want resolution to enjoy the reward;' and she laughed again. I was so overcome by her manner, I could not speak, when, like the great tempter of mankind, she again spoke:—'You have eaten in due form the forbidden weeds. If you wish to be free from what you have done, you cannot while you are a heretic. You must be reconciled to the Holy Mother Church, and get absolution from her holy priests; and do, in faith and humility, the penance she appoints you at one or other of our blessed wells.'

" Again she sunk into her former position, and remained silent, nor could all my endeavours elicit another word from her. But she had laid a burden upon my mind I never can shake off, and placed a snare in my way to ruin my soul; for, to my shame, I own that, severe as my mental sufferings had been up to this time, I had never thought of religion with that vital interest which alone can benefit the Christian. In truth, I had been content to walk in the outward decencies of it, and coldly obey its forms. But I had been too well instructed, both by the example and the precepts of my parents, to think lightly of my faith, little concern as I had given myself to walk up to it. But I was now roused to examine into its truth; for the temptation was great to abjure it, if I could bring my mind to the conviction that the Church of Rome was even as near the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures as the Presbyterian faith. I read my Bible with an interest I had never done before. I attended also the Romish chapels as often as I could, and read what of their books I could procure. But the more I read, and the more I examined, the more convinced I became that I could not, from conviction, become a member of that church, and renounce the one in which I had been brought up, more especially when I was on the spot where I was a witness of the gross superstition evinced by its followers, and of the conduct of many of its priests, whose manner of life I could by no means approve; to whom I must confess, and from whom procure absolution for my sins against a righteous God. The more I read, and the more I considered, the more revolting to reason and Scripture did their doctrines appear to me. How could a simple man absolve me from sin, or point out to me what penance would be sufficient to free me from guilt; or pray to a fellow worm, long departed, to intercede with God for me? Much as I wished, I could not reconcile myself to embrace, as a means of deliverance, such delusive doctrines, and, after a long struggle, I renounced the idea, the better Christian for the inquiries I had made.

" But (to return to my narrative) the mysterious old woman never, to my knowledge, spoke again; for she was found dead in her cell on the following morning, as I was informed—for I came off guard at six in the evening; and on the next morning I was marched in charge of a party several miles up the country, where we were detained for nearly eight days, so distracted was the state of the country, and so much harassed were the troops, that we could scarce endure the fatigue.

" When I again joined the regiment, I found that a party implicated in the murder of the guide had been captured. Three of them had been hanged, and the others ordered for transportation—one of whom had become informer, and given the following account:—The guide had been made prisoner some days before under suspicious circumstances; and, when threatened with the lash to make him confess, his courage failed, after he was tied up; and he, having been deeply engaged in the rebellion, gave the authorities information of vast importance, and so became an object of deadly revenge to all the disaffected. His aunt—the old woman before whom and his associates he had sworn to be faithful to the cause in which they were all embarked—no sooner heard of his having given information to the government party, than she, in her awful manner, cursed him. One part of her prayer was, that 'he might never come to a cabin but he would either find a corpse in it or leave one, and to be driven from every door.' Her curse she had found means to let him know of. A delicate young female, who was much attached to him, being imbued with all the superstition of the country, took both his treason to the cause, and his aunt's fearful malediction so much to heart, that she died in a day or two after. The arms had indeed been concealed in the cabin, but were all removed when he was known to have turned informer. It was the lament at his sweatheart's wake that so unmanned him, and brought his aunt's curse so strongly before his mind, as to cause him to fly from my side, in the manner already described, before I was aware; although I had particular orders not to lose sight of him on any account, and to shoot him if he gave me any just cause of suspicion, or if he attempted to make his escape. And this he knew were my orders. I would have been broken and punished on my return had not my character stood high with my officers for steadiness and good conduct. In his terror, our unfortunate guide had fled from safety into the hands of his murderers. A party of his old associates had been near the cabin, watching our motions, and had no sooner marked his flight, than they pursued, overtook, and murdered him, leaving his body where it was found.

But why should I harrow up your feelings detailing the fearful scenes I was forced to witness, a second time, as it were, in a country torn to pieces, and bleeding at every pore, from civil war and the hatred of adverse factions, where innocence was often no protection from the

malice of base informers, and where guilt and treachery often triumphed, and was rewarded. It was to me a day of joy, when the news of peace came, and we were ordered for Scotland to be disbanded. Since that time, I have wandered over a great part of Scotland in quest of my brothers, but can find no tidings of them; and I feel as if I never shall; for I have, ever since I came back, endeavoured to call to mind if I saw them in my vision, but in vain. My memory has completely failed me; for I can now only recall the occurrences and places as they come before my sight, and there is nothing new. To me life is a weary burden, and I long to lay it down; but I will wait God's pleasure, and continue to sip the bitter cup I have mingled for myself."

The night was far advanced, or rather the morning had been a considerable time on the wing, before my visiter concluded his strange narrative; yet I had not perceived the lapse of time. I felt as great difficulty in believing as in disbelieving what he had told me. There was such an air of melancholy veracity about him, I had no doubt that he himself believed everything he had said. When he had concluded, he took from his pocket a well-worn pocket Bible, and said—"Thus, since my interview with the old Irishwoman, I have begun and concluded every day of my life;" and he looked at me with so much pious humility, that I felt rebuked. It was the custom in my father's house, but I had never followed it. I motioned him to proceed; and I felt my heart melt within me as, after reading, he poured out his soul in prayer. When we retired to rest, I requested he would not leave the village till I returned from my work at breakfast time. This he agreed to. Next morning, when I awoke, a little before six, I found him already up and at his devotions. We walked out together, he to inquire for his brothers, and I to my work. At breakfast, we took farewell of each other. I felt for him as I had never done before for a stranger. Before parting, I requested him to inquire for me if ever he again came the way of Lasswade. He promised he would, and left me.

The winter had nearly passed away without any circumstance occurring to disturb my tranquillity. The long dark nights fled swiftly over my head, for they were spent in my favourite studies. I had begun to watch for the first snow-drop to hail the spring and resume my walks, when I received a letter from Edinburgh, requesting me to come without delay to visit a sick patient in the Royal Infirmary, who wished much to see me before he died. The signature was unknown to me. I had no acquaintance that I knew of in Edinburgh, excepting my brother-in-law. The cruel circumstances of concealment in which I lived, made me cautious and jealous of every one; for the impressment of seamen and the demand for soldiers were as fierce as ever. I therefore turned over this strange matter in my mind with much deliberation, and, I believe, would have taken no further notice of it, thinking it to be either a snare to entrap me or a mistake, until I received a second letter, more urgent than the first. The idea that it might be the stranger whom I had entertained, and in whose history I felt so much interest, came into my mind, and I immediately wrote to my brother-in-law to make the necessary inquiries, for I was too cautious not to be circumspect.

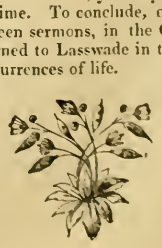
On the following day, I received for answer that all was right, together with a request that I should come to town without delay to visit the person in the Infirmary, who was, to all appearance, dying, and who wished much to see me. Humanity forbade further delay; and, next morning, I obtained leave from my master to go to town. As soon as I arrived, I went to the Infirmary, and found in the "Strangers' Ward," my acquaintance of a night, but so altered, I could scarce recognise him. He was spent to a shadow, but calm and resigned. The Bible he had used that night he was with me lay open upon his pillow; but his eye was languid and glazed. He was sinking fast when I took my seat by his bedside, but roused himself up at my appearance. A faint smile passed over his face as he held out his emaciated hand to me, and, in a feeble voice, thanked me for my visit. "I have sent for you," he said, "relying on your kind offer when we last parted. I know that this is the last place I saw on *that* night, and my sad vision is near a close. I wish you to see me decently laid beneath the ground. It will subject you to no expense; and, for your kindness and trouble, I can only give you the thanks of a dying man." Here he paused; and, taking from beneath his pillow a small leathern purse, put it into my hand, saying—"I think you will find sufficient there—do not exceed it. It is all I have in the world, and I have saved it, at the expense of much privation, for this purpose." He paused, exhausted, while I solemnly promised to do as he desired. He again pressed my hand, and sunk back as if in prayer. It was near the hour of the doctors visiting the patients, and I sat by him till their arrival. His case was beyond the aid of medicine. I inquired at the head surgeon, a benign and humane man, how long he thought he might put over. His answer was. "only a few hours;" inquiring, in return, if I was a relation? I said I was not, but I knew his strange history; the most strange I had ever heard. He requested me to call on him in the evening, for there was something peculiar in the patient he wished to be informed of.

This was on the Friday; and, without again speaking, the stranger died in my arms about half-past three o' clock in the afternoon. As soon as he was carried to the dead-room, I went to my brother-in-law's and gave him the purse, which contained five guineas; arranging to come to town on the Sabbath following to lay his head in the grave for relations of his I knew none.

I waited on the doctor, who was expecting me, and told him all as the stranger had told it to me. He heard me patiently, but not without some expressions of surprise. When I had concluded, he said:—

"It is as I thought. The poor fellow was a monomaniac. The old hag must have given him night-shade, or some other poisonous weed, that made him, for a time, delirious, and injured his mental powers for the remainder of his life, so that he might become an outcast in the world, a being whom none would admit under their roof, hated and shunned by all, left to die upon the bog, alone and unpitied."

As I returned to Lasswade, the strange history of the man I had just seen breathe his last passed through my mind. In vain I strove to reconcile it with anything I had ever seen or heard of. That there had been any such things as charms and spells, I could not doubt; and if they had once been, might they not be still? I gave up the subject, as one that baffled my comprehension, and which I could neither believe nor disbelieve. One thing I was conscious of, which was—I had often been in situations where I could never have been before, yet they appeared not to be seen for the first time. To conclude, on the Sabbath, we buried him, between sermons, in the Greyfriars' Churchyard; and I returned to Lasswade in the evening, musing on the strange occurrences of life.



THE ADVERTISEMENT.

Do any of our readers recollect having seen, in a certain Edinburgh newspaper, about fifteen years ago, an advertisement to the following effect?—

"A middle aged lady, of pleasing exterior, (thus much modesty permits her to say—it will permit no more; but, perhaps, another would have used a stronger and more flattering term,) of cheerful temper and benevolent dispositions, would be pleased to meet with a suitable partner in any gentleman who feels the want of that comfort and happiness in his domestic relations, which the presence of a loving and affectionate wife alone can supply.

"The advertiser has considerable property, yielding about £300 per annum; and would, of course, expect a correspondence in the circumstances of any gentleman who should take up this advertisement. She would prefer that there were also some correspondence in point of years; although the advertiser is far from being old: indeed, she might, without any violation of truth, describe herself as still young.

In her husband, the advertiser would desire a gentleman of high moral character, religious principles, and in whom she could reckon on finding that delicious congeniality of soul, that sweet refinement and delicate coincidence of sentiment, which alone can render the married state the elysium it was intended to be.

"Of course, none *but* a gentleman need take up this advertisement.

"Real names and addresses are indispensable, as none else will be attended to.

"Address X. Y., care of Mrs Bentham, Milliner & Dress Maker, Stockbridge."

We have asked whether any of our readers recollect having seen this advertisement? We doubt it. There is no doubt, however, that such an advertisement did appear about the time mentioned; and this is enough for our purpose.

Though no novelty in the London papers, it was rather a rarity in Edinburgh, and excited a good deal of speculation.

Most people laughed at it, and thought it a hoax. But in this—the latter supposition we mean—they were wrong; for the case was a *bona fide* one. The advertiser was a certain bouncing widow, the relict of a worthy cheesemonger, (not Mrs Bentham, who was only an agent in the business,) without any family, and *with* the income she described herself possessed of.

The advertisement, as might be expected, was replied to by a great many wags, who thought it subject for excellent sport; but the advertiser had taken her measures with great prudence and circumspection, leaving little room for being played upon.

In the first place, Mrs Bentham, a faithful friend, who drank tea with her three times a-week, and something else, which shall be nameless, a great deal oftener, stood between her and discovery, unless when and where she should choose to avow herself.

In the next place, by stipulating for real names and addresses, she afforded herself an opportunity of making inquiries regarding parties, before committing herself in any way.

The chance, therefore, of her falling into any wag-trap, was very slight.

Although, however, as already said, most people looked lightly, and laughingly too, perhaps, on the advertisement in question, everybody didn't do this. There was one, at any rate, who viewed it very seriously; who thought that a comely wife, with three hundred a-year, would be a most desirable acquisition. This person was Mr John Simpson, a respectable flesher in one of the suburbs of the city.

Mr Simpson was a gentleman of about fifty-three years of age; thick and short; with a round, florid countenance; indicative at once of good living and good health. He was a widower; but, unlike the fair advertiser, he was not childless. He had two sons and a daughter. But with these we have nothing to do, our business being wholly with Mr John himself.

It was on a summer afternoon, when there was not much doing in the shop, that Mr Simpson's eye first fell upon the advertisement in question, as he was poring listlessly over the papers, seated in a certain green-armed chair; his little stumpy legs stretched out to their utmost length, and his woollen check apron gracefully tucked up by one of the corners, and resting gaucily on his rather portly front.

Mr Simpson was not very conversant with polite literature, and had no very ready apprehension for "lang nebbit" words, as he was in the habit of styling all those of inconvenient length, and with which he did not happen to be perfectly familiar. It was, therefore, some time before he fairly made out the scope and drift of the advertisement in question; which, as the reader will have perceived, the fair writer aimed at couching in rather elegant phraseology.

He, however, did make it out at last; at least its principal points: that there was a lady wanting a husband, and that she had £300 a-year. What congeniality of soul and coincidence of sentiment meant, he could not comprehend, but didn't suppose it of much consequence.

On reading the advertisement, and arriving at its import, Mr Simpson suddenly lowered the hand that held the paper, and fell into a brown study. Thus musing, he sat for several minutes. What the subject of his meditations were, we need not say: it was, of course, the advertisement.

"Nae harm in tryin't, onyway," at length said Mr Simpson, rising from his chair with an air of resolution. "Nae harm in that. It wad mak me a' richt at ainee. But she craiks uncoly aboot 'a gentleman,' 'a gentleman,'" he added, again raising the advertisement to his eye, and looking out for the oft-repeated word. "Noo, that may be a sort o drawback; for though, I houpe, an honest man, I dinna ken that I can be considered a'thegither in the light o what they ca' a gentleman. However, 'Fent heart never wan fair leddy.' I'll try't."

On that instant, full of high resolves, Mr Simpson went to the door of his shop to look for his boy, who, it being, as already said, a slack afternoon, was recreating himself with a "gemm at the bools," at a little distance, with several young gentlemen of his acquaintance. On getting his eye on him—

"Wheeou, hey! Bobby, Bobby," shouted Mr Simpson, motioning the latter towards him, at the same time, with his hand.

Bobby—a little, greasy, ragged urchin, with a great deal of the devil in his sly, little countenance—hearing the dread voice of Mr Simpson—for he had been absent without leave asked or obtained—snatched up his "bools," and, as was subsequently alleged by some of his friends, two or three that didn't belong to him, and advanced towards his master at a dog trot, wiping his nose with the sleeve of his jacket as he approached, and looking, the while, as innocent as a lamb.

"Keep the front shop here, ye young skemp ye. I'm gaun to the back shop to write a letter, and dinna want to be disturbed for a whiley. Min' the minched collops are aughtpence the pun'," added Mr Simpson, as he was about to retire into his sanctum; "and thae sheep heads, ninepence—no a fardin less."

Having given these instructions to his man of business, Bobby, who had already begun to employ himself, with great diligence, in scraping one of the meat blocks of the establishment, Mr Simpson disappeared in the back settlements, whither we will take the liberty of following him. This was a well saw-dusted apartment, of about four times the dimensions of a sentry box, very dark, with a small desk, covered with what had been once green cloth, but which was now so saturated with greese and tallow, as to have assumed the appearance and consistence of a dirty unctuous sort of leather, stuck into the narrow angle of a very narrow window.

At this desk, before which stood a three-legged stool, Mr Simpson now seated himself, and, lifting the lid, began rummaging amongst a heap of old greasy pass-books, and other litter, for a sheet of clean paper. But there was no such thing there. There rarely was; for, though Mr Simpson's business was a very considerable one, he never bought more than a halfpenny worth of paper at a time, and this he always considered as next thing to lost money. Finding no paper, Mr Simpson gave one of his peculiar whistles, adding a "Hey, laddie, laddie—Bobby, Bobby."

On that young gentleman's presenting himself, his master plunged his hand into an immense outside pocket, loaded with at least three or four pounds weight of coppers, and fishing out one—

"Hae, rin away to Mr Glen's, and get me a bawbee sheet o' paper—lang thing. And, stop a minute," added Mr Simpson, peering into a wide mouthed ink bottle, at the bottom of which lay a small quantity of a thick, black, muddy substance, like shoe blacking. "Tell him to gie ye a wee drap ink to the bargain; and ye may ask a wafer or twa, and an auld stump o' a pen, if he has ony lyin aboot him."

In a minute after, the desiderated materials were placed before the gallant widower. All this, however, was an easy matter. The great difficulty was yet to come—the writing. How was he to begin? What was he to say? Mr Simpson didn't know; for Mr Simpson's skill in composition was very limited, and his practice in penmanship far from being extensive. However, by dint of much thought, much labour, and a liberal expenditure of time, he contrived to produce something, which, he thought, might answer the purpose intended.

Amongst other things, he said, that "so far as regarded shuet," (*Anglice*, suet—*alias*, cash,) "he believed he was not to be sneezed at. That sinking offal," (bad debts, &c.,) "he considered himself worth a thousand pounds, besides a fair business."

Having finished his letter, Mr Simpson read it over, several times, with a critical eye, making such emendations, each time, as the sense and orthography seemed to require. These were no improvement to the appearance of the epistle, as they consisted chiefly of bold interlineations, and no less fearless erasures; but Mr Simpson deemed them necessary.

The next process was to fold the letter in question. This was also accomplished, though not without many abortive efforts to hit the right shape. Something very near it having been at length attained, a well moistened wafer—that is, one reduced to pulp—was thrust in below the overlap, and pressed down, so as to squeeze a goodly portion of it from beneath the fold. All this done, and the letter directed, Mr Simpson again emitted that peculiar whist, wheeou, or whistle, with which he was in the habit of calling the attention of inferiors and familiars.

"Whist, wheeou, hey, laddie. See, rin awa wi' that to the Post-Office as fast as ye can birr. There, clap it below your jacket, and let nachody see't."

Two days after this, Mr Simpson was thrown into a state of great agitation and flurry at receiving, by the hands of the postman, a triangular or three-cornered card, the paper of which was green, the ink blue, and the wax yellow; the latter bearing the impression of a laughing Cupid on the wing, who has just discharged an arrow into the bosom of a kneeling fair one, at a little distance: motto—*Omnia vincet amor*; and the whole strongly scented with musk. Had Mr Simpson been conversant with emblematical representations of this kind, he would have been flattered by that exhibited on the seal of the green card, and would have looked on it as a good augury of success in his present matrimonial adventure. He would have seen, in the kneeling figure, the fair advertiser; in the Cupid, himself—viz., Mr John Simpson; and in the arrow with which the former was transfixed, the letter which he had despatched two days before. But Mr Simpson was not conversant in these things; and, therefore, did not perceive the beautifully delicate and tenderly sentimental allusions, by which his fair correspondent sought to "hint her love."

"What's this?" said Mr Simpson to the postman, with a look of ineffable surprise on the green, three-cornered card being put into his hands. "'Od, that's a queer ane. I never saw letters in the shape o' cockit hats afore."

But some suspicions of the facts of the case suddenly crossing Mr Simpson's mind, he hurriedly paid the postage—one penny sterling money—without another syllable of remark, and, with trembling hand, opened the green, three-cornered card, and read:—

"X. Y. has to acknowledge receipt of Mr Simpson's polite letter in answer to her advertisement. Female delicacy, and a due regard to the dignity of her sex, forbids her saying more on that subject at present. In the meantime, X. Y. begs to inform Mr Simpson that she will be walking on the Calton Hill to-morrow evening after tea—say about half-past six; and if the beauties of Nature (she is not so vain as to think that *her* presence there can be any inducement) can tempt Mr Simpson to ascend that beautiful eminence about the time specified, she will have much pleasure in meeting him.

"Mr Simpson will recognise X. Y. by her bearing a white rose in her hand; and she would desire to know Mr Simpson by his having a *red* one stuck in one of the button-holes of his coat. Adieu."

Mr Simpson's face flushed on reading this tender *billet-doux*. But the whole matter, though certainly including a very desirable object, was one so utterly out of his way, that he now felt half inclined to repent having had anything at all to do with it. Certain pecuniary reminiscences, however, connected with the affair, presenting themselves, he quickly became reconciled to the thing, and, in the same moment, determined on going through with it manfully.

On the following evening, Mr Simpson appeared in his shop in gala attire: said attire consisting of a splendid blue coat, with shining buttons; a bright yellow waistcoat; kerseymere small clothes; top boots; and a low crowned, broad rimmed hat: the whole being finished off by a ruffled shirt, the ruffles projecting well out; and a white neckcloth, with long dependent ends, that fluttered jauntly to and fro. Bobby, who rarely saw his master so gaily caparisoned, wondered where he could be going; but this was a secret not at all for his ear, nor, indeed, for that of any one else. On entering the shop—

"Bobby," said Mr Simpson, "there 's tippence, and rin awa and see if ye can buy me a bunch o' floors ony way, wi' a red rose in't. Min' that—a red rose. Dinna buy ony bunch without a red rose. Try some o' the greenwives aboot; and if they haena ony, ye maun rin doon the length o' the market."

Bobby flew off to execute his master's commands; and, in a very little while, returned with the article wanted, viz., a bunch of flowers with a red rose in it.

Selecting the latter, Mr Simpson broke it off a few inches down the stalk, and stuck it into the two uppermost buttonholes on the left breast of his coat. This done, he took two or three turns up and down the shop, to "screw his courage to the sticking place," and finally rushed out—it being now ten minutes or a quarter past six, and therefore within a very little time of the appointed hour—and made direct for the Calton Hill.

Mr Simpson, who, as elsewhere hinted, was somewhat corpulent, was a good deal blown by the time he reached the summit of the hill: he was warm, too, very warm, with the exertion; so he took off his hat, and began wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, looking sharply around him the while, to see if he could see anything like a lady wi' a white rose in her hand. While thus employed, a person touched him on the shoulder from behind. Mr Simpson turned sharply round, and saw an old acquaintance. It was Mr David Drysdale, cowfeeder, Grassmarket—an elderly gentleman, in glazed and well patched corduroy small clothes; a red plush waistcoat, very much the worse for the wear; a coarse blue, long-tailed coat, covered with hay seeds, and adorned with large, white-iron-looking buttons; the whole crowned by an enormous flat blue bonnet. But there is no judging by appearances. Though thus homely attired, Mr Drysdale could pay his way, and keep the crown of the causy with any man in Edinburgh. However, this is a digression.

"Weel, Mr Simpson," said Mr Drysdale, on the former's turning round, "hae ye seen her?"

"Seen wha, Davy," replied Mr Simpson, in considerable confusion.

"Ou ay, just noo. Ye'll be pretendin ye're no wantin the article. Just stavin aff a bit like, wi' your tale," said Mr Drysdale, smiling and looking significantly.

"No, no, I'm pretendin' naething o' the kind," said Mr Simpson, with increased confusion of manner, having now no doubt that his friend had, somehow or other, come to a knowledge of his purpose in being on the Calton Hill. 'If she suits me, Davy, we'll maybe mak a bargain."

"Deil a fears o' her suitin' ye, Mr Simpson," replied Davy. "She 's a prime fat ane."

"Is she?" said Mr Simpson, with somewhat of a blank look; for, though he liked fat oxen well enough, he had no great notion of a very fat wife. He thought it, moreover, rather an odd recommendation as applied to a lady.

"Just in beautifu' condition," added Mr Drysdale. 'Thirty stane, if she 's an unce. She 's been primely fed for the last six months."

"Gude preserve us! thirty stane!" exclaimed Mr Simpson, in great alarm; "that 's awfu'. But hoo happens she to hae been better fed for the last six months than ony ither time."

"Troth, I may say she was just fed up for you, Mr Simpson," said Mr Drysdale. "I fed her mysel'."

"Muckle obliged to ye, I'm sure, Davy," replied the perplexed butcher, in a tone and manner that sadly belied his expressions. "But hoo, in a' the earth, cam ye to hae onything ado wi' her ava?"

"The man 's mad," said Mr Drysdale, in great surprise at the strange remark. "Isna she my ain."

"Your ain—your dochter, Davy!" exclaimed the no less astonished Mr Simpson.

"My dochter, Mr Simpson. What do you mean?" I'm speakin aboot my koo."

"Koo—koo. Whatna koo?" said Mr Simpson, in the utmost perplexity.

"Did your laddie no tell ye?" inquired Mr Drysdale.

"No."

"The forgetfu' little rascal. Didna I ca' at your shop the day, and no findin ye in, left word that I wanted ye to stap down to my byres to look at a beast I had to sell; you and I hv'ein lang dealt in that way."

"He never tell't me a word o't," replied Mr Simpson, greatly relieved by this *eclaircissement*; "but I'll tan his hide for that when I gae hame."

"He weel deserves't. But what did you think I was speakin aboot?"

"Ou, naething, naething, Davy," replied Mr Simpson, confusedly; that gentleman having, as the reader knows, reasons of his own for not being very explicit in his explanations. "I juist thocht—that is, I didna understan' ye. Ye see"——

"Are ye gaun doon the hill?" here abruptly inquired Mr Drysdale.

"No, no juist yet," replied Mr Simpson, who was now in the fidgets, it being fully half-past six—the appointed hour, as the reader will recollect. "At ony rate, I'm gaun doon the other side."

"Weel, guid afternoon to ye. Ye'll maybe gie 's a ca doon the morn, and look at the koo."

"I'll do that—I'll do that, Davy, said Mr Simpson, glad to get quit of his friend, Mr Drysdale, whose appearance had been most inopportune. But the course of true love never did run smooth. It was out of the fryingpan into the fire with our gallant. He had no sooner got quit of Drysdale, than, to his inexpressible horror, he saw another acquaintance approaching him. This was a customer of his own; an eccentric half-pay naval officer. A stout, thickset little man, with an indomitable front, and a voice like a speaking trumpet. Poor Simpson would rather have met, under present circumstances, every other acquaintance he had, one after the other, than this single little firebrand. From him, he knew, there was no escaping. He tried it, however. On seeing him, he endeavoured to get round a projecting rock; but it wouldn't do. The little officer had got his eye upon him—his solitary optic; for he had but one, but it was a piercer—fiery as a bit of live coal.

"Hilloa, Simpson," shouted Captain Clinker. "Ha' brought ye up with a short turn," he added, laughingly, as he approached his victim, whose flight he had indeed arrested. "Why, what the devil brings you a sky-larking up here, Simpson, eh? Anything in the wind? Why, you're pinked out like a frigate on a birthday," he went on, running his fierce little eye over Mr Simpson's gala attire. "Going to get married, eh?"

This last hit, though made at random, came so near the mark as to make Mr Simpson wince. He determined, however, to keep his own counsel this time, and not to be deceived by any appearances, however specious, into committing himself as in the case of Mr Drysdale.

"Get married, captain," he said, with an abortive effort at a smile. "Na, na; this is no a place, at ony rate, to look for a wife."

"Why, I don't know, Simpson," roared out little Clinker, who seemed, somehow or other, inclined to follow out this particular subject. "Why not here as well as anywhere else. Many a fellow has met with a wife in a devilish sight more unlikely a place. Women, man, like bad weather, are to be met with everywhere."

The particular dread which now occupied Mr Simpson's mind, was the dread of a yarn from the little captain, of which, he thought, he saw symptoms; these symptoms being well known to him from dear bought experience; for many a dismal yarn had he been compelled to endure in his own shop from the redoubted captain, when he came to make his purchases. These yarns Mr Simpson used to compare, for length, to the interminable entrails of a sheep, endless in their convolutions, and incomprehensible in their details.

From this evil, however, Mr Simpson was saved; but it was only by the substitution of another.

Just as the captain had concluded his last remark, a stout, bouncing dame, splendidly dressed, with an enormously feathered bonnet on her head, and carrying in her hand a white rose, suddenly "hove in sight," as Clinker would have said.

"My eye, there's a bouncer," said the captain, on getting sight of the lady. "All sail set, and getting along under easy way. That's what I would call a first class frigate, now. I say, Simpson, she 's casting a sheep's eye at you, I think."

We leave the reader to judge what were Mr Simpson's feelings under these awkward circumstances. He will readily believe they couldn't be very comfortable; for Mr Simpson at once recognised in the "first class frigate" the writer of the green, three-cornered *billet-doux*, his fair correspondent.

Mr Simpson, however, said little; but he looked a good deal, including some pretty strong expressions of embarrassment and awkward feeling.

"A gey strapper," muttered Mr Simpson, in reply to the captain's remark, with as much appearance of indifference as he could assume.

"By George, she has taken a fancy to either you or me, Simpson," roared out Captain Clinker, observing that the lady, who had now passed them, had looked back two or three times; she having, doubtless, observed the red rose stuck in the button-holes of her gallant's coat.

"Let's give her chase, Simpson;" and the fiery little captain—who, by the way, was also lame of a leg—hooked his arm into Mr Simpson's, and began dragging him along. 'We'll just sail in her wake a bit," he added, "and keep an eye on her manœuvres. If she shews friendly, we'll step on board her for a minute, and have some small talk with her. If not, we can sheer off. Come along, Simpson; come along, old fellow. My timbers are not so sound as they used to be; so you must excuse me canting over on you a bit; for I've got a list to one side, and can't keep on even keel for the life of me. Come along, old fellow; come along;" and he pulled his unhappy victim onwards; the latter, unwilling to quarrel with a good customer, yielding to the impulse with an alacrity somewhat resembling that exhibited by one of his own oxen when being dragged to the slaughter.

We need not say that Mr Simpson would most gladly have disengaged himself from his tormentor, could he have thought of any plea for so doing; but not having any remarkable fertility of invention, he could think of none. Even the ready and obvious one of business calling him in a different direction, he could not urge, for the way the lady had gone, and the captain was dragging him, was precisely the way he was going, as he was aware the latter knew. Mr Simpson, therefore, had nothing for it, for a time, but to submit to his fate, and trust to some happy chance for relief.

His feelings, in the meantime, however, as will readily be believed, were far from being enviable: indeed, so distressing were they, that Mr Simpson once more began to wish from the bottom of his heart that he had never had anything to do with an affair so much "oot o' his way," as he would himself have said, and which seemed to be beset with so many unpleasant incidents; but he had gone too far now to recede with anything like decency.

The lady was in view, actually and literally in view. She had seen him too; and, doubtless, had, by means of the red rose, recognised in him the gallant correspondent whom she had so eminently distinguished from all the other candidates for her favour, of which, it could not be questioned there must have been many, by inviting him to an interview on the Calton Hill. These reflections formed a strong appeal to Mr Simpson's honour, and to whatever spirit of chivalry he might possess, and the appeal was not made in vain. Mr Simpson *felt* that he must go through with the affair, of whatever nature or to whatever extent might be the risks connected with it. His honour was concerned; Mr Simpson's breast owned it was.

"There she goes on the other tack," shouted Captain Clinker; the two having got, by this time, round the eastern brow of the hill, when they perceived the lady taking down the centre road leading by the monument. "There she goes on t'other tack. Come, old boy, let's clap on a little more sail," added the captain, increasing his speed, "or she'll give us the slip. What d'ye say to hailing her, eh?"

"For ony sake, captain," said Mr Simpson, in great alarm at this proposal, "dinna do onything o' that kin', to affront the leddy, and yoursel too. Excuse me, captain," he added—an opportunity of escape now presenting itself—"I maun leave ye noo. I'm gaun doon the ither side o' the hill."

"I'll be hanged if ye do, then," said Clinker, grasping him faster than before. "I wont part convoy with ye in that way. Let's finish our lark first, at any rate. Let's bring the hooker to, or run alongside of her. I want to see what sort of a clipper she is. There, there, see how she's looking at us again. Hang me, Simpson, but there's something in the wind, and I'll see the end of it. Old as I am, I like to see a bit of fun yet. Come away, old fellow; come away."

"Ye maun really excuse me, captain—ye maun really excuse me," said Mr Simpson, holding back, and making a desperate effort to escape; in which effort he eventually succeeded. On disengaging himself from the grappling irons of the captain—"Guid evenin, captain, guid evenin!" exclaimed Mr Simpson; and, without waiting for remark or reply, hurried away at a pace just a trifle short of a fair run. A turn of the road quickly concealed him from the view of his late tormentor: and he now began to breathe more freely. But with this relief came reflection.

"'Od," said Mr Simpson, pausing, on getting out of sight of Clinker, taking off his hat, and beginning to wipe the perspiration, not so much of bodily fatigue as of mental agony, from his forehead, "but this is a serious business. I had nae notion that I was to be worried this way whan I cam oot. First ae acquantance, and then anither; and maybe half-a-dizzen to come yet. I wish to gudeness I war weel oot o' the scrape. Catch me makin appointments wi' leddies again. But, as I'm a leevin sinner, there she is. Criftie Patie, hoo am I to get through wi't."

There she was, to be sure—the same bouncing, silked, and feathered dame, that had passed Mr Simpson and Clinker a few minutes before. She was coming up the

winding road on the western side of the hill, and Mr Simpson was going down, so that they were moving right towards each other. The lady was still holding the white rose in her hand, and was ever and anon gracefully drawing the fair flower across her nose.

On seeing her approach, Mr Simpson clapped his hat upon his head, struck it down energetically, thrust his handkerchief into his pocket, and, uttering a short cough of determination, advanced to meet his fair, but, hitherto, unknown correspondent. As they drew near each other, the lady began tossing her plumed head with a very pretty and becoming air of agitation; Mr Simpson, at the same time, becoming uncommonly red in the face. They met. Mr Simpson raised his hat gallantly.

"Mr Simpson, I presume," murmured the lady, with a low courtesy and half-averted face.

"The same, mem, at your service," replied Mr Simpson. "I had a bit card frae ye, mem."

"Yes, sir," again murmured the lady in modest confusion.

"My arm, mem," said Mr Simpson, gallantly offering the lady the accommodation he named.

The lady timidly accepted it. They walked on together. In five minutes they were, as Mr Simpson himself would have expressed it, as thick as dug heads. What passed between them now, or at any subsequent period during their present interesting perambulation, we do not feel at liberty to mention. We will divulge no secrets of this kind. Suffice it to say, that Mr Simpson and Mrs Weddle (this being the lady's name, as she took an early opportunity of informing her gallant) quickly found that they were like to be well adapted to each other; "a congeniality of soul," as Mrs Weddle afterwards said, "making itself evident during the first five minutes of their conversation."

The fond pair now took several turns round the hill, every turn twining them faster and faster in the bonds of mutual affection. In fact, short as the time was, every thing may be said to have been settled between them in that space; for they were both at that time of life when matters of this kind are usually adjusted with great promptitude. No squeamishness, no shilly-shallying, no coyness on the one part, and no hesitation, from fear of a refusal, on the other; but plump and straight to the point at once: at least, such was the case with Mr Simpson and Mrs Weddle.

Two or three turns, we have said, the fond pair had taken round the hill. They had; and another yet they were in the act of taking, when Mr Simpson suddenly heard himself hailed in a stentorian voice. The sound came from above. He looked up, and beheld Captain Clinker perched on the top of a rock that overlooked the pathway, with a hand on each side of his mouth, to concentrate and increase the volume of his tones; being a kind of substitute for a speaking trumpet.

"Simpson, ahoy," shouted the captain; "you have clapped her on board, I see. Well done, slyboots of a fellow, though, you are. Cut me out. Never mind. Wish you a good voyage. Hurra, hurra." And the eccentric little officer actually took off his hat, and gave his friend, Simpson, and the buxom widow, three hearty cheers—perfectly regardless of the presence of a number of persons who were passing along at the time, and whose attention he thus directed to the lovers, to their great confusion and dismay. The amiable widow was like to faint at the rude salutation, and had to lean on Mr Simpson for support.

"A daft body o' a sea captain that deals wi' me," whispered Mr Simpson into the ear of his fair companion. "Never mind him. Let's just walk on, and ne'er let on we hear him. I hae been sadly bothered wi' him the nicht already, as ye saw, I dare say."

"The impolite monster" replied the widow with an indignant toss of her head. "He doesn't know what's due to the fair sex."

"What could ye expec frae a sea captain?" said Mr Simpson. "Nae mair manners than a stirk, or a three-year auld."

Mrs Weddle and Mr Simpson walked on, and again encircled the hill—taking, the while, what precautions they could, by keeping close under the rocks, and seeking the quietest paths, to avoid another rencontre with the captain. But this, although they knew it not, was a mischance they had no longer to dread; for that worthy had, some time before, quitted the hill, and was now, stick in hand, stumping his way homewards along Prince's Street. His place, however—but this we must speak of subsequently at some length—was supplied by another and still more formidable personage.

It was a little previous to the particular moment of time above alluded to, that Mr Simpson first descried a person who seemed to be watching the movements of himself and the widow. He was a tall, stout, ferocious-looking fellow, with bushy red whiskers, and carrying in his hand an enormous stick. He wore a surtout—rather a scuffy one indeed; but it was evident he considered himself, and desired that others should consider him to be, a gentleman. This person's countenance, which was of an unnatural redness, exhibited strong marks of dissipation; his whole appearance, in short, impressing you with the idea of a broken-down character; of an idle, drunken vagabond, who had originally some pretension to the rank which, though still claiming, he had forfeited by his conduct.

Such, then, was the person whom Simpson imagined he saw watching the movements of the widow and himself. Not being quite sure of the fact, however, he said nothing on the subject to Mrs Weddle, who was wholly unconscious of being, at that moment, the object of any one's surveillance.

His suspicions excited, Mr Simpson kept his eye on the fellow with the red whiskers and the big stick; and the more he saw of his movements, the more he became convinced that he was watching his fair companion and himself. Still he said nothing to the former of what he saw and suspected: he was unwilling to alarm her; and this was exceedingly considerate of Mr Simpson.

It was now getting darkish; and as it was so, and as Mrs Weddle was beginning to think that her own and her gallant's walk had been sufficiently prolonged for the present, Mrs Weddle suggested that they should now be moving homewards. To this suggestion, although it involved a sacrifice of his happiness, Mr Simpson gave a ready assent.

They were, at this moment, just about to turn the road that leads by the base of the monument. They turned it, and were met full in the face by the man with the bushy red whiskers and big stick. He stood fast in the middle of the road, looking as black as midnight.

On seeing him, Mrs Weddle uttered a loud scream, and clung, with eager and terrified grasp, to Mr Simpson, muttering, after she had screamed—

"O, the monster, the ruffian! What has brought him here? Call a policeman, Mr Simpson; call a policeman, or he will murder us both!"

In the meantime, the cause of this dreadful alarm, on the part of the fair widow, approached, grasping his stick more and more fiercely as he did so.

"Perjured, faithless woman!" he shouted, on coming close up to the lady and her gallant. And when he had done so, both the lady and her gallant saw that the gentleman was a good deal the worse of liquor. His speech betrayed the fact; and an excessive redness of face, which extended to and included his ears, confirmed them in their supposition.

"Faithless wretch," he said, "is it thus you reward my fidelity, my unwearied attentions, my assiduity, my love? Recall to memory, perjured woman, the letters I have written you, breathing the purest and most ardent affection. Remember your notes to me in return. Ah! vilest and most deceptive of your sex.

"As for you, sir," he roared out, thrusting his whiskers into Mr Simpson's face, and flourishing his immense cudgel over his head; "as for you, sir, I know how to deal with you. Mark that. You don't leave the hill this night alive!"

"Call the police; for heaven's sake, call the police, Mr Simpson!" screamed the widow, in dreadful terror and agitation. "Don't believe the ruffian; don't believe him. He's a drunken brute that has been harassing me for the last year and a half. He wants my money: he's after my money. I never gave him any encouragement; never. But I cannot get quit of him. He follows me everywhere, makes up to me everywhere, and affronts and persecutes me. O, what shall I do? what shall I do?" and the poor widow burst into tears 'He writes me letters," she went on; "sometimes three in a day. I have written him civil notes in return, to try and persuade him to desist from annoying me. I have given him money, several times, with the same view; but all to no purpose."

"Money, you false woman!" shouted the red whiskered gentleman, catching at the word, and assuming a tragical attitude. "Do you add to your baseness, by casting up the trifling pecuniary loans I had of you? Sordid, grovelling wretch, is this a reward for my love? Your paltry cash, indeed. Contemptible idea!

"But, I say, sir," he added, furiously again addressing Mr Simpson, and again flourishing his huge cudgel in his face, "I have a score to settle with you, sir. No man crosses my path with impunity. Ay, sir, I have a score to settle with you; and here goes for the first instalment." Saying this, he brought his immense stick over Mr Simpson's head with a violence that made that gentleman reel several paces backwards.

"Murder!" screamed the widow.

"Police! police!" shouted Mr Simpson.

"Death and destruction!" roared the drunken, red whiskered gentleman, with a heroic air, standing erect, and flourishing his cudgel over his head. "So perish all the enemies of Ned Yellowlees."

The widow flew at once to support and seek protection from Mr Simpson. Mr Simpson's choler roused, by the blow he had received, he flew towards his assailant, dragging the widow along with him. In the next instant the whole three were locked and blended together in deadly strife—the latter, in so far, at least, as regarded two of the combatants. Half a moment sufficed for the red whiskered gentleman's denuding Mr Simpson's shirt of its ruffles. He took them off at two handsful. Mr Simpson would, doubtless, have done the same by him; but he escaped this particular calamity, by having no shirt on; being, instead, buttoned up to the throat.

In the meantime, two or three lanterns, like so many Will-o'-Wisps, were seen moving rapidly along the hill path, and making for the scene of action. In a minute after, the combatants were surrounded by four policemen, and a crowd of persons who had followed to see what was going on.

Two of the police now grasped Mr Simpson, the other two did the same by Mr Yellowlees, and dragged them asunder—the countenances of both belligerents exhibiting palpable signs manual of the punishment that had been going. Mr Simpson's face, in particular, was very severely damaged; so much so, that, according to the opinion of one of the policemen, who held up his lantern to examine it, he would not be able to exhibit it in public for a month. But this was an exaggeration. On the combatants being separated—

"Take up that fellow—I commit him," shouted Mr Yellowlees, pointing to Mr Simpson. "Away with him and I'll take this lady under my protection. I'll see he home."

"Take *him* up, take *him* up—I commit *him*," exclaimed Mr Simpson. "He attacked this lady and I when we were walking peaceably along."

"It's a lie," roared out Yellowlees. "False as hell. He is a villanous deceiver. He has wiled away the betrothed of my affections—the affianced of my heart. That lady there, who was all tenderness and love till that scoundrel came in the way."

The police, who could make nothing of this rhodomontade, now demanded from Mr Simpson, whose respectable appearance pointed him out as the most trustworthy of the two, an explanation of the circumstances of the case. This Mr Simpson gave in such a way as to convince both the police and bystanders that he was the aggrieved party; and that, by consequence, Mr Yellowlees was the real offender. This impression was confirmed by the testimony of Mrs Weddle, who, poor lady, was like to sink to the ground with agitation and terror.

Satisfied of the true state of the case, the guardians of the night marched off Mr Yellowlees *instanter;* requesting Mr Simpson and Mrs Weddle to follow, and lodge their complaint at the office. This arrangement made, the whole party, police, mob, prisoner, and accusers, left the hill in lengthened procession, and, finally, landed in the Police Office.

Mr Simpson stated his case. The prisoner made some romantic asseverations about broken vows and unalterable attachment; but these did not save him from the degrading doom, signified by an order to lock him up for the night. A sentence, followed by an injunction to Mr Simpson and Mrs Weddle to appear next day at ten o'clock, to give evidence against the prisoner.

This unpleasant affair so far settled—although there was still an ugly process impending, namely, the appearance of the following day—Mr Simpson, with Mrs Weddle leaning on his arm, in a state of exhaustion approaching to fainting, left the office, and proceeded to the residence of that lady—Mr Simpson having, of course, insisted on seeing her home.

This home, Mr Simpson found, on reaching it, to be a very respectable one. A green front door, with a well scoured brass plate, on which was simply and modestly inscribed, "Mrs Weddle." Mr Simpson, after ringing the bell, and seeing the door opened by a very tidy servant girl, was about to bid Mrs Weddle good night; but of this she would not hear. She insisted on his walking in. Mr Simpson did so, and quickly found himself in a neat, well-furnished apartment. Everything about the establishment, in short, looked well, and appeared most pleasant in the sight of him who was likely so soon to call them his own.

On their entering the apartment alluded to, Mrs Weddle flung herself into a chair, with an air of faintness, and, in a feeble tone, desired the girl to bring *the* brandy bottle, looking, at the same time, at Mr Simpson, and saying—

"I'm sure you have much need of *something*, sir, after such a night."

"Ye hae muckle need o' a drap yoursel, mem," replied Mr Simpson, gallantly.

The lady smiled faintly, and said that she was indeed both much exhausted and agitated; but she was afraid to taste spirits, lest it should take her head.

"Ne'er a bit o't, mem. Ye maun tak a thummel fu. Alloo me to help ye;" and Mr Simpson rose with remarkable alacrity from his chair, went to the table on which

the brandy bottle, with glasses and rummers, and a jug of cold water had been already placed, filled up a bumper, and, with steady hand, conveyed it into the possession of the interesting widow. The lady at first boggled at the quantity, saying, with a languid smile and graceful motion of the head—

"Such a bumper, Mr Simpson!"

"It's but a wee glass, mem," remarked the latter, with infinitely more gallantry than truth; for the glass was, in fact, an uncommonly large one—two-thirds of an imperial gill, at the very least. However, in the case of this lady, such things are not to be very strictly calculated or looked into.

Mrs Weddle accepted the proffered cordial; and, after one or two gentle entreaties from Mr Simpson, cleaned it out. It is but fair to say, however, that she did not do so without making many wry faces; thus clearly shewing that she was not in the habit of indulging in such strong potations. Returning Mr Simpson's kind solicitude, Mrs Weddle now insisted on that gentleman's helping himself. That gentleman did so, without any hesitation. He filled up half a rummer of brandy and water, raised it to his lips, looked at Mrs Weddle tenderly but significantly, and saying—

"Here's to our better acquantance, mem," swigged it off at one pull.

The lady blushed, and murmured—

"Oh, Mr Simpson."

It was now, for the first time, that Mrs Weddle perceived the full extent of the damage which Mr Simpson's countenance had received in the late affray; and, when she did so, she uttered a scream of horror, and, with sundry exclamations of tenderness and regret, rung the bell, and ordered the servant to bring up a basin of water and a towel.

They were brought, placed on a side table, and Mr Simpson, kindly invited by the widow, forthwith commenced a vigorous process of ablution—the said process being feelingly superintended and directed by the lady herself, in whose cause the injuries had been sustained.

On Mr Simpson's face being cleared of the incrustations and debris with which it was masked, the true return of real and substantial damage sustained, was found to be, the absence of two front teeth, a black eye, a swollen nose, with sundry cuts and scars of lesser note. In the clothing department, the damage was comparatively trifling, much less than might have been expected. It consisted only of the loss of the shirt ruffles, and a tear in Mr Simpson's yellow cassimere waistcoat, extending from the left lapel to the pocket. Any tailor might put it into as good a condition as ever in fifteen minutes.

Shortly after this, Mr Simpson took his leave; but not before promising to call on the widow next morning, at half-past nine, that they might proceed together to the court to bear evidence against the ruffian Yellowlees. It was an ugly business, and would lead to an awkward exposure; but there was no help for it: it must be done.

On quitting Mrs Weddle's modest mansion, Mr Simpson proceeded straight home; and thereafter, as he felt pretty much done up one way and another, straight to bed. It was then—that is, when he had got his Kilmarnock on, and his head snugly nestled on his pillow—that Mr Simpson was first indulged with a full, complete, and distinct view of the very extraordinary, very unexpected, and, in many respects, very disagreeable occurrences of the night.

It was then, for the first time, that he began to perceive how strange it was that so apparently simple an affair as that of keeping an appointment with a lady on the Calton Hill, should have led him into so many painful predicaments, so many awkward scrapes. He had little dreamt of it when he started. If he had, he would scarcely have exposed himself to them. It was the first love adventure he had ever been engaged in; and before Mr Simpson's eyes were closed in slumber on this night, Mr Simpson had sworn it would be the last

One drop of sweet, however, and that a pretty large one there was in Mr Simpson's cup of bitterness: the widow was all Mr Simpson could have wished; respectable in appearance, kind in disposition, sensible, and, last but not least, evidently snug in the cash way.

When this bright part of the peristrephic vision, that was moving round before his mental eye, presented itself, Mr Simpson smiled pleasantly, and, in this happy mood, sunk into a gentle slumber.

Happy, too, would his dreams have been on this eventful night, but for the constant intrusion of one detested figure. A figure with huge red whiskers, and carrying an enormous stick, which was, ever and anon, stepping in to mar, by its hated presence, the fair scenes which an otherwise pleasant fancy was creating. Need we name this figure? Need we call it Ned Yellowlees? We need not.

In the morning, the first thing Mr Simpson did, on arising, was to examine his face in a looking-glass, to see in what condition it was: whether it would admit of his presenting himself at the Police Court.

The examination was not so satisfactory as Mr Simpson could have wished; but neither did it exhibit matters in quite so desperate a state as he had expected. There were, indeed, various marks and impressions that were no improvement to his countenance; but he thought, on the whole, he *might* venture to present himself to the public eye. He was, moreover, anxious to get over with the court business; to have done with it as soon as possible; for it hung heavy on his mind.

Having come to this determination, Mr Simpson forthwith began to dress himself. His toilet completed, he touched up the blue eye with a little chalk, and repaired sundry other damages the best way he could, by various contrivances and expedients. All these things done, Mr Simpson breakfasted—but for this he had no great appetite—and thereafter proceeded to Mrs Weddle's, where he arrived at precisely half-past nine.

"Queer beginnin o' our acquantance this, mem," said Mr Simpson, gaily, on being ushered into the presence of Mrs Weddle, and after having offered the salutations of the morning to that lady, which salutations were by her most graciously received. "But rough beginnins hae often smooth endins." And Mr Simpson rummaged the loose silver in his breeches pocket with a quick and vigorous motion, and laughed right pleasantly and merrily.

The widow laughed too, or rather smiled; but she blushed at the same time.

At this moment, a chaise, which had been previously ordered by Mrs Weddle, rattled up to the door; and, in five minutes after, it rattled away again, carrying Mr Simpson, and the widow along with it.

On the lady and gentleman presenting themselves in the Police Court—for we need not say it was there they were driven—they were told that they had just come in time, as their case was on the eve of being called. And this was perfectly true; for, in less than half a minute after, Mr Yellowlees was placed at the bar. He still sported his whiskers, but he had been deprived of his stick.

On entering the court, he threw an upbraiding look at the widow, and one of deep hate on Mr Simpson. The widow returned hers with one of distinct repudiation, and Mr Simpson his with one of bold defiance.

The case went on; and its result, in despite of a very eloquent exculpatory oration by Mr Yellowlees, in which he again taxed the widow with faithlessness, and in which he again adverted, in glowing terms, to the ardency and purity of his attachment to her, was the award against

him of a fine of two guineas, to be paid *instanter*, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. Mr Yellowlees was further bound over to keep the peace towards both Mr Simpson and Mrs Weddle, himself in ten pounds, and two good and sufficient cautioners in ten pounds more each. Mr Yellowlees to be detained under lock and key until these conditions were fulfilled.

This matter was settled then. When it was, Mr Simpson conducted Mrs Weddle to her chaise, handed her in, lifted up the steps, thrust his head in at the door, and whispered a repetition of a promise previously given, that he would drink tea with her in the evening; slammed the door to, vigorously, secured it on all his soul held dear, raised his hat, and bowed gracefully as the vehicle, which bore his idol, now put in motion, drove away.

Having seen the widow off, Mr Simpson proceeded on foot to his own shop, from which he felt he had been too long absent.

On entering the shop—"Onybody particular ca'in on me, laddie?" said Mr Simpson.

"No," said the boy; "but there's a letter for you lyin on the desk."

"Ay," ejaculated Mr Simpson, in some surprise, and with certain misgivings; for his late adventures had made him a little nervous, and had predisposed him to look on everything in the least out of the ordinary course of matters with alarm.

"Wha is't frae, ken ye, laddie?"

The boy could not say.

Mr Simpson took up the letter, opened it with very perceptible agitation, and read:—

"Sir—A friend advises you to beware. You have been seen walking with a certain lady. That lady, sir, is dear to the writer. She has long been the object of his admiration, and he has had proof that she looks on him with a favourable eye. He will not, therefore, allow any other man to tamper with her affections. He will allow no man to come between him and the object of his tenderest regards. So, beware, sir. It is at your peril if you pursue your impertinent suit further. Your motives are mercenary—mine disinterested. Beware. Your motions shall be watched; and the consequences of a neglect of this warning, dreadful."

Here was a pretty business. A new and improved edition of the Calton Hill adventure. Another Ned Yellowlees; but, apparently, a still more dangerous one than the first. A pretty business, truly. Assassination all but distinctly threatened. Mr Simpson, whose face, on reading this mysterious letter, became nearly as pale as his ruffles, knew not what to say or think. He read and re-read the appalling document. He turned it over and over again. He examined the inside, and he examined the out. He scanned the handwriting with a critical eye, to see if he could detect in it any resemblance to any hand he knew; but he could make nothing of it.

Mr Simpson was, in short, staggered, nonplused. In the meantime, however, he thrust the letter into his pocket, resolving to devote the greater part of the forenoon's reflections to the alarming subject. One thing appeared clear to Mr Simpson, from the personal assault of Mr Yellowlees, and the written attack of his unknown correspondent. This was, that the widow was thought a desirable object by many besides himself. That she had, in short, many suitors—most eager ones, it appeared—and he, of course, many rivals. That he should have been selected from all these, flattered his vanity; but their numbers, and, particularly, the ferocious spirit with which they seemed all imbued, alarmed him not a little. He began to feel as if it should be dangerous for him to walk the streets—as if he should be in safety nowhere. Perhaps assaulted, if not murdered, in his own shop. Mr Simpson's situation was, in short, a very critical one; and he felt it to be so.

With regard to the letter in question, his first idea was to consult his man of business on the subject; but, on second thoughts, he resolved on first laying it before Mrs Weddle, to see whether she could throw any light on it; and he determined on doing so that very night, when he should see that lady at tea. When Mr Simpson came to tea, however, he felt some difficulty as to how he should open the business of the letter to his hostess; and this difficulty considerably checked Mr Simpson's usual flow of spirits. It kept him in a state of constraint and uneasiness. He fidgeted much about in his chair, and, by frequent querative *mems*, when his fair hostess was speaking to him, shewed the disturbed state of his mind.

The widow observed his agitation. She observed that something pressed on the mind of her guest and lover; and she would fain have asked him what was the matter—not from motives of curiosity, but of sympathy. But delicacy forbade such a proceeding.

Mr Simpson, however, at this moment, put an end to the whole affair by a desperate effort. Plunging his hand into his coat pocket, he produced the anonymous letter with a—

"Can ye guess, mem, wha that can be frae?"

Mrs Weddle took up the letter, read it, and, bursting into a loud laugh, said—

"Don't you know who that is from, Mr Simpson? I know the writing well. It's the handiwork of a neighbour of your own. It's from that dirty, snuffy body, Willie Watterston, the grocer, from whom I get all my groceries. Set him up to be cocking his bonnet at me. Impudence, indeed!"

"Willie Watterston!" exclaimed Mr Simpson, with a mingled air of surprise and contempt. "The body! Set him up to write in that big bow wow style to folk as guid as himsel. The wretched cratur, I could put him in my pocket." And when Mr Simpson said this, he did not exaggerate very much; for Mr Watterston, notwithstanding the largeness of his language, and the desperado-like fierceness of his tone, was, indeed, a very insignificant-looking personage; and, in reality, a poor, timid, sneaking, little dog.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs Weddle," now said Mr Simpson, looking slily and cagily at the widow—"There's just ae way o' puttin an end to this stramachery, and the sooner that way's taen the better."

"And what way is that, Mr Simpson?" inquired the widow, trying to look unconscious, but blushing intensely as she spoke.

"Just that you and me should link thegither as fast as possible; and that 'll put an end till 't."

In three days after, the same paper that exhibited the advertisement with which our story opens, contained the following announcement:—

"Married, at No. 19, Salisbury Place, Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Weddle, relict of the late Duncan Weddle, Esq., merchant, to Mr John Simpson of Causewayside, Edinburgh."

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

"E'en though faithless man deceive us,
To delusive hope we cling;
And the Tempter will not leave us
Till we perish by its sting."

Invis. Gent.

About the commencement of the present century, there dwelt, in a retired part of the Highlands of Perthshire, a worthy farmer, named M'Donald, who, having laboured hard in youth, found himself, "in the sere, the yellow leaf" of life, possessed of a sufficient competency to enable him to pass the remainder of his days in comparative ease.

His wife had died many years before, leaving him with a numerous family to provide for; and he did his utmost to bring them up respectably. There is always one 'ne'er-do-weel" in every family; that is, one who, careless and absurd, is impatient of control, and will not listen to the admonitions of his seniors. It is quite useless to think that such a fellow will ever steadily follow any one pursuit, unless it be that of a soldier or a sailor. He who was accounted the ne'er-do-weel of M'Donald's family, was his second eldest son. At an early age he had imbibed a predilection for the sea, which grew so strong upon him, that he could think of nothing but what pertained to ships and mariners. His father could not get him to settle at any business that he was put to; for several had been tried; and he was at last obliged to give up all thoughts of John's steadiness, and allow him to take his own mind of the matter. This he was not long in doing; for, though but fifteen, he ran away from his father's house soon after, and, at Dundee, entered on board a trading vessel which was just on the point of sailing for the West Indies. Thus far and no farther had the boy been traced by his father. Although seven years had elapsed since the the period of his flight, no tidings of him had ever reached the Highlands; and M'Donald began to look upon him as one dead.

During those seven years, more than one misfortune had befallen M'Donald's family. He had seen his other children, one by one, drop into an early grave, until all that remained to him was his daughter, Margaret. She was just turned eighteen, and was a creature most fair to look upon. She was "the flower of the flock;" and old M'Donald had ever loved her more than all the world besides; and, now that she alone remained to him, his heart clung to her as the only tie that bound him to existence. Margaret was esteemed for her virtue by all her acquaintances; while she was coveted by the neighbouring farmers' sons as a jewel of immense price; and many were the offers she received, for the proud distinction of obtaining her hand in marriage: but she, having imbibed more lofty ideas, despised the proffers of her equals, and aspired to something greater, for often had she been told that she was a beauty; and she looked upon mankind as her slaves, who would fly to do her ready bidding.

Happy in his daughter, M'Donald began to entertain thoughts that misfortune had left him for awhile: but a blight was about to fall upon his hopes; and the bright scene was, ere long, to be shifted for one of a more sombre hue.

It was about the beginning of the autumn of 18—, when it was reported that Walter Davidson, the young laird, had received leave of absence from his regiment, in which he held the rank of captain, and was about to pay a visit to his estate, in order to superintend some improvements which were about to be commenced. His arrival was hailed with the greatest delight, and no one gave him a heartier welcome than old M'Donald; but soon he had cause to regret the coming of one who, he feared, was destined to overthrow that happiness which had not long been his. He beheld the growing intimacy between his daughter and Captain Davidson, knowing too well that the difference of their circumstances shut out any chance of his having honourable intentions towards her. Many were the advices he gave his daughter, to shun the society of the laird as she would a pestilence; or, at all events, treat any of his proposals with that contempt they merited.

On Margaret, these warnings had no effect, for she had already formed a strong attachment for the captain, which she felt it impossible to subdue. Ignorant of the artifices of the world, Margaret believed it impossible that deceit could find a place in the breast of one whose behaviour had always been so flattering to her vanity. She thought that her father had been too hasty in forming an opinion of the laird's intentions, she herself being convinced that his designs perfectly coincided with her own ideas of virtue. Artless as she was, she could not refrain from informing her lover of her father's displeasure; and as, at the same time, Captain Davidson learned with satisfaction that her heart was entirely his, he declared his passion, vowed to her his unceasing love, and promised, that so soon as he could remove certain obstacles, to make her his wife. The unsuspecting girl believed his oft-repeated vows of constancy, and saw not the guile which was hid beneath the semblance of honour: she only thought of the happy days which awaited her on her becoming the wife of Davidson. Although their meetings were held in secret, they soon were made known to old M'Donald, who lost no time in again reproving his daughter in more severe terms than formerly, forbidding her again seeing a man who, he said, would plunge her into a vortex of shame and misery.

These commands seemed to Margaret so unwarranted, that she almost blamed her father for having formed a mistaken prejudice against her lover; but, at the same time, she feared to disobey him. She resolved, however, to see the captain once more, to bid him farewell for ever.

The following evening, as soon as an opportunity occurred, she secretly left the house and repaired to the usual place of meeting, where she found Davidson anxiously waiting her arrival; and, by her "downcast eyes and falling tears," he well knew that something had occurred to disturb her equanimity of mind. He flew to meet her, and imprinting a kiss upon her lips, implored her to acquain him with the cause of her grief.

"Alas!" said she, "our secret interviews have been discovered by my father, who, jealous of your honourable intentions, forbids my seeing you again."

Davidson bit his lips with passion. "Then there is but one alternative remains," replied he; "and that, but for your father's obstinacy, would have been unnecessary. Say, will you comply with the proposal I am about to make?"

"Name it!" exclaimed Margaret; "and if it is at all in my power, you may rely on my compliance."

"You must consent to leave your father's house secretly and to-night: a post-chaise, with a pair of swift horses, will be in waiting for your reception on the road leading towards Glasgow, to which we will proceed, get privately married, and when the wished-for opportunity arrives, I will publicly acknowledge you my lawful wife. Say, then, dearest Margaret, will you agree to make your Walter the happiest of men?"

"It is, indeed, a last extremity; but whatever I may resolve upon must inevitably entail misery on those I love. If I leave my home, I may bring my poor father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. If I deny you, Walter, you will say the vows I have so often pledged have not been sincere."

"Your father," replied he, "may feel your loss severely at first; but, in a short time, he will cease to remember the error—if we may call it an error—you have committed. His love for you will soon return, when we will appear before him, and claim that forgiveness which, you may depend on, he will not be tardy in granting."

"If I err through weakness, may Heaven have mercy upon me; for much as I love my father and my brother, I will leave them for awhile, and throw myself entirely on your honour; so, for mercy's sake, if you be a man, do not betray the confidence I repose in you."

"The faith you place in him who adores you, shall not be abused. I consider the man unworthy of his name who trifles with confiding innocence. As the village clock tolls the hour of twelve, I shall expect you."

"I shall not fail to come: the love I bear to you prompts me to commit an act which may be fatal to an aged parent."

"Fear not for him; he shall live to bless the day you left the protection of his roof, and put your faith in him whose love for you ne'er can cease 'while memory holds a place in this distracted globe.'"

"Farewell! dearest Walter. I fear my absence may have already caused some suspicion. Farewell, till twelve, when I shall be with you, though my heart break in the effort."

Adieu!" responded he; and having once more pressed her lips to his, they parted, she to her home, and he to the village to prepare for their departure.

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'Twas midnight! The moon, which is so famed for brightness at this season of the year, shone forth in all its splendour, her silvery light casting a sickly smile on the varied objects within its reach. Not a sound was to be heard, save the wimpling of a burn, as it pursued its everlasting course over its pebbled bed; the barking of a shepherd's dog, as it shared the weary watch with its master; or the distant hooting of a screech owl, as it pursued its sullen flight from tree to tree, in a neighbouring plantation. Not a leaf was stirring; all was calmness; and it might well be said, with the beautiful ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," that "a' the weary world to rest had gane."

'Twas on such a night as this that Davidson paced to and fro in the road, in anxious expectation of the approach of Margaret M'Donald. In a short time a rustling was heard amongst the many leaves which strewed the path, and Margaret made her appearance from round a corner of the hedge. He ran to meet her, and, supporting her to the chaise which was in waiting, he lifted her fainting form, and, placing her on one of the seats, jumped in himself, and ordered the postilion to lose no time in making for Glasgow.

A few hours after their departure, old M'Donald, according to his usual custom, got up to look what sort of a day they were likely to expect; and seeing the moon shining so brightly, he thought it too good an opportunity to be lost for getting in his crop, seeing that it had been such bad weather of late. So, having roused his servants, he went away to his fields, where he remained till about five o'clock; at which time he returned in order to awaken his daughter, who had desired her father to rouse her at that hour, as she had to superintend the churning. After having knocked at her chamber door for some time, and receiving no answer, he proceeded to enter the room, where he found "that the sheets were cauld and she was awa';" and, indeed, that the bed had not been occupied at all during the preceding night. The window was open; and he observed that the greater part of her clothes had been taken from her "kist." In vain he searched around the farm, calling on her name, and making inquiries at every one he met; but could learn no tidings of her; and it was not till about mid-day that a friend, who had been to a village at some distance, had, on his way home, met a chaise containing the laird and a female. The truth now began to be manifest to him. He wrung his hands, tore his hair, and cursed his daughter in the fulness of his heart.

There are some moments so painful in their endurance, that we would gladly forget that they belong to human existence—moments in which it would have been better to have been sleeping the long sleep of death, than to have lived and suffered their anguish. Such were the first moments M'Donald passed, when he knew the whole extent of his bereavement. The first outbursts of grief over, there succeeded in the old man's breast feelings of indignation, intense indignation, at what he deemed his daughter's ingratitude towards himself; then came a desire of avenging himself upon the guilty pair, for the never-ending misery they had brought upon him in his declining years. No sooner had this desire gained possession of his mind, than, with the sudden impulse of despair and phrenzy, he saddled a horse, and galloped off in the direction the carriage had been seen to take. It was not long before he traced the route of Margaret and her abducer.

The town of Stirling was just in sight, when M'Donald came to a place where the fugitives had been detained for upwards of four hours, in consequence of the carriage-pole having broken. Here he procured a fresh horse, and, setting off with redoubled ardour, he passed through Stirling, Milsie, and Comrie, and caught sight of a carriage at some distance on the road before him, just as he neared the dirty little village of Dundorich. He had no doubt it contained those he was in search of; and, dashing his spurs into the reeking flanks of the steed, urged it beyond its speed, when, at the moment he thought the pair within his reach, it stumbled, and came with its rider to the ground, where he lay bleeding and senseless. Some people, at work in a field, at a short distance, saw the accident, and hastened to his assistance; and, having conveyed him to the nearest house, one of them was dispatched for the village surgeon, who, on his arrival, pronounced it a serious fracture of the skull, and that it would be fraught with the greatest danger to remove him from where he now lay.

Meanwhile his daughter and her paramour arrived in Glasgow, and the chaise was ordered to be driven to a house in the southern extremity of the town, where they were received by an elderly lady, with whom the captain said he had been acquainted for many years. He observed that it would be as well that they were considered married persons, both to satisfy any curiosity, and also to prevent any objections his female friend might have.

Margaret, at first, deemed this improper, and refused to comply; but the entreaties of her lover soon subdued her objections.

Next morning, Margaret reminded him of his promise to make her his wife; but he made an excuse that his schemes were not completed yet; but, as soon as an opportunity occurred, he would assuredly fulfil his promise.

Weeks passed away in one uninterrupted round of pleasure. To every place of amusement that Captain Davidson could think of, did he carry Margaret—

"To soothe her sorrow and redeem her sin."

Their dream of happiness was, however, but short-lived; for, one morning, during breakfast, the servant brought a letter to the captain: it was from a stranger, regarding his mother, who had been for some time residing at Bath, and, having been seized with a fit of apoplexy, it was indispensable that her son should proceed to Bath to attend her funeral. Margaret, observing him agitated as he read the letter,

"I hope," she said, "that letter is the bearer of no bad news!"

"It would be wrong in me were I for a moment to conceal the purport of this letter from you, Margaret. It informs me of the death of my mother, who was the only barrier to our union. By her demise I am now free to prove how much I adore you, and to place you in that elevated sphere which you are fitted to enjoy. In the meantime I must leave you, that I may repair to pay the last earthly tribute of respect due to the remains of her who gave me birth. During my absence, Mrs Ferguson will supply you with everything you require. Spare no expense to make yourself comfortable, and I will settle with Mrs Ferguson on my return." And, pulling out his purse, he took a five-pound note and gave it her for any trifling wants which her hostess could not supply.

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Several weeks had elapsed since the time Davidson had left Margaret, during which she had not received the smallest communication, nor yet was there any appearance of his returning. Suspicions, dreadful suspicions, were awakened in her mind, which she dared not to encourage. Another day was slowly passing; the money she had received before he left her had been exhausted for some time, and she had been raising money on any trinket which was in her possession; these also were becoming rapidly done. She was sitting in the parlour, alternately musing and crying over her wretched fate, when the double ring of the postman announced a letter. She rushed to the door, and, snatching the letter from the carrier's hand, at once recognised the well-known scrawl of Captain Davidson. With trembling hand she broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"MADAM,—Circumstances having transpired which forbid my holding any further communication with you, I enclose a ten-pound note to defray any expenses you may have incurred during my absence; and my advice to you is, that you instantly return to your father. It is useless trying to follow me, because, before you receive this, I will be on my way to join my regiment, now in the East Indies. —I am, yours, &c. WALTER."

The misery of her situation now became apparent to her in its true colours. Was this the guerdon of the faith she had placed in the man she loved?—was it for this man she had abandoned her happy home, and a doating father? And "were all her dreams of joy for ever perished?" It was too much for her. The shock she received produced a fever, reason was shaken on its throne, and her mind, for a while, became a cheerless blank.

We must now return to her father, who had so far recovered as to be able to return home; but, his health getting every day worse and worse, he determined to sell his stock, and proceed to Edinburgh in search of the assistance of some eminent physician. Accompanied by a friend, who happened to be proceeding thither on business, he set out for the metropolis, and landed at Newhaven from one of the steam-boats which ply between Dundee and that port. While waiting on his friend coming ashore, his attention was arrested by hearing a ballad sung by a young woman in a faded drab mantle, around whom a concourse of the idle were assembled, without any intention of bestowing one fraction of charity upon the distressed damsel. The words of the song ran thus, and they sounded familiar to the ears of M'Donald:—

"Again sing that sang, little burdie, to me,
For wearie and lang noo the time seems to be,
Sin' Jamie has gaen ower the sea far awa',
And left me alane, dule, an' dowie, an' a'.

"Thy strain brings to min' a' my past happy days,
When blythesome as thine were my heart's happy lays;
Nae care then nor wae could come near me ava',
For short was the day when wi' him far awa'.

"Sing on then, sweet bird; dost thou also complain
O' some absent love?—ah! sae tender's thy strain.
But leat will I be, wi' a love aye the same,
An' blythe yet may be when my laddie comes hame."

At the conclusion of this ditty, the singer came forward to solicit charity from the various bystanders. With a heart always willing and a hand always ready to assist a fellow-creature in distress, M'Donald pulled from his pocket some change, and, turning to bestow his charity on the supplicant, he beheld, with indescribable horror, the features of—his own daughter! A dimness overspread his sight; he staggered, and fell senseless at her feet. His friend, who had been attending to the landing of their luggage, came up at that instant, and, beholding M'Donald lying on the ground, raised him, and, having procured a hackney coach, he ordered it to be driven to the nearest inn. Medical assistance was called in, and every means used for the restoration of the old man; but in vain: in a few moments he breathed his last.

It was indeed his daughter whom M'Donald had seen. Upon her desertion by Captain Davidson, she felt that she could not return home; and, preferring to gain her bread by honest means, to entering on a life which promised nought but shame and misery, she suddenly left the lodgings in which she had been placed, and had vainly sought everywhere for a situation. No one would engage her without a recommendation; and she had none to give. She had travelled all the way from Glasgow to Edinburgh on foot; and, with dismay, beheld the small stock of cash which remained to her, visibly decreasing. In Edinburgh she was just as unsuccessful in obtaining employment as in Glasgow. She had parted with all her valuables except an antique ring, with which her brother had presented her the very day before he left his home, on which account it was dear to her; and, reduced to the brink of starvation, she had, for some days, contrived to subsist upon the pittance earned by her in the vocation of ballad singing.

With feelings of the most intense agony did she witness the death-struggle of her only parent—of one who had loved her dearly, and with a love which, she now began to think, could never be equalled, if she could only have reciprocated. With a grief the deepest, the most heartfelt, did the wretched girl throw herself upon the dead body, and cover the clay cold cheek with her kisses. She could hardly trust her senses—she could not believe that he was dead. The horrible conviction came to her at last. She raved, she wept, she prayed; she called down curses on her own head, as having been the cause of depriving a fond parent of life; and, throwing herself down endeavoured to dash her head upon the floor; but was restrained by those who had gathered round the old man's deathbed. Thus prevented, she hastily rose, and rushed from the room with frantic desperation. The thought at

once occurred to some of those present, that the wretched girl had gone forth with the intention of putting a period to her own existence; and, on this conviction, several rushed after her; but they were too late: Margaret M'Donald was nowhere to be seen.

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It was a beautiful day in June; and the bright sun gleamed upon the waters of the Liffey, which was studded with a myriad of sails. A boat rowed merrily along, and its crew were soon alongside the quay. Oh! the unbounded pleasure which they felt as they jumped ashore: it was the first land their feet had rested on for many months.

"Well, here we are, messmates," said one of the number, who seemed to be the boatswain's mate. "Here we are, at last, on *terra firma*. I only wish, however, we were nearer our own dear Scotland."

"Why, Jack," said one of his companions, "you are always thinking of Scotland; why, man, one would think you had left your heart there."

"I left a father there," said Jack, earnestly; "a kind old father, and a loving sister. Like an ungrateful scamp as I was, I deserted them, and took to the sea, for the mere gratification of a boyish propensity. That's eight years ago; and, Heaven knows, they may be dead ere this."

"Come, come, Jack, no whimpering," said the boatswain. "Don't you be coming for to go for to put the men in the dismals wi' your jawing tackle. Heave ahead there, my lads, and pipe all hands for mischief. We must aboard again afore six in the morning, to-morrow—so make the most o' your time."

The tars gave a loud cheer, and then dispersed in small parties through the several streets of Dublin, in search of amusement. Jack M'Donald—for, by this time, it must be apparent to our readers that the first speaker was none other than M'Donald's long-lost son—in the gaiety of "Dublin's fair city," for awhile discarded melancholy musings and sad thoughts, and took share in the pleasures of his companions with a hearty spirit. The detachment of the crew, whereof he was a member, dined together at one of the principal taverns; and, about nine in the evening, when the fumes of the liquor they had swallowed were beginning to take effect upon their brains, they sallied forth with the avowed intention of having "a jolly row." They had not proceeded far ere half-a-dozen lamps, at least, had fallen victims to their love of mischief. The police came up, and a loud remonstrance ensued; then came blows; and two of the crew were captured, and carried off in triumph to the Police Office. It was with great difficulty that Jack M'Donald, and one of his companions, named Davies, made their escape—it was effected purely by reason of Davies knowing every private turning of the city.

Once free, Jack proposed they should go in search of their messmates, and try to set the captured free. This was agreed to, and they were proceeding along the streets for that purpose, when, at a turning, they were accosted by a girl who seemed to know Davies. She asked him whether he would see her home, and Davies did not hesitate to give his ready assent. Jack, seeing this, was about to move off in a contrary direction, when Davies called out to him, and insisted upon his accompanying them. At first he begged to be excused; but, when urged by Davies, and coaxed by the girl, he consented. They moved on through several by streets, until they came to an entry which led into a court. Here they entered, and, crossing the court, ascended an outside staircase at the farther end; and Jack stood with his companions in one of those haunts where female vice crawls upon the ruins of female virtue. He was shewn into a neat little room enough, by the girl who had accompanied him and Davies. That done, she retired; and, in a few minutes, returned with a female companion, whom she introduced to Jack under the appellation of "Miss Wilson;" and left them together. It was now, for the first time, that Jack began to comprehend the exact nature of the house into which he had been brought. Being an ardent lover of books, and every leisure moment being devoted to study, Jack possessed a mind superior to the men among whom he was placed. Can it then be wondered at that the only feeling which now filled his bosom was disgust?

Miss Wilson began a spirited conversation, by asking Jack for "something to drink." With regard to the value of money, Jack was a true sailor; and, on the instant, he drew forth a half-crown piece and presented it to the damsel. He then rose to depart; but Miss Wilson forcibly detained him, she swearing that "such a liberal fellow should not get out of the house all that night." In vain Jack remonstrated; Miss Wilson still insisted upon his staying. He offered her more money to allow him to depart quietly. She would not here of such a thing; and, by way of enforcing his stay, she coolly locked the door and took out the key. Jack now saw that, unless he intended staying, now was the time to effect his escape. So, catching Miss Wilson's hand, he deprived her of the key with a sudden jerk. She attempted to regain it; and, as she did so, Jack's eye glanced upon a ring which she wore upon her finger. He could hardly be mistaken, but yet there was a doubt. He, therefore, caught Miss Wilson again by the hand, and, gazing intently on the ring, felt petrified with horror, when he recognised it as the gift which he had bestowed on his sister at parting, and which she had promised to keep for his sake during life.

With a soul-searching glance Jack gazed into the emaciated countenance before him, and strove to trace in their care-worn lineaments the features of one whom he feared to recognise. A moment's scrutiny was enough; and he almost sunk to the earth as he exclaimed, "Margaret!"

It was needless for Margaret M'Donald to deny her own identity; she found she was discovered, and she had no doubt by whom. Nature whispered to her that her brother stood before her. In the first moments of the recognition, better feeling filled her heart; and she could have thrown herself upon her knees, prayed his forgiveness, and besought him to take her to his heart; but she was too far entangled in the vortex of vice, she again thought, to reckon on his forgiveness; and her pride recoiled from making such a concession. The struggle in her breast was but momentary; the evil spirit prevailed; and she determined to cast off for ever the filial tie which bound them, and still follow the life of infamy which, for some time, she had led.

When she rushed from the inn at Newhaven in which her father had died, Margaret had run to the sea-beach with the intention of drowning herself; but the smooth rolling sea and the smiling earth had re-awakened within her the delights of existence: she recoiled from the thought of self-destruction; and, in the impulse of the moment, turned her back upon the sea and fled. Unknowing and uncaring which way she went, she hurried on and onward still, nor did she give heed to her whereabouts until she was several miles upon the road back to Glasgow. It was a matter of extreme indifference to her which way she went, so as her limbs were in motion, and thought was banished for awhile: she, therefore, continued.

Having tried Glasgow, once before, in vain, for the means of obtaining honest labour, Margaret deemed it quite superfluous to make any further trial, but, stepping on board a vessel at the Broomielaw which was bound for Dublin, she set sail, and, two days afterwards, arrived there.

Her last penny had been exhausted in paying her passage money, and she was set down in Dublin a beggar. Like a poor maniac she plodded along: hungry, tired, and heart-broken, she wandered the streets without a house

to shelter her, without a friend to drop a pitying tear. Night soon stole forth with her sable mantle, and the world was shrouded in lonely darkness. The clocks had struck twelve, and the midnight ruffians were on the alert. Poor Margaret fell a victim to one of those heartless vagabonds, and she was borne away to commence a life from which she had but lately shrunk with horror. Nearly a year had elapsed, and she was an accomplished vagrant: all the fine feelings of the woman had abandoned her. It was then that her brother beheld her for the first time since he had left his home. Eight years before he had clasped her to his breast, a happy, laughing girl, virtuous and beloved; and now he shuddered as he gazed on the "false painted thing" before him—the victim of man's ingratitude.

"Margaret," said her brother, when he was able to speak—"Margaret! I will not now ask you how you came here, or who the villain is that has brought you to this; but I would earnestly beseech you to quit this place with me instantly, and I will see to your immediate comfort."

"*You* see to my comfort!" echoed the girl. "No, I scorn your offer. Thank heaven! I can provide for myself."

"What! reject my offer?" exclaimed Jack, in astonishment. "This is madness, woman. You surely cannot be in earnest?"

"That, my noble Roman, aint no matter of consequence. But, as you happen to be my brother, I can excuse you for your impudence; and, at the same time, beg that you will bundle up your traps, and walk your body off."

Could this low-minded woman be the same being as the noble girl of eight years before. Jack endeavoured to convince himself it was not, but in vain—there was no room for doubt. He again remonstrated with her upon the absurdity of her present proceedings—the infamy attendant on such a life as hers—the folly of remaining in the low den in which she then was, when she had the offer of a comfortable home; but his words were sneered at, and he was desired, with an oath, to leave the house.

"Not without you, Margaret—not without you; so come along." As Jack said this, he turned the key in the lock, and, seizing Margaret forcibly in his arms, strove to force her from the room. She screamed and cried for "help!" and presently the room door was burst open, and in entered two strong blackguard-looking Irishmen, with cudgels in their hands.

"What's the shindy?" asked the foremost. "Won't the cuffin post the cole, Peg?"

"Oh! no, it's not that," said Margaret; "but I only wish you'd see him down stairs civilly, and let him out into the street quietly."

"By the powers! an' that's aisy done," said the aforesaid Irish gentleman; and, as he spoke, he caught hold of Jack by the collar of his jacket, and exhibited other symptoms of carrying Margaret's orders into effect.

"Margaret!" cried Jack—"I ask you once more, will you do as I wish you?"

"No!" said Margaret.

"Then heaven pardon you, as I do!" replied Jack; and he suffered himself to be led away without a murmur.

When he found himself outside the house, he thought he could have fallen to the ground in the intensity of his agony; but, recovering, he walked quickly onward through the streets, in a state of mind bordering upon madness. He had pursued his solitary walk for several hours, when he suddenly came upon some of his shipmates, who accosted him, and asked where he was going.

He answered incoherently; and the boatswain, who happened to be of the company, seeing that Jack was somewhat troubled in mind, but attributing it partly to the grog he had discussed in the evening, took him by the arm and led him to the boat, into which the rest of the crew were fast assembling. A few moments, and they were rowing down the stream on the way back to their vessel.

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Seven years had passed since the events just narrated, when a carriage drove rapidly up the avenue leading to the mansion-house of Rosevale, in Perthshire, the seat of an English gentleman named Montgomery. It stopped at the door of the house; and two gentlemen jumped out, and were received by another, who stood at the threshold, as if awaiting their arrival.

"I trust, Montgomery," said one of those who had occupied the carriage, "that I haven't kept you waiting."

"Oh! not at all, Davidson, not at all," politely responded Montgomery. "It wants ten minutes of twelve yet, and, of course, the ceremony won't take place till twelve. My sister and her bridesmaids have been caged in her room for nearly an hour. You see, Davidson, the women are never behind their time in matters of this kind. But, come—let us in."

"I beg pardon for my omission. Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr Morris, to you, Montgomery. I believe I have mentioned his name to you before, as the gentleman to whom I am indebted for my escape from French prison." And, upon the strength of such introduction, the two new acquaintances bobbed their heads towards each other, by way of shewing how sensible they were of the honour conferred upon them,

Montgomery now led the way up to the drawing-room, in which there was a diversified assortment of ladies and gentlemen, there met to witness the ceremony of marriage between the only daughter of the proprietor of Rosevale, Alice Montgomery, and Major Davidson. The bridegroom was, of course, much noticed, on his entrance, by those present; and the next ten minutes passed rather heavily, at the end of which the clergyman appeared. In a short time the blushing bride, attended by her bridesmaids, all in white, was led in, and the ceremony was about to be proceeded with, when a noise was heard below, and a voice exclaimed—"I must and shall enter!"

Upon the heels of this, the drawing-room door was forcibly opened, and in rushed a woman, with anger flashing from her eyes. To all seeming, her age was upwards of thirty; but those who took the trouble to look minutely upon her, would have seen that the hand of dissipation had added to her appearance more years than were actually hers by right. Her eyes were bloodshot, her lips white, her skin bloated, her dress was in tatters and filthy; altogether, she was a most loathsome object to look upon. Shutting the door, she advanced into the centre of the room.

"Major Davidson!" she said—"for I hear you are a major now—I forbid your marrying Alice Montgomery."

"Who dares!" exclaimed the major.

"I!" interrupted the female. "Look on me, Major Davidson; look on me, and see if you remember me."

"Pshaw! this is folly," said the major; while a scowl played upon his brow. "Here, Montgomery, desire some of your servants to take this mad woman out of the room."

"Let him not stir," said the woman, "at peril of his life. I am *not* mad; the major well knows that. My presence here is to do an act of justice to a young and beautiful woman; to reveal that man's villany, and let her know what kindness she may expect from him. Lady," she added, addressing Alice, "in me you behold the victim of your affianced husband. By his acts did I fall—by his acts am I become the degraded being you see me. Retract, ere it is too late—retract your plighted troth; for, be assured, the man who could betray one woman, and cast her upon the wide world, friendless, penniless, must have a heart not worth another's acceptance. Be warned by me—be warned, and shun a villain!"

"Major Davidson!" demanded Alice Montgomery, with a look of insulted pride, "does this woman speak truth?"

The major was silent, and turned away his head.

"See how the craven shrinks," cried the woman. "Is not his guilt made clear? Then, before Heaven! I swear that what I have just spoken is nought but truth."

"I do believe you," returned Alice; "I do believe, and pity you. The task is a hard one that is given me to perform; but, though I lose my peace of mind for ever in its accomplishment, I will do it. Major Davidson, from this hour we are strangers." And Alice turned to leave the room.

"Alice!" cried the major. "Dear Alice!" But she could not hear him: she had fainted in her brother's arms, and she was carried from the room.

"Woman! Devil!" said Major Davidson. "What brought *you* here to destroy our happiness?"

"*Your* happiness, Major Davidson! Who destroyed mine, for ever? Who wiled the unsuspecting Margaret M'Donald from her father's house, first to betray, and then desert her?"

"Margaret M'Donald!" exclaimed Morris, darting forward. "Are you, indeed, that ill-fated girl? And this is he who caused your ruin. Villain!" he added, fiercely confronting Major Davidson, "you must answer for this!"

"What, Morris!" said the major, attempting to smile—"are *you* mad too? Come, come, no jesting with our sorrows."

"Jesting is far from my present vocation, sir. If you would wish to know what right I have to stand forth as this poor creature's champion—know, sir, I am her brother."

Some short time after John M'Donald left Dublin, he had entered on board a privateer, was captured, and carried into France. He had changed his name to that of Morris, as, after his sister's shame and rejection of his kind offer to befriend her, he wished, if possible, to forget the very name of M'Donald. In the same prison in which he was confined, was an English officer, named Davidson. Being fellow sufferers in the same cause, they became tolerably intimate; and, after a week's acquaintance, Jack imparted to Davidson the fact, that he had fallen upon the means of escape, and that very night would see him free. He pressed Davidson to accompany him in his flight; and Davidson was not slow to consent. Suffice it to say, that that night, at twelve, he was at liberty; and by Jack's aid alone. After enduring many hardships, they were fortunate enough to procure a passage for England.

Before entering on his campaign, Davidson had procured an introduction to Mr Montgomery's family; and the beauteous Alice had attracted his particular notice. She was an only daughter; and her father was wealthy; and Davidson deemed her a fitting match for him, for he priced himself at an exceedingly high value. On his return to Scotland, he had improved the acquaintance, had proposed, and was accepted; and as his friend, Morris, who, having entered the regular service, and performed some daring feats at sea, for which he had been advanced to the rank of lieutenant, happened to be at that time in Scotland also, he had invited him to the celebration of his nuptials, never dreaming what a strange part he would act on the occasion.

To account for Margaret's sudden appearance, we must mention that, enfeebled by disease and fearful of death, she had returned to her native village, to lay her bones beside those of her mother. On the very morning of her arrival, the intended nuptials of Davidson had been communicated to her.

"What!" exclaimed the major in surprise, at Morris' announcement, "you the brother of Margaret M'Donald."

"I am, sir; and I demand reparation for the injuries you have done her."

"Oh! whenever you please, sir; you may command me at your own time and place;" and the major was about to leave the room, of which the three speakers were now the only occupants.

"The reparation I demand," calmly said Morris, or, as we now must call him, John M'Donald, "is not of that unsatisfactory kind which is obtained at the point of the sword, or at the mouth of the pistol. No, sir; what I ask is, that you will wed, in the face of that Heaven you have offended, and of that world which beheld your perfidy, the loathsome being before you!"

Davidson recoiled in amazement and horror.

"Nay, start not," continued M'Donald. "But for you, she might have been a kind and loving creature—a virtuous and respectable member of society. You have been the cause that she is not so; it is now in your power to restore her to society; the other attributes you cannot give. Move not, but here upon this spot swear that you will wed her."

"But, sir," remonstrated the major.

"No words!" cried M'Donald, "or I plunge my dagger in your heart;" and as he said this, he drew forth his hanger and held it at the major's breast, who, sinking on one knee, gave his word that he would do as M'Donald wished him. The following Friday was fixed on as the wedding-day.

* * * * * * *

The Friday came. It was a beautiful day. The fields were robed in their finest verdure; not a speck was to be seen in the wide expanse of the clear blue heavens. The sun was shinning with unwonted lustre, and all nature seemed to be enlivened with its cheering rays. M'Donald had made all preparations for his sister's marriage; but after waiting more than an hour beyond the time appointed for the ceremony, for the arrival of the major, and he not appearing, M'Donald went in quest of him. On calling at the house, his servants said that he had not yet come down to breakfast. M'Donald rushed up to his room—the door was bolted in the inside—he burst it open, and there lay Major Davidson on the floor weltering in his blood. An open razor lay beside him, revealing to all the cause of his death.

THE LAIRD OF BOWTY.

> "The time I've lost in wooing,
> In watching, and pursuing—
> The light that lies
> In woman's eyes
> Has been my heart's undoing."
>
> *Moore*

No two young men in the whole county of Northumberland were greater friends—*i. e.*, friends *par complaisance*—than the Laird of Bowty and Ludovick Vining. Brought up, within a short distance of each other, from boyhood, they were inseparable; and when they reached the years of manhood, in their attachment they were still undivided. The title of Laird of Bowty, Mr John Barnard derived from a small farm he rented, which was situated in the parish of Bolton—pronounced, by the inhabitants thereof, "Bowty." For this title he was indebted to some of his own hinds, who considered him quite a hero in his way, and the greatest man in the whole country-side. He could talk Latin, and quote whole stanzas of Don Juan.

Farming was the life of the Laird of Bowty—at least so he averred; but if we consider farming to consist in romping with and kissing the female hinds in one's employment, and other little extravagances incident to human nature, why then the Laird of Bowty was a most able and experienced farmer. Except sleeping in the house

taking his breakfast occasionally, and indulging in the aforesaid pleasantries, the laird seldom looked near his farm, but left all to the care of Jack Reid, his overseer, while he accompanied his friend, Vining, in excursions all about the country; Vining being too much of a gentleman to think of doing anything but indulging in all the pleasures which Alnwick, Newcastle, and other neighbouring towns could afford. A favourite amusement of the laird, when he chanced to be up early enough, was to visit the houses of some of his favourite hinds, and, taking their brosie little brats upon his knee, give them their porridge. One little flaxen-headed urchin, in particular, was his constant care, which soon obtained, among its companions, the nickname of "Poshy-poshy," from the circumstance of the laird calling out, the moment he entered the house, "Where's Jacky? Jacky, come and take your poshy-poshy!" Another amusement was to go out in the twilight, disguised as a hind, and make love to the servant girls in the neighbourhood. Such things are but trifles 'tis true, but trifles make the sum of human things. As Hurdis says—

> "We trifle all, and he who best deserves.
> Is but a trifler. What art thou, whose eye
> Follows my pen? Or what am I that write?
> Both trifflers. 'Tis a trifling world."

In the latter amusement, Ludovick Vining had more than once indulged in company with the laird. He was a railer at matrimony, and looked upon women as mere toys wherewith to spend an idle hour, and then throw by. Individuals of this class, are assuredly the most liable to fall into the snares of Cupid, and it was not long ere Ludovick discovered the truth of this. He fell in love on the sudden, and he was ashamed to make Bowty his confidant.

Miss Emily Wade was the daughter of an extensive landed proprietor, who, dying, left her to the care of her only surviving relation, a brother, with a fortune of ten thousand pounds, whenever she should attain majority. The brother, shortly after his father's death, entered into partnership with a friend of his, a merchant in Madeira, and was, of necessity, oftener there than in England. It was during the occasion of his absence, that Emily had accepted an invitation to a ball given by an ancient dame of Alnwick, yclept Mrs Hyndford, an old friend of her father; and there she met Ludovick Vining. They danced together, walked together, talked together, drank lemonade and eat sweet biscuits together, in an ante-chamber, and, at the close of the evening, they parted, mutually satisfied with each other, to dream of Arcadian bowers and a rising family.

Emily was really a nice girl—no beauty, but of exceedingly pleasing manners, and, for a damsel of eighteen, very well versed in polite literature—an intellectual creature, and as romantic as any one need be who purposes becoming a useful housewife. That a woman of her acquirements could, for a moment, be pleased or feel flattered by the attentions of such a person as Vining, is amongst those strange and inexplicable things which even women themselves cannot unriddle. It is a very common case for a well-informed, ay, and for even a beautiful woman, to fall in love with a plain-looking, commonplace fellow, and marry him. Women certainly do prefer fools to wise men; and a squint-eyed, shuffling, shabby little fellow has as good a chance with them as the handsomest man that ever lived. And this was an example: Ludovick Vining was neither particularly good-looking, nor particularly intellectual, and yet Miss Emily Wade was as deep in love with him, at first sight, as any woman can be with any man.

On the day following that on which the ball had been given, Ludovick, who had remained in Alnwick all night, called at Mrs Hyndford's, and again saw Emily. They sat and talked and laughed together, for Ludovick tried to be witty, and succeeded to his own content, and, seemingly to Emily's also, till Mrs Hyndford grew tired of his presence, and inwardly wished him anywhere else but in her drawing-room. She, therefore, rose, saying she was about to dress for dinner; and added—"Emily! when you are ready to do so, you can just come up to my room." With these words she made her exit from the drawing-room, after honouring Ludovick with a nod. In a few minutes he took his leave. Politeness demanded that he should do so, or he would have had no objections to have indulged in a *tete-a-tete* with Emily for another hour at least.

The next day he called again. Mrs Hyndford was in much better humour than on the preceding one; and, when he rose to go, pressed him to stay to dinner—an invitation which he willingly accepted, and, contrary to his usual custom on like occasions, retired at an early hour, not in the slightest degree inebriated. For a week afterwards, he was the daily visiter of Mrs Hyndford—a lady at whose house he had before deemed it a penance to call once a month. Such changes doth love make in the mind and manners of his victims.

On making his usual call one morning, to his no little surprise he was informed, that Miss Emily had returned home, and Mrs Hyndford had accompanied her. Morley Hall—the house in which Emily dwelt—was situated a few miles to the west of Belford. That same evening, being a beautiful summer one, did Ludovick take his horse and ride over in that direction, and, by mere accident, as it were, entered the avenue of Morley Hall, and rode past the house. The barking of the watch dogs caused Emily and Mrs Hyndford, who were discussing things in general over a cup of tea, to look out of the window; and there to the elderly lady's astonishment, was Mr Ludovick Vining on horseback. An invitation to join them at tea was sent out to him; and, with many apologies for intruding, and pretended surprise at discovering who were the inmates of Morley Hall, he accepted it. The evening passed away agreeably enough, only that Mrs Hyndford rallied him about falling in love and all that; which, at any other time, he could have borne with patience and laughed at, but, in the present instance, it annoyed him, and hurried him away earlier than would otherwise have been.

Having obtained intelligence that Mrs Hyndford had returned to Alnwick, he paid a visit to Miss Emily, and declared his passion for her. Vows were interchanged; and each swore an eternal friendship for the other. As often as propriety would permit, did Ludovick Vining visit Morley Hall; during the intervals he strolled about the woods alone, carving the initials of Emily and himself on every tree. He allowed his beard to grow, and became slovenly in his attire; a sure sign that he was enamoured past remede.

The fear that his friend, the Laird of Bowty, would discover his attachment to Emily, continually haunted him; and sitting with her one day, she literally confounded him by incidentally mentioning the laird's name.

"Do—do you know that person you have just mentioned?" hesitatingly inquired he.

"Know him! ha! ha! ha!" here she burst into a fit of laughter.

Vining waxed jealous. She observed the gloom upon his countenance, and, ceasing her merriment, said, "I'll tell you all some day."

"All!" cried Ludovick, pettishly—"Now, can't you tell me now."

"No, I won't!" said Emily, in a playful manner.

"Has he—no, surely he cannot have dared—has he been making love to you?"

"Won't tell!—aha! you're jealous, are you?"

"No, not a bit," and he really thought he was not.

After a little more altercation on the subject, in which

Emily remained positive, and Ludovick grew more jealous, the latter went away in no very enviable frame of mind. His jealousy mounted to the superlative degree, when, as he passed down the avenue, he descried the Laird of Bowty's man, Jack Reid, in close confabulation, among the trees, with Emily's own woman. During the night, the fit underwent a diminution; and when Ludovick started from his bed in the morning, he did not feel half so jealous as he had done when he went to bed. He was determined, however, to ascertain what had brought Bowty's man to Morley Hall; and, full of that determination, he rode over about mid-day, to try and discover from Emily, or failing her, from her own woman.

When he called at Morley Hall, he was told that Miss Emily was out walking. Now, this was a thing she had never done at that time, except in his company, since he had become acquainted with her. Here was room for speculation. His jealous fit returned; and he proceeded to the drawing-room to wait till her return. Half-an-hour—an hour passed away, and no signs of Emily. Ludovick grew fidgetty, and stalked about the room; sat down and got up again; then examined the mantlepiece ornaments over and over again. Suddenly, while fingering a card-rack, a note fell out; and, in stooping to lift it, the handwriting caught his attention: he knew it well—it was Bowty's. The address was—"to Emily!" In the hurry of the moment, he tore it open, and, to his horror, read:—

"My beloved Emily."—— He could proceed no farther, but cast the letter on the ground with some show of indignation. He turned to leave the room; and his eye, glancing through one of the windows, happened to light on the form of Emily, at a distance, coming towards the house, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. She was laughing and talking with him in the same manner as she had many a time done with Ludovick. She seemed to be telling some amusing story; for they both laughed, and—horror!—the gentleman kissed her. Could flesh and blood bear this? No—at least not such flesh and blood whereof Ludovick Vining was compounded. He rushed from the house, resolved on something desperate. Once he thought of shooting the Laird of Bowty; but that was overmastered by the reflection that, were he dead, it would be only one; and she—the faithless she—had at least half-a-dozen sweethearts. Again he thought of shooting himself; but that, in its turn, was given up as being preposterous—so he finally resolved to turn hermit, feed on bread and water for the remainder of his days, and never trust woman more. The hermitage at Warkworth, with the right of fishing salmon in the Coquet, was, luckily, in the market. He, accordingly, took a lease of them, and closed himself up within the hermitage. His shoes were cut into the form of sandals; his hat was twisted into that of a cowl; an old white greatcoat was his cassock; bull-rushes, plaited together, formed a tolerable girdle; and a tough hazel twig effectually supplied the want of discipline; and he who, a few days before, was sighing out his soul at the feet of a mistress, and who considered her smiles or frowns as the criterions of his fate, was now employed in repeating the most earnest vows of eternal and inviolable chastity.

The Laird of Bowty could not, for the life of him, account for the sudden disappearance of his friend. He asked this person, and he asked t'other person, whether they had heard anything of Ludovick? but as they were unable to afford him any information, he resolved to forget him, and employ himself an additional hour every day in looking after the affairs of his farm.

Ludovick, after passing a week in his new habitation, began to get tired of this sort of life; even the beautiful scenery of Warkworth could not reconcile him to the life of a hermit; and he began to entertain serious thoughts of emigrating to Van Diemen's Land, or somewhere else. Before taking this step, however, he must have a last look of her who had blighted his hopes for ever. In the grey of the ensuing morning, he, therefore, wended his way, in his hermit's dress, towards Morley Hall; and, getting into the garden, the door of which was fortunately open, he hid himself among some gooseberry bushes which fronted Emily's bedroom window, and there he lay for some time, in the hope of seeing her come to the window to water her favourite geraniums.

> "He look'd o'er to the convent old, look'd, hour on hour, in hope
> To the casement of his love until he saw the casement ope;
> Till she, his ladie bright, appeared, till the form he loved so well
> Bent o'er, with face of angel grace, to gaze into the dell."—*Martin*

Three hours and more had passed in this manner, when Ludovick's reverie was broken by the barking of a dog behind the bush in which he had ensconced himself; presently there was a duet of barking, a calling of men, and a screaming of women, and he found himself forcibly pulled from his place of concealment; and, after a stout resistance, carried into the house as a poacher, and brought before a gentleman, whom he recognised as the same he had seen kiss Emily. Being thus brought front to front with one whom he deemed his rival, he felt a sudden impulse to knock the fellow down; and he would certainly have done so, had he not been withheld by those who had captured him.

At that moment Emily entered the room, and started, on seeing Ludovick in such attire.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Then everybody began telling his version of the story at the same time; but not a word could Emily hear distinctly from one individual—all was gabble and noise.

"Hush!" exclaimed the gentleman, in an authoritative tone. "This person, Emily, is either a madman or a fool; and that is, perhaps, about as much as you will ascertain concerning him."

"Nay, nay, dear Ralph"——

"*Dear* Ralph!" cried Ludovick. 'Ay, Emily, every one is dear to you but me!"

"What mean you, Ludovick?" said Emily, to the gentleman's amazement.

"You will perhaps know that best yourself. Your hesitation when I asked you whether the Laird of Bowty had been making love to you; a letter, in his handwriting, commencing, 'My beloved Emily;' and, finally, your calling a gentleman by the title of 'Dear Ralph;' confirm my worst suspicions. Emily, you never loved me!"

"Ludovick Vining, you have wronged me much," said Emily, calmly. "This gentleman is my brother; the letter you mention was written to my maid, Emily; and I got it from her for the purpose of shewing it to you, and telling you about your friend, the laird, as he's called, who has been making love to her, in the disguise of a peasant."

"Oh! what an ass I have been!" cried Ludovick; "and for this I turned hermit. Emily, can you forgive me?"

Emily *did* forgive him; and, with the consent of her brother, they were shortly afterwards united: as were Emily's own maid, and the Laird of Bowty's own man. Years flew by: they lived happily and comfortably; and whenever there was the slightest appearance of the jealous fit seizing Ludovick, Emily would produce his hermit's garments, and shame him out of it.

THE PERSIAN AMBASSADOR.

Soon after Cromwell had assumed the Protectorate, and had been acknowledged by foreign powers as England's ruler, a person, strangely attired, presented himself at Whitehall, and sought an audience of his Highness.

This person was dressed in the eastern fashion: shawled, turbaned, and slippered, and wore in his girdle a rich and highly-ornamented poniard. He represented himself as coming from the Persian ambassador, Mahomed Ali Khan, to announce to his Highness the arrival of his Excellency in London on the previous evening; and to inquire when his Highness would afford the ambassador an opportunity of delivering his credentials, and paying his respects to him.

The sentinels, and those of the court officials who happened to be on the spot, stared with wonder at Meerza Hoossain—the name of the ambassador's envoy—who was a little, consequential fellow; and who, though appearing in no higher official character than that of interpreter and message-bearer to his Excellency, looked as if he carried, on his individual shoulders, the whole weight of the honour and glory of the Persian empire.

On ascertaining the rank of Meerza Hoossain, and the purpose for which he came, the household officers did not think it necessary that he should have the desired interview with the Protector: they thought it would be quite enough that his message was conveyed to him. Accordingly, ushering the little Persian into an ante-room, they desired him to wait there until they should learn his Highness' pleasure on the subject of his visit.

Meerza Hoossain felt highly indignant at this treatment, and continued strutting up and down the apartment in wrathful majesty till the return of the person who had gone to inform the Protector of his presence and its purpose. The message brought to the offended Persian was, that his Highness would be happy to see his Excellency, the ambassador, at his levee, on the following day, at eleven o'clock, forenoon. This message delivered, the little man was, without further ceremony, bowed out of the apartment, and finally escorted without the precincts of the palace.

Amongst those who presented themselves at the audience given by Cromwell on the following forenoon, was a person who attracted particular attention, as well from the handsomeness of his figure, and the dignity of his deportment, as from the singularity and splendour of his dress—the most remarkable part of which was a superb, dark-coloured pelisse, lined and skirted with sable. This person was the Persian ambassador, Mahomed Ali Khan. He appeared to be about fifty-eight years of age; of a thin and spare form; but tall and well proportioned. His beard was long, and of a jet black; his eye, brilliant and piercing; his features, regular and pleasing.

At once guessing who he was, the Protector, on the moment of the ambassador's entering the apartment, broke suddenly away from a group by whom he was surrounded, and, advancing towards him, greeted him with a cordial welcome. The ambassador returned this greeting with a series of respectful salams, according to the fashion of his country: he then, with a smile, and muttering a word or two in Persian, pointed to Meerza Hoossain, who was standing close by, and who had been salaming away at the Protector with yet more zeal and devotion than his master. Thus alluded to, Meerza Hoossain, in very good and well-chosen English, announced to Cromwell that he stood there as his Excellency's interpreter, and would be much honoured by conveying to his Excellency anything which his Highness should condescend to say.

Cromwell replied to this courteous speech by a nod, and a—"So, well friend."

The ambassador, with a low obeisance, now presented the Protector with a single folded sheet of richly gilt and embossed paper, strongly scented, and further decorated with a profusion of seals and ribbons. It was his Excellency's credentials, written in a beautiful character, but in the Persian language.

On perceiving the latter circumstance, the Protector handed the document to Meerza Hoossain, and desired him to read and translate it. Placing himself in an attitude, the little Persian forthwith obeyed the command; and (extracting it from the paper before him) poured out a torrent of extravagance and hyperbole, that caused even the saturnine features of the Protector to relax into a smile. He received all graciously, however; and, on the conclusion of the reading, desired the interpreter to inform his Excellency that it would afford him infinite satisfaction, and be his anxious study, to preserve the friendly relations which subsisted between the Persian court and England. That, for the professions of regard for himself, he felt grateful, and would endeavour to continue to deserve them. This acknowledgment of the gratification afforded him by the contents of the document in question, the Protector wound up by inviting the ambassador to dine with him on the following day.

The invitation was respectfully and gratefully accepted by his Excellency, who, attended by his interpreter, shortly after withdrew.

On the following day, exactly at noon, which was the dinner hour of the Protector, the Persian ambassador, still attended by Meerza Hoossain, presented himself at Whitehall, to which he had been driven in a carriage, and was ushered into an apartment where were two or three persons who had also been invited. Amongst these persons were Goodwin, one of Cromwell's favourite preachers; Fleetwood, his son-in-law, who had not yet begun to entertain, or, at least, to avow that detestation of the Protector's secular ambition, which afterwards estranged them from each other; and an old parliamentary officer, whose chief, indeed only, claim to the distinction of sitting at Cromwell's table, was his attachment to his person, he having never rendered himself in any other way remarkable.

On being ushered into the dining apartment, the Persian ambassador, who had expected to witness a scene of great splendour, was astonished at the extreme plainness of everything around him. The furniture of the apartment and of the table was all of the most ordinary description; and the display of silver plate not greater than might have been

seen in the house of an ordinarily wealthy merchant. The dinner, too, when served up, proved to be of the plainest description—consisting, chiefly, of simple roast and boil; and the dishes few in number.

The whole party assembled around this homely table, besides the three persons already named, consisted of my Lord Protector himself, my Lady Protectress, their youngest son, Henry, and two daughters, one of whom was Mrs Claypole—Cromwell's favourite child. Behind the chair of the Persian ambassador stood Meerza Hoossain, to interpret the wants and wishes of his master, and to assist him in taking share in the general conversation. Of this, however, there was very little during dinner—the Protector himself setting the example of quiet feeding. Dinner over, the wines were introduced; and in this department, much to the surprise of the Persian ambassador, who, from the character of Cromwell, had expected but a meagre display of liquors, there was an abundance and variety that he had never seen surpassed, even at the table of his own august master.

The wine having made two or three rounds, the Protector began to open out; and, eventually, to the great astonishment of the Persian, got into that frolicsome mood, which presented so strange a contrast to the graver and sterner qualities of his character, and in which he so frequently indulged on occasions but ill suited for such display. On the present, he suddenly commenced pelting Fleetwood, who sat at the opposite end of the table, with raisins, and some of the other dried fruits that formed the desert. Fleetwood returned the fire, in which he was joined by the old parliamentary officer already alluded to, who took the part of the latter, and directed his missiles against the face of his ancient commander. The Protectress, her daughter, and their reverend guest, Goodwin, laughing heartily at the extraordinary exhibition. To them, however, it was nothing new. But it would not be easy to describe the astonishment the scene excited in the Persian ambassador, and his little interpreter, Meerza Hoossain—presenting, as it did, such a strange contrast to the awful decorum that prevailed at the royal tables of Persia. In the meantime, the belligerents continued their fire at each other until they had exhausted their ammunition; having expended several saucers of dried fruits in the affray, and covered the table with their contents, which thus presented a most unseemly appearance.

By and by, however, the guests withdrew from the table, one after the other, till no one remained in the apartment but Cromwell, his favourite daughter, Mrs Claypole, and the ambassador. The latter would, ere this, also have withdrawn, and, indeed, had, once or twice, made a motion to do so, but had as often been pressed to remain by his host, who seemed desirous to retain him till the others had departed, that, as it would have seemed, he might have some private conversation with him.

The Protector and the ambassador were now, therefore, alone at table—Mrs Claypole having retired to a distant window, and begun to occupy herself in sewing, without paying further attention to her father or his guest. It was when thus left alone, that Cromwell, presenting a very different manner, and a very different expression of countenance, from those he had exhibited a little before, when engaged in the childish amusement of pelting his son-in-law and his old brother-in-arms with the dried fruits that formed the desert, after leaning his head thoughtfully on his hands—his elbows resting on the table—for a few seconds, suddenly awoke from his reverie, and, looking the ambassador in the face, half unconsciously muttered, rather than spoke—

"I would give a thousand pounds that your Excellency spoke English. One cannot open their minds freely through a third party."

Much to the surprise of the Protector, the ambassador smiled as if he understood the words addressed to him; but, it might have been, that he smiled merely at his illustrious host's addressing him directly, in forgetfulness of his being ignorant of the language in which he spoke.

"I would, truly," repeated the Protector.

Again the ambassador smiled with that peculiar expression of intelligence which had already attracted the former's notice, and excited his surprise. Cromwell's suspicions were roused. Fixing his keen eye somewhat sternly on the ambassador—

"What, eh! does your Excellency, after all, understand our language?"

"Perfectly, your Highness," replied the ambassador, with a bow and a smile. "It is, I may say, my native tongue."

It would not be easy to describe the astonishment depicted on the rugged but intelligent countenance of the Protector at this extraordinary discovery. We shall not, therefore, attempt it. What he said is more within our reach.

"What, an Englishman!" exclaimed Cromwell, thrusting back his chair with great excitement of manner.

"No, your Highness—a Scotsman," replied the ambassador.

"Wonderful, truly—indeed wonderful, I would say so," again exclaimed Cromwell. "A Scotsman, and an accredited ambassador from the Persian Court. How has this come about, I would know? It is strange—very strange. But why your Excellency bring an interpreter with you? Where was the need of him?"

"Why, your Highness," replied the ambassador, "in that matter I was to be guided by circumstances. I brought the interpreter with me, that I might or might not avow my Scottish birth but as I saw fit. The friendly disposition of your Highness towards the court which I have the honour to represent, and the expressions of your Highness' anxious wish that I spoke English, have induced me at once to acknowledge my paternity."

"Good, good!" said Cromwell. "Truly am I glad of it; glad that we may now converse together without third parties: for, indeed, there be matters which one may not safely trust with others than those interested. Indeed there be, your Excellency. But, before we talk of business, your Excellency, I would fain know how so strange a thing has come about that a Scotsman should become the ambassador of the Persian court. Truly, it is a wonderful thing, and does amaze me exceedingly."

"Why, it is rather a long story, your Highness," replied the ambassador, smiling. "But if your Highness will bear the infliction, and have any curiosity to hear it, I shall be but too proud to comply with your Highness' request."

"Do; pray then, do." said the Protector. Then turning his face towards the quarter of the room in which his daughter sat—"Nell! Nell!" he exclaimed; "come hither, come hither, lass: here is a strange affair. His Excellency here is no Persian, but a Scotsman; and is going to give us a history of his adventures. So, come and sit beside us, Nell, and thou shalt hear what, I have no doubt will edify thee."

Obeying the call of her father, Mrs Claypole advanced towards the table, and, looking with much interest and curiosity at the ambassador, but without saying a word, seated herself beside Cromwell.

Turning to his interpreter—"You may now retire, Meerza Hoossain," said the former. The little Persian rose from his seat, and, with many profound salams, left the apartment. When he had done so, his Excellency, Mahomed Ali Khan, began:—

"I have already told your Highness that I am by birth a Scotsman. My real name is Montgomery. My father—

I never seek, your Highness, to conceal the humbleness of my origin."

"Thou'rt in the right, there," interposed Cromwell. "Mine own is no great matter to boast of; and I'm not ashamed to say it."

The ambassador bowed, smiled, and resumed:—

"My father was a poor man, working as a labourer for daily wages, and these miserably small. At a very early age, I also was compelled to have recourse to the labour of my hands for support; and, at this period, a life of continued toil was all I had to look for or expect. But a series of rather singular occurrences brought about a very different result. In the neighbourhood of where my father lived, there was a lake of considerable extent, to which I was in the habit of repairing, in the summer evenings, after my work was over, for the purpose of fishing; a sport in which, I believe, I rather excelled. On this lake there was a barge belonging to a Sir William Napier, whose residence was close by, in which his son, an only son, then about my own age—sixteen—was in the habit of sailing, for his amusement, and very often quite alone. This amusement was not without danger; for, although the lake was, in a manner, sheltered by the surrounding hills, and was thus generally still and smooth, yet the wind, rushing down the glens and hollows around, would sometimes sweep across its surface with great and sudden violence. Going, one evening, to my usual fishing ground on the banks of the lake, I saw Sir William's son boating about in his barge, as I had often seen him before; and, as I had frequently seen him before, also alone. It was blowing pretty strong, but by no means excessively. On seeing me, the young gentleman, who had honoured me with some friendly notice on several occasions, put about, and laid his barge for the spot on which I was standing, with the intention of sailing close past me, as he had been in the habit of doing, and inquiring what success I had met with. This manœuvre he had so far performed, and was in the act of sweeping past me, at the distance of about thirty or forty yards, when one of those sudden and fierce squalls to which I have alluded struck the boat, and, pressing her over, held her there until she filled with water, when, settling by the stern, she went down in from ten to fifteen fathoms water, leaving Sir William's son, who could not swim, floundering on the surface. On perceiving the accident, I instantly dashed down my fishing-rod, threw off my coat and shoes, and being, what the drowning lad was not, an excellent swimmer, plunged into the water, and reached the spot where he was, just in time to seize him by the hair of the head as he was sinking, and when he was already a considerable way below the surface. With great exertion I succeeded in getting him to shore, where I left him extended on a grassy bank in a state of insensibility, and ran to his father's house for assistance. This quickly came. He was conveyed home, and soon recovered from the effects of his accident. The consequence of this occurrence was my being invited, by Sir William Napier, to enter his service, or rather the service of his son, as his personal and confidential attendant. I did so; and, being treated with especial favour, found my situation a comfortable and pleasant one. Three years after this, I still continuing in the family of Sir William Napier, it was resolved that the young gentleman, his son, should proceed to the Continent for a year or two's travel, and that I should accompany him. In pursuance of this resolution, we shortly after set out for London, well provided with clothes, money, letters of credit and recommendation, on and to various persons of note abroad. At London we embarked on board a vessel bound for Lisbon, where we arrived in safety at the end of about fourteen days. Here we remained for upwards of three weeks; for my master had determined to see all that was worth seeing in the different places at which we sojourned, and, as far as possible, to acquire a knowledge of the more remarkable customs of the various cities and countries we passed through. Our stay in Lisbon, though reasonably long—for all of particular interest to foreigners it possesses—would have been yet longer, but for a certain incident that occurred, and which hastened our departure. As I was, one day, leaving our inn to go to a jeweller's for some trinkets which my master had bought the day before, and which he had left to have certain initials engraved on them, a person suddenly pushed past me; thrusting, as he did so, a letter into my hand, with the words, spoken in a low and hurried tone, 'For your master.' The letter bore no superscription, and was not sealed. Notwithstanding this, however, I did not read it, always making it a point of honour never to peruse any writing intended for another, whatever my opportunities might be, but carried it straight to my master, into whose hands I put it; telling him, at the same time, of the rather odd manner in which it had been delivered to me. My master took the letter with some surprise, and, after perusing it, threw it to me with a smile of contempt, bidding me read it. I did so, and found it to run thus:—

"'Sir,—Your life is in imminent peril if you remain another night in Lisbon. Quit it immediately. You have been seen and watched, and your attempt to form an acquaintance with a certain young lady discovered. Your death will be the consequence, if you neglect this intimation. Fly, therefore; fly without delay.'

"This mysterious and alarming document was signed, 'A Countryman.'

"My master laughed at the strange warning; but I, knowing, as, indeed, he did too, although he appeared not to reflect on it, the jealous and treacherous character of the Portuguese, was disposed to look on it in a more serious light. Of the affair of gallantry to which it alluded, I, as yet, knew nothing, my master having hitherto kept it a secret. I now, therefore, asked him if he really had been engaged in such an affair; when he acknowledged that he had, two or three times, accidentally, met on the street a young lady, whose beauty had struck him very much;—that he had once or twice followed her home, and that he had frequently walked up and down in front of the house in which she lived, in the hope of getting a sight of her, and of establishing an acquaintance; in which, however, he added, he had not yet succeeded. This acknowledgment, on the part of my master, of the circumstance on which the threatened danger was founded, increased my alarm, and urged me to propose that we should consult our landlord, who was an Englishman, on the subject. My master agreed, and our host was called in. On reading the letter, and being told of my master's unguarded proceedings regarding the lady, our landlord shook his head, looked grave, and said—

"'A serious business, sir. A very serious business.'

"'Do you really think so, my friend?' said my master, now becoming also alarmed.

"'Indeed I do, sir,' replied our host. 'I have known many murderous affairs arising from circumstances of this kind; and, although very unwilling to lose so good a customer, must, as an honest man, advise you to leave Lisbon directly, as you are here' (pointing to the letter) 'enjoined to do.'

"My master now asked the landlord if he had any idea who the friendly person was who had sent him the warning letter?

"He replied that he could, by no means, positively say. That there were not many English residenters in Lisbon. But he should suspect a young man who was valet to a Portuguese nobleman of the name of Don Valaguez, a wealthy young cavalier, who was famous in Lisbon for his gallantries his duels and for his excesses in various

ways; and who was suspected, moreover, of being the instigator of many secret assassinations. The young man, his valet, our landlord added, had entered his service in London, where Don Valaguez had been lately, and, tempted by high wages, had accompanied him back to Lisbon.

"My master now asked our landlord, if he thought he could, at any future time, find out whether the young man alluded to were really the person to whom he was indebted for the friendly warning that had been given him?

"Our host said he had no doubt of it, as he came frequently to his house with his master, who was in the habit of giving suppers to his friends there.

"'Well, then,' said my master, drawing out his purse, 'here are ten gold pieces, which I will leave in your hands, to give the person, should you discover him, and whoever he may be, who has written me this letter. If such person be not discovered, you can keep the money (and here he smiled) till I come back to demand it.'

"There was, necessarily, much trusted to the honesty of our host in this matter; but, besides that, no better could be done under the circumstances, we had no reason to believe that the man would be unfaithful to the trust reposed in him: quite the contrary; for he was a man of great respectability and good character, as we had had frequent opportunities of learning during our stay with him. Whether, however, he ever found out the person for whom the money was intended, and whether he ever actually paid such person the money, we never knew; for, in less than two hours afterwards, we left Lisbon, and proceeded towards Spain, in a carriage which my master bought of our landlord, together with two horses; having, besides, hired a postilion of his recommending, to drive us. My master's intention, now, was to proceed to Madrid, where he proposed remaining for several months. Our journey was a long and tedious one, but unmarked by any extraordinary occurrence, if I except a narrow escape which we made from being robbed, and, in all probability, murdered, when within three days' journey of the Spanish capital. We had arrived at the bottom of an abrupt descent in the road, which we had taken leisurely, when we saw, a little way before us, a wretched-looking man, all in rags, seemingly without the use of his limbs, and holding a tattered hat in his hand, as if to solicit charity, planted right in the middle of the road. As our carriage approached—its speed having been, in the meantime, considerably increased—the mendicant, as we had no doubt he was, called out to us, in great alarm, apparently, to stop, for the love of God, and not ride him down. My master instantly ordered the postilion to stop, and, at the same time, drew out his purse, to throw the wretched man some trifle in passing; when, just as the former was about to obey, a shot, fired from some brushwood by the wayside, alarmed the horses, which sprang off at full gallop; the mendicant, whom we had thought all but incapable of locomotion, to our great surprise, leapt out of the way of the carriage with the agility of a harlequin. We now heard several shots, which, we had no doubt, were fired after us, but, fortunately, without any effect. In a few minutes more we were out of the reach of danger. We subsequently learned that we had passed an ambuscade of banditti, and that we were indebted for our escape to the premature shot which had been fired at us, and to the sudden fright into which it had thrown the horses. The pretended beggar, we also learned, was no other than one of the gang, who had assumed that character, and taken up his position in the middle of the road, for the express purpose of arresting the progress of the carriage, and thus affording his associates an opportunity of attacking it at advantage.

"On the evening of the third day after this, we reached Madrid. Soon after our arrival here, I took an opportunity of hinting to my young master that he had better avoid such indiscretions as he fell into in Lisbon; reminding him that the Spaniards were equally jealous of improper attentions to their ladies, with their neighbours, the Portuguese. How far he kept my counsel, an incident, which shortly after occurred, will shew.

"On returning home to our lodgings, one evening that my master was attending a masquerade given by a nobleman to whom he had had letters of introduction, I learned that he had been there just before me, and had hurriedly exchanged the light dress sword he wore for a more efficient weapon, and again hastened out. Guessing, from this proceeding, that there was mischief in the wind, I buckled on my own fighting rapier, and hastened to a certain public walk in the neighbourhood of the city, where such disputes as that in which I believed my master to be engaged were usually settled. Fearing that I might be too late to render him any assistance, even should I be fortunate enough to find him, which was doubtful, I ran towards the place alluded to at my utmost speed. There was, at the time, a little moonlight, but not enough to enable one to see to any distance; the place, too, was deeply shaded by a double range of low, umbrageous trees; so that, unless I stumbled on the combatants, or could overhear the clash of their weapons, there was little chance of my finding them. Deeming the last the most likely way of ascertaining their whereabouts, if such a thing as an encounter was going on, and the combatants were really on the ground, I stood still every two or three paces as I advanced up the avenue, and listened intently for any passing sound my ear could catch. I had done this five or six times, without hearing any noise of any kind besides the rustling of the leaves in the little fitful breezes that were, ever and anon, gently permeating the sleepy foliage. At length I thought I heard the clash of steel. I started. I listened again with intense earnestness. The sharp squelchy sound of crossed weapons again caught my ear. In the excitement of the moment, I drew my own sword, and, brandishing it naked in my hand, rushed to the spot whence the sounds I had heard proceeded. My appearance was most opportune. I found my master engaged in furious combat with a gentleman, of whom he was evidently getting the better, from the alarmed manner in which he was retreating before the vigorous onset of his opponent: there was a degree of feebleness, too, in his motions, which shewed that he was wounded, and that severely. The earnestness with which my master was engaged, did not permit of his perceiving the treacherous movements of his antagonist's valet—the only person who had accompanied them to the ground. This person, with a drawn sword in his hand, had, unperceived by my master, and, it is probable, by his own also, gradually stolen round behind the former, and, at the very moment I appeared, was in the act of approaching him, for the purpose of stabbing him from behind. Seeing his intention, I rushed upon him, and passed my sword through his body, when he fell dead at my feet.

"This incident interrupted the combat between my master and the Spaniard, both of whom paused simultaneously, to ascertain what had taken place. I told my master—whose surprise at seeing me I need not detain you by describing—of the foul act in which I had detected the man whom I had killed. He explained the circumstance to his antagonist, speaking the Spanish language pretty fluently. The latter, who was a true cavalier, expressed the utmost abhorrence of the man's treachery, and commended what I had done. This frank acknowledgment, together with the generous bearing of the Spaniard, at once disarmed my master of all resentment towards him, and so far won his esteem and respect as to induce him, in place of seeking to renew the combat, to offer him the hand of friendship. It was at once accepted, and in the same spirit of sincerity in which it was offered.

"Both now sheathed their swords; and, in the next minute, the two men, who had been but a few seconds before seeking each other's lives with the utmost eagerness, walked off the ground, arm-in-arm, the best friends in the world. Of the support of my master's arm the Spaniard had, indeed, need; for he had received a pretty deep flesh-wound in the thigh, which lamed him, although it was not otherwise serious.

"From this hour, and during the whole of our subsequent stay in Madrid, which extended altogether to four months, my master and General Santerre—which was the name and title of the gentleman with whom he had fought—were sworn friends and inseparable companions.

"Before leaving the ground, on the occasion of the duel of which I have just spoken, I inquired what was to be done with the dead body of the slain man.

"'Pho, pho; let him lie there,' said Santerre, turning round, with a careless air, to walk away with my master. 'The police will remove him in the morning.'

"So little, your Highness, is thought of human life in Madrid, and so common is it there to find dead bodies in the morning: the bodies of those who have been murdered over night.

"Having, in the course of the six or eight months immediately subsequent to our leaving the Spanish capital, visited Berlin, Potsdam, Vienna, Paris, and several other cities and towns of note, staying in each a length of time proportioned to its attractions, my master resolved on visiting Constantinople, going by Georgia, which country he was particularly desirous of seeing.

"Georgia we accordingly entered; and found it, as your Highness doubtless, knows, a very wild and mountainous country; but, withal, picturesque and romantic; and the women superlatively fair and beautiful.

"It was frequently, however, with great difficulty, that our carriage got through the high and narrow mountain passes which we were obliged to traverse; and often did the wheels, for miles together, run along within a few inches of the edge of abysses of many hundred feet of sheer descent.

"It was altogether a perilous journey; but our only danger was not alone from narrow roads and precipices; there was yet a greater. We learned that the country was overrun with bands of kidnappers, whose villanous employment was to capture and carry away young persons, both male and female, as slaves, whom they exposed in the markets of Constantinople, Cairo, and several other cities in the East.

"But these ruffians, as we understood, and afterwards found, from cruel experience, did not confine themselves to kidnapping alone. As, indeed might be expected, they committed atrocities of all sorts over and above that which they especially professed; and, amongst these, robberies and murders were common crimes.

"They were, therefore, neither more nor less than banditti, to the more ordinary villanies of whose trade they superadded that of kidnapping.

"We had now been upwards of ten days travelling through Georgia, and had not, hitherto, met with anything more formidable than the dangerous roads and passes which we had to traverse; so that we began to imagine that what we had heard of the kidnappers was, if not altogether untrue, at least greatly exaggerated. We were soon to be miserably undeceived.

"Descending, one evening, a narrow pass in the Caucasus, we observed a body of eight or ten men, armed with very long muskets, as we judged by their projecting to an unusual height above their shoulders, advancing slowly towards us; so slowly, indeed, that they rather seemed to be waiting our approach.

"Alarmed at the appearance of these persons, my master got out his pistols, and desired me to do the same. But on my representing to him the absurdity of entertaining any idea of resisting so unequal a force, he allowed them to remain in the pocket of the carriage, and contented himself with desiring the postilion to urge the horses on to greater speed.

"With this order the man complied, although it was at the imminent risk of running the carriage over the brink of a precipice, alongst whose edge we were passing.

"The effort, however, was a vain one at any rate; for the banditti, or kidnappers, as we had no doubt the party before us were, seeing it to be our intention to force our way past them, threw themselves across the narrow road, and, with levelled muskets, stood prepared to interrupt our course. And this they did effectually.

"On our approaching to within about twenty or thirty yards of them, they, without warning or challenge, discharged a volley at the carriage. In the same instant, my poor master sprung up from his seat, uttered an appalling groan or shriek, sunk down again and expired. A bullet had entered his forehead, and, passing through his brain, went out at the back of the carriage. The postilion and one of the horses were also killed by the same discharge.

"I escaped unhurt, untouched.

"The banditti, the most savage looking ruffians I ever saw, now rushed on the carriage with the most dreadful shouts and yells.

"The door of our calache being wrenched open, two of the wretches seized me, their looks expressing much surprise at finding me alive; and, dragging me out, dashed me down upon the road with ferocious violence, as if I had been an empty trunk or portmanteau.

"Having rifled the carriage, and detached both the dead and the living horse from the harness, they canted the former, with the remains of my unfortunate master within it, over the precipice in which the road terminated on one side, when it was dashed into a thousand pieces. They then did the same by the dead horse, rolling it over into the profound abyss; and finished by pitching the body of the postilion after it. This done, and the booty distributed amongst those selected to carry it, the whole party moved on, carrying me along with them, but without offering me any further violence.

"I knew not at this time what fate awaited me; but had no doubt, if I was not murdered, that I would be carried into slavery. This was a sad change in my condition, and all the work of a shorter space of time than I have taken to relate it.

"In the conjecture that, if my life was spared, it would only be with the view of selling me as a slave, I was right.

"Ten days after, during which we had travelled many score miles, and in which I had been subjected to much fatigue, although not very ill used in other respects, excepting such privations as arose from a scarcity of provisions, now and then, in which, however, all suffered alike, we—that is, the party by which I had been taken, and some eight or ten young persons, boys, lads, and girls, captives like myself, who had been kidnapped at various places during our journey—came, one evening, in sight of a prodigious city. Its minarets, domes, and turrets, which seemed to be of beaten gold, shone and sparkled in the sun in the most glorious way imaginable. All around this gorgeous city, too, were lofty palaces, white as the driven snow, and looking magnificent in the midst of their embowering woods and hanging gardens.

"Altogether, it was the fairest sight I had ever seen. This city was Constantinople; and our first view of it having been from a rising ground, was one of the most advantageous that could be had.

"It was dark ere we reached the Turkish capital, towards

and, subsequently, into which we were driven like a flock of sheep, by our captors, when we were hailed with gleeful shouts by crowds of children, who ran screaming after us, and by jocular remarks on the part of their elders. Compassion or sympathy there was none for us, no more than if we had been so many horned cattle.

"On the third day after—we having, in the meantime, been well fed and tended; besides having a warm bath three times a-day; all to improve our appearance, and to render us more marketable—we were marched to the slave bazaar, and there exposed for sale.

"On this occasion, we were gathered together in one corner, and guarded by four of our captors, with short handled, long lashed whips in their hands. On the first day of our exposure, there was no demand for us. Several looked at us, and examined us, but would not come up to the terms of our owners. On the second day, an old man, dressed in the Turkish fashion, but without any beard, and, therefore, not in reality a Turk, came up to us and began to survey us narrowly, one after the other. Having gone over us all—that is, all the lads, for he never looked at the girls—he returned to me and subjected me to another examination. He then spoke to me; but it was in a language which I did not understand. He tried another. I was equally at a loss in this as in the former case. At length he addressed me in French, of which I understood, and spoke a little. On discovering that I did so, the old man seemed greatly rejoiced. He now asked me what was my age, my name, my country; what I had been bred to, or if bred to anything; any trade or profession.

Having given him the information he desired on all these heads, he turned to one of my captors or owners, and, after a little conversation with him, I saw him draw out a long purse, and count into the man's hand a quantity of gold coin, how many or to what amount I could not tell. Whatever it was, however, it was my price. I was bought.

"On the purchase being concluded, the old man desired me to follow him. I did so; when, after passing through several narrow, filthy streets—for Constantinople traversed, and Constantinople seen from a distance, were, as I now found, two very different things—he entered a low door-way, and conducted me into an apartment filled with all the paraphernalia of a medical establishment.

"My purchaser, in short, was a French doctor, of the name of Danton. He had an immense practice, and was considered one of the wealthiest men in Constantinople.

"My business in this service was to pound medicine, prepare prescriptions, deliver them, and attend the doctor, in lieu of an assistant, when he had operations to perform. My situation here was a very comfortable one, Monsieur Danton being an excellent man; kind-hearted, easy-tempered, and generous. His dwelling-house, too, which adjoined the building in which the shop was, was a very handsome one, splendidly furnished, and well stored with all sorts of good things, of which an ample allowance always fell to my share.

"Altogether, I felt I had reason to congratulate myself on the good fortune which, since I was to be a slave, had made me the slave of the good Monsieur Danton. But, indeed, with him I was but a slave in name. His kind manner of speaking, and general treatment of me, was more like that of an indulgent parent to a favourite child. Moreover, the good old man took such a fancy to me—I trust not altogether undeservedly, for I did all in my power to requite his kindness—as to commence putting me through a regular course of instruction in his own profession, particularly surgery, in which he was profoundly skilled. In this art, I flatter myself, I made very considerable progress, practically at any rate; for, at the end of two years, my master entrusted me, without hesitation—and he was very cautious in such matters—with the management of some of his most serious and difficult cases: all of which I conducted to his entire satisfaction.

"With this worthy man I had been upwards of three years; and these three years were, I think, the happiest period of my life, notwithstanding the degrading nature of my social position, which, however, as I have already said, was, in so far as regarded my treatment, merely nominal. Besides, Monsieur Danton had frequently told me that it was his intention to present me with my freedom so soon as I should have served a period equivalent to an apprenticeship. Indeed, although he had liberated me, I do not believe I could have found it in my heart to leave the good, kind, old man. But even if I could have done so, so far as regarded my attachment to him, there was another circumstance that bound me both to himself and his interests, with a tie which I neither could break nor desired to break.

"During the three years that I had been with Dr Danton, I had heard him frequently speak of a daughter of his—an only child, whom he had, a short while before he purchased me, sent to Paris for her education. Of this daughter the old man delighted to speak to me. He represented her as being beautiful as an angel, and no less amiable than she was fair.

"Considering this merely the language of parental affection, I did not place much reliance on it; and, although I certainly believed the young lady to be both reasonably handsome and good tempered, I did not think it likely that she was entirely the paragon of beauty and gentleness that she appeared in the eyes of her doating parent. I had soon reason, however, to think otherwise, and to believe, at least in so far as regarded personal appearance, that her father had not exceeded the truth.

"One day a small package came to the shop. It was from Paris. From Monsieur Danton's daughter, whose Christian name was Felicia. The old man opened it with an eager and trembling hand, and drew forth a small miniature. He gazed at it, for a moment, rapturously, kissed it, then running towards me, held it up before me, exclaiming—

"'Mon fille, Jean. My daughter—my Felicia. Behold,' he said, sliding into English, which he was fond of speaking, having learnt a little of it in London, where he had resided for a short time. 'Is she not ver beautiful? Have I not told you de troot? Have I say she vas more lovely than she is? Look, John, look at dat eyebrows and dat mouth. It is heaven. Is she not ver pretty—ver pretty indeed?'

"I took the miniature in my hand, and certainly found it to present the image of one of the fairest and sweetest creatures I had ever seen. I could not, nor did I seek to refrain from expressing the admiration I felt as I gazed on the lovely countenance before me. The good old man was delighted with my praise, capering about and rubbing his hands with glee.

"'O yes,' he would exclaim, 'my child ver beautiful—ver beautiful, tank God. But she is better than so beautiful. She is good—O yes, ver, ver good. But you shall soon see dat wit your own eye. She will be home to me in tree week.'

"Oh, how the good old man longed for the expiry of of those three weeks; for a letter from his daughter, which accompanied the miniature, had informed him that she would be with him in about that time.

"The three weeks wore away; and, on the third day thereafter, Mademoiselle Danton arrived, and soon afforded me an opportunity of discovering that neither parental affection nor the painter's art had done her more than justice. She was, indeed, 'beautiful exceedingly;' and, as a little further knowledge of her proved, no less gentle than she was lovely

"Without detaining your Highness," continued the ambassador, "with details which could be in no way interesting to your Highness, let me shortly say, regarding this passage in my life, that an attachment quickly sprung up between Mademoiselle Danton and myself, which quickly ended in our union, with the entire consent of her father. This happy event, of course, immediately changed my relation with Dr Danton. From being his slave, I became at once his son-in-law and a free man, and, from this time, too, I was admitted to a full half share of his very lucrative business.

"My career of prosperity was thus smoothly running along, when a black eunuch, whom I recognised as major domo of the Sultan's harem, came into our shop and inquired if Dr Danton was within. He was not; and, in great alarm, I told him so; for I had learned to dread the visits of royal messengers in that despotic country, and knew not that this might not be an order to have my poor father-in-law bow-stringed; or, at the very least, a command to him to deliver up to the Sultan the earnings of his life, such things not being uncommon either in Persia or Turkey. Having informed the Aga of Monsieur Danton's not being within, he desired me to say to him that the Sultan wished to see him immediately, and left the shop.

"It now struck me that my father-in-law might be wanted professionally; but, on further reflection, I did not think this likely either, as the Sultan had several medical attendants of his own, and was not in the habit of employing any others. In short, I did not know what to make of the matter, but was very much alarmed by it.

"On the doctor's return home, which was in about half an hour afterwards, I told him of the message that had been left for him. He turned pale on hearing it, and looked so terrified and alarmed, that my heart bled for him.

"After a few seconds, however, he recovered his usual composure, when, shrugging up his shoulders and smiling—

"'Dere is no help for it, John,' he said, 'I moos go, come what vill. Dere is no odder way for it.'

"My poor father-in-law now went into the house, attired him in his best suit of wearing apparel, and set out for the Sultan's palace. He was a long time away; and, to me, every moment of his absence appeared an age; so much did I feel for the kind old man, and so much did I dread the purpose for which he had been sent.

"What was my joy and satisfaction, however, when, at the expiry of about two hours, he came frisking into the shop, snapping his fingers and capering like a mountebank.

"'All right, John, all right,' he said, on entering. 'It is all right. De grande monarque ver kind and condescending.'

"He then proceeded to inform me, that the purpose for which the Sultan had sent for him was, to inquire whether he would have any objection to pay a professional visit to the King of Persia, who had long been suffering from a swelling in one of his legs, which no medical skill had been able to remove.

"The Sultan explained his interference in the matter, by stating, that the King of Persia, with whom he was on a friendly footing, had applied to him to send him a person of eminent skill in surgery and medicine, accompanying the request with a present of shawls and jewellery of immense value.

"Dr Danton was further informed, that his remuneration, whether he should be successful or not in the cure of his Majesty, would exceed his utmost hopes and expectations, whatever these might be.

"The Sultan added—and it was this that decided my master, for neither the honour nor reward of the proposed professional mission would have induced him to take so long a journey—that in accepting the invitation of the King of Persia, he should consider him as laying himself, the Sultan, under a personal obligation.

'This added, the doctor—who was not a little flattered, besides, by the circumstance of being selected by the Sultan on so important an occasion—shewed no further disinclination to visit his Majesty of Persia. He made instant preparations for his journey; and deeming it probable, nay, more than probable, that he should require to perform an operation on the limb of the King—perhaps to amputate it—he determined on taking me along with him.

"On the very next day, my father-in-law having, in the meantime, made a hasty arrangement of his affairs, locking up his shop, and assigning his patients to the care of a brother practitioner, we set out for Persia on horseback, accompanied by guides and a small escort of cavalry, which were ordered to attend us by the special order of the Sultan himself.

"The King of Persia was, at this time, at Tabriz; a town of great antiquity, and once of prodigious extent, but now going to decay.

"It was a long and tedious journey; but we made it out without meeting with any accident, or other occurrence worth noting. On reaching Tabriz, my master took up his quarters in a sort of inn or caravansera, and from thence despatched a messenger to the palace to give notice of his arrival. In a few minutes afterwards, an officer of the court made his appearance, to welcome the doctor, and to arrange the time and manner of his visit. It was settled, that, as the hour was late, and the King had retired for the night, the visit should take place on the following morning.

"To this person Dr Danton delivered his credentials from the Turkish Sultan, together with a private letter from that potentate to his Persian Majesty.

"These matters adjusted, the officer took his leave; promising to call for him in the morning, to conduct him to the royal presence.

"On his departure, my father-in-law ordered supper; when an excellent pilau, consisting of a couple of boiled fowls floating in rich milk thickened with rice, was placed before us. Of this delicious dish we ate heartily; and, thereafter, had a bottle of wine of Benaub, the most celebrated in Persia.

"Next morning, at an early hour, the officer who had called on us on the preceding evening, again presented himself; and, shortly after, he and the doctor proceeded together to the palace of his Persian Majesty. The latter not thinking it advisable or necessary that I should accompany him on this his first visit, I was left behind. On his return, which was not until the day was far advanced, my father-in-law informed me that he had been very graciously received by the King. That he had examined his leg; and found it in so desperate a state, that he had recommended instant amputation as the only means of saving his Majesty's life. That his Majesty, who was suffering dreadfully from the diseased limb, had expressed not only a willingness, but an anxious desire to have it taken off; being convinced that he could not hope for either safety or relief till that was done. That he had long thought so; but that he knew of no surgeon whom he could trust with the operation. The interview terminated in an understanding that the amputation should be performed on the following day. Soon after returning from his visit to the King, Dr Danton complained of a violent pain in his head. He endeavoured to alleviate it by fomenting his forehead with cloths dipped in warm vinegar; but found no relief from the application. In great agony, he threw himself down on a couch, where he continued suffering severely for several hours. At the end of this period, finding himself

no better, he desired me to bleed him. I did so; and he found immediate relief from the operation. He now took some medicine; and, after a short time, feeling an inclination to sleep, he desired to be left alone. I withdrew; and, returning about two hours afterwards, found him still sleeping, and, apparently, easily and naturally. Having no doubt of his benefiting greatly by this sleep, I stole out of the apartment as quietly as I had entered, and retired to my own chamber, and, shortly after, to bed.

"At an early hour of the morning I again hastened to the good old man's couch. He was, apparently, still in a profound slumber. I stooped down to catch the sound of his breathing: I could hear none. I put my hand on his shoulder and shook him gently: he moved not. I looked more narrowly into his face. He was dead;—my poor old friend was dead. I will not detain your Highness with any description of, or even allusion, to the grief I felt on this occasion: suffice it to say, that it was as poignant as it was sincere. I could not have regretted my father more, for my father could not have treated me with more affectionate tenderness than he did.

"On hearing of the sudden death of Dr Danton, the King, who had been informed of his being accompanied by a young assistant, sent for me: I did not exactly know with what view at first, but a very unexpected result followed.

"It was not without considerable trepidation that I obeyed the command of his Majesty, being little accustomed to the presence of great personages. I, however, did obey. On reaching the palace, which was a large, irregular, and by no means elegant building, I was ushered into the Dewan Khanah, or hall of audience; a long narrow room, laid with a magnificent carpet, hung round with crimson silk curtains, and further adorned with a profusion of splendid mirrors. At the further end of the apartment, on a kind of sofa or divan, covered with crimson velvet, richly fringed and figured with gold, sat the King, with the ailing limb resting on cushions. He was an elderly man; and had once been a noble-looking personage, but long and acute suffering had sadly broken him down. On my entrance, he made a sign to me to approach him, there being no one beside him but his son and heir-apparent, Prince Abbas Mirza, although there were several attendants dispersed throughout the apartment. In the most respectful manner I could assume, I drew near to the royal person, when his Majesty addressed me in Turkish, which he spoke fluently, and which I also spoke with considerable readiness.

"The first part of his conversation regarded my late father-in-law, whose death he, for his own sake, deeply regretted. He then proceeded to question me on my knowledge of and experience in practical surgery. Apparently satisfied with my answers, he next desired me to look at his ailing limb. When I had done so, he asked, with a smile, if I thought I could venture to perform the operation which it was intended my master should have performed. I answered, without hesitation, that I would, if his Majesty would place so much confidence in me as to permit me, and that I would answer with my life for the result. He seemed much pleased with the promptness and confidence of my tone, and ended by informing me that he would permit me to perform the operation, and requested that it might be done immediately, as he could endure the torment he was suffering no longer. I immediately ran to my lodgings for my late father-in-law's instruments, and, in less than fifteen minutes after, his Majesty's limb was amputated.

"The expedition, and, I may add, the neatness with which the operation was performed, gave both the King, and his son, the Prince Abbas Mirza, who was present the whole time, the utmost satisfaction—a satisfaction which they both expressed in the most flattering terms. The good impression created by this circumstance I further improved, by the care and assiduity with which I attended the King until he had perfectly recovered from the effects of the operation.

"His gratitude to me now knew no bounds. He loaded me with presents, and immediately appointed me his first physician: an appointment which, having been previously joined by my wife, I held till his death, which happened six years afterwards. It was continued to me by his son and successor, Abbas Mirza, whose utmost esteem and favour I had the good fortune to enjoy.

"But, under this prince, the present King of Persia, who is pleased to entertain as favourable an opinion of my political sagacity as of my professional skill, although," said his Excellency, smiling, "on very slender grounds, as your Highness will, in all probability, shortly discover, I have enjoyed the honour, for many years, of being chief counsellor or adviser in affairs of state; unworthy enough, no doubt; but it is the pleasure of his Majesty.

"My present position, therefore, at the Persian court, is rather that of kaimakaum, or prime minister, than physician; although I do still afford the royal family such benefit as my professional advice is capable of affording.

"This, then, your Highness, is my history," added his Excellency; "and although, perhaps, on the whole, more tedious than amusing, presents, I think, rather a curious instance of the striking contrasts which often mark the outset and the close of the lives of individuals."

"Truly doth it, your Excellency," said Cromwell; for whom this remark had particular interest, being so applicable to his own case. "The Lord directeth all, and elevateth and depresseth at his pleasure. Truly is it wonderful how he doth bring matters about. For myself, I have had much experience in the ways of Providence. Truly have I; and, indeed, have found them as a strong current, wherein the feeble efforts of man are of but small avail. He floateth on the stream like a straw, and must needs go wheresoever the force of the waters carry him."

To this somewhat opaque speech of the Protector, which was in his usual style of mystification, the ambassador merely replied by a bow and a smile.

The expressions of Mrs Claypole's gratification with the entertainment which the ambassador's story had afforded her, was at once more intelligible and more pleasing to the latter, who, like every one else, was charmed with the gentle manners of that amiable lady. Bowing to the ambassador with a sweet smile and graceful inclination, she thanked him for what she called his interesting history.

Shortly after, the party broke up; Mrs Claypole retiring to the window she had formerly occupied, to resume her sewing; his Excellency, Mahomed Ali Khan, leaving Whitehall to return to his lodgings in the Minories; and the Protector hastening to attend a lecture, or prelection, of the reverend John Goodwin, who was to hold forth at three of the clock in the royal chapel, Whitehall.

We have only now to add, that, from this time henceforth, and during the whole of his stay in London, which extended over a twelvemonth, the Persian Ambassador was eminently distinguished by the favour of Cromwell, who, in his hours of relaxation, took much delight in listening to his accounts of the customs and manners of Persia.

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND

A LEGEND OF THE COAST.

Some time in the seventeenth century, (our legend does not specify the exact year,) Arthur Hartlo, the Laird of Craigord, in returning from the chase, was met by one of his grooms, who approached him from a contrary direction.

"How now, varlet!" said he, addressing the half-trembling domestic; "where is *Basto*?"

"May it please your honour," said the other, in the most humble and deprecating tones, "I have gone over the whole of the track again, as you bade me, and I cannot find him."

"Cannot find him, indeed! and so soon come back to tell me so," muttered Craigord. "Lost! and all by your carelessness. Well, no matter: come here and I will tell you what to do." The menial approached with as much deference as if he had been approaching a supposed deity; but, as he did so, he seemed to tremble, like the bird which is fascinated by the eye of the snake, for some event which he foresaw, or at least strongly suspected, but from which he could not fly. When he was near enough to answer the intended purpose—"Take that," said the other, striking him a heavy blow on the head with his sheathed sword—"Take that, for losing a dog worth ten times more than yourself." And, as poor Kennet rolled at his feet, he bestowed on him a hearty kick.

As soon as Craigord had left the place, another groom, apparently more advanced in life than the first, came running to assist his fallen comrade; but, as he bore him along in his arms, he was met by Hartlo—who still appeared to be meditating upon the loss of the hound—at the next turn.

"How now, dog!" exclaimed the latter, "who sent you upon this piece of work?"

"May it please you honour," said the other, supplicatingly, "I but saw Kennet lying all alone on the *yird*, and I just thought I would carry him to bed."

"It is enough for you to carry where and what I bid you," said the irritable laird, his contracting eyebrows and a certain working of the muscles about his mouth again giving evidence of increasing passion; "and for your insolence in doing things without orders, you deserve to lie beside your burden!" So saying, he aimed a blow at his disobedient groom, which would have infallibly laid him at full length; but, as it chanced, he was much better acquainted with these things than his more youthful companion, and, while he evaded the blow so as to receive only a very slight injury, he pretended to stagger forward and fell, as if he had been really knocked down.

By the time Craigord was out of sight, they were both able to rise; the elder very little hurt, and the younger still suffering rather severely from the effects of his master's churlish disposition; but in a passion himself, and seemingly prepared to resent sternly the unmerited chastisement with which he had been visited.

"May the devil take us both if I stand this much longer," were his first words. "I should like to know if God made the whole human race for nothing better than to be thrashing-floors and foot-scrapers to a few tyrannical wretches like him."

"Whether God made poor men for such a purpose or not, matters little," said his companion; "but their masters have taken care to make of them everything which their own ends may require, or their own ill-nature suggest; and, I fear, their is little for you and me but to make the best of a bad bargain while we are here, and then we shall see if we can get anything like justice in the next world, where, as the preachers sometimes tell us, there is to be neither laird nor servant."

"Very good, Simon," said Kennet; "and very like yoursel'. But if I cannot have fair play and day about with Craigord even in this world, I will at least leave him to exercise his hands and his feet upon some one else; and, to tell you a truth which I never owned before, though you sometimes insisted on it, had it not been for Zarinna, I would have given him the slip ere now, and gone with the *Jinker*, the last time she was on the coast."

"Better stay at home and content yoursel' with Jenny Ewemilker," rejoined his companion. "Jenny has a warm side for you yet, though ye gie her little encouragement now: and, take my word for it, ye may crack your brains and craze your wits about Zarinna, but Zarinna does not care a windlestraw for aught that ever dressed itself in your claes."

"Ah ha, lad, I ken better than that," was Kennet's reply. "Lasses seldom make maist wark aboot them they like best; and I can maybe get Zarinna to leave Glenscaur when I leave Craigord: but, right or wrong, I am determined to try the *Jinker* the first time she comes back."

"If you have any reason for thinking that you deserve to be hanged," said Simon, "that were only putting your neck into the halter; for it has been said that Lang Gerrard the skipper and Craigord have had dealings already, which few kenn'd beside; and, if you give them an opportunity, they may deal again."

This hint seemed to produce a curious effect upon the ear of the former speaker.

"What dealings can *they* have had?" he inquired—his anger giving way to a degree of anxiety.

"It's a lang story," said the other, "an' no owre safe to tell: but as Craigord has hired me to the job with more buffets than bawbees of late, and as you are a lad not likely to turn over such a tale, I care not though I entrust you with the secret."

Simon now proceeded to give a circumstantial and detailed account of some of his master's earlier transactions—the which, however, must be abridged, for the sake of the reader, as well as to leave room for what remains of the legend.

From this account, it appeared that Arthur Hartlo and his elder brother had been rivals for the affections of a Miss Richardson, who, preferring the more amiable and better provided of the two, treated the suit of the former, for a time, with coldness, and, at last, gave her hand to the latter. From childhood, Black Arthur, as he was sometimes called, had been marked by a cruel and unrelenting temper, a turn for dark scheming, and violent bursts of passion—the last of which, however, he could occasionally suppress, in the expectation, it was believed, of being able to take more deadly vengeance afterwards. Thus constituted, his bro-

ther's marriage seemed to operate powerfully upon his dark and gloomy temper; and, for a time, all correspondence between them was entirely broken off. By and by, however, his better humour seemed to return. By degrees, he appeared to attach himself to an orphan girl, named Edith Stenton; and, at last, through intercession or intrigue, he found means to get her placed in his elder brother's family as a sort of privileged servant—perhaps in the capacity of what, at the present time, would be called a *housekeeper*, or *lady's maid*. In less than a year after her accession to this post, the lady of Craigord was confined of a daughter; and both mother and child died soon after, in a manner which excited some surmises and curious suspicions among those who made it their business to pry into family matters. These things were scarcely forgotten, when the laird himself was seized with a slight indisposition, which soon changed into violent and terrible convulsions, of which the medical man in attendance seemed to have no understanding; and, after a short illness, he died also. Black Arthur now came to reside at Craigord, under pretence of managing the affairs of his late brother, and looking after the education of the heir, who was then a boy of about six years of age. But, shortly after his arrival, it was observed that less amity existed between him and Miss Stenton than had been expected; and, in something less than three months from the time of their being domiciled in the same house, she disappeared, nobody could tell how, and no direct tidings were ever heard of her afterwards. On the night of her disappearance, however, a belated traveller, who had lost his way in the Seabeach Wood, heard, in the midst of his wildered wanderings, the stifled screams of a female, as, he thought, at no great distance. By following, as nearly as he could guess, the direction of the sound, he soon reached the shore; and, though it was extremely dark, saw a ship lying at a short distance from the land, and a boat with men in it under her stern. Afraid of robbers, or enchantment, or he knew not what, he hid himself in a bush till morning; but, when day broke, the ship and boat were no longer visible, and he found himself there alone. As soon as this circumstance was known, it was surmised that Edith, at the instigation of Black Arthur, had poisoned the former laird and lady of Craigord; and, lest she should be tempted to discover his share of the transaction, that he had wiled her from the house by some secret means, put her forcibly on board the *Jinker*—the only ship which then frequented the coast—and sent her off with Lang Gerrard, to conceal her guilt and his own in the colonies. Two years after this event, suspicion and conjecture were again awakened, by the boy disappearing also, and leaving his fate, for a time, involved in as much mystery as that of the former.

His uncle, and self-constituted guardian, seemed to feel deeply upon this occasion. Parties were despatched with orders to search for the lost boy in every direction; but, for a time, all was to no purpose. On the third day, however, a party, who had been sent, for the second time, to the Seabeach Wood, discovered an opening in the surface of the ground large enough to allow the body of a man to descend. It appeared to communicate with a sort of vault or cavern below; and the whole party gathered round the spot. On farther examination, it was found that it had once been a sort of natural cavity between some large masses of stone, or rather rock, partly covered in by their projecting sides. To complete what Nature, in her freaks, had left unfinished, it appeared that some pieces of wood had been thrown across the narrow opening above, and the whole covered with turf and moss, so as to give it, in most respects, the appearance of the surrounding soil. Curiosity prompted two or three of the boldest of the party to descend and explore this dark recess. But what was their surprise, when, by the shadowy light which the small opening afforded, they discovered the traces of blood still reddening the damp floor immediately below the aperture. Footprints, too, were visible; giving evidence that the place had been recently occupied by human beings; and, on a still closer examination, another entrance was discovered in the side of the slope, which, however, had been carefully closed up with turf, and covered with the branches of a large juniper bush, which completely concealed it from without. Such were the discoveries of the party; and, if they did nothing else, they afforded, at least, ample scope for conjecture.

Arthur Hartlo, who, by the disappearance of his nephew, became Laird of Craigord, now sedulously propagated the story of the boy having wandered to the Seabeach Wood in pursuit of youthful sport, and having fallen, by accident, among a gang of thieves—or, what was still more likely, among the smugglers who sometimes frequented the coast; and, to prevent the possibility of his discovering their haunts, they had murdered him, and carried away the body, for the purpose of throwing it into the sea. Such was the story which Hartlo and his favourers appeared perfectly to believe; but there were others who, when not apprehensive of being overheard, made considerable alterations, if not improvements, upon the original. Hartlo, they said, had either murdered the boy himself, and bribed the smugglers to take away the body; or, what was more likely, hired Lang Gerrard and his crew to do the job for him out of hand, that he might get possession of the estate. They were partly confirmed in this opinion, by the matter being allowed to rest without further investigation, and no charge ever being brought against the smugglers, who were allowed to pursue their traffic as before, with very little molestation, save what they occasionally received from the officials and the spies of government. This incident even appeared to prove favourable to them; for, shortly after it happened, the place acquired a sort of bad fame. Spectral appearances, resembling, at one time, a boy without the head, and, at another, a boy dressed in a bloody shroud, had been seen by benighted peasants, who were forced to pass near the skirts of the wood; and strange unearthly sounds, like the last screams of a victim struggling for life, had been heard to issue from the ominous cave, which was soon after christened the *Devil's Hole*. To add to the other terrors of the place, it became, in time, the haunt of a half-crazed female, who was supposed to have all the attributes of a witch. Save those whom necessity, avarice, or some other motive equally powerful, drew thither, few cared for approaching the unhallowed precincts; and thus the Seabeach Wood and its perilous environs came to be almost wholly abandoned to those lawless traders who, like the unjust judge, "neither feared God nor regarded man."

When Simon had concluded his narrative—"Now, Kennet," he said, with a degree of triumph in his voice "have you not good reason to be thankful that you only got a chance *dirdum* from a sword in the scabbard, instead of being made to feel its edge or its point; and that your master was pleased to let you roll in the dust, where I found you, instead of letting out your best blood, which I might have found it difficult to put in again. And, after what I have told you, whether will you make your market with Lang Gerrard of the *Jinker*, or with Jenny Ewemilker? What say ye?"

"What say *I*?" rejoined Kennet, to whom Jenny Ewe milker did not appear to be very acceptable as a subject of conversation. "What say *I*, did ye speer? I say, if I could get Lang Gerrard of the *Jinker*, or somebody else, to serve the murderer such a turn as he served the poor boy, it would only be doing justice both before God and man. And, now that you have entrusted me with your secret, I may entrust you with mine. If I can, with all I possess, bribe old Myra, the witch of the wood, to undertake the job, we shall soon be freed from our oppressor.

and the world be lightened of its burden by the weight of at least one murdering villain!"

"Hush, Kennet!" said his companion. "Witches only work for those who can hire them. But I thought I heard footsteps approaching; and, if our words were coming to the ears of him ye wot of, it may chance that he might think of lightening the world of you and me. But who have we here? As I am a living man, the strange-looking lass from Glenscaur, who has stolen your heart from poor Jenny, and, as I suspect, a portion of your head—that is, the better half of your brains—from yourself."

It was as he had said. A slender damsel, turning the bend of a thicket, around which a footpath wound, appeared in sight. She was beautiful to an eminent degree; but her beauty did not appear to be that of this country. There was a quicker and darker fire in her eye than these climes usually produce; while her hair, which fell in lengthened tresses behind, after a half-girlish fashion, was of a blacker blackness—if the expression may be allowed—than is commonly to be met with among the inhabitants of Northern Europe. Her complexion, too, was such as is supposed to be fashioned under the influence of a tropical sun; it was pale, with a tinge of what, but for the extreme delicacy of the skin, and the expression of the whole countenance, might have been called *sallowness*. Such, however, in her case, it was not; but a nameless something which, instead of diminishing, added inconceivably to her other charms. Zarinna, in fact, was not a native of this country: she had been washed ashore from a wreck, about ten years previous to the time at which she is introduced to the reader, herself and one man being the sole survivors; and as Sir Lawrence M'Kenzie, the Laird of Glenscaur, chanced to pass along the beach at the time, they were both conveyed to his house. The man, for reasons best known to himself, had left the place before morning; but she had remained ever since. From being a child apparently about six or eight years old, she had nearly become a woman; and, latterly, she had been employed to attend upon an orphan heiress, who was Sir Lawrence's ward.

On the present occasion, she had been sent by the lady of Glenscaur to invite Lionel, the only son of Craigord, to spend a few days at Glenscaur; and no sooner did poor Kennet set eyes upon her, than he appeared to be bewitched. His wrath was gone; his plans of escape and vengeance were at once forgotten; he seemed to have forgotten the presence of Simon also; and with a degree of smiling confusion in his bronzed countenance and blue eye—

"Dear Zarinna," he said, "what unwonted good fortune has brought you here, and in what can I assist you?"

"I am with a message from my lady," was the maiden's reply; "and if you will shew me into the hall, I will thank you."

These words were spoken with perfect freedom, and in a manner which shewed that she wished to repell rather than encourage the familiarity of him to whom they were addressed. But "love is blind," saith the proverb. Poor Kennet did not seem to be aware of this circumstance: he hastened to comply with her request; and, when he had done so, placed himself in a convenient situation to watch, like a sentinel, for her return. By the time she re-appeared, it was beginning to grow dusky; and, though she sped on her way as if she wished to avoid all farther intercourse with him, he was soon at her side, volunteering his service to see her past the thicket, and as far as the head of the loan, at which place she would be in sight of Glenscaur. To this proposal she was offering a number of objections, and he was endeavouring to answer them in the best manner he could, when they were accosted by Lionel Hartlo—at this time a youth of about eighteen or nineteen.

"Kennet," said he, as he approached them from a side path, "my favourite horse, Pollux, does not seem to be well to-night: he stands shivering in the stable yonder: I wish you to look after him; and that you need be under no apprehensions for the safety of Zarinna, I will myself undertake to see her beyond the thicket."

"And to the devil, like enough, if you can manage it, before you leave her," added Kennet, as he turned reluctantly away to obey this new order. "Was it not enough," he continued, "for the old murdering villain to knock me down, and then kick me as if I had been a stick or a stane? that this puppy from the foxes' kennel—this son of Beelzebub—may he die of the *black spaud*, like a silly yearlin' in a hard winter—that he must come to me with his mock orders about his horse—which, I warrant me, is as well as ever he was, and far better qualified to ride his master than ever his master was to ride him. I should give the devil joy of his prize, if he would only start from the thicket and take the little prim-faced pock-pudding home with him, to look after *his* horses, and give them physic when they are fashed with shivering in that sooty world which he inhabits. But I see it all—I might have seen it long ere now—yet, if devils, or warlocks, or witches, can ruin young and old of this howlet's nest, and I can stir them up to the deed, he shall not accomplish his purpose!"

While Kennet was thus venting his wrath in the most unmeasured terms, the others had proceeded to some distance in silence. Their silence, however, was not voluntary: there was a degree of confusion and embarrassment in the countenance of both, which shewed that they could not readily find words in which to speak their thoughts.

"I know not how it is," said Zarinna at last, "but I feel as if I were doing wrong in allowing you to degrade yourself by accompanying me; and, I fear, neither my young lady nor the lady of Glenscaur would approve of my conduct, were they to know it."

"Dearest Zarinna," said the other, "never speak of them. You are worth a thousand times more than both put together; and, beside, I do not think they would greatly disapprove of your conduct either; for, when I have been at Glenscaur before, I have seen them both go out, and leave us to keep up the conversation by ourselves. Nay, at times, I have almost thought that they wished us to become acquainted. My father, when he comes to know it, will, I fear, be a worse enemy than they; and yet, I have strong hopes of being able to work upon him too, by some means or other. Old Myra, the witch, can do strange things, they say. Only speak the word—say that you love me—that you will never give your hand to another—and all will yet be well."

"That were to speak nonsense," said Zarinna; "for, though I *did* love you as never woman loved man before, what purpose could it serve? You know that a rich fortune awaits you; and that I must depend upon others for my very existence. You know that you have the honour of a name to maintain; and that I am a nameless foundling, saved by accident from the greedy ocean, at a time when I was too young to remember aught, save that I had once been in a sunnier country than this—that I once had a father and mother—and that they called me Zarinna. What can love avail when the parties are so unequal?"

"These very circumstances," rejoined the other. "The little portion of your history which you can narrate, backed, as it is, by the dark lustre of your eye, your shining hair, the caste of your countenance, and the delicate moulding of your foot and hand, convinces me that you are not meanly born, and that your name and your kindred, if ever they should be discovered, will be found more honourable than mine."

As he pronounced this panegyric, he grasped the hand of Zarinna eagerly, and, first looking around to see that they were unobserved, pressed it to his lips in a manner

which gave her evident pleasure; but, the next moment, some strange feeling, which slightly crimsoned her cheek, seemed to forbid the familiarity. She disengaged her fingers from the hand that held them, and, once more, began to represent the folly of their attachment. It even appeared that she took a secret pleasure in pointing out to her companion those obstacles by which they were surrounded; but it might have been seen at a glance, that her heart as well as his was in the snare, though maiden modesty, and that reserve which is natural to the sex, made her loath to avow it.

Ambition was a distinguishing characteristic of the gloomy and sullen tempered Laird of Craigord. He had early formed the plan of marrying his son to Sir Lawrence's ward, and thus increasing his influence by adding her estate to his own. With this object in view, he had endeavoured to negotiate matters for their union with the young lady's guardian; and that everything might be done in due form, the intended bridegroom had been frequently sent to Glenscaur with the intention of giving him an opportunity to make a favourable impression for himself. Sir Lawrence's views, however, upon this subject, did not exactly correspond with those of Craigord. He had long entertained the hope of seeing his ward married into his own family. Between her and his eldest son a very promising attachment had already begun to appear. But still he did not wish openly to thwart his revengeful neighbour; and, to save appearances, he had recourse to a certain species of manœuvring, in which he was warmly seconded by his lady. During Lionel's visits to Glenscaur, the ward was instructed to appear as unamiable and as little engaging, in his presence, as possible; and always to treat him with uniform and distant respect. With these instructions, for reasons which may be easily guessed, she was most ready to comply. Neither talent, wit, humour, nor vivacity, were exhibited before him: her words and actions were so regulated, as to give her the appearance of an automaton; and, with the best disposition imaginable for falling in love, her would-be admirer found much to repel, and little to attract, his attention. On the other hand, the unsuspecting and fascinating Zarinna, arrayed in such a manner as to give full effect to her unsophisticated charms, was frequently brought before him; and, with the aid of a little preconcertion, matters were so managed that they were occasionally left alone for whole hours at a time. At such seasons, the extreme beauty, artlessness, and girlish diffidence of the poor fortuneless maiden, contrasted so strongly with the practised civility and artificial talk of the lady, that Lionel could not help noticing the circumstance, and pondering over it. In short, the bait had taken more rapidly than those who laid it had ventured to anticipate; and Sir Lawrence and his lady had now every reason to hope that the younger Hartlo, by proving himself the refractory party, would at once free them from the disagreeable task of rejecting his suit.

On the evening of the same day, after it was sufficiently late, Kennet, true to his purpose, took his way to the dwelling of old Myra the witch. His only fear was, that his means of rewarding her might not be such as to induce her readily to enter into his schemes; but love and hatred had determined him to leave no stone unturned. When the door of her hut was opened—"I was afraid, good Myra," said he, "that you would be in bed."

"And what brought Kennet from the Craig, at such an hour, to see whether I *was* or *was not?*" replied the seemingly ancient dame, with more complaisance in her manner than he had been prepared to expect. He was about to proceed with his story, but Myra stopped him for a few minutes, by pressing her hand hard upon his left side, immediately over the place where the pulsations of the heart are to be felt.

"Hold," said she, "till I have warned you of your danger. Reflect, for a moment, whether you are prepared to tell the truth, and to answer, without evasion, every question which I may ask, either now or hereafter; for if once you seek aid from those powers which I possess, and again try to deceive me in the smallest matter, the heart which now beats high and warm beneath my hand, will become a smouldering fire to consume your very entrails, and leave but little of your carcass to feast the worm when you are laid in the dust. Reflect and think before you venture to speak.

Kennet did reflect for a moment on the awful malediction which he had just heard. To comply with the witch's injunctions, he was aware, would give her a terrible power over him; but he had no alternative. His hatred to his master, augmented by jealousy, soon overcame every other feeling. "I am ready to tell you all," he at last said; "only ask, and I will answer."

Myra now encouraged him to make known the cause of his perplexity. Instead of bargaining hard with him for hire, as he had expected, she seemed to derive a sort of pleasure, for which he could not well account, from some of the circumstances which he narrated. She found little difficulty in drawing from him the truth concerning his regard for Zarinna, and the whole of his suspicions as to the younger Hartlo having a hankering after the object of his affection. When she had fully satisfied herself as to how matters stood, she seemed to muse for some minutes in silence; and then addressing herself to the other—"Thou mayest go now," she said. "But see, good Kennet, that thou keepest our correspondence in this affair as secret as the grave in which thou shall yet lie, and in which thou shalt lie the sooner, if thou venturest to disclose aught. As yet, I cannot counsel thee; for I must bring aid from a distance. But, come again to me on the seventh day of the moon's wane, when thou mayest do so unobserved; and, between this and that I will not be idle. Go, good Kennet, and rest thee, with the assurance of Myra's assistance, if thou deservest it."

When he was gone, she seemed rather at a loss how to proceed. She paced the floor of her little hut, for a time, in deep thought, and, at intervals, fixed her eye musingly on the red embers which still glowed on the hearth. "Yet it must be," she at last muttered to herself; "for there is an omen on my heart, which tells me that the signs are nearly full; that the measure of the justice of Heaven and my own vengeance is about to be completed; and, though men would not listen to my tale, because they feared the blood-stained oppressor and despised the supposed witch, that the purpose for which I was sent here is on the eve of being accomplished."

By a curious coincidence, on the following day the heir of Craigord paid a visit to Myra, to entreat, as may be supposed, her assistance in behalf of his misplaced affection. He was liberal in his promises of reward; but to these the dame did not pay much attention. Since she came to the Seabeach Wood, her life had been one of poverty and penance; and she seemed to care little for those comforts which he could confer. She was careful, however, to impose on him the strictest secrecy, by all the terrors which she could invent; and, when she had drawn from him everything which he knew or suspected of his father's purposes and intentions, she dismissed him nearly in the same form as she had dismissed Kennet, telling him to hope the best in the interval, and appointing a time when he should return for farther instructions.

When he, too, was gone, she still seemed at a loss what measures to adopt. She again paced the floor of her little apartment, muttering to herself—"The fox's whelp," she said, "might now be in the paw of the tigeress; but it was not him who made me miserable: it was not him who first

deceived me with villanous pretences of attection ; and then, without my knowledge, made me do what I still shudder to think of; made me a ——. My tongue will not pronounce the horrid word."

"The hand of fate" now appeared to be "on the curtain ;" and every new incident went directly to confirm the half-enthusiast half-maniac Myra in her opinion that some great event was about to happen. With the shades of evening came Lang Gerrard of the *Jinker*, to crave her assistance in a matter of a different sort.

"Myra," said he, "or Edith — for I have not yet forgotten your former name—I have now got into shoal water, and am like to lose part of my cargo among the breakers; that is, among the blackguards of this confounded coast. But, as I did you one good turn when I sent you to Norway for five years, and then brought you here again, instead of taking you to the colonies, I thought I might even come to see if you would do me another. They say as how you can now manage matters after a strange fashion; and, if so be as you have made a covenant with Davie Jones, an old rough-handed canvas-scraper, like myself, has as good a right to look for your services as another."

"Tell me your perplexities," said Myra; "and, as you did befriend me when I had no friend beside, I now promise you that I will do whatever may be in my power to help you out of them."

"Well, well," rejoined the other; "when I was here, more than a year ago, Craigord gave me a commission for three swords of Milan steel, a casque of the same metal, trappings for a horse, and a piece of plate, worth fifty crowns; the whole of which, he said, were intended to grace his son's marriage. Hull, masts, and spars, the things cost me a hundred crowns. Last time I was here I put them into his hands, safe from rocks, shoals, or a lee shore ; and now the landlubber wont pay me a single plack ; but threatens, if I say a word, to send down the *Cutwater* armed brig upon me. She is lying just now behind the Luggerhead Rock, scarcely ten miles distant; and then they are to make a prize of the *Jinker*, and hang me for a smuggler and a pirate ! Blessings on his genius, for inventing names. Now, as to the hanging concern, that does not much terrify me. The *Jinker* might, perhaps, find the captain of the brig as fair work as he could wish for an afternoon or so ; and leave him in the evening, after having slipped a few cockle-shells under his wing. But then the losing of the hundred crowns is a serious affair. And then Ned Bunting, who chanced to get a squint of him the other day, declares that this same captain of the *Cutwater* is no other than the poor boy who, a good many years ago, was tumbled headlong upon us into the Devil's Hole, with a bad opening about the seams of his back, from which the bilge water was flowing fast enough. And, somehow or other, I shouldn't much"——

"But what did you do with him?" interrupted Myra, eagerly.

"Why, as to that," rejoined the other, "the thing, I dare say, has been pretty close among ourselves ever since; and yet I can't see why I shouldn't tell it you ; for it is ten to one but you will get at the secret for yourself, and so it may be as well to save you that trouble. Well, as you shall hear in a twinkling, we had been at some pains to make the place all tight a year or two before, and we had just stowed away some things to be safe, when we hears some one approaching; but, as everything was snug,. we thought we had only to darken our lights and lie close, till the chase was to leeward Well, close we did lie, sure enough ; hut, in two or three minutes, our timbers over head went crash, and souse fell the poor boy into the midst of us, with a bad wound in his back, which, for the time made him senseless. On taking a squint at the offing, I saw Craigord standing, dead before the wind, with every rag of canvas he could carry set, as if an enemy had been already in his wake ; and then we held a council as to what was to be done with the poor boy. Old Plaistershins, our leech, said that the injury went no farther than the outer planking ; his timbers, or his ribs as you would call them, having turned aside the point of the dirk. We guessed that Craigord had intended to ship him off for the other world, though, from his getting under hatches, he had failed to shove him clear of the shore. To leave him there, was only to expose him to another touch of the same kind, which might have been the last; and to run the risk, besides, of having our own secrets discovered. 'Better finish the job with him,' said Plaistershins; 'he will never feel it ; and that's the sure way to keep all right.'—'May the devil make minced collops of me if you do!' says I. 'I can batter out a fellow's brains as well as any one, but it must be in a good cause, and I must be first provoked: so, d'ye see, no harm shall come to the poor boy.' Well, we took him with us, and cured him ; and, as nothing would serve Bunting, at that time o' day, but to go a buccaneering, to prevent mistakes he took the boy along with him to the West Indies. I always thought Craigord would have inquired after him, but he never mentioned it afterwards ; and I am now convinced that he either knew nothing of us being there, or that he was ashamed of his own share of the work ; and, in truth, I am half ashamed of mine : and so, as I was going to say, I shouldn't much like to see him again. There is the whole ; and what say you to other matters now?"

"But what became of him after he went to the West Indies? and how did he come to be captain of the *Cutwater?*" again inquired Myra.

"Why, that is answering my question and giving me your assistance with a vengeance," said the other, manifesting some signs of impatience as he spoke. "Do you think I came here to talk of everybody's affairs but my own, and to tell you all the stories that ever existed between the equator and the polar circles?"

"Only tell me this," said Myra, in a half-entreating half-commanding tone ; "only tell me this, and then we will talk as long as you please of what concerns yourself."

"What must he, *must* be," proceeded Gerrard, endeavouring to overcome the feeling of the moment. "But, by the faith of an old foam-licker, I cannot tell you a good story about it. I only wish we had got Bunting here himself, and he could spin you a two hours' yarn upon it any day he rises. But, somehow or other, they both got among the buccaneers. The boy grew a stout fellow, and bore a hand at more than one of their squabbles. Well, when they were plundering a town upon one of the islands, they fell in with a tall fellow of a Spaniard called a *Don*, who was stoutly defending his daughter, called a *Donna;* and, just as they were on the point of being cut down, the lighter craft—who looked well in her *wales* and her paintings, by the way—threw out some signals of distress ; and so the young scamp took it into his head to join the old commodore who had her in tow, and turn upon his fellows. Bunting did what he could to assist him ; and, when the three were again on the point of being borne down, a party of Spaniards rallied and came to their rescue ; and then they scampered off together and set sail for another island, where the governor was a friend of the Don. Well, the next of it was, the buccaneer married the Donna, and became very rich and the captain of a ship, in which Bunting was the mate; and, when his father-in-law died, he sailed for Spain to take possession of an estate, of which his wife was the heir. But, when crossing the broad western, they were attacked by a terrible storm and lost their reckoning, and were driven they knew not where. At last they ran foul of another ship by night ; and Bunting thought the cautain, who was then standing a-head and holding on by

the forestays, had been popped overboard by the shock, and sent to feed the sharks; but, since he saw him alive again, he thinks he had only been thrown upon the deck of the other vessel. This is all I can tell you about the captain of the *Cutwater*. But, according to Bunting's account of it, the vessels had met exactly on the ridge of the wave, and, after rapping heads, instead of going to pieces, as in right and reason they should have done, the Spaniard fell back into the trough of the sea; and, in four or five days more, when they had been carried round the island by those terrible currents which set to the northward, they were driven ashore within a mile or two of the place where the *Jinker* now rides at anchor. Himself and a girl were all that escaped from the wreck. But as he had caught a guess of the *Jinker* being on the coast, and didn't care for stopping to answer everybody's questions, he came on board next morning. Are you pleased now? or are your witch's ears itching for more stories still?"

"You have satisfied me at last," said Myra; and so deeply did she appear to be absorbed by her own meditations, that it was not till Gerrard had reminded her of his errand, that she seemed to have the slightest recollection of the former part of their colloquy. "Let me think over it," was her answer to his repeated question; and she did think for a few minutes. "Would you be pleased if you had your gear back again?" she resumed. "Or, if it were placed within your reach, with no one save Craigord to defend it, and no danger of any one coming to his assistance, could you take it for yourself?"

"Trust me for that," was the reply. "Place the swords, the casque, and the plate within my reach—let the rest go for beggars' blankets, if you like—and, man to man, see who will keep me from my own. Nay, when I think on the insolence he has already offered me, I should like, above everything, to have an opportunity of ducking Craigord in a fresh-water puddle, or of dabbing his nose against a wall."

At hearing these words, a curious smile brightened, for a few seconds, Myra's countenance. For the sake of a rhetorical flourish, or to round off a sentence, it might have been called a *fiendish smile*. It did not amount, in malignity, however, to the idea which such an expression would convey; but if it was not the smile of a demon, neither was it the smile of mirth.

"Come to me on the night of the day after to-morrow, when it wants but little of morning," said she; "and, by that time, I will try to have everything arranged for putting you once more in possession of your own, provided you are not an arrant coward"

"Who dare charge me with cowardice?" retorted the sailor, with some warmth.

"Deeds not words, prove the man," said Myra, waving her hand as a signal for him to depart.

By what, at the time, appeared to herself a mistake, Lionel Hartlo had been directed to return before Kennet; and when, at the appointed hour, he came for those instructions which she had promised, everything was prepared, and she immediately set to work with her spells. A small eel, a fragment taken from the skin of a fox, which hung in a corner of the hut, the eye of a fish, some leaves of deadly nightshade, and a handful of hemlock roots, were seethed together over a slow fire. When she stirred the cauldron, she did it *withershins*—that is, she moved her hand in a direction contrary to the motion of the sun; and, after having recourse to various experiments for determining the proper time at which to conclude her operations, she took a portion of the scum in a wooden cup, and dashed it against the wall. This done, her next care was to examine, with the deepest attention, the form of the fragments into which the moisture had parted. When she had bestowed a lengthened scrutiny upon these silent indicators, or rather dispensers of future events—"Here are three swords made of Milan steel," she said "and a helmet which seems to be of the same metal· and a vessel of pure silver, after the fashion of those which lords and rich men set upon their tables, when they make high festival. These must be taken secretly from the house of Craigord, and must be hid for a time in a certain cave, else I can do nothing; and, unless you aid in the work, they cannot be so disposed."

"I have seen the things of which you speak," said Lionel, much wondering how she came to be aware of their existence "But, if my father should miss them, how shall I answer him?"

"That is whither I was tending," said Myra; "and when thou hast done as I shall direct thee, say to him that they are taken away. Take him to the place, and shew him that they are gone; and, if he asks thee aught concerning them, say farther, that it may chance Myra can tell him of the thief. Shouldst thou act thy part well, he will surely come; and, when he cometh, the power in whose hand he shall be, will work upon him such a charm that, in two days, he shall be willing for thee to marry whomsoever thou wilt; and all shall be well with *thee*."

"But tell me the precise manner in which I must proceed?" said the youth, his eyes brightening at the idea of the consummation to which she had alluded.

'That, too, shall be done," rejoined the other. "It is thus:—Between midnight and the crowing of the cock on the coming night, thou shalt steal quietly to where the things lie. Breathe not; make not any noise to alarm any one; for, if thou art discovered, all is lost, and Zarinna never can be thine. Take them up silently, and carry them round to the northern part of the house where the shadow of the keep falls when the sun shineth at noon. There shalt thou see something in the likeness of a woman. Approach it not within ten paces, but lay thy charge upon the ground. Look not after it, nor so much as turn thy head to observe its motions. Speed thee to thy rest. Bury thy head in the folds of the bed; and, when thou art gone, it will do as I have directed. Go in peace."

The youth departed, almost trembling, when he thought upon the mysterious nature of the task which she had assigned him; yet determined to leave nothing undone which might, by any possibility, forward the accomplishment of his wishes.

Myra had now only to wait a short time for Kennet's arrival.

"Art thou still willing to do as I shall direct?" she inquired, "that thy wrongs may be avenged; and, if thy heart is true and faithful, that, in the end, thou mayest be as happy as thou deservest."

"I am willing," was Kennet's unhesitating reply.

"Yet, bethink thee," rejoined the witch. "Art thou prepared to keep all as silent as that grave in which thou shalt infallibly lie, ere two nights have darkened the world, if thou disclosest aught?"

The solemn and imposing manner in which this question was put, seemed to stagger, for a moment, the firmness of him to whom it was addressed; but, recovering, with a strong effort he replied—"I will be as secret as the grave in which I must moulder, if you can only help me as I desire."

"Of that, the event will be the best proof," said Myra. She then proceeded with her incantations, which, from their similarity to those already noticed, need not be here described. When she had done:—"Here is a cloak, and a coif, and a vizard," said she. "Let these be in thy keeping till to-morrow. But this very night, before the hour of twelve, thou shalt array thyself thus—(here she put them on in their proper order;) and, when it is done, take thy stand at the northern angle of the house, where the shadow of the highest tower falleth when the sun is at his height:

and, to shew thee that I have power over the thoughts and actions of others, before thou hast watched long thou shalt see, in such manner as the darkness will permit, the son of Craigord bring forth the most valued treasures of his father's house, and lay them down at a respectful distance, as if he intended thee to take them up. Hold thy breath while he is near: stir not, nor attempt to speak, else sudden and awful vengeance will overtake thee. But, when he is gone, take them up, and speed thee to the Seabeach Wood. Pass the three tall trees and the gray stone beyond them, and five paces farther thou shalt find a sheet of moss rent from its bed. There deposit them; replace the covering; and back to thy rest, that no one may suspect thy absence."

Thus admonished, Kennet departed, with a degree of weight upon his heart, accompanied by that feeling of uncertainty and anxiety which must always attach to those who call in the aid of causes, with the operation of which they are totally unacquainted. There were, moreover, some circumstances peculiar to himself, which tended to increase rather than diminish this feeling. From his thoughts having run so much of late upon Zarinna, his attention had been in a great measure withdrawn from Jenny Ewemilker. This had awakened the suspicion of the damsel, who, notwithstanding the scorn with which she affected to treat him, was really deeply and desperately in love; and, though they were now scarcely on speaking terms, for some time past he had found it very difficult to stir abroad without being watched. Indeed he was by no means certain that he had accomplished his present expedition without being under her surveillance. But as he had no hopes of succeeding by any other means, while he felt the difficulties and dangers by which he was surrounded, he felt also determined to proceed, and to disclose nothing which he could possibly keep secret.

He did proceed accordingly. But the undefinable mystery in which his recent conduct had been involved, had so agitated Jenny Ewemilker, that, on the night in question, she could not close an eye. She knew that he was absent when she went to bed; and she was lying broad awake, "fanning her couch with sighs," if she was not absolutely "drenching her pillow with tears," when the slight and almost imperceptible noise which he made at his return, caught her ear, and drove sleep to a still greater distance. But a short time had elapsed, when, as she thought, she heard him again stirring; and a thousand agonizing thoughts crowded upon her heart at once. Hitherto she had only indulged in vague suspicions; but this regularity and continuity of motion seemed to indicate the near approach of some alarming crisis. Could it be possible that he was making preparations for getting himself married to Zarinna? "Oh, the impudent, ill-looking, foundling cutty," thought Jenny to herself, "if I only had her at the ewes' milking, I would duck her owre the lugs i' the hog's stank!" No sooner had she given vent to this ebullition, than a new thought struck her. "Was it not more likely that he was preparing to run off with the *Jinker*, as she had heard him threaten on a former occasion; and, in this case, he might take the little-worth, outlandish-looking hizzy along with him." The last idea was gall and wormwood, or worse, if worse could be, to her heart. While those better feelings to which it gave rise were still at their height, she thought she heard some fresh stir. Jenny could lie in bed no longer; and up she rose, and stole on a part of her clothes as expeditiously as circumstances would permit, and almost as silently as the ghost, when about to leave the shelter of an old church on a stormy winter night, may be supposed to wrap itself in its winding sheet Zealous as she was to proceed to the immediate discovery of these night journeyings and their cause, she was delayed for some minutes longer by the noise, as she conceived, of some one endeavouring to steal unnoticed into the house again. But the moment all was once quiet, she hastened to her task, full of the most desperate daring. With an instinctive quickness of perception she glided noiselessly to a corner, from which she could have a view of two sides of the building. Darkness was in its zenith; but, through the shadows, she thought she could perceive the dim outline of a figure, with something white upon its head, stealing away into the wood. Her courage, which previously had been high, almost failed her at this critical moment. She hesitated, trembled, and seemed uncertain whether the appearance, which she wished to follow, was not that of a spirit. But what will not a woman dare when prompted by curiosity, backed by those yet deeper feelings which then wrought in the bosom of Jenny Ewemilker? With her knees smiting against each other, like those of Belshazzar when he saw the fearful vision on the wall, she moved forward a few steps; and then she heard a very slight, and, as it appeared to her, an involuntary cough. For the accomplishment of great events the world has been indebted to very trifling incidents: this slight and almost imperceptible vibration of sound fell upon Jenny's straining and feverish ear like a charm; her courage was restored, and she followed the fugitive cautiously yet boldly, till she felt tolerably certain that he was on the road to the *Jinker*. But here a new difficulty presented itself: pride forbade her to interfere directly with Kennet's present purpose of running away from her. Half-naked as she was, she could not appear among the sailors of a smuggling vessel, though she had been to follow him to the shore. But even in this dilemma her invention did not forsake her. What was the *Jinker* and her whole crew to the possibility of Kennet leaving the country and marrying such a wench? Common humanity forbade the very idea of such a thing; and presently a new expedient for preventing it struck her. Without more ado she retraced her steps with all possible speed, and bundled her little brother, Gibby Ewemilker, out of his bed.

"Run, Gibby," she said, without prefacing her discourse otherwise than by giving him a *whang* of cheese and a corresponding modicum of bread—"Run to your Aunty Tibby's, an' tell her to get word to your cousin in the twa mastit ship, wi' the holes in her *crap wa'*,* that Lang Gerrard has been burning a' the houses about Clippernewk, an' that he 's comin here to burn Craigord, unless they tak him an' hang him. Rin, like a man. There 's no a bogle that will steer ye; an' ye'll be back in braw time to tak oot the geese."

Thus assured of the necessity of his errand and his own personal safety, Gibby sped him on his way, whither, at present, it would be loss of time to follow him.

In the course of the following day, the Laird of Craigord paid a rather reluctant visit to Myra; and, when he returned, he appeared even still more thoughtful and gloomy than was his wont. The witch had enjoined him to go to the Seabeach Wood *alone*, toward sunset, assuring him that the success of his expedition depended upon his being solitary. At times, he seemed inclined to take the whole of her advice; while, at others, he appeared to cogitate upon the propriety of taking no more of it than suited his own taste, and trusting for the rest to precautions of a different kind. The last alternative gradually acquired an ascendancy. As the afternoon advanced, he summoned the attendance of six or eight of the most ruffian-looking of his adherents; and, with these following each other at such distances as to create no suspicion, he set off, by a circuitous route, for the place appointed. Having disposed of them in such a manner as that their services might be easily obtained in case of an emergency, he next proceeded, as Myra had directed, to the Devil's Hole. But when he had reached the entrance of the cave, which was now in the side

* Jenny, probably, meant gunports

of the slope, a slight shudder passed over him, and, for a moment, he stood seemingly irresolute whether to proceed or whether to turn back. In this state of indecision, he was startled by a rustling among the leaves in the direction of the shore; and, judging that it was already too late to make his retreat unobserved, he was, as it were, compelled to step in and take the station which had been assigned him.

Scarcely had this been accomplished, when he saw Lang Gerrard enter the cavern, and, proceeding direct to a sort of recess or large crevice in the rock, on the opposite side. He first drew out some moss and lichens which closed up the external opening, and then took from it the swords and other articles already noticed. With these he seemed preparing to depart; but the sight of them suddenly raised the wrath of Craigord to an inordinate pitch. "Villain!" he exclaimed, in a voice almost choking with passion, springing, at the same time, from his concealment, and grappling with the tall sailor to detain him. "Villain!" he repeated, "but you shall soon answer for your conduct on the gallows!"

"Well said!" rejoined the other, with a degree of contemptuous calmness in his manner, as he gave his assailant a hearty shake, and then hurled him from him to the farther end of the cavern.

The fall reminded Craigord of what he had feared, but what, in the suddenness of his passion, he had partly forgotten—the personal strength of his antagonist; and, as he rose to his feet again, he blew a whistle: then, deeming himself secure of immediate asssistance, he drew a dagger, and had well nigh succeeded in plunging it to the heart of the sailor, who was carelessly indulging an ill-timed, though only a momentary feeling of triumph, at his own prowess. Gerrard, however, turned aside the point of the weapon with one of the sheathed swords which chanced to be still in his hand; and, seizing his enemy once more, and wrenching the dagger from his grasp, he was proceeding deliberately, as he himself had expressed it, to "dab his nose," if not "against a wall," at least against the rocky sides of the cave; but, almost before he could put any part of his purpose in execution, he heard footsteps rushing towards the entrance; and, on turning his head, he saw the ruffian-looking fellows, formerly noticed, already darkening it with their shadows.

"Seize him—cut him—hew him—hack him to pieces!" half-groaned, half-screamed Craigord.

"If this is the game we are to play at, take that, and that," said Gerrard, loosing his hold, and, at the same time, stabbing him twice with his own dagger.

"I have been a murderer!" murmured Craigord, as he staggered forward and fell: "a cold-blooded murderer; and justice has found me out in the very spot where I did the horrid deed!"

His words, however, were unheeded by his followers, who, apparently thirsting for blood, now rushed in. No sooner had Gerrard flung from him his victim, than he retired to a place where the projecting rocks protected him on either side, while they left him full scope to exercise his own energies in front; and, drawing one of the swords, while he flourished it around his head—"Now for it, my lads," he said; "man to man, or ten to one, it matters not. Do your worst, and see who will keep deep water longest."

Thus situated, his tall muscular form dimly seen in the shadowy light of the place, and his determined manner, seemed to paralyze the whole gang. "Break the roof," at last cried one of them, "and then we shall have no difficulty in cleaving his skull, or dashing out his brains with a stone."

This was an expedient which could hardly fail of success; and Gerrard would have doubtless, been dealt with in the most summary manner, had it succeeded. But, before its results could be ascertained, Ned Bunting rushed into the cave, crying, "Run, captain—run for your life! The *Cutwater* is down upon us, and the *Jinker* is already a prize!"

"My curses on the cowardly dogs who gave her up" said Gerrard. "But never mind the *Jinker*, Ned; let us get out here first, if we can;" and, as he spoke, he advanced a step or two, with the intention of making a desperate effort to regain his freedom. But the moment he quitted his position, he felt the point of one of his assailant's weapons at his side; and it was only by making a sudden spring backwards that he saved himself from a mortal wound. Ned, from attacking the party, was himself immediately attacked, and every moment in danger of being cut down or run through the body; when his captain, observing the perilous situation in which he was placed, seemed to have taken his last resolution. For one moment he stood as if to gather up all his energies, and then flung himself forward to reach the spot where his follower fought with such fearful odds, or perish in the attempt. Those in front staggered beneath his blows, and reeled backward to save their lives; but already one of the villains had got behind him, and was in the act of drawing back his arm to plant a mortal wound in his body, when the light was suddenly darkened by an individual in the uniform of a naval officer, and about twenty well-armed followers, endeavouring to press into the cave. This unexpected arrival produced an instant cessation of hostilities; and, while it lasted, the principal among the new comers gave strict orders for securing the whole of those who had been there before him.

This done, he seemed to take a more leisurely view of his prisoners; and then, starting with surprise—"Ned Bunting!" he exclaimed, "can it be you? Can it be possible that you escaped the wreck in which my Zarinna, my wife and child, perished?—and that you now stand before me?"

We almost regret that our narrow limits prevent us from doing justice to what remains of the legend; all we can offer now being only a few hints to assist the imagination of the reader. The captain of the *Cutwater* was no other than the boy whom Craigord had intended to murder. Craigord himself was mortally wounded, and died before he could be removed from the cave; leaving the property he had usurped to the rightful owner; to whom, upon the evidence of Myra, Ned Bunting, and several others, it was restored. Though Gerrard had been a smuggler, in the present instance it could not be proved against him, the *Jinker* being empty; and Captain Hartlo, as he may now be called, had influence enough to get him pardoned for his other crimes, which had been, in some measure, forced upon him. Lionel Hartlo, in time, succeeded to the hand of Zarinna, and ultimately to that estate which, as the only daughter of Captain Hartlo, she was heir. After the occurrence of these events, Myra was well cared for. She resumed her former name, Edith, and renounced her character of a witch; but she did not long survive. Kennet was once more glad to make friends with Jenny Ewemilker, whom he eventually married; and Jenny, on her part, did not consider this the least important part of the little drama to which our legend refers.

THE BREACH OF TRUST.

"Oh, insupportable! Oh, heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration."

Shakspeare.

Who is there who, having once visited the romantic town of Kelso, did not feel an inclination to return to it? The picturesque scenery around, and the "sunshiny" aspect of the town itself, are eminently calculated to instil but one feeling into the breast of him who has once gazed upon them; and that feeling is—admiration. He who would see Kelso in all its splendour, must visit it in some calm, quiet day in early harvest-time. In the noontide of sunshine, let him wander along the banks of the Tiviot, under the trees which decorate its banks; by sheltering hedges, and streamlets that sparkle in purity, and corn-fields that exult in profusion. Ever and anon, as he passes along, he will obtain a glimpse of "sweet and delightful Kelso," through the venerable and princely woods. The author of "The Border Tour," who visited Kelso in the summer of 1825, speaks enthusiastically of its beauties, and designates this view as "the most splendid, rich, and enchanting that nature and art, under the discipline of Divine Power and human ingenuity, can or ever did produce."* He goes on to say, in language most rhapsodical, yet elegantly expressive—"Ride your horse up to the middle of the bridge, and send out your soul on sunbeams over sparkling streams and wavy pools, and table-lands of extensive and interminable verdure, and palaces, and abbey ruins, and waters meeting, crossing, kissing, and embracing, through time down to eternity."

In the vicinity of this delightful town, on the western banks of the Tweed, stood, some sixty years ago, Branstone House, the residence of Mr Andrew Douglas, agent for an insurance company of considerable extent and respectability—a situation which he had held for thirty years. At an early period of his life, Mr Douglas had formed an intimacy with Mr Walker, one of the chief merchants in Kelso; and when, after having endeavoured, in vain, to find his fortune in a foreign land, he had returned to his native place, Mr Walker, with the utmost benevolence, offered him an asylum in his house until such time as he could find some means of bettering his condition. Nor did the old gentleman stop here. Unknown to Douglas, he solicited for, and obtained the situation of agent for the Kelso Branch of the National Insurance Company of Scotland, in which he placed him. Douglas, somewhat timid, and fearing himself inadequate for the duties of such a situation, was somewhat reluctant to accept of it, lest, upon trial, he might fail to give satisfaction to his employers, and his benefactor, on this account, lose their esteem. But Mr Walker would take no refusal; and Douglas was, ever after, grateful for his kindly solicitude. Day by day, in the enjoyment of each others' society, they became more and more intimate. Years passed, and they became firm friends. Mr Walker would have done anything to serve his protegé; and Douglas would have laid down his life, if necessary, for his benefactor's welfare.

Shortly after he had obtained the respectable situation in question, Mr Douglas married. His was an old attachment—an attachment of his boyhood. The fair and modest Eliza Arnold was the daughter of a poor but honest inhabitant of Kelso, who had been reduced from comparative affluence to the lowly state in which Douglas had first become acquainted with him, through the villany of one in whom he had trusted. Cautionary obligations had been his ruin. It was the kindness and gentleness which Eliza displayed in her attendance on her father, that first won Douglas' heart. Poor as he was himself, he could not then offer her his hand, but he pledged himself to her; and she heard his vows, which, from his heart, were echoed back again; and their betrothment to each other was sealed but with one holy kiss. Eliza Arnold loved Douglas; but she felt that, although he had had the wealth of worlds, she could not, at the moment when she gave a promise for some future day, have joined her fate to his: she could not abandon her father in his old age, for he was feeble, and required her constant attendance; she could not abandon him, though, even when she was kindest, her attentions were often received in discontent. She bore her father's frown and his peevish demands with the most perfect good humour; for she was blest with that rare thing in woman—rarer, indeed, than handsome eyes and pretty feet—equanimity of temper; and her fond heart made many allowances for the old man's foibles.

Bitter, bitter was the parting of Eliza Arnold and Andrew Douglas, as he left his native land to seek for fortune in a foreign clime. With what anxiety did she look forward to the coming of the post-boy; and, oh! what a joy was hers when he brought a letter from her absent lover. A thousand times did she read it over, till each word was graven on her memory. Her love was pure. It was of that peculiar, and, we may say, uncommon kind, in which

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Never, till he left her, did she imagine she loved Andrew so well.

At length, Douglas returned home. Eliza flew to meet him. She was now an orphan—her father had been for some years dead. Andrew was still poor, yet he offered her his hand. With a look of the most intense affection, she declined it: she could bear poverty and misery herself, she said, for she had been used to it, but she could not think of being a burden upon him who could so ill bear it, and of entailing poverty upon their guiltless offspring. She would wait, however, until Andrew could better his circumstances. At these words, Andrew pressed her to his breast; and, in the fulness of his heart, at the kindliness she had displayed, buried his head on her shoulder, and sobbed aloud.

The moment came when Andrew could reckon on a hundred and fifty pounds a-year for life. He lost no time in sharing it with Eliza Arnold. He had been scarcely two months in his new situation ere she became his wife. With what tender affection did she now attend to the most minute object which she thought could conduce to her

* 12mo. 1826.

husband's comfort or happiness; and he strove to imitate the praiseworthy interest she took in his affairs. In the generality of cases of married life, the fault that the parties are uncomfortable, rests solely with the woman. When a man has a pleasant home to go to, after the labours of the day, he never will seek for pleasnre elsewhere. The grand secret of nuptial happiness, where the husband is not an actual fool, consists in the wife being possessed of a good temper—a blessing which is worth all beauty, for

> "What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
> To peace of mind and harmony within."

Men—we mean, married men—are, in general, easily pleased; and a little, a very little management, on the wife's part, will keep the husband "sober, steady, light of heart:" but no husband will be at ease with himself, or feel comfortable at home, when his constant reception is gloomy brows and angry words.

A twelvemonth had passed rapidly over the heads of Mr and Mrs Douglas when a son was born—the mutual pledge of their affection. During the period of Mrs Douglas' illness—and she was particularly ill—her husband was never from her bedside; but his tender care and assiduities were of no avail—in a few weeks she expired. For sometime after this melancholy event, Mr Douglas was like one distracted: his business was forsaken—and it was with considerable difficulty that his friends could prevail upon him to retire, for a month or so, into another part of the country. Change of scene did much to reanimate him; but he never was again the same being he had once been—his mirth was fled. Sad and sorrowful, he returned to Kelso to fulfil the duties of his situation, the only consolation left him being in the friendship of Mr Walker, and in the love of his boy.

At the period of our story, William Douglas was about twenty-nine years of age—handsome in person, and agreeable in manner. Hitherto he had been an assistant to his father in the office; and such his father deemed it requisite he should remain until he could obtain for him a situation in some of the government offices in London, which he expected to do through the instrumentality of the manager of the National Insurance Company at Edinburgh—whose acquaintance Mr Douglas had assiduously cultivated, on the occasions of his being in Kelso inspecting the branch affairs of the company. Being the only son of a baronet, who sided with the prevailing ministry, he was, through his father, possessed of considerable influence, which he promised to use in forwarding the views of William Douglas.

Besides William and his father, there was yet another inmate of Branstone House. It was a young lady who went by the appellation of "Miss Isabella." Dark hair, and sparkling eyes of hazel, set off a countenance of which every other feature was perfection's self. Her complexion was most beautiful—the bloom upon her cheek was of that soft, delicate nature, which is otherwise only to be seen on a peach ere the sun's rays have brought it to maturity. Her hand was small and white; her fingers tapering; her feet were fairy-like; and her whole form seemed as if it had been cast in Nature's choicest mould. She was one of those beings so lovely to look upon, but which are rarely to be met with, even amid the joyous maidens of England.

This lovely girl was the niece of old Mr Walker, who, fearful of indulging her too much, and thereby spoiling a good disposition, should he bring her up under his own roof, had deemed it advisable to place her under the care of a stranger; and, as no one he knew would take better care of her than his friend Douglas, from her earliest infancy she had lived in Branstone House, the favourite of all its inmates. Occasionally, however, now that she was grown up, Mr Walker had her to stay in his house for several weeks together; and she had at all times the full management of his domestic affairs.

Isabella's beauty had attracted much notice; and there were many who looked upon her with the eyes of love. One young man, in particular, felt peculiarly interested in her. But can it then be wondered at that, in the daily habit of seeing and conversing with this interesting young lady for so long a period of time as sixteen years, William Douglas should have become deeply enamoured of her? It seldom happens that, when two young people, of opposite sexes, are in the almost daily habit of seeing each other from childhood, a stronger love exists in riper years than that which is the attribute of brother and sister: yet, in the present instance, from the moment when William had first seen Isabella, he had felt an affection for her stronger than he could judge of. He was then but eleven years of age, and she was scarcely three; yet the rosy cheeks and the bright eyes of the child, won him to her; and as they grew up together, and he felt how kind she was to him, and how she looked up to him as to one superior to herself, his love increased, and, at a marriageable age, he, with his father's consent, solicited her hand. This, however, she, unlike the rest of her sex, would not hear of: she considered herself far too young to embark in any such hazardous speculation; and, from the time of her attaining her sixteenth year until she was twenty, she had been subjected to the daily importunities of William. To say that she did not love him would be to speak falsely—her heart was his alone, though she never would give utterance to the fact. William, therefore, imagined she loved some other than himself; and the chosen one he fixed on was Mr Mervin, the manager of the National Insurance Company, for, during that gentleman's visits to Kelso, now become more frequent of late, he had observed him look at Isabella oftener than there was occasion for, and in a manner that could not be mistaken.

> "O lover's eyes are sharp to see."

On every occasion, therefore, he could find, William took the opportunity of running down Mr Mervin to Isabella; and, for his own part, he did not believe that it was Mr Mervin's intention to use his influence in procuring him a situation, as he had promised his father; and this was corroborated wholly to his satisfaction, by the receipt of a letter from Mr Mervin, informing his father that, at present, he found it impossible to procure the situation for William, as it had been promised to another who was before-hand in his application.

It was often the custom of Isabella and William to play music together in the mornings—she was an excellent pianist, and he had acquired some proficiency in the violin. One morning they had been indulging in this recreation, and had just given up, when Isabella said—

"O, do let us try another piece of music before I dress."

"With all my heart," said William, commencing to screw up the first string of his violin, which had fallen nearly half a note out of tune during his former exertions.

Isabella opened a volume of music, which appeared to be completely new.

"Why not go on with the same book as before?" inquired William, somewhat angrily.

"Don't you find more spirit and variety in this music?" inquired Isabella, turning over the leaves of the volume before her, seemingly nowise displeased at his irritability.

"More spirit, more variety!" exclaimed William. "Very fine, indeed! But I know why you like that music better than any other: 'twas the handsome Mr Mervin who chose it for you in Edinburgh."

"Then Mr Mervin for ever!" cried Isabella, in mock

ecstasy. "You're a strange man. You would be supremely happy not to see me beloved by any one."

"Oh, no," retorted William; "but 'tis natural enough I shouldn't like a man who affects tenderness for you."

"To be revenged of his mood, then, you shall accompany his favourite."

"Oh, not I," said William, locking away his violin.

"Obey," laughingly exclaimed Isabella, "or I never more will call you brother."

"Should the name displease you, you have a way to renounce it by allowing me a sweeter one."

"You are a quarrelsome, jealous fellow," said Isabella, pretending not to hear what he had said last, "and so I wish you a very good morning." So saying, she dropped a curtsey, and bustled out of the apartment.

This kind of scene usually passed between them during the course of every day, Isabella always leaving William when she had wrought him up to the highest pitch of jealousy. Such scenes as these frequently unfitted William, for the rest of the day, from giving his full attention to his business; and many were the reprimands he consequently received from his father, who was a strict man-of-business himself—at least he had the reputation of being so, which, in many instances, is more than a just equivalent. Mr Douglas, senior, was always in attendance at his office from an early hour in the morning till the evening, with the exception merely of an hour for dinner. This constant attendance was what he strove, in vain, to make William imitate; and it was his wont to see that that young gentleman get up early in the morning; for, even with the prospect of practising duets with his beloved Isabella, it is not at all improbable that otherwise he would have preferred remaining for a few more hours in bed.

On the morning in question, Mr Douglas was searching through the house for his son, in order that he might, by his presence, hurry him off to the office, and was just upon the point of entering the room, where, still "in the dumps," William was, when a servant came and told him that a gentleman wished to see him in the parlour. Thitherward, accordingly, did he wend his way; and, to his surprise, found Mr Hudson, the cashier of Mr Walker's establishment—a situation which he had enjoyed for forty years.

"Ah, Mr Hudson," said Mr Douglas, shaking the venerable gentleman by the hand; "I'm so glad to see you. But tell me," added he, observing that Mr Hudson's countenance was rather downcast, "what is the matter with you?"

"Can I speak freely?" inquired Mr Hudson, looking around him with an anxious glance, as if he feared the very chairs themselves would, as Rob Roy says, rise up to apprehend him.

"Make your mind easy," said Douglas; "there is nothing to fear. Speak!"

Although thus assured, Mr Hudson even yet seemed somewhat afraid to make any communication.

"How shall I acquaint you with the misfortune?" said he. Then, after a pause, he asked—"Have you an affection for Mr Walker?"

"Have I an affection for Mr Walker!" reiterated Douglas. "To him do I owe everything. But what has happened? You alarm me!"

"It is this:—Unless a miracle takes place, he must stop payment to-morrow. He must"——

"Impossible!" said Douglas. "Where did you learn? But, no, it cannot be."

"Alas! 'tis too true. The bulk of Mr Walker's funds are chiefly in bills on traders in England; and, for the purpose of realizing his money, and saving expense by having the bills discounted in Scotland, he, three weeks ago, remitted them to Mr Ingot, his correspondent in London. I expected to have received the full proceeds by to-night's post; instead of which, a special messenger has just now arrived from Mr Ingot's son, who informs me that Mr Ingot fell suddenly ill, and expired in two days, and that the seals were instantly put upon his papers."

"Why all this uneasiness!" said Mr Douglas. "I regret Ingot; but he leaves an immense fortune. Mr Walker will claim his property, and it shall be returned. This can be but a delay at most."

"True; but our payment was founded on those returns, which never failed. We have not a hundred pounds left in our hands; and this very day bills become due which call upon us for three thousand. 'Tis enough to drive one mad."

"You have not yet acquainted Mr Walker with this?"

"No; I came to you to relieve me of the task. You know his probity, his principles. This will almost cause his death. No one but you, sir, can take the task of informing him."

"Surely something might be done to prevent this calamity. Mr Walker might raise the money."

"Impossible! 'Tis true he has an extensive property; but a thousand pounds to be paid to-day, and not the tenth part of it within our grasp. Nor is there any one to help him; for the good and just are ever viewed by their neighbours with a jealous eye. There is not, perhaps, one single merchant in town who would not rejoice, in the bottom of his heart, to hear of his failure. To find money, there's no hope of it."

"Stop," interposed Douglas. "I know he has ten thousand pounds, with which he told me a friend had entrusted him."

"Those thousands are no longer in his possession. Mr Ingot took upon himself to lend them out on good security. Everything is there at this moment."

Douglas appeared very much concerned at this announcement. He bent his eyes upon the ground, and, for a few moments, seemed entirely absorbed in thought. He then paced the room with impatient strides. At length he spoke:—

"I have but fifty pounds of my own," he said, "which I can lay hands upon at so short a notice, having, only last week made a large investment in the three per cents. And"——

At this moment the voice of Mr Walker was heard as he ascended the stairs, having come to take breakfast with his friends at Branstone House. The short walk from town, he was wont to say, improved his appetite wonderfully, and it was often his custom to drop in of a morning.

"Ha!" said Douglas, "here is Mr Walker himself. Wait here for me while I go to meet him. Let no one see you. I'll be with you again presently. But, tell me, where is your messenger?"

"I ordered him to keep out of sight."

"That was well. Now to collect myself."

He turned to leave the room. It was too late. Mr Walker stood before him.

"Good morning, Andrew," cried the old gentleman. "Ah! *you* are here, Hudson."

"I was just going," said Hudson—noticing Douglas' signal to him to retire.

"Ah! well," responded Mr Walker. "Now, be sure, Hudson, you let me have the amount of all my payments to-day."

Hudson bowed and withdrew.

It was some time ere Douglas could collect himself to speak with his wonted freedom to his friend; and then, in spite of himself, his conversation turned upon the probability of failures during the season; and he seemed anxious to elicit Mr Walker's opinion with regard to there being such a thing as an excusable failure, ere he broke the subject to him.

"The death of a single individual, urged he; "a fault of payment in another, or fraudulent bankruptcy to a certain amount, are sufficient of themselves to cause a number of unfortunate failures."

"Unfortunate or not," said Mr Walker, "the security of trade cannot admit those artful distinctions; and failures free from knavery, are but seldom free from imprudence."

"You condemn, indiscriminately, the unfortunate and the guilty," remarked Douglas, with some degree of warmth.

"I know no difference," was the calm reply.

"What! if one of your friends—the victim of events?"

"I should be his severest judge."

"If it were I!" said Douglas, gazing steadfastly on the old man.

"If it were you! if it were you!" repeated Mr Walker. "But, in the first instance, you are not a merchant, and—Pshaw!—that's always your way; when you cannot convince my judgment, you besiege my heart."

Breakfast was announced, and the two gentlemen proceeded to the breakfast-parlour—Douglas despairing of being able to break the news to his friend. Once or twice he was on the point of broaching the subject, but he found it impossible—he wanted nerve to tell it; and he came to the determination of rather doing anything than speak of it.

As soon, therefore, as he could steal away, without remark, from the breakfast-table, Douglas sought Hudson; and, after a conference of nearly half an hour's duration, came to the resolution of proceeding instantly to London, where he had no doubt he would soon recover Mr Walker's property. At the same time, in order to meet the present demands, he proposed to advance to Hudson the sum of three thousand pounds from the funds he held belonging to the National Insurance Company. This was a desperate proposal; "but," as he reasoned with himself, "there's no hesitating between a criminal act and an act of virtue. If I suffer my friend to perish when I have the power to save him, self-reproaches and everlasting sorrow would be my lot. The sums I advance for him, though merely held by me in trust, are in no danger. That part of Mr Walker's property, which I am certain I shall recover in London, I have it in my power instantly to convert into cash, should any sudden demand be made on me. But there is little chance of this, as Mr Mervin, having been so recently here, cannot surely return for at least a month; by which time, I trust, everything will have been fairly settled, and the money replaced."

Those who wish to commit a dishonest or a dishonourable action are never at a loss to find convenient reasons for so doing, to appease their own conscience; and so long as there is a chance, however remote, of their not being found out in what they purpose doing, great weight and importance is attached to this chance. There would be no systematic villains if they knew there was a *certainty* of their deeds being brought to light, and that they had no chance of escaping the law.

At first, Hudson was somewhat averse to take the money Douglas thus tendered; but when that gentleman recounted the many obligations he lay under to Mr Walker and assured him that everything would shortly be put right again, his scruples were overcome, and he wrote out a receipt for the money. He then, at Douglas' earnest request, solemnly swore that he would never, unless with Douglas' consent, divulge to any one this breach of trust. No sooner was this done than Mr Douglas went to prepare himself for his journey to London. He met his son on the way, who was extremely astonished to hear of a departure so sudden and unexpected: and he couldn't, for the life of him, imagine what motive his father had for it. The old gentleman did not choose to enlighten him on the subject so he was obliged to remain with the same *quantum of* wisdom that had been his before.

Equipped for the road, Douglas was anxious to be off and his anxiety was the more increased, when, to his unspeakable horror and astonishment, he was told that Mr Mervin had just rode into the yard; for he was afraid that Mr Mervin might ask to see the books of the company, and call upon him to account for the balance of money he ought to have on hand. He once thought, if the worst was coming to the worst, he would say that there were sums to the amount of three thousand pounds outstanding; but, upon reflection, he found he had not the heart to give utterance to the lie; and his books would tell against him.

Mr Mervin was, in his turn surprised at seeing Mr Douglas on the eve of setting out on a journey, as was also Mr Walker, who now, for the first time, was made aware of it. Upon being questioned regarding the purpose of his expedition, Mr Douglas gave it to be understood that he was about to visit London on his son's account, to obtain for him, if possible, the situation he had been so long applying for.

"I am much gratified," said Mr Mervin, "at having arrived in time to save you the trouble and expense of the journey. The place you are going to sue for is already granted to your son."

Upon which he drew from his pocket the intimation of William's appointment to the office; adding, as he placed it in his hand—

"However I might wish to serve you on this occasion, I cannot conceal that you are solely indebted to Mr Walker's solicitations for it."

"Ah! what a friend I am serving," thought Douglas.

William, with tears of gratitude, said he knew not how to thank Mr Walker.

"I do not wish your thanks, my boy," he said. "What I have done has been purely out of gratitude to your father for bringing up a charming niece to me. Long since I made it my business to apply for the situation. I was the person that was beforehand. And now," he continued, addressing Douglas, "you may rest content at home."

"That is impossible. My journey is unavoidable."

"Ah! well," said Mr Walker, "I shall not inquire farther. If it is some secret mission on which you are going, I know it must be to benefit some one."

He then inquired of Mr Mervin what was the cause of his quick return to Kelso. Mr Mervin replied, that his object was to collect from the various agents of the office for which he was manager the money scattered in their various hands, as he had an immediate opportunity of investing it to advantage. It had reached the ears of the directors, he said, that several of the agents were in the habit of intromitting with the funds, notwithstanding the many checks upon them, and it was his intention to take them by surprise on the present occasion.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr Walker, "if all your agents were like my friend Douglas here, the directors would never have anything to fear. He is punctual, and always ready. He is none of those who make use of your money."

Mr Douglas, at hearing the encomiums heaped upon him by his friend, knew not where to look: he was like to sink through the ground with shame and vexation. Mr Mervin proposed that he and Mr Douglas should immediately adjourn to the office, as he wished to remit the money to Edinburgh by that day's post. Douglas hesitated and said—

"You had better rest for a few days."

"But you are going to set off," interposed Mr Walker; "so I would advise you to go and get the money at once; for then the fear for its safety, during your absence, will be quite off your mind."

"Don't be too officious, my friend," angrily whispered Douglas in Mr Walker's ear.

Mr Mervin again endeavoured to impress upon Douglas the necessity of their adjusting matters immediately.

"Sir!" said Douglas, disconcertedly, "you call on me in a moment quite unprovided"——

"What do you say, sir?"

"I say," repeated Douglas, seeing there was no help for it but to own his crime, "what you ask of me is impossible."

"Impossible! And you were going to set off. Do you know, sir, what suspicions could be formed?"

"Nonsense! Mr Mervin," said Mr Walker, sharply.

"A moment, pray!" said Mr Mervin; then turning to Douglas, he asked whether he could give him, that very day, the full amount of the money which ought to be in his possession."

Mr Douglas turned away his head without answering.

"Speak, sir!" cried Mr Mervin, "for my orders are imperative."

"I cannot," returned Douglas, in a depressed voice; "I cannot comply with your demand under three weeks at least."

"Three weeks! I am not allowed to grant three days. The money is wanted. 'Tis with regret, sir"——

"I cannot help it," said Mr Douglas. "I have it not in my power to give." So saying, he slowly withdrew from the apartment.

This conduct of Douglas seemed quite unaccountable in the eyes of Mr Walker.

"Believe me," he said to Mr Mervin "Douglas is not capable of a vile or dishonest act."

"Recollect," insinuated Mr Mervin, "that he was setting out on a journey. I should be accountable to the company for the event."

"He has securities, what more can you desire? I'll make myself answerable for everything. Give me time to clear up."

"A word in my turn," returned Mr Mervin. "I am not to be led astray. 'Tis not securities that are wanted; 'tis £4,000 that are expected by our head office in Edinburgh. Can you advance that sum of money to-day?"

"I cannot. My own payments must be made to-day."

"I shall return again shortly," said Mr Mervin; "when, if Mr Douglas cannot produce the money, I must report him to the directors, and take steps accordingly."

When Mr Mervin was gone, Mr Walker hastened to seek Douglas, for, doubting yet unwillingly suspecting his friend's guilt, he wished to learn from his own lips the cause of his error. He found him in the presence of his son, who had been made aware of his father's defalcation, yet could not understand why it should be so, as he himself had counted the full amount of cash the preceding evening.

"It shocks me to give you pain, my friend," replied Douglas to Mr Walker's inquiry; "but it is out of my power to give any explanation."

"Friend!" repeated Mr Walker, "I would blush all my life for having been your friend, were you guilty of such infidelity."

"Blush then," said Douglas, "for I *am* guilty."

"Ah!" cried Mr Walker, with honest indignation, "you wound me deeply. You render me for ever suspicious, mistrustful, and callous." So saying, he parted from his friend, for the first time of his life, in anger.

Isabella, Mr Walker's niece, was not slow to see that something strange had occurred to mar the quiet of Branstone House, and she called upon William for an explanation. With some hesitation he told her the true state of affairs, that his father was short £1000, and he had refused to tell what he had done with it. William also mentioned that Mr Mervin had in his opinion shewn rather an unusual severity on the present occasion, considering that it was his father's first offence. On hearing this strange account, Isabella's heart was pierced with anguish; she had never before felt such keen sorrow for anything. Her first act was to endeavour to ward off the blow which she saw impending over her guardian's head. With this view she waited with as much patience as possible for Mr Mervin's return. He came. She summoned him to her presence, and, with tears and supplications, besought him to let the matter rest for a few days, when, she felt assured, she said, that Mr Douglas would be able to make up the sum. She painted, in the most glaring colours, the exposure and the disgrace which would rest upon Mr Douglas and his family for ever; but, for a while, her entreaties were unavailing. Mr Mervin was too well skilled in the world's ways to be put aside, by a woman's tears, from doing what he deemed his duty, when he thought there was nothing for him to gain by acting otherwise. At length he said—

"There is one way, Isabella, to procure my forbearance in this matter."

"Name it!" cried the girl; "and, if within my power, it may be done."

"It *is* within your power," said Mervin, earnestly. "The price of my silence is in your hand. I know you love another, yet I love you; and if you will consent to wed me, there is little doubt but that your affections will undergo a change."

"What!" exclaimed Isabella, "bestow my hand on one whom, in spite of his cunning reasoning, I can never love? No, no!—anything rather than that: the convent, the jail, the grave. O, sir, be merciful!" and she fell on her knees before him.

"You refuse me, then!" cried Mervin, fiercely. 'There is but one course now remains. This night Douglas shall be in custody, and I shall wait my further orders from our employers." So saying, he extricated himself from her grasp, and left the room.

"Stay!" she cried, frantically, "and I will do all you would desire." But he heard her not: he had closed the door behind him.

Isabella was too powerless to follow him: she had no strength to move. The shock she had received on first learning her guardian's delinquency, superadded to Mr Mervin's abrupt and extraordinary proposal of marriage, and his after threats of imprisoning Douglas, were too much for her; and, on thus being left alone, she sank exhausted on the carpet. How long she might have remained in this state, it is impossible to say, had not her uncle entered the room, and, seeing her thus nerveless, hastened to lift her from her recumbent posture. He then led her to a seat, hung over her with anxious solicitude, and asked her what had been the cause of her sudden illness. She answered by telling him of her interview with Mervin. She concluded by conjuring him to fly instantly to Douglas, and, if possible, aid him to escape ere Mervin's designs could be put in execution.

"Ah, no, my child! that would be useless!" said Mr Walker. "Whatever Douglas' crime, I know that he is not a coward: he would not go at my bidding; he would rather brave the danger!"

"And do you, sir, believe him guilty?"

"He owned to me he was."

"And yet," urged Isabella, "*I* will not believe it. He must have rendered some important service, whose only merit he conceives is to remain unknown."

"Yet to have betrayed his trust—there's no excuse for that."

"O uncle, do not judge him harshly! You were his friend—do not now forsake him. Be sure he'll justify your exertions for him."

"Your weakness" replied Mr Walker, "lessens the

shame I felt for my own. You urge me to serve him; know that I have attempted so to do. I offered my bond to Mr Mervin, which he refused."

"And are there no means," asked Isabella, "to make up the sum?"

"Believe me, child, that were it not for the money that Hudson receives at this moment from London, I should have been myself much embarrassed. 'Tis true I have still in London £12,000 worth of bills and bonds."

"Are those bills not good?"

"Perfectly; the same as those for which my agent has remitted me money this very day. The whole, however, does not belong to me. There are £10,000 I cannot touch: 'tis a deposit—sacred."

"Your fortune is more than adequate to secure that sum to its owner," suggested Isabella.

"Would you have me guilty of the breach of trust for which I reproach that unfortunate man?" asked Mr Walker. "A deposit is the only thing, perhaps, which cannot be compromised. Money lent, one receives to make use of. A thousand reasons can render even an imprudent use of it excusable; but a deposit—we should die rather than violate it."

"Perhaps if you were to speak to the person it belongs to."

"Isabella," said Mr Walker, "learn that this money has been collected for the express purpose of discharging a debt—an incalculable debt. It is intended to repair, if possible, injuries done by its owner. But you would charge me with being hard. You wish to see him—would speak with him?—you have my consent; he is ready to hear you; and that man is—myself!"

"Ah, I breathe again!" exclaimed Isabella, joyfully, "our friend shall yet be spared."

"Before being generous, Isabella," returned her uncle, "we should be just."

"Ah, who would dare to suspect you of not being so?"

"Yourself! whom I am going to intrust at last with the secret of that money. Listen and be my judge. When young, I was deeply enamoured of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman—with a small fortune, I own—and she permitted me to ask her of her parents. My demand was rejected with disdain. Overcome with despair for the refusal, we listened only to passion. A secret marriage united us; but her proud family, instead of ratifying the contract, confined the unfortunate victim, and loaded her with so much ill-treatment, that she lost her life in giving birth to a daughter, which those cruel parents immured from every eye. For awhile, I thought she died with her mother. I wept long for their loss; and at last married the niece of old Crosbie, whom I succeeded in business. Accident, however, discovered to me that my daughter was still living. I then exerted myself for her welfare. I secreted her; and, since the death of my wife, have laid by every year a sum of money likely to render her independent of the world. For her are those £10,000 intended.

"You are moved, sir," said Isabella; "I am so myself. How is it then that that unfortunate daughter is unknown to me? Why do you make me enjoy the comfort of a situation she is denied?"

"You know the world's prejudice. My niece is honourably with me; my daughter could not, for one day, live in my house without scandal."

"I burn with desire," said Isabella with warmth, "to discharge towards her all the obligations I owe you. Let us go to her. She is *your* daughter—can she be otherwise than compassionate and generous?"

"I understand you, Isabella; but how could you think of it. Her whole fortune—the only compensation for her misfortunes. Do you wish to wrest it from her?"

"We shall then have performed our duty towards our friends," was the calm reply.

"Should she deny us."

"We will not love her the less for it. But let us have no occasion to reproach ourselves. Come."

"You insist upon it?"

"A thousand thousand reasons urge me to know her."

"Ah, my Isabella, my secret forces its way with my tears. You—you are that beloved daughter."

"Oh! my father!" cried Isabella, in the first burst of transport, throwing herself into his arms, and bedewing his cheek with tears. Suddenly recollecting herself, she drew back, and would have sunk with reverence upon her knees before the new-found author of her being, but the old man prevented her.

As soon as Isabella's trepidation had somewhat subsided she desired her father to consider as his own the money he had apportioned for her, and to use part of it, if he thought proper, in the relief of Mr Douglas.

"Let Mr Mervin have the money," she said; "it will serve to appease him; and we may yet save our friends."

"Alas!" said Mr Walker, "Mr Mervin, I fear, will not take from me any order upon Mr Ingot I could give him, since he refused my bond. But we will hasten to him, and, by our united efforts, endeavour to prevail upon him."

With speed they sought out Mr Mervin. He was in the parlour, but not alone. There were several individuals in the room. Mr Walker saw, at one glance, that he was too late. His friend was in custody. All the asseverations, all the remonstrances of Mr Walker and Isabella, fell unheeded by Mr Mervin.

"I have no power," he said, "to grant relief. Mr Douglas is in the hands of justice."

He then desired the officers to take away their prisoner. Isabella could bear no more. She uttered a piercing scream, and fell fainting into the arms of her father, who bore her from the apartment as his friend was led off to prison by the myrmidons of justice.

Weeks rolled by, and the day of Douglas' trial approached. At length it came. It was a day of more than usual sorrow to the inmates of Branstone House, as the fatal hour drew near. Isabella so far prevailed over her father as to get him to consent to allow her to accompany him to the court house, to be present at the trial of their friend; but, when they reached the court, to Isabella's horror they were informed that no females were to be admitted as spectators of the trial. She was content, however, to remain in a small house adjoining, while Mr Walker was in the court, and at any stage of the trial which was particularly favourable to Mr Douglas, it was agreed on that he was to come and inform her of it.

The trial proceeded. William Douglas was cited as a witness against his father. His testimony went to prove that the money had been duly placed in the strong box the night previous to that on which Mr Mervin had made the sudden call upon Mr Douglas, and found him deficient to the extent of £3,000.

After much discussion and superfluous speech-making by the advocates, *pro* and *con*, the jury retired. The hour of suspense that followed was, to Mr Walker, the most painful he had ever spent in his life—long as that life had been. The door at length opened, and the jurymen marched into the court, and quietly took their seats. There was a breathless pause of about half a minute, ere their verdict was announced. It was recorded at last, and Andrew Douglas was found—guilty!"

At the time of which we write, the laws of our country were not so merciful as they are in these more enlightened times. The crimes of murder, robbery, forgery, and embezzlement were all subject to the same punishment—an

ignominious death; and the judge, in pronouncing Douglas' sentence, had no alternative but to award him this. Six weeks were all that were allowed him to prepare for death —at the expiry of that time, he was doomed to expiate his crime upon the scaffold.

With a bruised spirit and a bleeding heart did Mr Walker leave the court house that day, and, seeking out his daughter, told her the dreadful tale. She did not faint, she did not scream; but there she stood for a few moments motionless, with her eyes rivcted upon her father's countenance, as if she doubted her own sense of hearing. As she returned to the full feeling of life, the words which her father had spoken not having quite died away upon her ear, their full meaning became more apparent to her, and she then, for the first time, comprehended what he had said. What anguish was hers—it wrung her heart; but not a tear drop flowed. Her grief was far too deep for tears.

* * * * * *

It was the night before that dreadful day on which Douglas was to suffer. His secret was still within his keeping. It was a November night, and the clock had just tolled seven. Within the drawing-room of Branstone House, two figures were discernible, by the faint rays of candle light. They were Isabella and William, and, with the exception of one old and faithful domestic, the only inmates of the mansion. All the other servants of Mr Douglas had, after his condemnation, withdrawn themselves from his service, fearful, as they said, of "having their characters broken," if they now stayed in the employment of one who had been publicly proclaimed "a thief!" for such was the title by which they designated him who had fed and clad them for years—the thankless vagabonds. Mr Walker had, the very day after the trial, gone to Edinburgh, where he was not long in making arrangements with the directors of the National Insurance Company, for the restitution of the £3,000, and immediately afterwards he had proceeded to London, in person, for the purpose of endeavouring to procure a remission of his friend's sentence. Day by day, night after night, had Isabella and William anxiously watched for and expected his return; yet he came not, and now the dreadful day was near at hand. Isabella and William had been debating on the course they ought to pursue in this emergency —for they now began to despair of Mr Walker's return before the time—but they could come to no resolute determination.

"Stay!" cried Isabella—"I have it. Haste, William, to the prison, to the very cell in which your father lies. You will be permitted to see him for a short time alone, ere the clergyman is admitted to prepare him for the awful hour. A few moments will suffice. Endeavour to effect an exchange of clothing with him. He will thus be enabled to pass from the prison, favoured, as he will be, by the darkness, while you remain in his stead. They cannot long detain you; to-morrow, haply, you too may gain your liberty."

"My own Isabella," said William, "a thousand blessings on you. Your thought is an excellent one, and I shall fly to execute it. Though they should detain me for months, nay, for years, in the dungeon, I care not, if I effect my father's escape."

"You can have a horse in waiting for your father, at some short distance from the prison gate. Bid him fly for his life; and, ere to-morrow's dawn, he may be safe on shipboard."

"Farewell, then, dear, dear Isabella. I trust it will not be long before we meet again."

One kiss, and he was gone.

An hour passed heavily over the head of Isabella. It was now the time when the prison-doors were shut for the night. Anxiety and suspense were heavy at her heart; anxiety for her father's absence, and suspense for the uncertainty of Mr Douglas' escape; and she rose and paced the room; but still time tarried on his course, and her father did not appear

The windows of the room opened out on a veranda which overhung the garden; she opened them, and walked out into the garden. The night was extremely dark; along the sere and melancholy woods, the winter's wind crept with a low but gathering moan. 'Mid the pauses of its voice, she listened for the sound of horses' hoofs, but no such sound broke upon her ear. Another hour passed more heavily away than the last; and, with a mind wrought upon by black despair, she returned into the room! The long and drooping half-burnt wicks of the candles imparted a lugubrious aspect to the apartment, and prevented Isabella from perceiving, at first, that there was a person seated on the sofa.

On her entrance, the person rose abruptly; and she, thinking that it was her father who had returned, flew towards him; but, when she gazed upon the face before her, and saw that it was not the benevolent one she expected to see, she suddenly stopped, and unconsciously ejaculated, "Mr Mervin!"

"Yes! my Isabella," exclaimed he, "it is indeed your own Mervin. I have come, my dear, to relieve your loneliness. I knew that no one was with you."

"I am greatly obliged to Mr Mervin," said Isabella, with ill-disguised hauteur, "for his kind visit; but, at such a time as the present, he will, perhaps, excuse me, when I tell him that I view it as a direct insult, more than in any other light."

"Nonsense, my dear girl," said Mervin; "my presence here to-night is for no such motive as insult, I can assure you. You know that I have long loved you; know that I would have saved Douglas from the gallows if you would have consented to become my wife. Though you refused me once, I love you still, most ardently; and start not when I tell you you are in my power: with the exception of a deaf old crone, no one is within this mansion but ourselves. Now, haughty madam! you must listen to my proposals."

"Begone, sir! this instant, or the vengeance of offended Heaven shall fall upon your devoted head."

"Pooh! pooh!" coolly rejoined Mervin; "I am not to be fooled by a woman. What I have now to propose is for your benefit. You once rejected my hand when it was honourably proffered; you now must consent to leave this house within the hour, and come with me; and much will then depend upon your own conduct whether I ever unite your broken character with the marriage tie."

"Hence, this instant, sir! Shame on you thus to triumph over an unprotected woman!"

"I will not go, my pretty Isabella, unless you accompany me. Offer no vain resistance, but come!"

He caught her by the arm, and attempted to drag her forcibly from the room. She screamed and resisted. At that instant, a man, enshrouded in a riding cloak, darted through the window, and, with one blow, laid Mr Mervin prostrate at his feet. Isabella turned to thank her deliverer. He dropped his cloak, and disclosed to her the form of Andrew Douglas.

"Isabella," said he, 'I have more occasion to return *you* my thanks than you have to thank me, for I believe it is to your suggestion I owe my present liberty—a circumstance I shall never forget, since all but you seem to have deserted me."

"Oh, say not so," returned Isabella. "Your friend, Mr Walker, has been absent from Kelso ever since the day of your condemnation, and has been endeavouring to procure a remission of your sentence."

"Blessings on him!" ejaculated Douglas. 'Then he is still my friend?"

"And yet," interposed Isabella, "he believes you guilty of the crime for which you were condemned."

"And you?"

"Do not."

"You are kind, fair maiden," said Douglas; "yet to you I must confess my guilt. It may be long ere we meet again, perhaps never. It is not likely that I shall ever again see Mr Walker. Then listen to me."

And to the bosom of Isabella did Andrew Douglas confide his secret. She heard, and confessed her astonishment; and she could not think sufficiently well of the devotedness of Douglas to his friend and patron. But time was flying; and what she had just heard did not prevent her from remembering that every moment Douglas lost was fraught with danger to him. She, therefore, conjured him to fly. One look she cast upon the inanimate form of Mervin, then passed with Douglas into the garden. When she returned, Mervin was gone.

For nearly the distance of half a mile, Andrew Douglas walked his horse, in order to save it for the exertion which he knew it must make before the morning. But, perhaps, there was another reason for the slowness of his progress—he wished to gaze, while he could, upon that dwelling in which the most cheerful moments of his life had been spent; and as long as he could discern the smallest speck of the building standing out in relief from the dark sky beyond, he withdrew not his eyes. Nevertheless, he rode on, striving to suppress his melancholy, and to give heed only to the furtherance of his present purpose. His object was to cross the Borders into England. Once there, he deemed he might, without detection, take shipping at the first port for France. He was not long in reaching the holly bush, beside the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, which marks the spot where James the Second was slain; and presently he found himself on the banks of the Tweed. The river was too broad at that particular spot for him to run the hazard of crossing it on such a dark night. A few miles farther up, he knew the stream grew narrower. Accordingly he pressed forward, and speedily reached the place where the rocks projected so far into the river on both sides, that the fisherman, with the aid of his rod, could fling himself from one projection to another. The roaring and foaming waters, as they rushed through the narrow gullets between, spoke music to the heart of Douglas, attuned as it was to horror and despair. He was about to leap across the chasm, when some one laid hold of the bridle-rein of his horse, and called to him, "Stop!" He turned and beheld one mounted like himself.

"Now, Douglas, we meet again," said the stranger. "I come to repay you for the blow you gave me."

Douglas was not slow to recognise in the speaker his persecutor, Mervin, who instantly followed up his words by presenting a pistol to his breast. Dashing the weapon aside with one hand, Douglas leant forward, and, with the other, seized Mervin by the throat. Both were pretty powerful men; and the struggle that ensued was fierce. It was not of long duration; for the horses, backing over the precipice, hurled both themselves and their riders into the foaming gulf beneath. The first intelligence that was obtained of this dreadful end of Mervin and Douglas, was in about a week afterwards, when both bodies were found by some fishermen.

In a foreign land, Mr Walker, with his daughter and William Douglas, who, when his father's body had been found and recognised, had been released from jail, sought for that comfort which they felt they could never enjoy in their own. William and Isabella were united; and the old man had the satisfaction of seeing a numerous progeny of grandchildren springing up around him ere his old bones were consigned to the earth. He died ignorant of the cause of Douglas' breach of trust; his daughter deeming it advisable to keep it secret from him, and Hudson not daring to break the oath he had taken.

THE BARON'S VOW.

The Lady Margaret was a Scottish baron's daughter, lovely in feature, and the idol of her father. When she was but a child, the baron had entered into a compact with the Thane of Glendhu, a neighbouring chief, that, at a marriageable age, she should wed his son. At the Thane's death, the lad was sent abroad to receive his education and learn the art of war. The Lady Margaret grew a beauty, and many were the suitors for her hand; but on none but the young Ranald, nephew to the Thane of Glendhu, would she look with favouring eyes. The baron saw her growing love for Ranald, and told her of his vow. All was despair; and Ranald, hopeless, left his native land. The baron now repented of his compact, but it was too late.

As the natal day of Margaret drew near, the day on which she would become nineteen, great were the preparations of the baron. Oxen were ordered to be slaughtered, beer was brewed, and many articles of luxury were sent for to the neighbouring town. The morning of the expected day arrived; and then her father told her that her lover, the young Thane of Glendhu, who had just come to Scotland, had been invited to the grand ball which he purposed giving in the evening. At the same time, he said that his orders were that all should be masked. "This," added he, "I have done that no one may see the workings of your countenance when you receive the Thane." It was in vain that the afflicted Lady Margaret pled most movingly for a private meeting; but her father was deaf to her entreaties, while he affirmed that his precaution of the mask would do away with all objections, and was so peremptory in the matter, that, as usual, she acquiesced; and, having thanked and kissed his dutiful daughter, he withdrew from her with renewed youth in his step and joy in his eye.

Now, "there was wassail in the baron's hall," and music, mirth, and revelry. The evening wore on; and, at length, the Thane of Glendhu was announced. Surrounded by his retainers, he entered the hall with a bold step, amid the baron's welcomings, and took his seat. He was also masked. It was not long ere he sought the Lady Margaret, and led her out to dance. Nor were there any present whose eyes did not follow them with admiration. The dance ended, the Thane led her to a seat, and, sitting down beside her, began to question her of her love, for he had heard of her affection for young Ranald. Lady Margaret confessed all, and told him that though she had no heart to give, for her father's sake, she would be his wife, if he accepted her on these terms. But now her father told her in her ear, she must presently prepare to keep her word, as this must be her bridal-night. Her lover, too, pressed on his suit to have it so. The priest was called for; but, ere the ceremony began, the baron desired that all should unmask. What was the joy of the Lady Margaret to behold, when the Thane's mask was removed, the features of Ranald, who, his cousin being dead, was now the Thane of Glendhu. And now was the castle filled with joyous greetings; and many a wassail bowl was drained to the health and happiness of the noble Thane and that of his lovely bride.

THE VETERAN.

About thirty years ago, I had occasion to travel a good deal through the West Highlands. The greater part of these journeys I performed on foot; partly through choice, and partly from the difficulty of finding conveyances. Of a horse or pony I did, indeed, sometimes avail myself; but, as my time was not limited, and my particular pursuits required frequent halts and deliberation of movement, I much oftener walked than rode. My travelling being thus of a very independent kind, threw incidents in my way, which, perhaps, would hardly have marked the progress of a better provided and probably, therefore, more precipitate traveller.

Amongst the incidents alluded to, was one which I have thought not incapable of interesting others, in some degree at least, if not entirely, as much as it did myself.

As I was making my way, at an early hour of the morning of a day in August, through a romantic pass or hollow, called Glen Oran, I overtook an aged Highlander, who was jogging leisurely onwards in the same direction in which I was going. He was considerably upwards of eighty years of age; but his step was still firm, though deliberate, and his form erect. He was of tall stature: I should have supposed close upon, if not fully, six feet. His shoulders were broad and square; his limbs full and muscular. Time, in short, seemed to have been unable to make any impression upon his iron frame. It might bring his life to a sudden close by attenuating the thread by which it was suspended; but it could not wear down his body by that gradual process of decay by which the generality of the long-lived are prepared for the tomb.

The only very marked indication of the great age he had attained, was presented in the extreme whiteness of his hair, which, streaming from beneath his bonnet, lay in snowy clusters on his shoulders. His dress was the kilt, hose, short coat, and belted plaid. A stout stick, which he carried, and which he handled lightly, and planted firmly as he walked along, completed his equipment. His gait was erect, his stride measured and stately, and his whole bearing of a military cast.

"Good morning to you, sir," said the old Highlander, turning half round on my making up to him, and exhibiting the shrewd, intelligent, and weatherbeaten countenance of one who had "seen service;" the firm, compressed mouth, and the keen, sharp eye of the old soldier.

"Good morning, friend," I replied. "You are early afoot."

"A journey early begun is early ended," said the old Highlander, with a smile, in a bold tone and off-hand manner that confirmed my first impressions of his being an old soldier.

As we were going the same road, we now jogged on together, and soon became so familiar that I did not hesitate, on the strength of some hints which he himself threw out, to commence fishing for a sketch of his history, which I did not feel warranted in asking more directly. To a remark which I made intimating that he had, as I did not doubt, seen service in his day, he replied—

"You may say that, sir. I *have* seen service in my day. I was upwards of forty years in the army; and have now as many pounds per annum, thank God and the King; and nothing to do but wait the order for my last march."

Without further questioning, beyond a hint or two, the old man, who had previously informed me that his name was Duncan Stewart, proceeded to give me the following outlines of his history:—

"You must know," began Duncan, with a smile, "that, although my rank was only that of a sergeant in the army, I lay claim to royal descent through one of the first and most ancient families in the Highlands. Strangers laugh at Highland tenacity in matters of genealogy, and to them such claims as mine appear absurd; but they lead to brave and noble actions: they elevate the character, and render a man incapable of doing what is mean or base. However, let that pass.

"My father was a tacksman, and, both as to education and character, and, I may add, family and circumstances, had a right to consider myself, as he did, a gentleman. My own education was well attended to. With the classics I had, in my younger days, a tolerable acquaintance, and was well versed in several other branches of polite learning. All this you will consider rather unusual in the case of a humble sergeant; but, if you do so, you must recollect that the army, so far as regarded our Highland regiments, was somewhat of a different thing then from what it is now. In those days, the privates of the Black Watch, or Forty-Second, as it is now called, were, to a man, gentlemen—men of family and education. They are still respectable, though, as to social rank, of an inferior class.

"The circumstances which first drove me to the army—for I did not at first enter it quite voluntarily—was an unfortunate incident that occurred to me very early in life. It was in the year 1752, and I was then about eighteen years of age.

"I had an only sister, whom I tenderly loved. She was a cheerful, light-hearted creature; of warm and enthusiastic temper, and guileless heart. My poor, dear Alice! Long, long has she been in the silent grave: but her gentle spirit still hovers around me. It smiles sweetly on me in my dreams, and, with anxious looks, has watched over me on the day of battle. I avenged, with a deadly vengeance, my poor Alice's wrongs; and fondly do I cherish the recollection of that act of well-merited retribution.

"The son of a neighbouring laird, with whom I was on the most friendly terms, and who was a frequent visiter at our house, blasted the reputation and broke the heart of my unhappy sister.

I marked her secret grief, and guessed its cause, before it had attracted the notice of any one else. I took an opportunity of questioning her. She told me all. She told me she had been deceived and betrayed. I knew by whom. I knew it was by him whom I had reckoned a friend, and who was one of my most intimate acquaintances.

"Previous to this, I had remarked, and thought it strange, that young Munro—for such was the name of the person of whom I speak—had, for a series of weeks, absented himself from our house; his calls having been, before this, almost daily. Stranger still, that I could never meet with

him anywhere. There were now no proposals from him to go a shooting or fishing, as formerly: neither could I ever find him at home, when I went on a visit to his father's house. In short, conscious of guilt, he now shunned and avoided both me and the object of his villany.

"My unfortunate sister's communications explained all. Immediately after that communication had been made, I proceeded to Munro's father's house, and inquired if he was within? As usual, I was informed that he was not. Neither, indeed, was he on this, or on any of the other late occasions on which I had called; for, as he dared not deny himself, without subjecting himself to the suspicion of his own family, he was now in the habit of taking horse at an early hour of the day, and going to visit distant friends, rarely returning home till a late hour of the night. On learning that he was absent, I inquired where he was? They could not tell; for, the same motive which induced him to absent himself, made him conceal, as often as he could, whither he intended going.

"I now determined, as I was resolved to see him, to await his return at some distance from the house; there being but one road by which he could reach the latter on horseback. With this view, I took my station on a certain spot, which he must pass, about half a mile from his father's house.

"In making my inquiries for young Munro, I had endeavoured to make it appear as but an ordinary matter; carefully suppressing, as far as I could, all excitation of manner; for I was desirous of concealing the injury that had been done, so long as there was a chance of its being repaired: that is, so long as there was a chance that the seducer might be induced to do justice to his victim, at least such justice as was yet in his power.

"I had a weary stance of it, waiting for the return of Munro; but he at length appeared. I advanced to meet him. His face became pale as death on seeing me; for, in my altered and angry countenance, he saw at once that I met him not as a friend; and he guessed the cause.

"As we approached, however, he affected a laugh of friendly good humour, and extended his hand towards me, as of old.

"'No, Munro,' I said, grasping the bridle of his horse; 'no hand of yours will I ever grasp again, but as a sign of deadly hostility, unless you repair the injury you have done me and mine.'

"'What do you mean, Duncan?' he replied.

"'Mean, Munro!' I exclaimed indignantly. 'Would you have me believe that you do not understand me. Don't add meanness to villany. They are only sneaking cowards who deny their crimes: bold men avow them. And I had rather deal with a brave man than a poltroon, under any circumstances.'

"'These are harsh terms, Stewart,' said Munro, reddening.

"'As yet, however, I have not applied them directly to you, Munro,' I replied; 'you have yet to prove more fully that you deserve them. But there is no use in us bandying words on the present occasion. That was not my purpose. Our present interview needs be but very short. All that I have to say can be said in a very few words, and they are these, 'If, by this time to-morrow night, you have not signified to me your intention of making my unfortunate sister your wife, and if she is not your wife within a week thereafter, consider me as your deadliest enemy; and, reckon on it, that, whenever or wherever we meet again, one or both of us must die.'

"Having said this, I dropt my hold of his horse's bridle, and left him, without waiting for any reply, or turning round to see what impression the words I had just uttered had upon him.

"Two days passed away, and, in that time, no communication of any kind came from Munro. This I understood to be a sign of his having no intention of doing the justice to my unfortunate sister which I had demanded at his hands; and I resolved to act accordingly. I did all I could to obtain a meeting with him; but this, for some time, he contrived to evade.

"At length, however, we met—met unexpectedly: by mere accident. It was in a lonely place. We were both armed with sword and dirk; such being the fashion of the times, although that fashion is now all but extinct.

"'Thank God, Munro,' I said, 'we have met at last. Never did mother long to see and embrace her first-born, after years of absence, as I have longed to meet with you. Never did hart pant for the water brook, as I have thirsted for vengeance on you, George Munro.'

"While saying this, I had dashed my bonnet to the ground, thrown off my plaid, and drawn my trusty Ferrara. Munro, though a villain, was no coward. He was not behind me in preparation for the coming strife. But he spoke not: not a word. In the next instant our weapons were crossed.

"In this attitude we remained for a second or two, looking at each other like two demons. We were both expert swordsmen, and knew well the extent of each other's skill, and that the utmost caution and vigilance in our movements were necessary, to give us any chance of either safety or success in the encounter. At length Munro made a movement. He struck for the outside of my right arm. I caught the blow on the basket-hilt of my sword, and returned with a successful cut at his forehead. The stroke laid open a wide gash, from which the blood streamed over his face. He lost temper, and advanced on me furiously. Several rapid cuts and thrusts were now made and parried by both. An inequality in the ground suddenly brought me down on one knee. My antagonist saw his advantage, and struck at my head; I threw a St George, caught the blow on my blade, and, in the same instant almost, passed my sword through his body, which, the movement he had made, left for a second exposed. Munro fell at my feet, a dead man. I fled; for the friends of the deceased were powerful; and my father's house was no longer a place of safety for me. Indeed I was no longer safe in the country.

"My first object, in the meantime, was to reach Perth, where I had some friends, and to be guided by circumstances, and their advice, as to my future proceedings. With this view, I travelled all night, over mountain and dale; and, as morning broke, (this occurred in the middle of September,) found myself emerging from the Pass of Glenalmond.

"I was now very much fatigued, having walked through glens and over heathy hills, with rarely anything like a road under me, upwards of thirty miles. Fairly exhausted, then, both by travel and hunger, I flung myself down on the heather, in a retired spot, between two rocks, gathered my plaid around me, and quickly fell into a profound sleep.

"On awaking, in about two hours afterwards, I arose, much refreshed, and recommenced my journey, but found myself so lame in one of my legs, which I had sprained violently in taking a leap, that it was with pain and difficulty I could get forward.

"While thus struggling on, I suddenly found myself the object of the earnest scrutiny of a man, dressed in the full costume of the Highlands, and carrying on his shoulder a gun of great length, who stood upon a rock immediately above me, but whom I had not observed till I chanced to look upwards, on coming nearly beneath the spot on which he stood.

"On perceiving that I had discovered him—

"'You seem very much fatigued, young man,' he called to me, in Gaelic.

"I replied that I was.

"'How far have you yet to go?' he next inquired.

"I said I intended making out Perth.

"'You will hardly do that to-day, in the state you are in,' he said. 'Better rest for the day, and start to-morrow.'

"I replied, that I would gladly do so, but that I was an entire stranger in that part of the country, and knew of no friend's house to go to.

"'Stop there a moment, young man,' said he of the long gun.

"And he disappeared from the height, and, in the next moment, was by my side.

"He was a very fine-looking man, one of the finest I ever saw; about, I think, thirty-five years of age; and splendidly attired in the mountain garb: there being much of both gold and silver about his dress, in the shape of brooches, buckles, and ornaments of various kinds. All his buttons, in particular, were of solid silver, and many of them were large and massive. To what rank or class he belonged I was at a loss to conjecture; for his manner, while not precisely that of a gentleman, was yet too dignified to allow of my supposing him to be a common personage.

"On coming up to me—

"'Young man,' said this person, 'if you choose to accept such accommodation and entertainment as I can afford you, you are welcome to them. Perhaps you may, one day, do me a good turn in recompense; and though you should not, what then? We all owe kindness to each other. Will you take me at my word?'

"'At once,' said I, 'and with many thanks.'

"'Follow me, then,' said my unknown inviter.

"I did so; when, after threading one or two narrow glens, my new-found friend kindly affording me the support of his arm, we came to a rocky recess amongst the hills, in which was a large cave or cavern, but of so wide and lofty an entrance, that all that was within it could be pretty distinctly seen as you approached it.

"This circumstance enabled me to discern, as we drew near the cave—for it was to this point that my conductor now led me—that it was occupied by several persons who appeared to be busily employed in cooking.

"We entered it, when my conductor briefly explained to his friends or associates—for such were its inmates—the circumstances under which he had found me, and his wish that I should be hospitably treated. The wish was readily complied with. Every one was more eager than another to welcome me. One spread a couch of heather for me, throwing a plaid over it, in a corner of the cave; while another ran to a cask with a quaich, and brought me a jorum of whisky, which he made me, nothing loth, drain to the bottom. Having thrown myself on the couch which had been so kindly prepared for me, several other plaids were thrown over me; and I was desired to rest myself until the food, which was in process of cooking, was ready.

"Left to myself, I had now an opportunity of noting every person and thing around me; and of forming, undisturbed, my conjectures regarding them. The first thing that attracted my notice was the ample supply of provisions with which the place was furnished. An entire cow, with the carcasses of two or three sheep, all skinned, dressed, and ready for the pot or the spit, were hung up in a corner of the cavern, which was of great extent. The cooking going on was in keeping with this rough superabundance of provender. Two huge joints of meat were roasting before an immense fire, that blazed in the centre of the cave; while an equal quantity, to judge by the size of the utensil it was in, stewed or boiled in an immense pot or cauldron slung over the fire.

"The number of persons present was about twelve or fourteen; but I gathered, from some remarks that were made that a great many more were expected. Who these were or where they were, I had no opportunity of learning.

"The meal now in preparation was breakfast. But many rough and round breakfasts as I had seen in our wild Highland country, I had never seen any of so substantial or of so rough a character as this.

"The language spoken by the inmates of the cavern, I need hardly say, was Gaelic—all Gaelic. Neither need I say, I dare say, that, on observing all these things, and recollecting the descriptions I had often heard of similar scenes, I soon came to a conclusion, and a correct one, as to the nature and character both of the place I was in, and the persons I was amongst. The latter I now knew to be Cearnachs, or, as they would now be called, freebooters. But they were not this in the sense in which that word is at present understood. They took the cattle only of their enemies, whether Lowlanders, or neighbouring clans with whom they were at feud. Their depredations, therefore, were not, or at least were not considered by themselves, as robberies, but reprisals, and their whole system one rather of warfare than spoliation.

"Such, then, were the persons whom I had now got amongst, and by whom I was so kindly treated. He of the party whom I had first encountered, and who was their chief or leader, was the celebrated Donald Cameron, or Donald Bane Lean; one of the most active and daring men the Highlands ever produced; but who, wild as his life had been, had never stained his hand with blood otherwise than in fair fight, never robbed an individual by taking what was on his person, and never entered a house for the purpose of plunder.

"But to return to my story:—

"Having lain on the couch which had been so kindly prepared for me for about two hours, during the latter part of which I had fallen into a profound sleep, I was awakened by an extraordinary noise and clamour. On opening my eyes, I found the number of persons in the cave greatly increased. In fact, a new and numerous party had just arrived, all well armed, and apparently of the same profession with my first friends—viz., Cearnachs, or cattle-lifters.

"A rude table was now formed of boards, supported by half a dozen empty kegs; and on this the smoking joints which I had seen suspended before the fire were placed, together with several stone jars of whisky, and a crowd of quaichs, two or three of which were of silver, the rest of wood, but of neat workmanship.

Around this primitive table, the party, which now consisted, altogether, of about five-and-twenty men, all as fine, manly-looking young fellows as you could wish to see, placed themselves, sitting on planks, supported by stones, at a height adjusted to that of the table. At this rough board I was now also called on to take my place. I did so, and partook liberally—for I was famishing with hunger—of the substantial cheer with which it was loaded.

"The feast was not of long continuance. The food was quickly consumed, and the spirits were but sparingly drank; few taking more than what might be equal to a wine-glassful, and many not so much. At the conclusion of the meal, the whole party arose; and, from what I overheard, I discovered that they were about to set out on a great and hazardous expedition. Against whom it was to be directed, or in what quarter, was not divulged. In less than a quarter of an hour after, the whole party, with the exception of Donald Cameron himself, and other two men, left the cave, and of them I saw no more.

"What the reason was for their leader remaining behind on this particular occasion, I never learned; but it was the more extraordinary, that he always headed, in person, the forays of his band; and the more dangerous the expedition, the more certain was his presence in such situation.

For poor Cameron, however, the remaining behind, in the present instance, was a most unfortunate proceeding, as you shall hear presently.

"Perceiving me still lame, Cameron insisted on my remaining where I was for another day; and, to tell a truth, finding my quarters good, though somewhat of the roughest, and my limb rather painful, I was glad enough of the invitation. So, throwing myself down again upon my couch, I made up my mind to luxuriate in another day's ease and idleness.

"Cameron, in the meantime, was spending the day listlessly enough. He seemed out of his element in the inactivity of his present situation; restless and uneasy. Now, he would walk up and down the cave singing Gaelic songs; anon, he would go to the mouth of the cave, and, with his hands behind his back, stand there for half an hour at a stretch, whistling, with great spirit and accuracy, some of the wild pibrochs of his native glens and mountains. It was while thus occupied, or, rather, unoccupied, on one occasion, that Cameron suddenly rushed back into the cave, at the mouth of which he had been standing, exclaiming—

"'Up, Duncan—up M'Callum. The soldiers—the soldiers.' And flying towards his musket, which was standing in a corner close by where I lay.

"The men thus addressed, the only two besides Cameron and myself who were in the cavern, sprung to their feet. They had lain themselves down on some heaps of heather, and had been, I suppose, asleep. They, too, seized muskets apiece, when all three advanced to the entrance of the cavern to mark the movements of the soldiers, who were a party of the Forty-Second, or Black Watch, from Perth, where a detachment of that regiment was at this time stationed. The soldiers, to the number of about fifteen or twenty, under the command of a sergeant, were already within a hundred yards of the cave, for which they were directly marching; acting, there is little doubt, on some accurate information as to the whereabouts of Cameron's retreat.

"Alarmed by the latter's announcement, I, too, had rushed to the mouth of the cave, to see what was going on, when the former desired me to keep within, as it was probable the military would fire into the cave before coming much nearer; and that, as I was not one of them, I had no occasion to expose myself.

"In the meantime, the soldiers had lessened the distance to about forty yards, when they halted, formed line, and brought their muskets to the present—every muzzle being pointed to the mouth of the cave. This appalling movement drove us all within; for resistance was useless; and of this Cameron himself was satisfied. In the next instant, the soldiers, with fixed bayonets, and their muskets at the charge, rushed into the cave and made us all prisoners—myself with the others; for, as yet, their was no opportunity of discriminating cases. Indeed, so far as regarded mine, this threatened to be a rather difficult and tedious affair; for the soldiers were not, of course, to believe my statement; nor was it likely they would believe the corroboration of my now unfortunate friends, although offered.

"Their business, in the meantime, was to make us all prisoners; and they did so. Cameron, who they knew to be the leader of the gang, they handcuffed; the other two men and myself were placed, unfettered, between two files; and thus we were marched to Perth, where we were thrown into prison.

"During the march, I had had an opportunity of telling the sergeant my story; and he promised to mention the matter to his captain on our arrival in Perth. He did so; when the latter, who turned out to be an intimate friend of my father's, immediately paid me a visit in the jail, and, next day effected my liberation.

"Poor Cameron was, shortly after, tried for cattle stealing, and executed at Kinloch Rannoch; exclaiming bitterly against the hardness of his fate, which the habits and customs of his country taught him to look upon as most unjust, and wholly unmerited. The other two men were banished the country.

"On being liberated from jail, I went directly to Captain Campbell—the name of the officer to whom I was indebted for my liberation. My purpose in doing this was twofold. It was to thank him for what he had done, and to place myself under him as a soldier. To enlist, in short. On this I had determined—my young imagination having been caught by the elegant dress, the scarlet jacket and waistcoat, the voluminous but graceful belted plaid, pistols, dirk, &c., which formed then the equipment of a soldier of the Black Watch. Enlist then, I did, in the company of Captain Campbell of Strachur, to whom I had explained the reason of my having fled from my father's house, and who had promised me his protection and patronage.

"Soon after joining, I was sent, with a number of other recruits, to the headquarters of the regiment, which was then in Ireland. The corps was dispersed throughout the country in small detachments. That to which I was eventually attached was stationed at a small village some eight or ten miles from Armagh.

"The country being at this time peaceable, and the inhabitants, everywhere, on the best terms with the military, we had a very easy and pleasant time of it. Little to do and plenty to live upon. We were, besides, hospitably entertained by the people around us. In this way, two years passed away; and it was about the end of this time that I was stationed at the place above alluded to—namely, the neighbourhood of Armagh. Previous to this, I had been quartered with my detachment in various parts of Ireland. Having, as I have already said, little military duty to perform, I was in the habit of walking much about—sometimes with a comrade and sometimes alone.

"It was on one of the latter occasions—that is, as I was strolling by myself into the country, on a delightful evening in July—I saw a carriage approaching me at unusual speed. The horses were at full gallop; and the driver was labouring, with whip and spur, to increase their speed yet further.

"Somewhat surprised by the circumstance, I drew up by the side of the road, and there stood a moment, to allow the carriage to pass. On it came. It contained a lady and a gentleman. I could perceive that there was a disagreement of some kind between them. The lady appeared to be endeavouring to get her head out of one of the windows, he to be holding her forcibly back. In the next moment, and just as the carriage whirled past me, the young woman, who had doubtless seen me, screamed—

"Help, help! For God's sake, help!" the words suddenly becoming smothered and unintelligible, as if a hand had been pressed against the mouth by which they were uttered.

"The whole scene was the occurrence of but an instant; and the carriage was a long way past before I could fully comprehend what I had seen or heard. The help, however, which had been demanded in a tone of such deep distress, and by a woman, too, I determined, after a moment's reflection, on affording, let the consequences be what they might. Luckily, circumstances enabled me still to afford the aid which had been solicited.

"The carriage having passed me some way, suddenly turned up a by-road, between which and the point on which I stood lay two or three parks that, if quickly crossed, would enable me to intercept it. Perceiving this, I leapt over the dyke of the nearest field, crossed it and the others at the top of my speed, clearing walls and ditches like a greyhound, and gained the by-road at the distance of fully a

hundred yards a-head of the carriage, which was now moving more slowly.

"Planting myself in the middle of the road, I now drew one of my pistols; in which, however, there was no shot; but I trusted to its appearance answering the desired end.

"The carriage came on. 'Stop!' I exclaimed, holding my pistol at arm's length, and pointing it at the driver or coachman.

"The man became alarmed, and instantly reined in; when the gentleman within the carriage thrust out his head, and called out—

"'How dare you, sir, stop a carriage on the King's highway?'

"'This is not the King's highway, sir,' I exclaimed; 'but that doesn't matter. There's a young female in that carriage, who has called out for help, and I will know what it means before I allow you to proceed a step farther.'

"'You are an insolent scoundrel, sir,' he replied. 'I'll report you to your commanding officer, whom I know very well.'

"'As you please as to that, sir,' I answered. 'But I must know whether that young person in the carriage still desires my interference in her behalf.'

"'Oh, yes, yes! I do, I do!' exclaimed the young woman, forcing her dishevelled head out of the carriage window.

"'That's enough,' said I. 'Coachman, if you move an inch, you're a dead man.'

"On my saying this, the gentleman flung up the door of the carriage, leapt out, and, drawing his sword, rushed towards me, exclaiming—

"'I'll teach you manners, you villain. I believe you are no other than a highwayman in the disguise of a soldier.'

"'That may be, too,' said I; 'but never mind. Give me the lesson you promised me.'

"And, as I said this, I retreated two or three paces, in order to get time to thrust my useless pistol into my belt, and to draw my trusty claymore; at the use of which, by the way, I had, though pretty good before, become now so expert, as to have obtained the reputation of being the best swordsman in the regiment; and there were many in it who knew well how to handle their weapon.

"In the next instant, we had crossed swords; but I quickly found that my antagonist was no match for me. We had not made more than two or three exchanges when I inflicted such a wound on his right arm as at once disabled him. It fell with his sword useless by his side.

"On seeing this—'I desire no more,' said I. 'You may now go on your way;' and, without waiting for any reply or remark, hastened after the young woman, who having, in the meantime, escaped from the carriage, was flying madly along the road.

"I quickly overtook her. She was weeping bitterly, and in the most dreadful agitation. I did what I could to soothe and allay her fears; and offered to accompany her home, wherever that home might be. This offer she gladly accepted, at the same time expressing, in broken sentences, but with heartfelt gratitude, her thanks for the service I had done her.

"She was about one or two and twenty years of age, and one of the fairest girls I had ever seen. A soft bright eye, ruby lips, and a countenance indicative of a warm and generous nature.

"Her dress was that of a person in middle life: neither what could be called genteel nor otherwise."

Here the old veteran paused a moment, as it overcome with some sudden emotion; as if those recollections of the past, which his narration was summoning up, had become too vivid to be borne.

At length he resumed. "That young woman, stranger, became my wife; and my faithful, my kind, my affectionate wife. For forty years, we fought the world's battle together; and for twenty-five of these she was the sharer of all the fatigues, vicissitudes, and, frequently, the dangers of my military life.

"Her maiden name was Nora Cassady. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer.

"During our walk home to her father's house, on the occasion of which I was speaking, Nora informed me of all the circumstances of the singular case which had just occurred.

"She told me that the gentleman—as we must, I suppose, call him, by courtesy—from whom I had rescued her, was a wild young Irishman, and a man of fortune, of the name of Doyle, who had repeatedly sought to force his addresses upon her. That she had always got out of his way when she could avoid him, and had taken every other means she could think of to repel him.

"That, on this evening, he had met her as she was returning home from Armagh; and had, with the assistance of his coachman, forced her into his carriage; and was, as she supposed, carrying her, when I met them, either to his own home, or to some distant place, out of the reach of her friends.

"Such was Nora's account of this affair; and it was a true one.

"It was late when we reached her father's house; for it was nearly five miles distant from the spot where I had stopped the carriage; and the parents who had expected her return some hours before, were in great uneasiness at her prolonged absence.

"On her entrance, both father and mother rose from their seats, and flew joyously towards her; for she was an only child, and the delight of their hearts: but, on seeing me, who followed close behind her, they suddenly checked themselves; looking on me, the father in particular, with an air of surprise and displeasure.

"This feeling, however, the explanations of their daughter quickly changed into kindness and respect. The old couple, in truth, knew not how to express their gratitude to me. The best the house could afford, and very good things they were—for the people were in respectable if no affluent circumstances—was placed before me. The old man—but he was not very old either; just bordering on sixty, I think—even took an opportunity of slipping ten guineas into my hand. He thought this would be no unwelcome gift to a private soldier. He did not know our Highland pride; neither did he know the class of which our Highland regiments were then composed. I returned him the money as privately as he had given it to me, saying, with a smile, that when I stood in need of what he had so handsomely offered me, I would not fail to apply to him; but that, in the meantime, he must excuse me. From this period I became a frequent and regular visiter at the house; and, in less than three months after, Nora Cassady and I were married.

"Our regiment remained in Ireland for two years after this—that is, till 1756—when we were marched to Cork, and there embarked for America, where hostilities had commenced between England and France. Before mentioning any circumstances subsequent to this, however, I feel myself bound to relate an anecdote, creditable, I think, to the national character of Ireland; at any rate, to the individual to whom it refers.

"On the day before we left Armagh for Cork, a messenger came to me and informed me that there was a gentleman at the inn who desired to see me immediately. I repaired to the inn, was ushered into a room, and found that the gentleman who desired to see me was Mr Doyle. I had never seen him since the affair of the rescue, but knew him at once. On my entrance, he came up to me

with extended hand, saying—for it appears he had learned my name—

"'Stewart, you are a brave man, and, what is better, a good one. I was a fool, if not something worse; yes, worse I was. Can you forgive me?'

"Overcome at once by his manly frankness and confiding contrition—

"'Surely, sir, I can,' said I, taking, with all cordiality, the hand he offered me. I harbour no resentment against you; none whatever. What is past is forgotten.'

"'Will you do me a favour, then,' said he, 'by way of assuring me that it is so—that we are henceforth friends.'

"'Most readily,' I said, 'if it be in my power.'

"'Will you accept, then, this gold watch, and wear it for my sake?'

"The great value of the present staggered me, and I hesitated. He looked vexed and disappointed. I saw it, and accepted the gift.

"'Now,' said he, 'there is yet another with whom I have to make my peace, if it be possible. Your wife, Stewart; I injured her deeply. What reparation can I make to her?'

"'I'll be your mediator,' I said; 'and I engage to induce her, not only to forgive you, but to wish you well.'

"He shook his head and smiled.

"'That were too much,' he said. 'But now,' he added, 'don't take what I am going to say and do amiss. Mrs Stewart is going abroad; so are you. In such cases there are many little things wanted. Ladies, in particular, require a great many little comforts. Now, will you present this purse to Mrs Stewart, in my name; and, in your own, beg her acceptance of it.'

"It contained fifty guineas. Seeing how much he was bent on making these presents, and how really unhappy their refusal would have made him, this last I also accepted, and without paining him, as in the former instance, by any hesitation. We now drank a bottle of wine together, parted, and never met again. So goes the world.

"As it is not my intention to give you a history of my life, which, I fear, would be rather a tedious affair, but merely two or three of its more remarkable incidents, I pass over the earlier part of the American War, in which, though I saw a good deal of fighting, and was twice severely wounded—the second time at the sanguinary affair of Ticonderago—nothing occurred to me, personally or individually, in any way remarkable, if I except my being promoted to a sergeantcy soon after the affair just alluded to, although at the time I little expected that or any other worldly advancement. I was shot through the body, and lay for several hours immovable and insensible. Indeed I was gathered amongst the heaps of dead preparatory to interment, when my poor wife, who had been informed that I had fallen, coming in search of my body, found me, and discovering that I still breathed, although so faintly that only the eager and anxious scrutiny of affection could have perceived it, she had me carried away to my quarters, where she tended me night and day, and eventually, with occasional advice from the surgeon, restored me to life and health. In six weeks after, I was as well as ever; nor did I ever afterwards feel any, the slightest inconvenience from my wound.

"About a year after this, an expedition, of which a strong detachment of the Forty-Second formed a part, was sent against Fort Du Quesne. On that occasion we drove the enemy, who had marched out of the fort to engage us, into the woods, after a desperate conflict. In the straggling and desultory fighting, which now took place, I found myself, on one occasion, quite alone. At this moment, an Indian, starting from behind a tree that had concealed him, sprung towards me and aimed a blow at me with his tomahawk. I warded off the blow with my sword, and returned the stroke by inflicting a wound on one of the savage's knees, which brought him instantly to the ground. At this moment, a party of our men came up, when one of them rushed upon the wounded Indian, with his bayonet at the charge, and would have run him through had I not struck aside the point of his weapon. I could not endure to see the wounded wretch butchered in cold blood; for he was no longer capable of resistance, nor did he attempt any. He was a finely formed and powerful looking man too; and had, somehow or other, inspired me with a strong wish to save his life. For this I could not perhaps have given any good reason then, or, indeed, any reason at all, nor can I now; but so it was.

"The party who had come up were by no means pleased at my interference in behalf of the wounded Indian, and went prowling about him like hungry wolves, eager to plunge their bayonets into his body, but not venturing to do so against my orders. I do not know that I could eventually have saved him had it not been for the opportune appearance—opportune I mean for him, but not at all for us—of a strong body of French and Indians, who drove us out of the wood, and eventually compelled the detachment of British troops and provincials that had been sent on the expedition to retreat with great loss. It had been, from the beginning, an ill-judged, and worse managed affair, on our side; the force sent against the fort being weak out of all proportion to that with which it was defended. It was sufficiently sanguinary, however, and well fought by my gallant countrymen. Of the officers of a detachment of 400 Highlanders, which was our strength on that occasion, fourteen were killed and wounded. So that wherever our loss might be, it was not on the score of honour.

"Some time after the conclusion of the war, we were re-embarked for Ireland, where we arrived towards the latter end of June, 1767. By a curious chance, I was again stationed in Armagh, and had the happiness of seeing my wife again restored to her friends, for a time, after an absence of nearly ten years, during which time we had both seen much of the world, and experienced no small share of its hardships. Her father and mother were still alive, and well. But Doyle was dead: he had been killed, two years before, in a duel.

"In Ireland we remained till the year 1775, when we were removed to Scotland, where we continued till the breaking out of the second American War, in the following year. In that year, in the month of April, we were again embarked for America, to go through the same hardships and dangers we had already experienced there. My wife, who would not be prevailed on to remain behind, again accompanied me.

"For the first two or three days, our voyage was prosperous; but, on the fourth, we were overtaken by a violent storm, which separated the transports, and left them to find their way individually, as they best could, to their place of destination. That in which I was on board, with a company of the Forty-Second, was taken, some days afterwards, by an American ship of war, and carried into Boston, which was then in a state of violent ferment and hostility with Great Britain.

"On our arrival at Boston, we were detained as prisoners of war; and, though not very strictly confined, vigilantly watched and guarded.

"Two or three days after our arrival, we were invited to a public banquet. The circumstance seemed to us rather extraordinary, as it was certainly far from being usual to entertain prisoners of war in this way. Struck with the singularity of the proceeding, we suspected some sinister design, but accepted the invitation.

"On the day appointed for the banquet, we were assembled and marched to a large hall, where we found a superb

dinner, spread over a table capable of accommodating two or three hundred people. The guests, besides ourselves, consisted of the chief persons of the town, and a number of American military officers. On the cloth being drawn, and two or three toasts having gone round, the person, a military officer, who presided at the head of the table, rose, and, after a long speech, in which he eulogised the gallantry of the Forty-Second, and inveighed bitterly against the injustice of the impending war, on the part of the British, concluded by inviting us to join the American cause, promising each and all of us liberal grants of the most fertile lands, on the termination of the war.

"For this proposal we were not altogether unprepared, as we had been tampered with, individually, with the same view, by several persons since our arrival, but to little purpose.

"On the present occasion, the men looked towards me, there being none of our officers present, to make some reply to the proposal which had just been made. Knowing their thoughts and feelings on the subject, and that there was not a man amongst them who would not have suffered death ten times over, rather than prove unfaithful to their allegiance, I did so without hesitation. I rose, and, in the best way I could, thanked the gentleman, who had spoken, for the flattering opinion he was pleased to express of the gallantry of the corps to which I had the honour to belong; but added, that I regretted much that any one could have entertained, for a moment, an idea that either the dread of misfortune, or the prospect of reward, however dismal the one might be, however bright the other, could tempt a single Highlander to desert his colours, his country, and his king

"Excited by my earnestness and warmth—I dare not say by my eloquence, which was homely enough, but it came from the heart—my poor fellows, my companions in arms, rose as one man from their seats, each with his glass in his hand, and placing, after the Highland fashion, one foot on the table and another on the seat they had occupied, drank, with a shout of acclamation, the health of the King, regardless of the consideration that they were doing so in the midst of his enemies.

"To do the Americans justice, they did not resent this ebullition of loyalty. It put an end, indeed, to all further attempts on the fidelity of our men, but did not, in any way, affect our subsequent treatment.

"Soon after this, we were sent in small, separate parties to the back settlements, where we were detained until the following year, when we were exchanged, and again joined our regiment.

"A good deal of hard fighting succeeded this, and, in all, the Forty-Second had fully its own share. But it is with my own individual adventures we have to do on the present occasion. To take up these in their order, then, as nearly as I can recollect:—

"Towards the close of the year 1778, the war in America still going on with various results, I was placed, with a party of twelve men, in charge of a post at a place called Billingspoint. It was a sort of fort, on a small scale, consisting of two or three temporary houses for the accommodation of the garrison, surrounded by a deep ditch, and, within that, by a kind of rampart with embrasures, from which musketry or cannon could be fired on an approaching enemy without exposure to their fire in return.

"The place was accessible by one entrance only, a strong gate, composed of short pieces of solid log of a foot and a foot and a half in diameter.

"It was situated on the skirt of a forest, and was considered a particularly dangerous one, from its liability to surprise and attack from the Indians.

"On this account, it was intrusted only to picked men—men whose steadiness could be relied on.

"Here I resided with the men under my charge, and my wife along with me, safe and undisturbed, for several months.

"In all that time, we had not seen the face of an Indian, nor any trace whatever of them, nor, indeed, of an enemy of any kind.

"But the former had been often nearer us than we dreamt of. By some means or other, they had ascertained our numbers; nay, as circumstances which I am going to mention will prove, they must have noted us all individually from their places of concealment around, and learned the whole of the internal economy of our little garrison, all our outgoings and incomings.

"Of this, however, anon.

"At the distance of about seven miles from the post which I held, there was a strong fort, occupied by a captain's company, and a small party of artillery, to which I was in the habit of repairing, by order, once a-week, to report on the state of my little garrison, and to state any circumstance worth noting that might have occurred, or have come under my observation.

"This journey I used always to perform alone; not choosing to weaken my little garrison by taking any of the men along with me. There were too few of us to be divided.

"Returning to our post one night, after having made my usual report at the fort, I was dreadfully alarmed to perceive, when within about half a mile of the former, a dense cloud of smoke arising from it.

"My first impression was, that our houses, which were all constructed of wood, had taken fire by accident; but this impression soon gave way to more alarming fears. I began to apprehend that the post had been attacked by the Indians.

"Filled with horror at the dreadful idea—for I knew that if they had been successful, and the smoking houses gave but too strong assurance of their having been so—that my poor wife, and every one of the little garrison, would be cruelly murdered, I ran madly on, regardless of the certain destruction which, I might have calculated, I was rushing towards.

"On reaching the post, I found my worst fears, with one exception, realized. The place had been attacked, carried, and set on fire by the savages.

"I rushed in at the gate, which had been burned down, the Indians being unable to force it in any other way, and found my wife sitting on the ground, with her head reclining backwards against the rampart, in a state between insensibility and stupefaction; but, as I quickly ascertained, otherwise wholly uninjured.

"I will not pause to describe my joy on discovering this, but rather advert to the dismal causes of a very opposite feeling which the scene around me presented. The dead bodies of my late fellow soldiers, lay thick about me, all of them scalped, and some of them dreadfully mutilated.

"They had, every man of them, died, fighting desperately, with their arms in their hands; but these last had been all carried off by their savage assailants.

"They, however, had not fallen unavenged, as some eight or ten dead bodies of Indians, with whom they lay intermingled in death, full plainly told.

"On recovering from her swoon—an event which my voice and presence facilitated—my wife gave me a brief account of what had happened.

"She told me that, about an hour after I had left the garrison, a large body of Indians, as if aware of my absence had suddenly rushed out of the wood, with the most hideous whoops and yells, and had assailed the position.

"That, on the alarm of their approach, our poor fellows flew to their arms; and, regardless of the odds, commenced so vigorous a fire on them, as kept them at bay for

a great length of time: That the Indians, however, gradually closed round the position; and, finally, forced their way in, when a desperate conflict ensued between them and the survivors of the little garrison, all of whom had been previously less or more severely wounded. Numbers prevailed; and they were ultimately overpowered and murdered.

"'And how on earth have you escaped, Nora?' I said.

"'By a very singular circumstance,' she replied. 'An Indian had seized me by the hair of the head with one hand, and, with the other, was about to plunge a knife into my breast, when his arm was arrested by another savage, who dashed him aside, and, in a tone of authority, seemed to intimate to him, and to the rest, that they were to do me no injury. From that moment, not one of the savages again approached me. They left me sitting where you discovered me; and where, falling into the state in which you found me, I became unconscious of all that subsequently passed.

"An idea suddenly crossed my mind.

"'Was the man who befriended you a very tall, stout, and fine-looking man,' I inquired.

"'He was,' replied my wife; 'and slightly lame in one leg.'

"'It is the same. The same, I have no doubt,' said I. 'The man whose life I saved at Fort du Quesne, thirteen years ago.'

"At this moment, and as if he had sprung out of the earth, the Indian to whom I alluded stood beside us. My wife, not immediately recognising him, shrieked, and would have fled. He playfully held up his hands and intercepted her.

"He then, laughingly, pointed to his lame leg, and looking significantly at me, said—

"'You remember?'

"My ancient foe had learned English by this time.

"I said I did, and also himself, perfectly. In this there was no difficulty, for he was a man of quite uncommon personal appearance.

"'Indian remember too, and remember you.'

"The savage then proceeded to inform me, in his broken language, that he had, some days previously, recognised me as one of the little garrison, and had ascertained that the female, the only one in the station, was my wife; and that, in saving her life, he had sought to recompense the similar service I had done him.

"The Indian now urged our immediate departure from the station, giving us to understand that he could not answer for our safety if we remained longer in that neighbourhood. We immediately quitted the place, and proceeded towards the fort of which I have already made mention; the Indian escorting us half the way, in order, as he informed us, to protect us from the attacks of any stray parties of his tribe who might be roving about.

"And lucky it was for us he did so, otherwise our fate had been a dismal one; for while we were traversing a thicket, which lay between the station I had occupied and the fort, we were suddenly alarmed by hearing the well-known whoop of the savages in various directions around us, although we could see no one.

"On hearing these appalling sounds, my wife clung to me in great terror, exclaiming we should all be murdered. The Indian, perceiving her agitation, smiled, and endeavoured, by signs and such words as he could command, to reassure her, and to give her to understand that she had nothing to fear.

"Having done this, he suddenly stood fast; and, raising his hands to his mouth, uttered a yell or whoop that made the whole wood ring.

"You will readily believe that my own feelings in these circumstances could not be very pleasant. They were far from being so; for I dreaded treachery on the part of our escort; and, supposing him to be faithful, doubted his ability to protect us. In the first, however, I did him an injustice; and, in the latter, underrated his influence.

"On emitting the shrill and fearful cry which I have spoken of, the savage motioned to us to stand still, while he himself inclined his head, as if listening to catch some sound he expected to hear.

"These sounds—as he indicated to us by a smiling, intelligent look, and a motion with the extended forefinger of his right hand—he heard long before we did. They were those of approaching footsteps, or rather of the yielding of branches and bushes through which some persons were forcing their way.

"In the next instant, half-a-dozen red warriors rushed in upon us, flourishing their tomahawks, and uttering the most hideous yells.

"With my poor wife and I these savages would have made short work, had it not been for our friendly escort, who, by one word—which, however, I did not understand—instantly stayed their hands.

"Having gone aside for a few seconds with the party, who appeared to belong to his own tribe, and held some conversation with them, our Indian returned to us, and motioned us to move on.

"We did so, and met with no further interruption. Neither did we see or hear anything more of the party who had so much alarmed us.

"On reaching what he considered a safe distance, our guide suddenly halted, bade us farewell with the air of a prince, and, without adding a word more, stalked away back on the way he had come. Indeed, during our whole walk together, he had not spoken a syllable—excepting on the occasion of our meeting with the Indians in the thicket—neither had I to him; for, notwithstanding the precious life he had saved to me, I could not forgive him the murder of my poor countrymen. I never saw or heard of this Indian again.

"My wife and I reached the fort in safety. Shortly after this, we were embarked for England.

"The last of my fields was Egypt, whither my faithful wife also accompanied me; and where I was more unlucky than I had been throughout the whole of my previous military life.

"You will, no doubt, have read of the celebrated landing of Aboukir?"

I said I had, and considered it one of the most splendid passages of arms, to use the language of chivalry, upon record.

"It was a gallant affair, indeed," replied the veteran, his eye kindling with his warlike recollections, and flourishing his stick aloft as he spoke.

"Well," he went on, "I was in the first boat that touched the shore on that occasion, and had skaithlessly passed through the iron showers of shot and shell that had rained upon us from the time we left the ships till we reached the beach. But my time was coming. As we ascended the heights, after effecting the landing, I was struck down by a musket-ball that went through my right shoulder. From this wound I shortly recovered; but, towards the close of the campaign, was again severely wounded in the neck by the stroke of a Mameluke's sabre. On my return from Egypt, where, besides the wounds of which I have spoken, I suffered severely from ophthalmia, I was discharged with the pension I now enjoy."

WILSON'S
Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative
TALES OF THE BORDERS,
AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE WANDERER.*

Some men pass from the cradle to the grave, without a wish or a thought ever outstepping the narrow limits of their everyday experience, or ranging beyond the bounds of their native localities. Such persons are unhappy if circumstances call them but for a few days from their home. They, happily, have their lot cast in a narrow circle, where the cares and pleasures of life are shared by friends and relatives. Others, again, either from a restlessness of mind, or untoward circumstances, may be said to be wanderers upon the face of the earth, Such has, hitherto, been my lot in life, although with a disposition that felt alone happy in the society of relations and long-cherished acquaintances. I had, by one rash act in my early youth, been estranged, for years, from every tie, save the casual friend I made for a time, as fortune threw a congenial spirit in my way, to enliven the dull hours of absence from my birthplace, where all my affections centred. After years of toil and danger, I had once more reached this loved spot, to be as an alien and stranger there. Bitter were my feelings at the time of which I am now speaking: it was as I was returning from the funeral of a stranger, who, like myself, had had a wayward lot in life. But I will hurry on, nor detain you with reflections. What aggravated the poignancy of my feelings, was the disguise I was forced to wear to screen me from oppression. Save in name, I was not what I seemed to be. I must not own myself to be my father's son, nor take a part in the conversation, as if I had known him, when his name was mentioned, lest the pressgang should drag me from the place where I was, and hurry me once more to sea. I had become weary of my disguise, and had allowed my hair to grow upon the forepart of my head, carefully concealing it with my hat, which I had not taken from my head, in the presence of others, for several weeks. Neither had I attended the church during the time I allowed it to grow.

I had, for a considerable time, been working at a place called Bonnyrig. The drawing of the young men to serve in the militia was a grievous annoyance. As a lodger, by a little management on the part of my landlady, I escaped the first return; for I was in Edinburgh for a week while the schedule was in the house. I had recourse to the same mode next time, in vain; for my name had been missed from the church door, and there were too many interested not to have it corrected. As soon as the list was placed upon the door, previous to the next ballot, I found it there. This was a new source of annoyance; for I had not the least inclination to become a soldier, and resolved to avoid it, by leaving the locality before the ballot took place. But this, I was informed, would not save me; for I would, if drawn, be advertised as a deserter, and a reward given for my apprehension. I had felt too miserable, under my system of disguise, to covet its aggravation. I was now completely hemmed in, and saw no mode of escape. A soldier or a sailor I must be, and I contemplated the alternative with a feeling similar to that with which a felon makes up his mind to meet his fate. I resolved, if I were balloted, to start immediately for Leith, and once more obey the boatswain's whistle, rather than the roll of the drum; for, strange to say, much as I was averse to a sea life, I was strongly tinctured by the notions I had acquired while in it, and had no love for the army.

I might have insured myself, and, by this means, have obtained a substitute; but the feeling that was ever on my mind made me averse to it, ever since the war had commenced; and I was harassed by fears of impressment. I had felt as an outcast, without a tie to bind me to any particular spot. A continued depression of spirits weighed down my mind, now that this second cause of annoyance had occurred. I became so altered, that my former studies grew irksome to me, and I began to seek relief for my unemployed evenings in company; little aware of the dangerous path I was going to enter upon; for, like all other victims of intemperance, I felt strong as a giant in my own capabilities for resisting the debasing vice of drunkenness. I had, at this time, no desire for liquor, and rarely tasted it. Thus armed at all points, as I thought, I fearlessly stept over the line of prudence, and joined myself with a few lads, whose general conduct I could by no means approve; expert tradesmen as they were, and all possessing talent of one kind or other, which their own unsteady conduct alone hindered them from turning to good account.

For many weeks, I felt the tedium of my evenings relieved in their society; and, during this time, had kept myself within the bounds of decency and strict sobriety. The militia ballot had passed over, and I escaped undrawn. But I subsequently found that I had become the slave of an evil habit. All my spare time was spent in company; and even mid-day frequently found me in a state of excitement, from dissipation, that rendered me both incapable and unwilling to work. My time was thus spent either in the frenzy of intoxication, or in the lethargic reaction of that maddening excitement. I had a continual craving for ardent spirits, but was not yet so completely lost to shame that I had no desire to deliver myself. At first, each excess called forth a resolution never to exceed again. But, alas! it held only till the next opportunity of repeating the indiscretion presented itself. Again and again, after a severe debauch, I have struggled for a few weeks, again to fall. I felt degraded, and more miserable than I had ever done before.

My health and strength began to be impaired: still I hurried on, or was rather carried along, by associations that overpowered me. If I passed one of my haunts, the impulse came upon me with irresistible force: I felt a superior power draw me towards it. The same took place if, by accident, I met any of my associates. There seemed to be a mysterious attraction amongst us; for we were constantly meeting, even—I speak only for myself—when I wished not to meet any of them. I was as if I lived under the influence of some diabolical spell; for I had ceased to be a free agent. But I will not dwell longer upon this disgraceful period of my chequered life. The Scriptures say—"The wicked shall not live half their days;" and it was nearly my own case. I had nearly reached the zenith of reckless intemperance, when character, health, and everything is sacrificed to gratify an insatiable desire for

* See Nos. 261, 265, 277, 281, 291, and 304.

ardent spirits; nothing but Divine mercy could rescue me; and my usual good fortune prevailed.

I had been to Edinburgh on some business for my employer. It was far on in the month of October. I had entered the city, firmly resolved to be steady, and avoid intemperance. I had accomplished all I had to execute; and, pleased with my self-denial, was upon the point of returning, when I met one of my new associates. Need I tell the result. The usual self-delusion led me into the train of evils that followed. "There is no harm in taking a little refreshment: I am resolved I shall not exceed what is proper and safe." I followed to where my acquaintance led. There were several known to him in the place. I became interested in the conversation. The jovial glass went round. Every other thing was forgot in the enjoyment of the moment. The hours rolled on. How I left the scene of my debauchery, I have no recollection. I must have wandered from my way as I left the town; for, when I awoke to consciousness, I found myself stretched upon the damp grass, cold and chilled, without shoes on my feet or a hat upon my head. The morning had not yet dawned, and it was intensely dark. I knew not where I was, or how I had reached the place where I lay; but, to remain in my present situation, I found to be unbearable. I was drenched to the skin, it having rained heavily since I left the city. I slowly rose to my feet, feverish and bruised. I must have repeatedly fallen. Languidly I moved about the spot where I had lain, to keep my blood from stagnating in my veins. I shook as if I had been in an ague. I did not wish to leave the place, in hopes that I might discover, when daylight came, my lost apparel; for I was ashamed either to return to the town or to proceed home, in my hatless and shoeless condition. I was also aware of the danger I ran if I attempted to proceed in the dark, for the ground, I felt, was very uneven and much broken: besides, I knew not the south from the north. There was not a star visible in the firmament. I listened in vain for a sound of any kind, by which I might be enabled to form the most faint conjecture of where I was, or if any human being was near; but all was silent as the grave.

It is strange my present situation was not one of peril: all it required was patience to await the dawn. Still I felt little less miserable than when I was alone on the bosom of the Atlantic. There I was supported by the consciousness of my miserable situation not being caused by my own folly; and though death, a lingering death, hovered over me as I weltered in the waves, yet my heart felt a consolation which, at times, soothed the anguish of my sufferings, as I poured out my soul to God for mercy or deliverance. But I stood at this time upon the firm ground, without fear of either danger or death. But my soul was a prey to remorse. I dared not pray; for my supplications would have been mockery. I felt in my heart they would. I formed resolutions for the future, and again my conscience whispered—Why make new vows? Have you kept the old? You are utterly reprobate: you are utterly the slave of intemperance. But I cannot describe the horrors of this miserable hour of self-communing, where, like a lost, guilty creature as I was, I stood shivering, a solitary outcast, with no companion but my own reflections, that tore me to pieces like hungry dogs.

Day at length dawned, and the objects around became visible. I was on the very summit of Blackford Hill. A few feet from me, to the south, was a steep and rocky descent, over which had I, in my intoxication, or after my recovery, moved forward only a couple of yards, I must have tumbled, and been instantaneously killed, or, miserably lacerated, have lived a few hours of frightful suffering, unpitied and unseen. The first glance of the dangers I had escaped made me giddy. I shrunk back, and stood for a few minutes bewildered. But this was no time for inactivity. I felt very ill from my exposure to the wet and cold during the night. I looked anxiously around in hopes I might discover my hat or shoes; but they were nowhere to be seen: and, such is man, I felt more vexed and grieved at the idea of the discreditable appearance I now made than remorse for the sin and folly which had produced it. I feared man more than the consequences of my wickedness. I must, the evening before, while stupified by the liquor I had drank, have missed the main road to my left, and held up by the Sciennes—for there the roads part almost in line; and must then have wandered up the Grange Loan, turned down to the fields, and got upon the hill to the spot where, overcome by sleep, I had providentially lain down, just before coming to the precipice, over which, had I held on but for a couple of yards, I must have fallen, and been dashed to pieces. Alas! I felt only a dull sense of gratitude for my preservation! My whole mind was engrossed by contriving how I should regain my home with the least possible exposure, and most effectually avoid such persons as I might be known to. I felt miserable, not for what I had done, but lest it should be known.

To return to the city I could not; for the little money I had when I entered it was all gone. With a rapid step I descended into the lovely and romantic glen of Braid, and proceeded along the burnside. Then, leaving it, I directed my steps to Libberton Dams, where I arrived before any one had arisen. I knocked at the door of the public-house, where I was well known, and gained admittance. I now felt comparatively at ease; but I soon found that what had given me the greatest concern was the least thing I had to fear. In a few days the consequences of the cold and exposure of that night became evident. A severe cold was the natural result. This, for several weeks, did not give me any uneasiness, as I knew the cause; but when it stubbornly remained with me, and I began to grow more weak day after day, while my nights became almost sleepless from the irritating cough by which I was annoyed, I began to fear that my days were numbered. More serious thoughts came over my mind as I lay in bed, listless and weak from the slow fever that was consuming me. I became so frail that I was unable to attend work. Disease and want were likely now to be my companions to my early grave. Dark and gloomy were my dreams, dismal my waking thoughts, and bitter was my repentance. I now felt, in short, as if I had no farther concern with living men, or the things of earth. My thoughts were all bent upon the grave, and the state of man beyond its dread and mysterious precincts, whose dark portals I was so soon to enter. At these times, I felt neither hope nor fear to any exciting extent. It was a stubborn, apathetic state: such as I had felt in a storm, or when going into action when at sea. It was what I felt I could not shun, and therefore must endure. My other feelings were, by this certainty held in subjection. Yet I would have done what man could, to avoid the doom I saw before me. At other times my spirits felt light and buoyant. Then visions of returning health would fill my mind, and, for hours, I would indulge in the prospects that rose before me of amended conduct, and careful avoidance of my former errors. Thus a winter of sickness and suffering passed over my head. I was, however, enabled occasionally, when the weather would permit, to walk about. The spring of the year had always been my most favoured season; and, oh! how I had longed for its approach, once more to see the flowers I loved, before my eyes should be closed for ever in death; for all hope had now fled of lengthened days. I was regardless of every earthly anxiety.

I had been balloted for the militia a few days before, and received my summons to appear and be sworn in. I smiled in bitterness at the citation, but resolved to appear. What would I not have given to be enabled to serve?

The spring was remarkably early, and the weather mild. Thin as a skeleton and pale as a corpse I went to the appointed place. I was a satire upon the whole proceedings, for I was liker one who had come to bespeak a coffin than one who was to carry a musket in defence of his country. Yet it was not without a faint ray of hope, or, it might be rather from an impulse of desperation, that I went to hear my doom from the surgeon, who was there to examine the new draft as to their physical capabilities to serve. I have often wondered since, hopeless as I conceived myself, with what anxiety I awaited my turn to be called up for examination. At length I was called: my agitation brought on the cough, and I was forced to stand till its violence had subsided. Scarce had I entered the room, and answered to my name, when the surgeon looked on me with a pitying gaze, and said—

"Young man, you are utterly incapable to serve; you ought not to be out of your room."

With a bow I retired; but it was as a criminal from before his judge. Slowly I wandered back to my melancholy home; but, ever and anon, stood still to gaze around me at the different spots I had so often admired. I felt as if I were bidding them a last farewell. Weary and faint, I returned to my room. The impression was on my mind I should never leave it again in life.

During the afternoon, I was attacked by a sickness such as I had never felt before, it was so overpowering. I became almost insensible. "Surely this is the last agony of nature—this is death," were the ideas that crowded upon my mind. I seriously recommended my soul to my Creator, and implored pardon of my sins. My eyes were closed, as I then thought, for ever on the light of the sun. My prayer was for a speedy termination of my sufferings. This was the crisis of my disease. My complaint had proceeded from an abscess on the lungs, which a violent fit of coughing, with which I had been seized, had broken. I was now, in a short time, relieved from my sickness; and that night I slept, for the first night for many weeks, a refreshing sleep, and soon began to recover my health and strength. But, such is human nature, so frail a creature is man, if once he acquires bad habits, he becomes their slave, and is a slave indeed. There is no deliverance for him but in flight. Vain are all his regrets and resolutions while he remains near the spot, where he is assailed by temptations which his weakened virtue unfits him to withstand. I was fast falling into my former dissolute habits, and again becoming unhappy. Finding this, I had made up my mind to leave the place, and to go where I had no acquaintance; resolving, at the same time, to be cautious how I formed new ties. My good fortune once more came to my aid. I had come to the determination of going to Glasgow, to recommence there my studies and former course of life; and intended proceeding thither in the following week, when a letter, addressed to my father, arrived from America. It had stood in the window of the Post-Office of the place several days before I heard of it. It was not without hesitation that I went, in the evening, to examine the letter; for I had neither friend nor acquaintance that I knew of in America. Still the address justified me in opening it. If my father had been alive, and I had been with him, it would have answered either of us. I payed for it, and went home to examine its contents; when I found it was from a brother of my father, who had left Scotland forty years before, of whom I had often heard the latter speak, and express regret at his never having corresponded, as he knew not whether he were alive or dead. The letter contained apologies for former negligence, fond recollections of home, expressions of regret at the writer's inability to revisit once more the scenes of his youth, and concluded by a request that, if his brother had a son who would come out to him, he would do all in his power to make him comfortable, and help him on in the world. This was an opportunity I at once resolved to embrace; and I went to bed that night happier than I had ever done in my life. Next day, I answered the letter; and, as soon as I could, bade adieu to Lasswade; proceeded to Edinburgh to take farewell of my sisters, and inquire for a vessel bound for New York. There were none in Leith; but, so great was my impatience, that I set off for Greenock; and, fourteen days after the receipt of the letter, I was sailing down the Clyde on my way to the United States.

Fortune now seemed inclined to befriend me. After a pleasant voyage of thirty days, I landed safe in New York, my health as sound as ever it had been in my life. My heart was light, my hopes high; and they had much need, for, when I entered the city, my pockets were light enough. All I had in the world was five Spanish dollars, besides my tool-chest and a few clothes. I had still before me, ere I could reach my uncle, a journey of nearly three hundred miles; for he had, many years before, followed the example of most emigrants—working at his trade only so long as to enable him to purchase a piece of land and commence farmer. He was settled in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Delaware. Experience had rendered me cautious and prudent. To commence a tedious and expensive journey in the low state of my funds, would have been madness. So I, as the Americans say, located myself in New York, at my trade, at two dollars a-day; having previously written to my uncle, intimating my arrival. Here I commenced my reformed life, and was happy.

Before I received my answer, and instructions how to proceed, it was late in the fall or end of the season, and too late to undertake the journey; so I remained in New York till the spring, when I had saved nearly 100 dollars. I went on, by waggon, my luggage before me, and followed on foot by easy stages. During the fourteen days I travelled through this delightful country, my expenses did not amount to five dollars. Regular inns, or places for the accommodation of travellers, were few and far between. This I found to be no inconvenience. I was welcomed at every farm-house where I called. My difficulty was not to gain admission, but to get away from their hospitality. The whole of this journey still dwells upon my mind like a pleasant dream. What of my life had gone over my head till now, had been passed either upon the monotonous ocean, out of sight of land, where, like a caged bird, I had gazed from the deck upon the green and leafy shore I in vain sighed to tread, save the months I had passed upon the banks of the lovely Esk, where my pleasure was continually damped by the dread of being torn from them.

At this time, everything had a charm for me it had not possessed before. All was new: the flowers, the trees, and the face of the country. All were lovely in my sight. The trees far exceeded in size anything I could have conceived of these noble productions of nature. I often travelled under them for miles, while the creeping plants and flowers which hung from them exhibited the richest and most varied hues. I almost felt regret when I reached my uncle's location. Warm and sincere was the welcome I received from the good old man. I found him hale and fresh for his age, which was above seventy. He lived alone, in the midst of abundance. The two hundred acres he possessed lay beautifully on the banks of the Delaware. A small tributary stream, not larger than the Esk at Lasswade, and which it otherwise much resembled, ran through its centre. This resemblance I remarked to my uncle, who smiled, and said—

"I am happy you are of my opinion, for that likeness was the reason of my purchasing this lot of land, contrary to the wish of my two sons; there being many lots of far richer land about: but none so much resembling the scenes of my happiest days."

Neither of my two cousins I had as yet seen; but we occasionally heard from them. The eldest was a merchant in Charlestown, and reported wealthy. The younger was located far back in the state of Virginia: his land was very productive, and of great extent. Before his father wrote for me, he had refused to come to his farm to superintend it, but rather wished his father to leave it, and sell it for whatsoever it would bring. The eldest son, again, would not give up his business in Charlestown. Both wished the old man to come and reside with them; but his answer was:—I have lived happy upon my own land, and under my own roof, these thirty years, and shall, please God, die under my own roof; and, as I cannot sleep in the same grave with my forefathers, my wish is, to be laid in the same grave with the wife of my bosom—the companion and joy of my manhood.

It had been the custom of the early settlers, and even occasionally, at this time, for a settler whose sons had left his house and acquired land of their own, when he grew aged or unfit for active labour, and did not choose to go and live with his sons, to request one of them to come home and manage his farm for him. If all refused, he then agreed with any stranger for a certain amount of the produce, and the farm became the property of the stranger at his death. This was the understanding between my uncle and me; and I have no doubt it was that of my cousins: but there was, unfortunately for me, no written agreement made out between us. The truth is, after my uncle told me these were his intentions, as both his sons had relinquished their claim by the refusal, the subject was never spoken of again, or even thought of, as one requiring further consideration. I was happy. Months and years rolled on: my labours on the farm were light, and I occasionally wrought as a joiner; but a great part of my leisure time was employed in my favourite study of drawing. In the meantime, we were making money, unambitious as we were. What I earned at my trade, and what the land produced, formed one common stock. Our wants were few; dress being a luxury we farmers thought not much about. We had amassed nearly 1200 dollars in hard cash during these seven years of tranquil prosperity. For the last few months my kind uncle had been so weak that I was under the necessity of assisting him from his bed to his seat by the fire. Still his mind was serene and cheerful, and his company, if possible, more engaging to me than it had ever been; for I loved him as if he had been my own father, and regretted his approaching dissolution as keenly. I had just finished our morning devotions, and was preparing to go out upon some business for a short time, when a stranger came to the house. It was my cousin from Charlestown, I found; for I had never seen him before. He appeared much cast down; which, I thought, arose from his finding his father so weakly; and my heart warmed to him. I left them together for a short time; and, on my return, I found them still in earnest conversation. My uncle, when I entered, looked to me with an imploring earnestness that surprised me, and both were silent. My uncle appeared as if he wished to communicate something to me which he yet had not resolution to express; while my cousin leant upon the table, his head supported by his hand, as if anxiously waiting for his father to speak. Seeing their embarrassment, I frankly said—

"Dear uncle, what is the matter? Is there anything in which I can be of service to you?"

The good old man took my hand in his, while the tears coursed down his venerable face.

"My dear boy, you have been as a dutiful son to me; you are scarce less dear to me than the children of my loved Rebecca, George and William. My poor boy, George here, has told me that he has met with some severe losses in trade, so severe are they that he is on the eve of ruin if he cannot obtain assistance to enable him to meet the demands of his creditors. He is here to obtain what assistance I can give him; but I told the truth—I had no cash to give, and the land was yours, after his refusal, at my death. But it is hard for a dying father to think he leaves his child in distress."

Here his voice failed, and he wept aloud. My cousin never changed his position or uttered a sound. My own heart swelled at my benefactor's distress. As soon as I could I replied:—

"Uncle, there are 1200 dollars in the chest. If these can assist him, they are not mine, they are yours: let him have them, and welcome."

My cousin gave a start, and, raising his head, fixed his keen hazel eye on me; but there was a lurking smile about his mouth I cannot yet define, nor say whether it expressed scorn or malice, but it chilled the warmth of my feelings towards him; it soon passed off, however, and he was profuse in his expressions of gratitude. The old man clasped me to his bosom, and, blessing me, wept on my shoulder. This was the sweetest moment of my life. When I disengaged myself from the embraces of my uncle, I went and brought forth the weighty bags of gold and dollars. Never before or since have I been loaded by a burden of treasure. I laid it upon the table, which groaned beneath its weight. The old man, feeble as he was, said:—

"James, let George's wants be as urgent as they may, he cannot, nay, must not, take every dollar we possess. Take back two hundred, and give him the thousand, to be repaid when his affairs prosper, which, I pray God, they will."

George spoke not; but I saw the dark shade which passed over his countenance. This at once fixed my resolve: I counted back two hundred of the dollars, and replaced them in the chest. My cousin remained with us only during the following day, and again left for Charlestown; but it was evident to me that I was looked upon by him as an intruder upon his rights; but the increasing weakness of my uncle, and anxiety about him, engaged my whole thoughts for the three following weeks, when he, at length, expired in my arms. William, my other cousin, to whom I had written, arrived the afternoon before his death. How great the contrast between the brothers. George had a reserved, cautious manner, and a command of countenance so great, it was difficult to know what were his thoughts or real intentions even when he was in conversation. I felt chilled in his presence; yet I wished to feel for him as the son of my father's brother. William was quite the reverse: a frank, blunt backwoodsman. Every feeling glowed in his countenance e'er it was expressed. A few minutes after we met we felt a mutual esteem for each other. As George had not arrived, nor was he to come, we attended the remains of the good old man to his final abode, accompanied by a few of the neighbouring farmers; for, during the few years I had been a resident, the population had much increased, and a few huts that stood not half a mile from the farm, had now become a thriving village, and in other seven years bade fair to be a populous town; so rapid is the changes that take place in this rising country. The consequence of this was, that my uncle's land, which he had purchased many years before for half a dollar an acre, was now worth five or six, with the prospect of its soon even doubling this value. When we returned from the funeral, as William was to depart on the following day for his own farm, we spoke of the settlement of his father's affairs. I told him there was no will, nor any writing on the subject. He said:—

"Why, cousin, there was no occasion; it was all settled when you came to the land to manage it, and take care of my father. Both brother and self had our choice, and we thought for our advantage to refuse; father had his choice too, and was happy to the last; and I thank you, cousin,

for your kindness to him. The land, and all that is on it, is yours, and you have my good wishes for your success."

I thanked him. And, when he inquired if his father had left any cash, I related what had taken place upon the visit of his brother to his father. He knit his brows, and struck the table heavily with his hand.

"This is too bad of George, brother as he is of mine. I fear you have seen the last sight of your dollars, as you got no written acknowledgment for them. This was simple in my father and you; but more so in my father, who knew him of old. If the whole thousand were my father's, the half of them were mine at his death; and how can I establish my claim? for George will not part with a dollar that the law cannot compel him to give.

I looked vexed at this information, and replied:—

"I had given the money cheerfully at my uncle's wish; and would have given 200 dollars more, to rescue his brother from his difficulties, had his own father not restrained me. As for the dollars, I valued them not, when I found they could give pleasure to my uncle by assisting his son. No doubt, the greater part of them I had earned at my own trade, the remainder being the produce of the farm."

"You are a cousin after my own heart," was his reply; "a noble fellow. I have plenty of dollars, and regret not those George has got. I wish they may do him good. He is my brother; and I hope, more than expect, he will act honourably in this matter of the dollars."

My cousin being anxious to leave for his own location, it was agreed he should depart on the following day, all, as I thought, having been amicably arranged. We were sitting conversing on the amiable qualities of our departed relative, when we were interrupted by the arrival of my next neighbour, accompanied by a lawyer. This neighbour was one of the Society of Friends. As soon as the usual greeting had passed, he addressed me, to my astonishment, in nearly the following words:—

"Friend Elder, when do you intend to leave this location? I do not wish to hurry thee, only I wish to know when I can take possession?"

I gazed at him in silence, not comprehending the import of his question. Not so my cousin, who, leaning forward over the table, demanded what he meant by such a question? The land, and all that is on it, are my cousin's; and no man has a right to put such a question to him.

"Friend Elder," replied the Quaker, "thou art mistaken. The land is now mine, as my friend Quintin, here, can shew, by the written agreement, fairly drawn out, sealed and attested; by virtue of which I shall take possession to-morrow, and hold thy friend responsible for any loss I may sustain."

With all the impetuosity of a backwoodsman, my cousin started to his feet, and, striking the table with violence, said:—

"Neighbour Harvey, this is a twist. I know you to be rather twistical. My father never was in want to borrow money on his land, neither would he have sold it unknown to me. I will not allow my cousin to be twisted by you or any man in the States. The land, I maintain, is my cousin's, and shall continue so as long as he chooses to keep it."

"Friend Elder," said the Quaker, "thy rash words shall not provoke me to wrath. Friend Quintin, read the paper to them before we have more words."

Slowly the lawyer drew forth the document, and read it aloud in a clear, distinct voice. I sat as if in a dream, while my cousin walked about the room in a state of extreme excitement, endeavouring to restrain the violence he was under from breaking out into exclamations. The paper was a deed of sale, by his brother George, of his right, as heir-at-law to his father, for the sum of 500 dollars. The cash had been paid, and the transaction binding, according to the laws of the State, as his father had died intestate. There was no remedy. I was thus once more thrown upon the world; for I could not think of embracing my generous cousin's offer, when, at the conclusion of the reading, and hearing the lawyer's opinion, he offered me the loan of 700 dollars to purchase Harvey's right, if he would accept the 200 dollars to quit his bargain. Even had Harvey agreed, I would not; but I was saved the giving him any pain, by Harvey declaring that he would not take 2,000 dollars for the land.

On the following day, I bade a long and last adieu to Springfield Vale. The stock and crop were valued at 300 dollars, which Harvey paid down; and, at his earnest request, I accompanied my cousin to his location. This I agreed to, as my mind was not made up as to my future mode of proceeding. At one time, I thought of returning to Scotland, and commencing the profession I loved; for my improvement had been considerable during my residence in Springfield Vale. My love of the art, backed by my love of my native land, prevailed. My money, I thought, would maintain me in Edinburgh until I acquired fame; and fortune would follow, at least independence; while, in my present situation, I must remain unknown as an artist. Even if I painted like a Claude Lorraine, there was not half-a-dozen planters in Pennsylvania or Virginia who would have given a couple of dollars for my best picture. To balance this feeling, gloomy thoughts of home arose. The fate of many artists far, far above me in talent, who had dragged out a life of poverty and neglect. Such might be my lot; while, if I gave up all thought of painting as a means of fame and support, the way to the accumulation of wealth lay open before me, and the means to attain it were in my possession. The morning of my departure found me still undecided, but more inclined to return to Scotland than remain in America. As the fall was pretty far advanced, I resolved to pass the winter, at all events, with my cousin; so, mounting our horses, we set off for the west, on a journey of upwards of 200 miles, through woods, wilds, and swamps; my cousin, with his rifle slung on his back, and a few necessaries behind, fixed to his saddle. I was in the same guise, only I had no rifle; never having, during my life, killed, with a gun, a living creature. I could never find pleasure in giving pain or causing death, when I could avoid it. My bag of dollars and gold were secured before me upon my saddle-bow, without fear of being robbed of them by the way. There was no scarcity of persons who would have gloried in swindling me out of them in a bargain; but robberies by open violence were unknown in the wilds through which we were to pass.

After a toilsome journey of ten days, we reached the location, where I remained during the winter, and where I could, I believe, have remained for the rest of my life, for it was a lovely spot, and fertile. A majestic river glided past, whose banks were, when not cleared away for the cultivation of the rice plots, covered with stately trees. The population was very thin for many miles around; and no neighbouring location was in view from my cousin's farm, which, to him, constituted one of its advantages: to me it was one of its drawbacks.

Towards the spring, I felt my health begin to give way. The place was too damp for me. I had a severe attack of fever and ague, which lowered my spirits and reduced my strength. My cousin only smiled and said—"'Twill soon wear off. You will soon be seasoned to the place. I have seldom had it since the first summer." His words, though well meant, conveyed no comfort to me; for I had scarce rallied from my first attack, when a second, still more severe, came on, and determined me, at once, to bid my cousin's location farewell, and to return to Scotland. This, however, was more easily determined on than put in execution.

I was so weak, and my constitution so shaken by the winter and spring, that I have never even yet, fully recovered.

In the month of May, having got round a little, I took leave of my generous cousin, who did all in his power to prevail on me to remain. Being too weak to travel on horseback, and having no object in view but to reach the sea-coast, I made up my mind to descend by the river. I left my horse with my cousin, who gave me a small canoe, made from a single tree. In this I embarked with all I possessed, which, except my dollars and drawings, was very little. As for provisions, he would have overloaded my frail bark, had I allowed him. In this trim, I bade him farewell, and pushed out into the middle of the stream, and sat, not without emotion, in waving adieus to my friend, until I was far from his sight.

It was one of those sultry days that, in Virginia, follow so close on the chiller days of spring. There was not a breath of wind. The part of the river I was now upon was dark and gloomy, being thickly shaded by the lofty trees that excluded the fierce rays of the sun. Slowly I glided down the stream, enjoying the luxurious shade. Yet, I became dull, and a prey to sad reflections, as the various events of my chequered life passed in review before my mind's eye. A shudder ran through my frame when I called to mind my once hapless situation on the bosom of the wide Atlantic Ocean; and I looked on the broad but placid stream, on whose waters I was now floating, as lonely as I was then, and far from human aid, should any accident befall my frail bark. But these moody thoughts passed away as each bend in the river changed the scene. The day had almost passed, and still no location had appeared on either bank. The sun was setting, when I chose a spot to pass the night. Here I drew my canoe upon the beach, and sat down under the shade of some rocks, overhung with wildflowers. The moon rose in splendour as I sat musing on the lovely scene. Wrapping my cloak around me, I tried to sleep; but it was long in vain. The bull-frogs in the marshes kept up a noise on both sides of the river, as if they had challenged each other to a vocal contest. At length, weakness and fatigue triumphed over these annoyances; and I was awoke, next morning, by the rays of the sun glancing on my face. Again I commenced my solitary voyage. For days, I saw no human face, nor heard the voice of man. It was my custom, if I came to a location any time in the afternoon, to stay there for the night; for, although I had no fears for my safety, there is something so sad and lonely in passing the night far from the habitations of man, that I do not think any one would pass, after the first, another night alone in the open air, let the climate be ever so favourable. could he avoid it.

I had been on the river three weeks, and, during the two or three latter days, the locations had become more numerous. Lonely as my journey had been, it was far from unpleasant. The scenery was often beautiful, sometimes grand. I had made faithful sketches of everything that struck my fancy, and had thus enriched my portfolio to the extent of my utmost wishes. My paper, however, was now nearly exhausted, and I intended to leave my conveyance on the first favourable opportunity For the whole morning, I had sat in my canoe, building castles in the air, disposing of the wealth, and anticipating the fame that must be my award when I had finished, in oil, a few of the paintings from my beloved sketches, on my return to Britain. On this I had resolved some days before; but whether I should settle in Edinburgh, I had not yet determined. While musing on this and other subjects, I came in sight of an ancient locust tree, whose magnificent trunk leant over the margin of the river, while some of its immense branches almost touched the stream. It was one of the finest objects I had ever seen; and was beautifully situated in a bend, which narrowed the current, and increased its velocity so much, that it required some exertion to prevent my gliding past. At length I chose my position, and made my canoe fast to a small snag that projected out of the water. I thought my little bark secure; and, with all the enthusiasm of an artist, commenced sketching the gorgeous tree. In this employment I had proceeded some length, before I was aware that I was drifting with the stream towards the tree. Hastily I placed my materials in the bottom of the canoe; and, on looking round, perceived that the stump, to which my bark had been fastened, had been loosened from the mud, and was now dragging at the stern. There was not a moment to lose. I stooped to undo the fastening; for I was moving down the stream at a fearful rate. With difficulty, I got the snag cast off; and the canoe went off with increased velocity. I rose to seize my paddle, when one of the branches knocked me out of my canoe, and I plunged almost to the bottom. It was with difficulty I rose to the surface, from the weight of my cash, which I had secured in a kind of girdle round my waist.

When I recovered my breath, I was still beneath the tree; but hurrying on, I knew not where, my canoe was nowhere to be seen. In desperation, I seized a branch as I was floating past; and, by great exertion, raised myself out of the water, and, at length, got to shore. As soon as I was able, I hurried along the bank in quest of my vessel; and, after running in an overpowering heat till I was almost spent, I saw it, in the middle of the stream, gliding swiftly along, bottom upwards. The banks on each side were very steep; and I could distinctly hear the noise as of a waterfall.

What were my thoughts at this moment, it were vain to attempt to express. I sat down on the bank, and gave way to an agony of grief. All I had ever endured, appeared trifling to this wreck of all my hopes. Neither house nor trace of civilisation were in sight. I was sick and feeble, and felt as if death would be a relief, so much was I crushed by my mishap and the debility of my body. I attempted not to leave the spot, but lay at my length under the shade of some sassafras bushes until the sun had set. and the stars shone forth.

After a night of unmitigated pain, day at length dawned, and the birds began their early song of welcome. For some time, their notes fell on my ears as if they rejoiced in my sufferings. Gradually my bitter and unhallowed thoughts passed away. I thought I had not many hours to live; and the idea of what must be my doom, if I met my Creator in this frame of mind, softened my heart; and I humbled myself, imploring pardon for my evil thoughts The fever still raged through my frame; but my mind became tranquil and resigned; and, as I became calm, my love of life returned. Slowly and painfully I partly crawled and partly walked to the top of the bank, and gazed around me. There was no human habitation in sight, nor living creature to be seen, save the birds that were flying about. It was still very early in the morning; and there was a thin mist on the ground. As it cleared off, I thought I saw, at a great distance, the appearance of an enclosure; and, at some distance from it, a clump of trees near the bank of the river. Earnestly did I pray that this might be a location; but could not make out whether it was so or not, for my sight was weakened by the glare of the sun, and the pain I felt in my head. I was fast sinking again into despondency, when I perceived thin wreaths of smoke rise over the tops of the trees. I uttered a faint cry of joy and hope. An hour before, no man could have persuaded me that I could have walked fifty steps. I rose with an energy that surprised me, and walked a few hundred yards, then sank on the ground overpowered by fatigue and faint-

ness. Yet why harass your feelings by dwelling on my sufferings.

About mid-day, I was roused from the state of stupor into which I had fallen by the report of a rifle. Painfully I raised myself a little from the ground, and saw a man, with a gun in his hand, looking in the direction where I lay. He could not have seen me before, as the long grass completely concealed me. I waved my hand to him to attract his attention; for I had no hat, having lost it when I fell into the water. Even my girdle with my money I had long before loosened from my waist, to lighten me in my efforts to move towards the spot from whence I had seen the smoke. It lay unthought of in my trail, about ten yards behind me. At length my deliverer came up to where I lay, and assisted me to sit up; for I was too weak and sick to do so without aid. Having satisfied his kind inquiries as to how I came to be in such a place and such a condition, he carefully lifted me in his arms, and carried me under the shade of some tall bushes, where he laid me down, while he returned home as quickly as he could for assistance. After a short absence, he returned at a gallop on horseback; when, having dismounted, and done all in his power to revive me, he placed me on the back of the horse, which he carefully led, doing all he could to steady me upon it; for I was unable to sit upright. Many times I was on the point of fainting and falling off. At length we arrived at the house, where I was lifted off and put to bed. For several days I remained insensible, but attended with the greatest humanity by these kind people. At length, youth and my good constitution, under the blessing of God, prevailed over my fever. When my reason returned, I gave them an account of my misfortune. My money had never, since I loosened the belt, been in my mind. When I told what I had done, my hearers lifted their hands with astonishment, and looked incredulous. My youthful deliverer leaving me with his father and mother, rode to the spot where he had found me, and returned with my treasure. Seven days and nights it had lain where I left it; for, in these wilds, human feet seldom tread. On the following day, carefully did the young man search the banks of the river, from the locust tree, for miles down its course, but no trace of any article belonging to me could be found. Gradually I began to recover, and move about; but my constitution had received so severe a shake, that my former vigour has never returned. For the whole of the summer and following winter, I remained with my kind friends, doing anything within the compass of my strength for my board. I would have left in the fall, had not the son of my host proposed to go down the river to James Town in the spring; and suggested that I should accompany him so far, and then proceed for Philadelphia, if I found no vessel for Britain there.

After my host knew of my firm resolve to return to Scotland, and there, if the change of climate did not restore my health, to die near my sisters, and be buried in Libberton, beside my parents, I often perceived him eyeing me with a peculiar look of anxiety, as if something lay heavy on his mind. Neither of us had ever conversed of anything save about what related to my American adventures. When I spoke of Scotland, he gave me no cause to think he had ever been there; yet he would, in the long evenings, listen to my account of it, given at the request of his wife or son, with a deep interest, and appear more dull than ordinary for a day or two after. He was naturally of a grave and rather melancholy turn, and often sighed unconsciously. The winter had passed away, the rivers were free from ice, and the flowers covered the fields where the snow had lain only a few days before The preparations for our departure were nearly complete. It was to take place on the Monday following. The intervening days passed in alternate regret at leaving my kind entertainers, and satisfaction that I was soon to be on my way to Scotland, although I was little richer than when I bade it last adieu.

On the Sabbath, after the devotions of the family, which were always duly and solemnly performed—for churches here were few and far between—my host requested me to take a private walk with him. We sauntered, talking on pious subjects, until we arrived at a recess on the banks of the river. After we were seated a few minutes, I was surprised to witness the agitation of my host's manner. At first, I felt a delicacy in taking any notice of it, and we both remained silent. I felt much distress at seeing the efforts he was making to overcome some feeling which oppressed him. At length I took his hand in mine, and requested to know if I could assist him in any way? His pale cheek flushed. "Elder," he said, "I am a Scotsman, and knew your father. You have been sent in mercy to hear my confession, and ease me, in part, of a load that has embittered my life these forty years, that I was a robber;" and, covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud, while the big tears ran down his sunburnt cheeks. I was so taken by surprise, I could not utter a word. He seemed to feel my silence most keenly; but, resuming his composure, in some degree, he said:—

"Surely the bitterness of death is past. I have told you what no other human being knows. I have voluntarily made my confession to man, as a small atonement for my guilt. I was no common robber: once I thought the action commendable, and attempted to hush the 'still small voice within;' but, latterly, my efforts have been vain. Its whispers now seem louder to me than the loudest thunders. My object in confessing to you, is to make restitution before I die. Now hear with patience my sad tale," he said, as I was about to interrupt him, "and you shall know all:—

"My father died when I was very young; but I never missed his care. My mother was pious and industrious. Born to toil, I knew nor thought of any other lot. Poor as we were, I got the education of my rank; and reading was my amusement when a lonely herd-boy on the hill-side Thus time wore on until I reached my twentieth year, when my parent died, leaving me, as it were, alone on the earth; for I had neither brother nor sister. The only relations I had ever heard of, was a sister of my mother's, who lived near Pennycuick. I left Peebles, where I had been born and bred, to visit her, and endeavour to find employment in the vicinity of her residence; thus securing the further object of being near to the capital, which I longed to see. The day on which I travelled, although dry and frosty in the morning, had turned out very wet; so that, when I reached Pennycuick, I was drenched to the skin, and extremely cold; for the rain had ceased, and a sharp wind had begun to blow. It was also almost dark. Being a stranger, I resolved to remain in the town during the night, and stopt at a public-house for that purpose. As I sat by the side of the fire, making inquiries for my aunt and her husband, I learned from my landlady that they had been extremely unfortunate, through no fault of their own, but in consequence of the bad health of my uncle-in-law, arising from a fever which, during the autumn, had prevailed in the neighbourhood. She added, that she knew not what would become of them, as the factor was a hard and unfeeling man. That he had gone that very day to poind their effects with a sheriff-officer, preparatory to rouping them to the door. I had not told my landlady my relationship to the unfortunate family—all I claimed was acquaintanceship. I was much affected by my landlady's intelligence; I sat musing by the fire: my heart was sad. One thought crowded after another through my mind, but no way offered of assisting them. I had nearly £7 in my purse, all gold and silver an immense sum in my estimation. I had made up my mind to give it all to them in the morning, to free them from their distresses; and felt happy and satisfied with my

self. It was the last time I ever did so; for, while I sat anticipating the happiness of my aunt and family at my arrival, two strangers entered the inn. They were the factor and the officer, who had just come from poinding my unhappy friends. By their conversation, they appeared to exult in the proceeding, and talked lightly, as a common occurrence, of the tears and misery of the family; their whole sympathies being centered in the probable proceeds of the sale, which was to take place in a few days. The debt, I learned from their conversation, was £10 of arrears; my uncle having that day given him £15—all he could collect of his own, or could raise from friends.

As I sat listening to their conversation, my whole nature changed. I, who had never hurt an individual, felt as if I could have risen and put them both to death. Horrid thoughts crossed my mind. My good genius was overcome in the struggle. A fierce calmness came over me as I formed my resolution. I had not yet spoken since they had entered the house. In a feigned voice, I requested the landlady to shew me to my bed; and, giving her my shoes and coat, requested her to get them dried for me before the morning. My bed-room was off the kitchen, where the factor still sat with the officer. I examined the room, and found that the window opened into a garden behind the house. There was but one bed in the room. I looked out to the sky: it was clear and frosty. It was a night fitted for my purpose, and I felt a gloomy satisfaction in finding it to be so. I looked around the room for a hat or bonnet, and coat, or something to cover me; for my own were left on purpose in the kitchen; but I could see none. There was a wall-press in the room. It was open, and there I found the landlord's Sunday suit. Alas! there is never wanting opportunity when evil is resolved upon. I went into bed, clothed as I was, and, knocking, called the people of the house to take away the candle. As it was being removed, I requested them to have my shoes dry in the morning, and wished them good night. I heard a movement in the kitchen, as if the guests were about to leave for their homes. I started from bed, and, putting on the coat and hat I found in the room, at length heard them depart. Cautiously I lifted the window, and stept into the garden. Keeping under the wall, I got sight of my victim. I was barefooted; and my step could not be heard, while his was distinct. In my hand I firmly grasped my walking-staff. I scarce knew what I did. My feeling must have been similar to those of a beast of prey with his victim in chase. I was cautious, and determined to attain my aim. All other thoughts being absent from my mind, I dogged him a few hundred yards after he had parted with the officer. The spot was a lonely one between houses. Perhaps one of these, probably the very next, was his own, and I might loose my opportunity. I sprung over the wall, seized him by the collar, threw him on the ground, and, rifling his pockets, obtained possession of his money. This done, I bounded over the wall again before he recovered from his fall and surprise. The whole was the work of a minute. Just as I entered the room by the window, I could hear his shouts for help. The people of the house were not yet in bed. Cautiously I replaced the coat and hat, and was again in bed. I heard the noise of many voices in the kitchen detailing the robbery of the factor. My heart failed me, and I became dreadfully alarmed at the thought that I had been discovered, so overpowering is guilt to the mind uninured to it. I would have fled through the window to escape from the house, had I been able, but I lay palsied by fear.

Their first demand was for the stranger, who had sat by the fire—whether he was still in the house. They next demanded to examine my room. This neither the landlord nor landlady refused. The door was opened. I felt as if it had been the order for my death: I felt sick with alarm, but affected sleep. As they entered, they were satisfied of my innocence, and retired without speaking to me. The factor had been so taken by surprise, that he could give no distinct description of the robber, only he was sure he had both a coat and hat on. As no unnecessary violence had been used, and he was not well liked, few felt much interest in his loss.

"Let no man do evil that good may follow." That night's action wrecked my peace of mind for ever. In vain I have striven to extenuate my guilt. Time has only served to make its enormity appear greater. I have now nearly told you all. Next forenoon I reached my aunt's, and bestowed a happiness on them I was never to taste myself. The proceeds of my guilt relieved them from all their difficulties, and they have prospered since. As for myself, I feared to remain in the country. The consciousness of innocence was gone, never to return. The fear of detection took its place, and embittered every hour of my life. It was true no man had seen me, and I was free even of suspicion; but my education had been too well attended to for me not to feel that every action is known to Him who has said, "I will in no means spare the guilty." I feared a discovery, I knew not how. The pleasure I had anticipated, proved a source of misery. The thanks and gratitude of my uncle and aunt made me feel anew my guilt every time the good I had done them was mentioned. I was looked upon with esteem, and praised by all around; but I knew I was a thief and robber, and loathed myself. I bad adieu to scenes thus rendered miserable, and came to America. But I cannot fly from myself. I can never be but, what that hated night I became, a robber. What I request of you is, that, on your return, you will make inquiries for the nearest relation alive of the man I wronged, and return the money; for he himself must be long since dead. Here are in this purse 150 dollars. The sum I took was £22. Promise me, as you hope for pardon, you will do me the favour punctually · and I will die in peace, and bless you at my death.

Next morning, we set off in a decked boat, loaded with the produce of the farm. When we arrived at James' Town, I bade my friend and deliverer farewell, and proceeded for Philadelphia, where I found a vessel bound for Greenock. I sought for the heir of the factor, and found the attempt vain; for the old by-word says.—"The gains of iniquity shall not see the third generation." His nephew, who heired all, as he had died intestate, had squandered all in dissipation. The money I gave to the kirk-session, and thus discharged my trust. As for myself, I am here still a humble dependent on Providence, and my usual good fortune. My aspirations, I must allow, are not so great after fame as they were. Still I do not despair.

This was the account the artist gave me of his eventful life, which, I am sorry to say, was drawing near a close. He did not survive many months. During that time I did my best for his comfort. He now rests with his fathers. His paintings, while he lived, were scarcely spoken of, good as they were; yet, since his death, I have known them sold as the works of great masters. Two which I have are much admired. Again and again, I have been offered large sums for them; but no money will induce me to part with them. I esteem them, beautiful as they are, more as memorials of the artist than as specimens of art.

WILSON'S

Historical, Traditionary, and Imaginative

TALES OF THE BORDERS,

AND OF SCOTLAND.

THE LAST TALE.

A DREAM.

"Finem Respice."

The plan and principle on which the Border Tales have been conducted, has not permitted, as in the cases of most other periodicals, of the contributions of casual correspondents.

The work was of too exclusive a character, and method and system were too essential to its existence to permit of this. Yet the following communication, from one who assures us that he has been a steady patron of the Border Tales, from their commencement up to "this present writing," is so opportune, and bears so curious a reference to existing circumstances as regards that popular work, that we have been induced, for once, to depart from rule, both as to manner and matter, by giving it a place in our columns.

"The march of intellect," says the correspondent alluded to, "has, long since, stripped dreams of all the supernatural attributes once ascribed to them, and reduced them to the rank of mere vagaries of the imagination; having no reference whatever to, nor connection with, the events of the material world.

"I hope it is so, otherwise I should fear that I was about to lose what has been, for several years back, one of my greatest enjoyments; one of what I may call my hebdomadal happinesses—my weekly Number of the Border Tales.

"If dreams were true—that is, if they were really the shadows of coming events—the delightful work just alluded to would not, I fear, be far from its latter end. But this, I suppose, at least I hope, is a thing *not* to be dreamt of. Yet dream of it I certainly did.

"Having spent the whole of the afternoon of the day before yesterday in running over a series of the older numbers of the Tales, in order to refresh my memory with the characters and incidents so faithfully drawn and so pleasantly narrated therein, I retired to bed, my head filled with scraps and fragments of the various delectable stories I had been reading, and wondering, in my own mind, how long this charming work would continue.

"Our dreams, it is said, take their complexion and character, in most cases, from the thoughts and occurrences of the day. It was strictly so in the present case. I had no sooner gone to bed, after reading the Border Tales, than I fell asleep; and I had no sooner fallen asleep than I dreamt the following dream:—

"I dreamt that I went into the 'Hen and Chickens' tavern; but for what purpose I cannot tell. On entering, I found the house in an unusual state of bustle. But the stir was of a calm and noiseless character; somewhat similar to that which marks the preparations for a funeral. There was little speaking; and what there was, was in a low and scarcely audible tone. Struck by these circumstances, and, particularly, by the melancholy looks of the waiters and other domestics who were gliding through the passages on tiptoe, I made up to one of the former, and asked him what was the matter? Whether there had been a death in the house?

"'No,' said the man, whose eyes, I now observed, were red with weeping. 'No,' he said, wiping a wine glass mechanically as he spoke; 'but the Border Tales are about to close. The writers of that inimitable work, sir, are holding their last meeting here to-night. Yes, sir, their last meeting,' he repeated. 'The Border Tales are at an end; and when, sir—when shall we see such a work again? Never, sir—never!'

"'Never, indeed,' said I. 'But this is truly heavy news, and, to me, most unexpected; yet, I trust, the work, although you say at an end, is merely completed; and that a reissue will take place, and the Tales continue to increase in popularity for years to come. All this I hope for the sake of the widow of a man of genius; and because it is a work which should be in every house and cottage north and south of the Borders. Where do the gentlemen meet?'

"'In a room up stairs, sir. The Border Tale room we call it. It is there they have held all their meetings for several years.'

"At this moment, the waiter was summoned away by the ringing of a bell, when I ascended the stair to which he had alluded, without, indeed, any distinct purpose, but with a strong desire to hear and see more, if possible, of the last meeting of the Border Tale writers—a matter in which I felt deeply interested.

"Having gained the landing-place at the top of the stair, I proceeded along a long narrow passage, till I arrived at its further end, where I perceived, over the door of the apartment in which the passage terminated, a small board, on which was inscribed, in gilt letters, 'Border Tale Room.' The door was a little ajar at the moment, and I heard voices within. My curiosity overcame my sense of propriety, so, doffing my hat, I pushed the door gently open, and walked in. My intrusion did not seem to attract the slightest notice from the occupants of the apartment, although it appeared to me that they were perfectly aware of it. Taking advantage of this passiveness, I stole into a corner, and, taking a seat, with the timidity of manner of one who is doubtful of his right to be where he is, I set myself to watch the proceedings of the meeting.

"The first thing I did, however, was to take a minute survey of the apartment and of the persons assembled in it. These last, who, I need not say, were the writers of the Border Tales, were, I think, some five or six in number. They were seated at a table covered with green cloth, on which lay some writing materials, and, carelessly scattered up and down, several late Numbers of the Tales. At the head of the table, and acting as president, was an elderly, gentlemanly-looking man, whom I took to be the editor. The meeting had not yet, seemingly, commenced proceedings of any kind; the members having their heads together in pairs, whispering and talking. The only person who seemed to be employed in anything like business, was the president or editor. He was earnestly engaged in reading a manuscript, whose title, as it was written in a large round hand, and as he sat with his back

to me, I could distinctly read, even from the distance at which I was. The title of this MS. was—'THE LAST TALE.'

"The editor, having completed the perusal and correction of the tale he had been reading, folded up the manuscript and rung a little silver bell that lay before him on the table. In the next instant, a printer's devil appeared at his side. The young imp was all in tears. No doubt he knew what was coming.

"'There, my man,' said the editor, with a sigh, handing him the MS., 'take that to the printing office. It is the last tale you will ever carry there.'

"The boy sobbed aloud, and, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, went dejectedly out of the room.'

"I was a good deal affected also at this scene; and, had my mind been allowed to dwell on it for a moment, I too might have melted into a tear. But it was not allowed. The attention of both myself and the meeting was, at this instant, attracted by a tremendous uproar in the passage, occasioned by some one insisting on admission against, as it would appear, the wishes of the waiter.

"'I hae a guid richt to be in, and I will be in,' exclaimed the person who was forcing his way towards the apartment. 'The gentlemen 'll be glad to see me. Hasna a bit adventure o' mine in Fife filled as guid a Number o' their Tales as amang the hale bundle o' them? Sae stan clear, ye bane polisher, ye trencher licker, ye dribble drinker, or I'll mak that empty skull o' yours ring like a pewter basin.'

"In the next moment, a heavy fall, that made us all look aghast, gave but too distinct intimation that the poor waiter had been floored by the uproarious fellow, whoever he was, who sought admission. In the next instant, the same fellow, in the shape of a stalworth gaberlunzie, well hung round with empty meal bags, a broad black belt round his middle, from which depended a sword with an enormous head or hilt of black iron, basket fashion, and carrying a tremendous *rung* in his fist, burst into the apartment, bonnet in hand, with a—

"'Hoo's a' wi' ye, gentlemen? Hoo's a' wi' ye? That bit cratur o' a servin man, or flunkey as ye wad ca' him, I fancy, wasna for lettin me in. But, faith, I gied him the braid o' his back for't. That's the way to ser oot thae sort o' vermin.

"'But I'm thinkin ye dinna ken me, gentlemen?' said the strange apparition, observing the cold look of non-recognition by which he was regarded by the editor and his party, who evidently did not know him.

"'Bless me, I thocht everybody kent Rattlin Roarin Willie.'

"'Ah, Willie! Rattling Roaring Willie! Are you, indeed, that worthy personage?' said the editor, rising joyfully from his chair, extending his arm across the table to shake hands with his visiter, and bid him welcome. 'This is an unexpected pleasure indeed.'

"'I kent ye wad be glad to see me,' said Willie, who had now been shaken hands with and welcomed by all around. 'I kent ye wad be glad to see me. I was just gaun through on a bit tramp to the south kintra, when I heard o' your meetin, whilk, however, I'm sorry to hear is your last; and I thocht, as we had a sort o' acquantance before, I might tak the leeberty o' just lookin in upon ye. But is there no a bit mouthfu' o' onything?' added Willie, glancing over the table, 'that we micht drink to ane anither. I never think friendship's richt southered without a drink. There was the Laird o'—what ye ca't?—in Fife, and me, that ye wrote some blethers aboot, see hoo thick we got owre the wee drap.'

"'Ah, but Willie, lad,' said one of the gentlemen, smiling and shaking his head, 'there was a certain little mistake there, you know. You were doing a trifle in the imposition line on that occasion, Willie.'

"'Deil an imposition on my part was there in the case,' said Willie, laughing. 'It was a notion o' the man's ain. But, as I was sayin, is there no a bit mouthfu' about ye, that we might drink to ane anither?'

"The editor replied that they had not come that length yet. That they had still a good many business matters to discuss before creature comforts could be thought of. But that he would order some refreshments to be put on a side-table for Willie's special refection.

"'Weel, ye may do sae,' said Willie, deliberately denuding himself of his meal bags, as if preparing for a sederunt. 'For I'm a wee thocht hungry as weel as dry.'

"In a few minutes after, Willie was planted at a side-table, and busily engaged in discussing the various good things with which it was covered. While thus employed,

"'Here's to ye, Mr Yeditor, and to ye a', gentlemen, he shouted, raising a huge goblet to his lips, 'Lang may ye write—I canna say Border Tales; for that, I'm sorry to unnerstaun, is a' owre noo. But lang may ye write as gude, and what may be as weel thocht o' by the public; and, if ye do, they'll no hae muckle to compleen o'.'

"At this moment, a gentle rap was heard at the door. 'Come in,' exclaimed the editor.

"The door opened, and a little stout, short, elderly man, in a white greatcoat, and wearing a red comforter about his neck, entered. He made a smiling inclination towards the meeting.

"'Your name, if you please, sir?' said the editor.

"'Armstrong, sir. Johnny Armstrong.'

"'Oh, Mr Armstrong; delighted to see you,' said the editor. 'I have heard, as who has not, of your mishaps and adventures of various sorts; for the history of which, I and others are indebted to one of our friends here: but I never had the pleasure of seeing you before—a pleasure which, I assure you, I have always much desired. You were not displeased, I hope, at the account of your little disasters that was given in our work?'

"'Ou, no the least,' said Johnny, smiling. 'It was a' in fun; and, what's mair, I maun own it was a' true, save and except ae circumstance in the geeg incident. My leg wasna broken on that occasion, as ye hae't: only sair sprained.'

"'Is that the only error in the whole account, Mr Armstrong?' inquired the editor.

"'Deed is't, sir. The only ane, and a very sma' affair it is—no worth noticin.'

"'I am truly glad, Mr Armstrong, to have your own authority for the perfect good faith and unimpeachable veracity of that sketch,' replied the editor, 'for some people have held it to be a mere tissue of inventions and exaggerations. What will they say now that we have your own voluntary attestation to its entire accuracy, and perfect consistency with fact?'

"'It'll gar them look a wee blue, I'm thinkin,' replied Johnny, chuckling.

"'But, by the by, how is your son, Mr Armstrong?' inquired the editor. 'The youngster who managed to pass you so adroitly in the track-boat?'

"'Oh, he's quite weel, thank you,' said Johnny, laughing. 'Him and I haena tried travellin since. I'm bringin him up to my ain business; and he's turnin oot a steady determined-to-do-weel sort o' lad.'

"'Glad to hear it,' replied the editor. 'And now, Mr Armstrong, will you be so good as take a seat for a few minutes, until we get through a little business which we have on hand, when we shall be happy to have your company to'——

"Here the editor suddenly paused, being interrupted by some loud uncouth exclamations proceeding from the passage.

"'Whar's ta shentlemans?' roared the utterer of these exclamations. 'Whar's ta room?'

"'What gentleman? what room, sir?' was heard from the waiter, in reply.

"'Ta Porder Tale shentlemans, to be surely. Where'll they pe hold their meetin?'

"'Oh, in that room, sir: in that room there.' And, in the next moment, a huge Highlander, in the full costume of his country, and armed to the teeth, stalked into the apartment.

"'Hoo're ye all, shentlemans? Hoo're ye all?' said this formidable personage, doffing his bonnet, and bowing, with all the politeness of a master of ceremonies, as he spoke.

"'My name, shentlemans, is Corm; Tonal Corm. You'll do me ta great honour of recortin some little adventure of mine in Matreed, in your peautiful Tale of ta Porder.'

"'Donald Gorm, my good friend. Your trusty Highland fist,' said the editor, extending his hand towards his Celtic visiter. 'You are welcome, right welcome. Why, at this rate, we shall have the Border Tales all living before us. You were done no injustice to, Donald, I hope, in the sketch we gave of you?'

"'None at all, sir; not a grain. 'Twas all strecht an' clear as my swurt. No offence meant or given: none at all. But, excuse me, sir. Hoo you 'll get all the particulars of my history so correct and true. Was it my cuisin, Murtoch MacShoolachan, that 'll pe tellin you all apout it?'

"The editor assured Donald that it was not. That he had not the happiness of knowing his cousin Murdoch, never having seen nor heard of that gentleman before. The editor, however, declined saying whence the information regarding Donald had been derived; waiving a reply to that inquiry, by requesting Donald, as he had done Johnny Armstrong, to take a seat till the business of the meeting was closed. But, when that would be, seemed hard to determine; for visiters were now coming thick. No sooner was one disposed of than another appeared.

"The door of the apartment had not yet been closed after Donald Gorm's entrance, when two personages presented themselves in the doorway, the one standing behind the other. Reversing military arrangement, the front-rank man, on the present occasion, was a little squab personage; he in his rear, a tall, thin, gaunt figure, with a most saturnine expression of face. The first seemed to be in perfect good humour; the latter the reverse. He appeared extremely angry at something or other; but what that was, it was, as yet, hard to tell.

"'Walk in, gentlemen,' said the editor, looking towards the door. 'Walk in, if you please.'

The little man immediately did so, followed by the tall man, who still kept close behind him.

"'Hope I see ye weel, gentlemen; hope I see ye weel. A' weel, gentlemen; a' weel?' said the little man, ducking and bowing his bald head as he spoke.

"'Ye hae unco little reason to wuss them weel, the skemps, to go an' serve us up yon way,' muttered the tall man, grumblingly.

"'Haud your tongue, Johnny; haud your tongue, man; haud your tongue. Let me speak; let me speak,' whispered the little man in return. 'I'm the Provist o' Starviston, gentlemen, at your service,' he added, again facing the meeting; 'and this (pointing backwards with his thumb) is my man, Johnny Yuill, Johnny Yuill. He's no a'thegither pleased wi' ye, gentlemen, for the way ye served him an' me up in your Border Tales. The way ye served us up: although it's a' gude's truth; a' gude's truth. Nae deny'nt; nae deny'nt. But we 're a knicht noo, a knicht, a knicht; and deservin, maybe, o' a wee thing mair respeck.'

"'Be assured, Provost,' replied the editor, 'it was never our intention nor our wish to treat you or any other person with disrespect in our Tales. Perhaps we did exaggerate a little in giving the history of your knighthood; your journey to London, &c. Threw in, probably, a circumstance or two that might not be strictly true. Very little of this, however, as you know, Provost. But we hoped then, and hope still, that you would look upon the whole affair as a piece of harmless pleasantry. For yourself, Provost, I beg to assure you that both I and my worthy colleagues here have the most sincere respect and esteem for you personally. We know you to be a worthy, honest man; and as to the little failings we have ascribed to you, why, we have all our share of them, Provost. I wish I could say they were equally harmless.'

"'He's saft-saepin ye, Provist,' muttered Johnny Yuill, on whose brow sat, all this time, an angry frown. 'Dinna let him draw a strae afore your nose that way.' Then raising his voice—'I say, ye pack o' scribblers, what did ye mean by gien yon account o' me and the Provist, to set everybody a lauchin at us, as if we war a pair o' born idiots. Do ye think we dinna ken what's what as weel as ye do? Besides, in your account o' our journey to Lunnun ye hae tell't a parcel o' doonricht lees. I never spoke o carryin' saumon up to Lunnun; and never said to the Provist—wha's there to bear me witness—that I was sorry I had brocht nane up wi' me: that I could hae carried twa brawly, hingin' at my saddle-bows, or somewhere else; I forget preceesly what ye said—but it was to that effeck. In a' that, there's no a word o' truth.'

"'Is that the only inaccuracy you have detected in the story, Johnny?' said the editor, mildly.

"'I think it's aneuch,' replied Johnny, with a contemptuous smile.

"'But is there no other?' repeated the editor, in the same conciliatory tone.

"'No,' grumbled Mr Yuill, reluctantly. 'I'm no prepared to say there is ony ither direck untruth in the account, although there's a good deal o' stuffin' and seasoniu'.'

"'Well, then, John,' resumed the editor, 'I am sincerely sorry for the inadvertence you allude to.'

"'The what?' exclaimed Johnny, interrupting him.

"'The inadvertence, John.'

"'Od, that's a new name for a lee,' replied Johnny, chuckling. 'I never heard o't before. It's an unco gentle phrase for't. But I aye like to hear things ca'd by their richt names. Sae, oot wi't. Ca'd a lee at ance; and that's what it really and truly is. Neither mair nor less.'

"'Well, then, John,' resumed the editor, smiling, 'I am sincerely sorry for the *lee* you allude to: sorry that you should be misrepresented in any matter, however trifling. But I promise you that this shall be amended in the first new edition of the Tales, by the suppression of the false circumstance in the first place, and by a note, apologetic and explanatory, in the second. Now, John, as this is a very solemn occasion on which we are met, and as it is probable that we shall never all meet again, I am extremely desirous to make my peace with you. Will ye forgive and forget, and give me the hand of friendship?'

"'Too ay; too ay. Johnny 'll forgie ye; Johnny 'll forgie ye,' exclaimed the Provost. 'Let us a' forget and forgie; a' forget and forgie. Gie him your haun, Johnny; gie him your haun, man.'

"'Weel, I'm no carin', after a', though I do,' said Johnny, extending his huge horny paw to the editor: and his grim face relaxing into a strange caricature of a smile. 'But, mind, ye maun tak oot yon aboot the saumon.'

"He was again assured that this would be done; when the Provost and he, at the request of the editor, took seats, as the others had done, to await the termination of the business of the meeting.

"'Who's this next?' exclaimed the editor, a moment after, on hearing a smart sharp footstep coming along the passage, the heels of the walker's boots rap-tapping on the floor, with firm, well-planted strokes.

"The editor's query was answered by the instantaneous appearance of the person in question. He was a stout, little figure, in Hessian boots, and with a very red face. He was, apparently, in great wrath; for he was looking ferocious, and observed no ceremony on entering. It was some seconds before he spoke; before, indeed, he could speak: for, being very stout, and having, apparently, walked fast, he was out of breath. During this interval, he continued wiping his forehead, which was perspiring copiously, with a white handkerchief. Having cooled and collected himself a little, the angry little gentleman advanced towards the table, and, in a fierce tone, said—'Are you the writers of the Border Tales?'

"The editor rose from his chair, and, with the politeness of manner for which he is remarkable, replied that they were.

"'Umph! And you are the editor, I suppose?'

"The editor bowed.

"'Well, sir, I think I have been very ill used by you, or some one of you. Very unhandsomely used indeed. Shamefully used.'

"'I am truly sorry to hear it, sir,' replied the editor. 'Pray, in what way, sir, have we been so unfortunate as to offend you?'

"'In what way, sir!' repeated the little angry gentleman, fiercely. 'Why, sir, in reply to that question, I have only, I suppose, to announce my name. My name, sir, is Dobbie; Dr Dobbie. Now, sir, what right had you, or any of you, to make a little incident in my private life the subject of your lucubrations? What right had you to drag me before the public in the way you have done, to the serious injury of both my moral and professional character? If there be a law, sir, in the land, that will reach you, depend upon it I shall avail myself of it. My shop, sir—your description of my shop, sir, is most infamous. A pound of salts, a blue bottle, and a serpent! What was such a description of the display in my window meant for, but to throw me and my establishment into ridicule? I do not require, sir, to make a raree show of my window, like many others of the profession, to draw customers or patients, as the case may be. Both my establishment and myself are too well known for that, sir.'

"'Doctor, doctor, exclaimed the editor, interrupting him, and holding up his hand deprecatingly, "before you say another word, will you sup with us in half an hour hence? An excellent supper, as I expect, doctor, and a few tumblers after. Come, now, don't say nay,' added the editor, coaxingly.

"The doctor looked stern, wiped his face with his handkerchief, but said nothing for a second or two. It was evident, however, that the right chord had been touched; that the invitation to supper had done the business.

"'Why,' replied the doctor, at length, trying to look as fierce as ever, but insensibly using a much milder tone—'as to that, I don't know, sir. I did not come here with the intention of supping with you, or of accepting any courtesies whatever at your hands. My purpose was a very different one. Still, though reasonably offended at the treatment I have met with from you, I am not vindictive, and have no desire to carry matters to extremities. Therefore, taking your invitation to sup with you and your friends as a sort of epitome or concentration of all that is apologetic and conciliatory, I—I—I accept it; I do.'

"'Your hand, doctor,' said the editor. 'There, now, all's right. Let me just add, doctor, that, in giving the little sketch of a certain incident in your life, which so much offended you we calculated on the strength and brilliancy of your reputation. We knew it was founded on a rock, and that it could not be shaken by such a trifle as that alluded to. It was shooting an arrow against a tower.'

"'Well, well,' said the doctor, with a complacent smile, 'that's all right. When do you sup?'

"'In about half an hour, doctor. Be so good as take a seat till then?' and the editor motioned him to an empty chair.

"At this instant, the waiter rushed into the room, exclaiming, in great alarm, 'Mr Editor, Mr Editor, here's a crowd of people insisting on getting into the meeting.'

"'Who are they, John?' inquired the editor, calmly.

"'They say, sir, they are characters who have figured, from time to time, in the Tales.'

"'Oh, if that's the case, admit them, John: admit them all. As this is our last meeting, we can refuse none admittance who have that claim upon our civility.'

"In a few minutes after, the door was thrown wide open, when in walked a string of persons, amongst whom I at once recognised Duncan Schulebred, Bill Stanley, Peter Patterson, the Poor Scholar, the Bickermaker of Birgham, Sergeant Square, William Wighton, and a number of other old friends. These persons had hardly taken the seats to which they were all and severally politely invited by the editor, when another procession entered the room, with slow step and melancholy air.

"This procession consisted of a body of compositors, with a sprinkling of devils. Marching up to the editor, one of the former, who led the procession, and who carried, with both hands, a black cushion, at arms' length before him, on which lay a printed sheet, made a profound obeisance to that gentleman, and holding the cushion towards him, presented him, as it seemed to me, with the sheet alluded to.

"'Is it finished?' said the editor, taking the paper from the cushion.

"The man bowed.

"The editor now mounted on his chair, and, holding the sheet up to the view of all in the apartment, exclaimed—'Behold, gentlemen. *Finis coronat opus.*'

'We looked. The sheet had a black edge; and its title, printed in large letters, was—'THE LAST TALE.'

"A dismal groan followed this melancholy exhibition and, with that groan still ringing in my ears, I awoke.

"Having myself no faith whatever in dreams, I have only to say, in conclusion, that I hope there is nothing in that which I have just now related which ought to change this opinion of their fallacy. That it was, in short, but an idle dream; and that the last Border Tale will not be seen for many years to come."

The publisher of the Border Tales, with as little faith in dreams as his correspondent, is yet compelled to say that, in the present instance, he has dreamt but too truly.

With the present Number this popular work terminates. A work which, the publisher thinks he need not hesitate to say, comprises certainly the best collection of original tales extant.

THE END.

GLOSSARY.

A

A has four sounds in the Scottish language. 1. A broad, as in cauld, cold; 2. A short, as in mak, make; 3. A open, as in daddie, father; 4. A slender, as in alane, alone.

A is used in many words instead of o in English, as in ane, bane, stane.

When used with an apostrophe it signifies that the rest of the word is cut off, as a' for all, but this is a modern practice.

A is also used by the ancient Scottish authors to signify one.

Abad, abade, *s.* delay, abiding, tarrying.

Abak, *adv.* behind.

Abasit, *part. pa.* confounded, abashed.

Abay, *v. a.* to astonish.

Abays, *v. a.* to abash, to confound.

Abee, to let abee, to let alone, not to meddle with.

Abeigh, *adv.* aloof, "at a shy distance," keep aloof.

Abyll, *adj.* liable.

Ablins, aiblins, *adv.* perhaps, peradventure.

Acton, *s.* a leathern jacket thickly stuffed, and used under a coat of mail.

Adist, *prep.* opposed to ayont, *i.e.* on the other side.

Ae, *adj.* one, only, single.

Ae, *adv.* always.

Afa, *adj.* awful.

Afaynd, *v. a.* to attempt, to endeavour, to try.

Aff, *adv.* off, away. Aff at the note, deranged. Aff and on, living on the same floor. Aff or on, either agree to a bargain or reject it.

Affeome, *s.* the termination of any business. "I gied him his affeome," I gave him a down-setting, or offset.

Affeerd, *part. pa.* afraid.

Aff-hand, *adj.* plain, honest, blunt, without premeditation.

Afflooff, *adv.* extempore.

Affput, *s.* pretence for delay.

Affputting, *adj.* trifling, delaying.

Affset, *s.* dismissal.

Affside, *s.* offside.

Aflocht, *part. pa.* agitated, in a flutter.

Afterhend, *adv.* afterwards.

Agait, *adv.* on the way or road.

Agee, *adv.* to one side, ajar, a little open.

Aggrise, *v. a.* to affright, to fill with horror.

Agley, a-gly, *adv.* off the right line, obliquely, wrong.

Ahind, ahint, *adv.* behind, late as to time.

Aik, *s.* the oak.

Aiken, *adj.* oaken.

Ailin, *part. pa.* ailing.

Ain, *adj.* own.

Ains, *adv.* once.

Air, airly, *adv.* early in the morning, early.

Aire, *s.* an oar.

Airn, *s.* iron.

Airt, airth, *s.* point of the compass.

Aislair, *adj.* a polished substance.

Aiten, *adj.* oaten.

Aith, *s.* an oath.

Aits, *s. pl.* oats.

Aizle, *s.* a hot ember.

Alane, *adj.* alone.

Alang, *adv.* along.

Allagrugous, *adj.* ghastly, grim.

Allar, *s.* the alder tree.

Allooia, *v. a.* allowing.

Alquhare, *adv.* everywhere.

Amaist, *adv.* almost.

Amang, *prep.* among.

Amschach, *s.* a misfortune.

Ane, *adj.* one.

Anent, *prep.* over against, opposite, concerning, in relation to, about.

Aneuch, *adv.* enough.

Angell-hede, *s.* the barbed head of an arrow.

Anither, *adj.* another.

Anker-saidell, *s.* a hermit.

Ankerstock, *s.* a loaf made of rye, sweetened with treacle.

Anorne, *v. a.* to adorn.

Anse, anze, ense, *conj.* otherwise.

Antycessor, antecessowr, *s.* an ancestor, a predecessor.

Apert, *adj.* brisk, bold, free.

Apertly, *adv.* briskly, readily.

Aport, *s.* deportment.

Appair, *v. a.* to injure.

Apparelle, *s.* equipage, furniture for warfare.

Appleringie, *s.* the plant called southernwood.

Are, *adv.* formerly, also early.

Arby-root, *s.* the sea-gilliflower.

Arch, *adj.* averse, reluctant.

Argent content, ready money.

Argie, *v. a.* to dispute.

Argle-bargle, argie-bargie, *v. a.* to contend, to bandy backwards and forwards.

Ark, *s.* a large chest used for holding meal or corn.

Ark of a mill, *s.* the place in which the water-wheel moves.

Arles, *s.* earnest of any kind.

Armyn, armyng, *s.* armour, arms.

Arn, *s.* an alder tree.

Arna, are not.

Arr, *s.* a scar.

Arred, *part. adj.* scarred, having the marks of a wound or sore.

Arrondell, *s.* the swallow, a bird.

As, ass, asse, alse, *s.* ashes, plural assis and aiss.

Aschet, *s.* a large plate, on which meat is brought to table.

Ask, *s.* an eft or water newt, a lizard.

Asklent, asclent, asklint, *adv.* obliquely, asquint, on one side.

Aspert, *adj.* harsh, cruel.

Aspre, *adj.* sharp.

Assailyie, *v. a.* to attack, to assail.

Assenyhe, *s.* the word of war.

Assilag, *s.* the stormy petrel, a bird.

Assiltrie, *s.* an axle-tree.

Asteer, *adv.* in confusion, in a bustle.

Atcheson, atchison, *s.* a copper coin struck in the reign of James VI., value eight pennies Scots, or two-thirds of an English penny.

Athil, athill, *adj.* noble, *s.* a noble prince.

Athir, athyr, *pron.* either.

Athort, *prep.* through, athwart; *adv.* abroad, far and wide.

Atour, attoure, *prep.* over, across, beyond as to time, exceeding.

Atryst, *s.* appointment, assignation.

Attanie, *s.* a skeleton.

Atteled, *part. pa.* aimed.

Atter-cap, attir-cop, *s.* a spider, a person of a malignant or virulent disposition.

Atweesh, *prep.* between, betwixt.

Auchindoras, *s.* a large thorn-tree at the end of a house.

Aucht, *pret. pa.* possessed, ought, should.

Aucht, *s.* property, possession, that which is exclusively one's own. In a' my aucht, all I am possessed of.

Aucht, *adj.* eight.

Aukward, awkward, *prep.* across, athwart.

Auld, *adj.* old.

Auld Cluity, *s.* the devil.

Auldfarrent, auldfarraud, *adj.* sagacious.

Auld-mou'd, *adj.* sagacious in discourse, sometimes used as crafty.

Aumers, *s. pl.* embers.

Aumbry, *s.* a closet where victuals are kept for daily use.

Anmous, *s.* an alms.

Aunter, *v. a.* adventure.

Aunterons, *adj.* adventurous.

Austie, *adj.* austere, harsh.

Ava, *adv.* at all.

Avenand, *adj.* elegant in person.

Avoutarie, advonterie, *s.* adultery.

Awa, *adv.* away.

Awblaster, *s.* a cross-bow, the man who uses a cross-bow.

Awerty, auerty, *adj.* cautious, experienced.

Awfu', *adj.* awful.

Awise, *s.* manner, fashion.

Awise, Awysee, *adj.* cautious, considerate, prudent.
Awmon, Hewmon, *s.* a helmet.
Awnie, *adj.* bearded.
Awns, *s. pl.* the beards of corn or barley.
Awp. See Whaup.
Aws, *s. pl.* the buckets of a mill-wheel, or those divergent projections which receive the stroke of the water as it falls.
Awsome, *adj.* awful, appalling.
Ax, *v. a.* to ask.
Ax-tree, *s.* an axle-tree.
Ayont, *prep.* beyond.
Ay, *adv.* yea.

B

Baach, *adj.* ungrateful to the taste.
Babie-pickle, *s.* a small grain which lies in the bosom of a larger one at the top of a stalk of oats.
Bachlane, *v. a.* to treat with contempt, to walk in an awkward slovenly manner.
Back-bread, *s.* a kneading-trough.
Back-caw, *s.* the same as back-cast.
Backe, *s.* the bat.
Backlins, *adv.* backwards. To gae backlins, to walk backwards.
Back-set, *s.* a check, a relapse.
Backspang, *s.* a trick, or legal quirk; advantage taken by one over another.
Back-speir, *v. a.* to cross-question.
Back-speirer, *s.* a cross-examiner.
Back-sprent, *s.* the back-bone.
Badlyng, *s.* a low scoundrel, a wicked fellow.
Badnystie, *s.* silly stuff, low cant.
Badrans, bathrons, *s.* a designation for a cat.
Baff, *v. a.* to beat.
Baff, *s.* a stroke or blow.
Bag-rape, *s.* a straw rope used in fastening the thatch of a roof.
Bagrel, *s.* a child, a silly person.
Baikie, *s.* the stake to which a cow is fastened in the stall.
Bail, baile, bayle, *s.* a flame or blaze, a bonfire, a fire kindled as a signal, metaphorically the flame of love.
Bair, bar, *s.* a boar.
Bairn, barne, *s.* a child.
Bairnheid, *s.* childhood, childishness.
Bairnly, *adj.* childish.
Bairnliness, *s.* childishness.
Baist, *v. a.* to overcome.
Baistin, *s.* a drubbing.
Baisee, baivie, *s.* a large fire, a great blaze.
Bakster, baxster, *s.* a baker.
Bald, banld, *adj.* bold, intrepid, irascible.
Balk and burral, *s.* an elevated ridge, raised by a plough, and a barren space, nearly of the same dimensions, alternately.
Ballant, *s.* a ballad, a song.
Ballant-boddice, *s.* leather bodice, anciently worn by ladies.
Baloo, *s.* a lullaby.
Ban, bann, *v. a.* to curse.
Bannin, *pr. pa.* swearing.
Bandkyn, *s.* a species of cloth, the warp of which is thread of gold and the woof silk, and adorned with figures.
Bandster, banster, *s.* one who binds sheaves.
Bane-fyer, *s.* a bonfire.
Bang, *v. a.* to change place with impetuosity.
Bangster, *s.* a violent person, a bully, a braggart, the successful combatant.
Bannock, *s.* a cake of barley or pease meal.
Bannock-fluke, *s.* a turbot.
Bansticle, benticle, *s.* a fish, the three-spined stickleback.
Bap, *s.* a thick cake, baked in an oven with yeast.
Barblyt, *adj.* barbed.
Bardach, bardy, *adj.* determined, stout, fearless.
Bardily, *adv.* intrepidly, boldly, gallantly.
Barken, *v. n.* to become hard, to clot.
Barla-breikis, barley-braks, *s.* a game played in a corn-yard, running round the stacks.
Barley, *s.* a term used by children in games, when a truce, or a cessation for the time, is demanded.
Barnage, *s.* barons, noblemen.
Barrace, *s.* an outwork of a castle, a barrier; an enclosure made of felled trees, as a wall of defence.
Barrat, *s.* hostile intercourse.
Bash, *s.* a blow.
Bastoun, *s.* a heavy staff, a baton.
Batie, bawtie, *s.* a name applied to dogs, generally large ones.
Bats, *s. pl.* the hots, a disease in horses.
Batter, *v. a.* to paste, to lay a stone or other substance in a slanting direction.
Bauchle, Bachel, *s.* an old shoe.
Bauk, bawk, *s.* a cross beam in the roof of a house, a narrow strip of land left unploughed.
Bausy, *adj.* strong, big.
Baw, *v. a.* to hush, to lull, in the manner of nursing a child.
Baw, *s.* a ball.
Bawbee, *s.* a halfpenny.
Bawsy-broon, *s.* a hobgoblin
Bear, bere, *s.* barley.
Bearis befor, *s. pl.* ancestors.
Bebble, *v. a.* to swallow any liquid in a careless manner, or in small portions.
Beck, *v.* to curtsey.
Bedral, *s.* a person who is bed-rid.
Begrutten, *part. pa.* having the face disfigured with weeping.
Beik, beke, beek, *v.* to bask, as in the sun.
Beild, bield, *s.* shelter, refuge.
Beis, bees. One's head is said to be in the bees when uplifted with joy, or stupified, or absent.
Beld, *adj.* bald, without hair on the head.
Bele, *s.* a fire, a blaze.
Belyve, *adv.* by and by, just now, at length.
Bell the cat, to contend with a person of superior rank; to withstand him.
Bellan, *s.* fight, combat.
Belly-thra, *s.* the colic.
Belt, *v. a.* to gird, to flog, to scourge.
Beme, *s.* a trumpet.
Ben, *adv.* towards the inner apartments of a house; a room is generally called ben, and the kitchen but.
Ben-end, *s.* the ben-end of a house, the inner end of it.
Bene, bien, *adj.* wealthy, having abundance.
Benk, bink, *s.* a bench, a seat.
Benshie, benshi, *s.* a fairy's wife.
Benty, *adj.* covered with bent grass.
Beshacht, beshachilt, *part pa.* not straight, crooked.
Best, *part pa.* beaten, struck.
Best-man, *s.* groomsman; best-maid, the bridesmaid.
Betweesh, *prep.* betwixt.
Bevie, *s.* a great fire.
Bewry, *v. a.* to pervert, to distort.
Bick, *s.* a bitch, the female of the canine species.
Bicker, biquour, *s.* a small wooden dish, made in the form of a washing tub, the staves being alternately black and white.
Bide, byde, *v. n.* to wait for, to abide, to endure, to suffer.
Bierling, beerlin, *s.* a galley.
Big, *v. a.* to build.
Biggin, byggyn, *s.* a building.
Biggit, *part pa.* built. He's wee, bnt a weel-biggit body; he is little, but a well-built person.
Bigouet, *s.* a linen cap or coif.
Bike, beik, *s.* a nest of wild bees or wasps.
Bilbie, s. a residence or shelter.
Bilget, *adj.* bulged, swelling out.
Billie, billy, *s.* a companion, a comrade; fellow, used contemptuously; brother; a boy.
Bilter, *s.* a child.
Bind, binde, bynd, *s.* size, dimension, circumference, ability, judgment, sense; as, He's aboon your bind, he is beyond your ability.
Bing, *s.* a heap.
Binge, bynge, *v. a.* to cringe, to sneak.
Birdie, *s.* a little bird.
Bird-mouthed, *adj.* mealy-mouthed, simple.
Birk, *s.* a birch-tree.
Birk, *v. n.* to give a tart or sharp answer.
Birkin, *adj.* of or belonging to birch-wood.
Birky, *s.* a lively young man, a mettlesome person; an auld birky, an old boy, or old man, used ironically.
Birl, *v. n.* to ply with drink, to club money for the purpose of purchasing drink.
Birlaw-court. See Burlaw.
Birlie, *s.* a loaf of bread.
Birnie, byrnie, *s.* a corslet.
Birns, *s. pl.* roots.
Birr, *s.* noise, cry, force.
Birr, *v. n.* to make a whirring noise, also used for a person in a passion.
Birs, birse, *s.* a bristle; metaphorically, in a passion or displeasure. His birse is up, he is in a passion.
Birsle, *v. a.* to broil, to roast, to warm at a good fire.
Birsy, *adj.* having bristles, hot tempered.
Birth, *s.* size, bulk.
Birze, brize, *v. a.* to bruise, to drive or push.
Bishop's foot. It is said when broth or soup have been singed, that the bishop's foot has been in them.
Bisket, brisket, *s.* the breast.
Bism, *s.* a gulf.
Bismare, *s.* a bawd, a lewd woman
Bisming, bysming, *adj.* monstrous, horrible.
Bissarte, *s.* a bnzzard, a bird.
Bisse, bizz, *v. n.* to make a hissing sound, as hot iron plunged into water.
Bissome, byssym, *s.* an unworthy female.
Bit, *s.* a vulgar term used for food. He taks the bit and the buffit wi't, he takes the food and the blow along with it.
Bittill, beetle, *s.* a wooden mallet for beating cloths.
Blabber, *v. n.* to babble, to speak indistinctly.
Blackaviced, *a.* dark complexioned.
Blackburnin, *adj.* an expression used when a person blushes deeply for anything of which he is much ashamed—as a blackburning shame, a disgraceful action.
Blacket, *adj.* black, dirty.
Black-foot, *s.* a person who makes matches, or goes between a lover and his mistress.
Black-spael, *s.* a disease peculiar to cattle.
Blad, *s.* a large piece of anything, a portfolio, a gust of wind.
Bladdy, *adj.* unsettled, as applied to weather.
Bladoch, bledoch, *s.* buttermilk.
Bladry, bladry, *s.* trumpery, useless show.
Blae, bla, *adj.* livid.
Blaeberry, *s.* the bilberry.
Blain, *s.* a mark or blemish left by a wound.
Blair, *v. n.* to dry by exposure to sun and air.
Blait-mouit, *adj.* sheepish, ashamed to open one's mouth, or speak.
Blaitie-bum, *s.* a stupid, simple fellow.
Blak o' the ee, *s.* the apple of the eye.
Blanchart, *adj.* white.
Blander, *v. n.* to blabber.
Blash, *s.* a heavy fall of rain.
Blashy, *adj.* delnging, sweeping away as in a flood; thin, poor, as applied to broth or soup.
Blasowne, *s.* dress worn over armour, on which was emblazoned armorial bearings.
Blast, *v. n.* to smoke. To take a blast, to take a smoke.
Blate, blait, *adj.* bashful.
Blather, *v. n.* to talk nonsense, to talk ridiculously.
Blatter, *s.* a rattling noise, such as that made by a heavy shower of rain or hail.
Blaw, *v.* to blow, to publish, to make known, to boast or brag, to flatter or coax. To blaw in his lug, to blow in his ear, to cajole, to humbug.
Blaw, *s.* a falsehood.
Bleach down, *v. n.* to fall flat on the ground.
Blear, *s.* to obscure the sight.
Bleard, *s.* dull of sight, having inflamed eyes.
Bleek, *v. a.* to puzzle, to blacken.
Bleeze, *v. n.* milk is said to be bleezed when it has become a little sour.
Bleib, *s.* a pustnle, a blister.

Bleibs, *s. pl.* the chicken-pox.
Bleirie, *s.* liquor which has no strength.
Blemis, *s. pl.* blossoms.
Blenk, blink, *v. n.* to open the eyes as after slumber, to throw a glance of regard, to look favourably.
Blenk, blink, *s.* a gleam of light, a glance of sunshine, a short space of time, a gleam of prosperity or happiness.
Blent, *s.* a glance, as in the quick motions of the eye.
Blether, *v. n.* to stammer, or speak indistinctly or nonsensically.
Blin, *adj.* blind.
Blind harie, blind man's buff.
Blindlins, blinlins, *adv.* with the eyes closed, hoodwinked.
Blirt, *v.n.* to burst out a-crying or weeping.
Blob, blab, *s.* anything circular and turned, a blister.
Blobbit, *part pa.* bloated, blurred, blotched.
Blubber, *s.* a bubble of air.
Blubber, *v. a.* to cry, to weep.
Bludder, bluther, *v. a.* to bloat.
Blue-gown, *s.* a pensioner.
Bluid, *s.* blood.
Bluidy, *adj.* bloody, blood-thirsty, covered with gore.
Bluiter, blutter, *v. n.* to make a rumbling noise.
Blume, *v. n.* to blossom.
Bluntie, *s.* a stupid fellow, a sniveller.
Boal, bole, *s.* a small aperture in a house for the reception of articles, or for the admission of light or air.
Board-trees, *s. pl.* the board on which the dead are stretched before being chested. See Deed-dail.
Bob, *s.* a curtsey, a nosegay.
Bock, *v. a.* to make a noise with the throat, as persons will frequently do before vomiting.
Bod, boddy, *s.* a person of diminutive stature.
Boddum, *s.* bottom.
Boddum-room, *s.* a single sitting in a church, &c.
Boden, budden, *v.* offered, proffered.
Boetings, buitings, *s.* half boots, or leathern spatterdashes.
Bogill, bogle, *s.* a hobgoblin, a spectre, a scarecrow.
Bogill about-the-stacks, *s.* a game played by children in a barn-yard.
Bogg-selent, *s.* a coward.
Boin, Boyen, *s.* a washing-tub, a flat-bottomed vessel for holding milk.
Bombill-bee, *s.* a drone.
Bonie, bonny, *adj.* beautiful, having a fine countenance, sometimes used ironically.
Bonoch, *s.* a binding used for the hind legs of a cow during the operation of milking.
Boodies, *s. pl.* hobgoblins or ghosts.
Bool, *s.* an ironical name, as applied to an old man.
Bools (of a pot), *s. pl.* two bent pieces of iron, hooked at the ends, for lifting an old-fashioned pot off a fire.
Boonmost, *adj.* uppermost.
Boordley, *s.* strong, large, broad, having a manly appearance.
Bord, *s.* the edging of a woman's cap.
Bos, boss, *adj.* hollow, empty, ignorant, poor.
Bothe, boothe, *s.* a shop made of boards, a tent of wood used at fairs, &c.
Bothie, *s. pl.* a cottage for the use of servants.
Boucht, bought, bucht, *s.* a small pen used for milking ewes.
Bouk, buik, *s.* the trunk of the body, bulk.
Boukit, *adj.* bulky, large.
Boun, *adj.* prepared, ready.
Bountree, bountree, *s.* common elder-tree.
Bow, *s.* a boll, eight pecks.
Bow, *s.* the arch of a bridge, a gateway, a crooked path.
Bowat, bowet, boowet, *s.* a hand lantern.
Bowie, *s.* a milk pail, a small tub for washing.
Bowlie, boolie, *adj.* crooked, deformed; boulie-backit, humpbacked.
Bowsie, *adj.* crooked, applied to a crooked person.
Brace, *s.* the chimney-piece.
Bracken, brailken, brocken, *s.* the fern.
Brackit, bracket, bruckit, *adj.* speckled.
Brae, *s.* the side of a hill, an acclivity.
Braid, brade, *adj.* wide, broad.
Brak, brake, *adj.* brackish, salt.
Brander, *s.* a gridiron.
Brander, *v. n.* to broil.
Brane, *s.* the husks of corn.
Branks, *s.* a swelling in the glands of the neck.
Brat, *s.* a coarse apron.
Bratchet, bratchart, *s.* an opprobrious term equivalent to whelp.
Braw, bra, *adj.* fine, gaily dressed.
Brawly, bravely, *adv.* very well.
Braws, *s.* fine clothes, a person's best suit.
Braxy, bracks, *s.* a disease in sheep.
Brechane, brechem, *s.* the collar of a horse.
Bree, brie, broo, *s.* broth, soup, juice, sauce.
Bree, *s.* the eyebrow.
Breeks, breiks, *s.* breeches.
Breer, breard, *s.* the first blades of grain.
Breer, *v. n.* to germinate.
Breid, *s.* breadth.
Brent, *adj.* high, straight, upright.
Brentnew, quite new.
Brig, bryg, *s.* a bridge.
Brissal, *s.* brittle.
Brize, birze, *v. a.* to bruise, drive, or push.
Brochan, *s.* oatmeal boiled to a consistence thicker than gruel.
Brock, *s.* a badger.
Brocked, brocket, *adj.* streaked and spotted.
Brocklie, *adj.* brittle.
Brod, *s.* a flat piece of wood, a board.
Brog, *v. a.* to pierce, to prick.
Brog, *s.* a sprig-bit.
Brok, *s.* refuse, fragments.
Broonie, *s.* a spirit supposed to haunt farm-houses, and which, if treated well, performed the duties of the servants while they were sleeping.
Brose, *s.* food made by pouring hot water on oat meal, and mixing. Kail-brose is made by substituting broth for water.
Brouket, brucket, *adj.* streaked with dust, speckled, freckled.
Browst, *s.* the quantity of malt liquor brewed at one time.
Brugh, *s.* a borough, a circular encampment, the hazy circle round the moon.
Brukyl, *s.* brittle, easily broken.
Bruse, broose, bruise, *v. a.* to ride the bruise, to run a race on horseback at country weddings; metaphorically—to contend, to strive.
Bu, bue, *v. a.* to low as cattle do.
Bubbly, *adj.* snotty.
Bubblyjock, *s.* a turkey cock.
Bucht, *s.* a fold, a bending, the fold of a ribbon.
Buckie, bucky, *s.* any spiral shell, a perverse or refractory person.
Buckie-ingrain, *s.* the soldier-crab.
Buckle, *v. a.* to join together, as in marriage.
Buckle-the-beggars, *s.* a person who marries others in a clandestine manner.
Bucktooth, *s.* a tooth jutting out from the others.
Buff, *s.* a stroke, nonsense.
Buff-nor-stye, I could neither make buff-nor-stye o' her. I could neither make one thing nor another of her
Buffer, *s.* a foolish fellow.
Buffet, *s.* a blow.
Buffets, *s. pl.* swellings in the glands.
Buffie, *adj.* swelled, blown up, puffed up.
Buffie-headed, *adj.* dull of comprehension.
Buff-out, *v. a.* to laugh aloud.
Buik, *s.* the body, the chest.
Buik, buke, *s.* a book.
Buirdly, burdly, *adj.* large and well-made, stately.
Buist, *s.* a chest or box.
Buller, *v. n.* to make a noise like water rushing to and fro in the cavity of a rock.
Bullirag, *v. a.* to abuse, to tease, to reproach.
Bulyiements, *s.* habiliments.
Bum, *v. n.* to make a sound like that of bees, or a bag-pipe.
Bumbazed, *adj.* stupified.
Bumbee, *s.* the humble bee, a wild bee, a drone.
Bum-clock, *s.* the common flying beetle.
Bummeler, *s.* a blundering awkward fellow.
Bung, *v. n.* to make tipsy.
Bunker, bunkart, *s.* a low and long chest, used as a press, and also as a seat.
Bunkle, *s.* a stranger.
Buntling, *s.* a buntling, a bird.
Burdalane, *s.* used when a person is left solitary, as a child the inmate of a strange family.
Burde, boord, *s.* a table, a board.
Burdon, *s.* a large staff worn by pilgrims.
Burian, *s.* a tumulus, a mound of earth.
Burlaw, byrlaw, birley, *s.* a court consisting of country neighbours who settle local disputes, &c.
Burly, *s.* a crowd, a brawl.
Burn, burnie, *s.* a small stream, a rivulet.
Bursin, bursten, *part. pa.* burst, overpowered with fatigue.
Buschement, *s.* ambush.
Busk, *v. a.* to dress, to attire.
Bust, boost, *s.* the tar mark upon sheep.
Buter, butter, *s.* the bittern.
Byganes, *s.* what is past.
Byre, *s.* a cow-house.
By-runis, *s. pl.* arrears, past debts.
Bysprint, *part. pa.* besprinkled.
Bywane, *v. a.* to cloak, to cover.

C

Ca, *v. a.* to call, to strike, to drive.
Cab, *v. a.* to pilfer.
Caddis, *s.* lint for dressing a wound.
Cadge, *v. a.* to drive, to toss.
Cadie, *s.* an errand runner, a carrier of parcels.
Caff, *s.* chaff.
Caigie, *s.* wanton.
Caigiely, *v. a.* cheerfully, wantonly.
Caikle, *v. a.* to make a noise like a hen.
Caip, cape, *v. a.* to catch, to turn, to stop.
Cair-weeds, *s.* mourning weeds.
Cald, cauld, *s.* cold, deliberate, not rash.
Callan, Calland, callant, *s.* a stripling, a lad.
Caller, cauler, callour, *adj.* cool, refreshing, fresh, not putrid, having a healthful appearance.
Callot, *s.* a cap for a woman's head.
Calm-sough, to say little.
Calsay, cawsay, *s.* that part of a street which is bounded by the flags.
Calsay-paiker, *s.* a street-walker.
Camla-like, *adj.* sullen, surly, morose.
Cam-nosed, *adj.* hook-nosed.
Camperlecks, *s. pl.* magical tricks.
Campruly, *adj.* contentious, quarrelsome.
Campy, *adj.* bold, brave.
Camshauchel'd, *part. adj.* distorted.
Camstane, *s.* white clay, used as a substitute for pipe-clay in whitening hearths, &c.
Camsterie, camstairie, *adj.* unmanageable, perverse.
Cane, kain, *s.* a duty paid by a tenant of land, to the owners, in kind.
Cankert, *adj.* ill-tempered, cross.
Cann, can, *s.* skill, knowledge, acquirements.
Canna, cannae, cannot.
Cannas, cannes, *v.* any kind of coarse cloth.
Cannie, kannie, *adj.* cautious, crafty, gentle, so as not to hurt, slow.
Cannily, *adv.* prudently, cautiously.
Canty, *adj.* cheerful, lively.
Cantrap, *s.* an incantation, a spell.
Cap, kap, *s.* a wooden bowl.
Capernoited, *adj.* peevish, irritable, crabbed, snappish.
Cappit, *adj.* bad-tempered, peevish.
Caprowsy, *s.* a short cloak provided with a hood.
Capstride, *v. a.* to drink instead of one whose turn it is, when the tumbler is passing round.
Carcat, carkat, *s.* a necklace, a pendant ornament of the head.
Cardinal, *s.* a long cloak worn by women, generally those of a red colour, and provided with a hood.
Car-handed, *adv.* left-handed.

Carl, cairle, caril, *s.* an old man.
Carlie, *s.* a diminutive man.
Carlin, *s.* an old woman.
Carlins-e'en, *s.* the last night of the year.
Carlin-teuch, *adj.* as hardy as an old woman.
Carlish, *s.* boorish, clownish.
Carmudgeon, *s.* a forward child.
Carritch, caritch, *s.* the catechism.
Care-bed-lair, *s.* disconsolate, lying on a bed of care.
Castock, custack, *s.* the stalk or inner core of cabbage or greens.
Cast-up, *v. a.* to upbraid, to throw in one's teeth.
Catchy, *adj.* ready to take advantage of another.
Cattle-raik, *s.* a common on which cattle are fed, the feeding range of cattle.
Catwittit, *adj.* hairbrained, unsettled.
Caudron, *s.* a chaldron.
Cauldrife, *adj.*, susceptible of cold.
Cauld-steer, *s.* sour milk and oatmeal stirred together.
Cave, *v. a.* to separate from the straw and chaff.
Cavie, *s.* a hencoop.
Cawk, *v. a.* to chalk.
Cawker, *s.* a dram, a glass of any spirits.
Cawlie, cowlie, *s.* a name of contempt for a man, a boy.
Certis. Certis, ye'r a fine ane! You are indeed a good one—ironically.
Chack, check, *s.* a slight repast.
Chafts, *s.* the chops.
Chaft-blade, *s.* jaw-bone.
Chak, *v. a.* to check, to gnash.
Chakil, *s.* the wrist.
Chalmer, *s.* a chamber.
Champ, *v. a.* to mash, to chop.
Chancy, *adj.* fortunate, happy.
Channel, *s.* gravel.
Chap, *s.* a fellow.
Chap, *v. n.* to strike with any instrument, to knock at a door.
Chapin, *s.* a quart.
Chaudmellé, *s.* a sudden broil or quarrel.
Chaw, *v. a.* to gnaw, to fret.
Cheip, chepe, *v. n.* to chirp, as young birds do; to mutter—applied metaphorically; to creak, as the rusty hinges of a door.
Chesbow, *s.* the poppy.
Chess, *s.* the frame of wood for a window.
Cheswell, *s.* a cheese-vat.
Cheveron, *s.* armour for the head of a horse.
Chick, *v. n.* to make a clicking sound, like a watch, or with the tongue against the roof of the mouth.
Chiel, chield, *s.* a fellow, a stripling.
Childer, *s. pl.* children.
Chimley, *s.* a grate, a chimney.
Chimley-brace, *s.* the mantel-piece.
Chimley-lug, *s.* the fireside.
Chirk, chork, *v. n.* to grind the teeth in a noisy manner, the sound made by the feet in shoes full of water.
Chirme, *v. a.* the soft warbling of a bird.
Chitter, *v. n.* to shiver.
Chouk band, *s.* the piece of leather fastening the bridle of a horse under its jaws.
Chouks, *s.* the glandular parts under the jaw-bones.
Chuckie, *s.* a hen.
Chuckie-stane, *s.* a small pebble.
Claes, claise, *s. pl.* clothes.
Clag, clagg, *s.* an incumbrance.
Claggy, *adj.* adhesive, unctuous.
Claik, *v. n.* to make a clacking noise like a hen, to tattle.
Claith, clayth, *s.* cloth.
Claiver, claver, *v. a.* to talk idly.
Clamehewit, *s.* a drubbing.
Clanjamphry, *s. pl.* low acquaintances, not respectable.
Clank-doon, *v. a.* to throw down everything in a rude and noisy manner.
Clap, *s.* a stroke, a moment.
Clap o' the hass, the uvula of the throat.
Clarts, *s. pl.* dirt, smell.
Clarty, *adj.* dirty or foul.
Clash, r. *n.* to talk idly.
Clash, *s.* a blow.
Clat, *v. a.* to rake anything together.
Clat, *s.* a rake or hoe.
Clatch, *s.* thick mud.
Clatter, *v. a.* to tell tales, to tittle-tattle.
Claught, *pret.* laid hold of suddenly or eagerly.
Claver, *s.* clover.
Cleckin, *s. pl.* a brood of birds.
Cleckin-hrod, *s.* a battledoor.
Cleck, cleik, *v. a.* to grip, to seize with violence, to catch with a hooked instrument.
Cleed, *v. a.* to clothe.
Clekit, *s.* the knocker of a door.
Cleg, gleg, *s.* a gad-fly, a horse-fly.
Cleik, cleek, *s.* an iron hook.
Cleiky, *adj.* ready to take advantage.
Clep, *v. a.* to act the tell-tale.
Clench, cleugh, *s.* a precipice, a strait hollow between two steep banks.
Clew, *v. a.* to stop a hole by compressing, or by means of mortar and clay.
Clibber, clabber, *s.* a wooden saddle, a pack-saddle.
Click-clack, *s.* uninterrupted talking, short successive noise of a mill.
Clink, *s.* a smart blow, money.
Clinty, *adj.* stony.
Clippie. *s.* very talkative.
Clish-clash, *s.* idle discourse.
Clishmaclaver, *s* idle nonsensical talk.
Clitter-clatter, *s.* idle talk carried from one to another.
Clocher, *v. n.* to cough.
Clock, clok, *v. n.* to chuck, to call chickens together.
Cloff, clough, cleugh, *s.* a deep cleft between two adjacent hills, a cleft in a tree.
Cloit, *s.* a clown, a stupid fellow.
Cloit, *v. n.* to fall heavily, or suddenly.
Cloitery, *s.* tripe, dirty work.
Cloot, clute, *s.* a hoof.
Close, *s.* a passage, an entry.
Clour, *v. a.* to dimple.
Clouse, *s.* a sluice.
Clout, *v. a.* to patch, to mend.
Clout, *s.* cuff, a blow.
Clowe, *s.* a hollow between two hills.
Clump, *s.* a heavy inactive fellow.
Clung, *part pa.* empty; applied to the stomach when a person is very hungry.
Clunk, *v. n.* a sound produced by moving a liquid in a cask or bottle which is not full.
Coble, *s.* a small boat.
Cockernonny, *s.* the hair of a female gathered in a knot.
Cocklaird, *s.* a landowner who cultivates his own estate.
Cod, *s.* a pillow.
Coft, *pret.* and *part.* purchased or bought.
Cog, coag, cogue, *s.* a wooden basin.
Cogle, *v. a.* to move anything from side to side.
Coglesonce, *s.* anything placed in a situation liable to be upset.
Coll, *v. n.* to cut, to clip.
Collie, colley, *s.* a shepherd's dog.
Collieshangie, *s.* a squabble, an uproar
Comerwald, *adj.* henpecked.
Coodie, cudie, *s.* a small tub.
Coof, cufe, *s.* a dastardly silly fellow
Coorin, *v. n.* crestfallen, timid.
Cope, *s.* a coffin.
Corbie, corby, *s.* a raven.
Corky, *adj.* airy, brisk.
Corp, *s.* a corpse, a dead body
Corrie, *s.* a hollow in a hill.
Cosh, *s.* neat, quiet.
Cosie, cozie, *adj.* warm, snug, well sheltered.
Cottar, cotter, *s.* a cottage.
Coucher, couchard, *s.* a coward.
Coup, cowp, *v. a.* to exchange, to deal, to fall, to upset.
Couper, *s.* a dealer.
Couple, *s.* a rafter.
Conr, *v. n.* to stoop, to crouch.
Cout, *s.* a young horse.
Couth, couthy, *adj.* affable, facetious, affectionate.
Cow, kow, *s.* a besom made of broom.
Cow, *v. a.* to beat, to overcome.
Cow, *v. a.* to cut, to prune, to frighten.
Cowit. *part pa.* docked, closely cut.
Cowlick, *s.* a tuft of hair on the human head which cannot be made to lie in the same direction as the hair contiguous to it.
Crack, *v. a.* to talk.
Cracklins, *s. pl.* the refuse of tallow after it has been melted.
Cracky, *v. n.* talkative.
Craft, *s.* a piece of ground adjoining a house.
Crag, craig, *s.* the neck, the throat.
Craig, *s.* a rock, a precipice.
Craik, *v. n.* the cry of a hen after laying, to make a cry for anything impatiently, to talk loudly.
Crap, *s.* a crop, the produce of the soil, the craw of a fowl, the highest part of anything.
Craw, *v. n.* to crow, to boast.
Craw, *s.* a crow.
Craw-taes, *s. pl.* the plant called crowfoot
Creek of day, dawn.
Creepy, *s.* a low stool.
Creil, creel, *s.* an osier basket.
Creish, *s.* grease.
Creish-a-lufe, *v. a.* to give money as a bribe or recompense.
Crinch, *s.* a very small bit of anything.
Crinch, *v. a.* to grind with the teeth.
Crine, cryne, *v. n.* to shrivel, to shrink.
Croishtarich, *s.* the fire-cross, or signal of war.
Croney, *s.* a companion.
Crons, cronse, *adj.* brisk, brave, speeding courage.
Crowdie, *s.* meal and water in a cold state, meal and milk.
Cruds, *s.* curds.
Cruels, *s.* the king's evil, scrofula.
Crummie, crummock, *s.* a cow.
Crune, croon, *s.* a moaning sound.
Crunkle, *v. a.* to crease, to rumple.
Crufe, croove, *s.* a hovel, a pig-stye.
Crusie, *s.* a lamp made of malleable iron, and suspended by a handle or wire.
Cry, *v. a.* to proclaim the banns of marriage in church.
Crying, *s.* childbirth.
Cud, *s.* a club, a strong staff.
Cuddie, *s.* an ass.
Cufe, *s.* a simpleton.
Cuff-o'-the neck, the back part of the neck.
Cuisser, cussar, *s.* a stallion.
Cummar, kimmer, *s.* a young woman.
Cuning, cunnie, *s.* a rabbit.
Curfuffle, *v. a.* to discompose.
Curple, *s.* a crupper.
Curran, curn, kurn, *s.* a few, indefinite number.
Curunddoch, curcuddy, *s.* a dance among children, in which they sit down on their boughs, and hop round in different directions.
Cushit, *s.* the ringdove.
Cute, cuit, *s.* the ankle.
Cutikins, *s. pl.* spatterdashes.
Cutty, *s.* a wanton immoral young woman.
Cutty, cuttie, *adj.* short.
Cutty-stool, *s.* a low stool, the stool of repentance.

D

Dackle, *s.* suspense, hesitation.
Dad, daddie, *s.* father.
Dad, daud, *s.* to beat.
Dad down, r. *n.* to fall, or clap down rapidly.
Daddle, daidle, r. *a.* to do anything slowly, walk in a slow sluggish manner.
Daddlie, *s.* an apron worn by children.
Daffin, *s.* gaiety, sporting, diversion.
Daft, *adj.* delirious, thoughtless, excessive mirthfulness.
Daft-days. the Christmas holidays.
Dag, *s.* a gentle shower.
Dag, r. *a.* to rain gently.
Daigh, *s.* dough.
Daignie, *adj.* doughy, soft, spiritless.

Daintith, *s.* a dainty.
Dainty, *adj.* pleasant, good-humoured, worthy.
Daivered, *adj.* dull, stupid, wanting apprehension.
Dall, *s.* a doll.
Dambrod, *s.* a draft-board.
Dams, *s.* the game of drafts.
Dammish, *v. a.* to stun, to stupify.
Dander, *v. n.* to wander slowly, to roam.
Danders, *s. pl.* the hard refuse of a smithy fire.
Dandilly, *s.* a female spoiled by admiration.
Dang, the *pret.* of ding.
Darklins, *adv.* in the dark, hidden.
Dase, daise, *v. a.* to stupify, to benumb.
Dased, *v. n.* stupified, silly.
Davel, devel, *s.* a stunning blow.
Daw, da, *s.* a sluggard, a drab.
Daw, *v. n.* to dawn.
Dawd, *s.* a large piece.
Dawdie, *s.* a dirty slovenly female.
Dawnton, *v. a.* to subdue, cast down, depress.
Dawt, daut, to fondle, to dote upon.
Dawtie, *s.* a favourite, a darling.
Dawtit, *part. pa.* doted, fondled, caressed.
Daywerk, dawerk, *s.* a day's work.
Dead-man's-bells, *s. pl.* fox-gloves.
Deave, deeve, *v. n.* to deafen.
Dede, deid, *s.* death.
Dede-thraw, *s.* in the agonies of death.
Dede-ill, *s.* mortal sickness.
Deep-drauchtit, *adj.* crafty, designing.
Deeing, *v. n.* dying.
Deich, *s.* a precipitous cleft in a mountain.
Deil's-buckie, *s.* a wicked imp.
Delieret, *adj.* delirious.
Den, *s.* a hollow in a hill or mountain.
Devall, devald, *s.* to cease, to intermit.
Deuchandorach, deuchandoris, *s.* a drink taken at the door before departing.
Deule-weeds, *s. pl.* mourning weeds.
Dibler, *s.* a large wooden platter.
Dicht, dycht, *v.* to wipe.
Didna, did not.
Die, *s.* a toy, a gewgaw.
Ding, *v. a.* to beat, to drive, to overcome.
Dinna, do not.
Dinle, *v. n.* to tremble, to make a loud noise, to vibrate.
Dird, *s.* a stroke.
Dirdum, *s.* an uproar.
Dirle, *v. a.* to tingle.
Dirl, *s.* a vibration, a slight tremulous stroke.
Disna, doesna, does not.
Dishilago, *s.* the vulgar name for colt's foot.
Disjasket, *part. pa.* dejected or downcast, appearance of decay.
Div, *v. a.* do.
Divet, diffat, divot, *s.* a thin oblong turf.
Dixie, *s.* severe reprehension.
Dizen, *s.* dozen.
Dochter, doughtyr, *s.* daughter.
Dockea, *s.* the dock, an herb.
Dockety, dockitie, *s.* short, stunted, cut short.
Dodly, daddit, *adj.* destitute of horns, bald.
Dog-hip, *s.* the fruit of the wild rose.
Doggit, *adj.* stubborn.
Doitit, doited, *adj.* stupid, lack of mental activity.
Doit, *s.* a fool, a numskull.
Dominie, *s.* a schoolmaster, a pedagogue.
Donnard, donnart, *adj.* stupid.
Donk, *adj.* damp.
Doock, duck, *s.* strong coarse cloth used for sails, &c.
Doodle, *v. a.* to dandle, to fondle.
Doof, *s.* a stupid, silly fellow.
Dookit, *s.* a dovecot or pigeon-house.
Dook, *s.* a peg.
Dook, douk, *v. n.* to bathe, to duck.
Dool, *s.* grief, sorrow.
Doot, *s.* doubt.
Dorecheck, *s.* the door-post.
Dort, *v. n.* to pet.
Dorty, *adj.* pettish, saucy; when flowers or plants are difficult to rear, they are said to be dorty.
Dot, *s.* a dotard.
Dottar, *s.* become stupid from age.
Douce, douse, *s.* sedate, quiet.
Douf, *s.* a stupid fellow, destitute of courage, hollow, as applied to sound.
Doule, *s.* a fool.
Dounwith, *adv.* downwards.
Doup, *s.* the buttocks, the bottom of anything.
Dour, *adj.* stubborn, inflexible, obstinate.
Douse, *v. a.* to beat, to maltreat.
Douss, *s.* a blow, a stroke.
Dover, *v. n.* to slumber.
Dow, *v. n.* to fade, to wither, to lose freshness.
Downlook, *s.* scorn, contempt.
Dowy, dowie, *adj.* dull, downcast, sorrowful.
Dozend, dosend, *s.* stupified, benumbed.
Drable, draible, *v. a.* to slabber, to befoul.
Draff, *s.* the refuse of grain after being distilled or brewed.
Dragon, *s.* a paper kite.
Draigle, *v. a.* to bespatter.
Drake, draik, *v. a.* to drench.
Dramock, *s.* a mixture of raw meal and water.
Drant, drunt, *v. a.* to drawl.
Drap, *s.* a drop, a small quantity of drink.
Dregy, dergy, *s.* the compotations after a funeral.
Dreich, dreech, *adj.* slow, tedious.
Dribble, *s.* a very small drop, a drizzling rain.
Driddle, *v. n.* to spill from carelessness, to move slowly.
Drizzen, *v. n.* to low as a cow or ox.
Drouk, *v. a.* to drench.
Droichy, *adj.* dwarfish, short-legged.
Drouth, *s.* drought, thirst.
Drumly, Drumlie, *adj.* troubled, muddy, confused.
Drunt, *s.* to be in a sour, pettish humour.
Dub, *s.* a small pool of water produced by rain.
Dud, *s.* a rag, a dish-clout.
Duddy, *adj.* ragged.
Duke, *s.* a duck.
Dule, *s.* grief.
Dumbie, dummie, *s.* a dumb person.
Dunch, *v. a.* to jog, to push with the elbow or fist.
Dunt, *v. a.* to strike, so as to produce a dull hollow sound, to palpitate.
Dust, *s.* a tumult.
Dwalm, dwaum, *s.* a swoon, a sudden fit of sickness.
Dwining, *s.* a declining consumption.
Dwyne, *s.* to pine, to fade as a flower.

E

Earn, *s.* an eagle.
Earn, yearn, *v.* to coagulate.
Easing, *s. pl.* the eaves of a house.
Eastlin, *adj.* easterly.
Ee, *s.* an eye.
Een, *s. pl.* the eyes.
Eerie, *adj.* dull, lonely.
Efterhend, *adv.* afterwards.
Eident, *adj.* diligent, industrious.
Eik, eke, *adj.* an addition.
Eildens, yealdings, *s. pl.* equals in age.
Elbeck, Elbuck, *s.* elbow.
Eleven-hours, *s.* a luncheon.
Eldfader, *s.* grandfather, father-in-law.
Eldmoder, *s.* grandmother, mother-in-law.
Elsyn, elshyn, *s.* an awl.
Elwand, elnwand, *s.* a rod for measuring.
Enench, eneugh, *s.* enough.
Entremellys, *s. pl.* skirmishes.
Erd, erde, yerd, yerth, *s.* earth, soil or ground.
Erd, yerd, *v. a.* to inter.
Erlis, arles, *s.* earnest.
Erse, *s.* Gaelic or Celtic, the language of the Highlanders of Scotland.
Ery, eiry, eerie, *adj.* affected with fear, by loneliness, or the dread of ghosts.
Esk, *s.* a newt or a lizard.
Ettil, *v. n.* to aim at, to propose, to design.
Evendoun, *adj.* perpendicular, downright honest.
Ew-gowan, *s.* the common daisy.
Exeambie, *v. a.* to exchange.
Extree, *s.* axle-tree.

F

Fa, *s.* fall.
Fadom, *s.* a fathom. Used metaphorically—I cannot fadom, I cannot understand.
Fae, *s.* foe.
Faik, *v. a.* to grasp, to fold.
Fail, feal, *s.* a grassy turf, a sod.
Fail-dyke, *s.* a wall built of sods.
Faiple. To hang the faiple, to be chop-fallen.
Fairfassint, *adj.* having a great semblance of discretion or fairness.
Fairly, ferley, *v. n.* to wonder.
Fairtickl'd, *adj.* freckled.
Fald, fauld, *s.* a sheep-fold.
Fallow, *s.* fellow.
Fame, faim, *s.* foam, passion, fume.
Fand, *pret.* found, felt.
Farle, *s.* a thin cake of oat or other meal.
Farrand, farrant, *adj.* seeming; auld-farrand, sagacious; fair-farrand, weel-farrand, having a goodly appearance.
Fasch, fash, *v. a.* to trouble.
Faschcous, *adj.* troublesome, difficult.
Fastringis-ewyn, *s.* the evening preceding the first day of Lent.
Faucht, *pret.* fought.
Faute, fawt, *s.* fault.
Faw, fa', *v. a.* to obtain.
Faynd, fend, *v. n.* to shift, to provide for.
Feale, *adj.* loyal, faithful, true.
Fecht, *v. a.* to fight, to toil.
Feck, fek, *s.* quantity, number, the greater part
Feckless, *adj.* weak, feeble in mind.
Feeding-storm, *s.* one that is on the increase.
Feent, not one.
Feenichin, *adj.* trifflingly foppish.
Feeze, *v. a.* to twist.
Feigh, feech, *interj.* fy!
Feikle, fickle, *v. a.* to puzzle.
Ferlie, fairlie, *s.* a wonder.
Fernyear, *s.* the preceding or past year.
Feryt, ferryit, *pret.* farrowed.
Fetyl, *v. n.* to join rapidly.
Fettel, fettle, *s.* power, energy, neat, tight.
Fey, *adj.* strange, predestined to misfortune.
Feykie, *adj.* troublesome.
Ficke, fyke, *v. n.* to be in a restless state, or in trouble about anything.
Fiddling, *adj.* trifling, though apparently busy.
Fidging, *v. n.* itching.
File, fyle, *v. a.* to dirty or sully.
Filibeg, *s.* a kilt or short petticoat, worn by men in the Highlands instead of breeches.
Fillat, fillet, *s.* the flank of an animal.
Filler, *s.* a funnel.
Fireflaucht, *s.* lightning.
Firlot, *s.* the fourth part of a boll.
Fissle, *v. n.* to rustle.
Fivesum, *adj.* in fives.
Flaf, *v. n.* to flap.
Flat, *s.* a floor of a house.
Flee, *s.* a fly.
Fleein, *v. n.* flying.
Fleep, *s.* a flea.
Fleg, *v. n.* to affright, to frighten.
Fleish, fleitch, *v. a.* to wheedle, flatter, beseech.
Flendris, flinders, *s. pl.* splinters.
Flipe, flype, *v. a.* to turn inside out, to strip.
Flisk, *v. a.* to skip, to caper.
Flit, *s.* to transport.
Flit, *v. n.* to remove from one house to another.
Flourish, *s.* blossom
Flude, *s.* a flood.
Flude-mark, *s.* tide-mark.
Flum, *s.* flattery.
Flunkie, *s.* a servant in livery.
Fluster, *s.* bustle, confusion.
Fluther, *v. n.* to be in a bustle.
Flyte, *v. n.* to scold, reprehend.
Fog, *s.* moss.
Foggie, *s.* an invalid, pensioner, or garrison soldier
Foison, fushioun, *s.* strength, ability.
Foisonless, *adj.* weak in intellect, or in body
Foorsday, *s.* Thursday.

Forbearis, *s. pl.* ancestors.
Forby, *adj.* besides.
Forfoucht, forfouchten, *adj.* exhausted with labour.
Forgane, foregainst, *prep.* opposite.
Forgather, *v. n.* to meet accidentally.
Forgie, *v. a.* to forgive.
Forjesket, *part. pa.* jaded, fatigued.
Forleith, *v. a.* to loath.
Fornent, *prep.* opposite.
Forpet, *s.* the fourth part of a peck.
Forscomfit, *adj.* overcome with heat or a bad smell.
Forthgeng, forthgang, *s.* the entertainment given to a bride before leaving her father's house.
Fourmarte, *s.* a polecat.
Fourhours, *s.* tea; four o'clock being the hour at which that meal was taken in early times.
Fournenkit, *adj.* four-cornered.
Foutre, *s.* a term of contempt.
Fouty, foutie, *adj.* mean, base.
Fow, fu, foo, *s.* full with food, drunk.
Fowrsom, *adj.* in fours.
Foy, *s.* an entertainment given by or to a person before leaving home.
Fozy, *adj.* spongy, porous.
Fractious, *adj.* fretful, peevish.
Frae, *prep.* from.
Frasch, *adj.* brittle.
Fraucht, *v. a.* to freight.
Freen, freend, *s.* a relation.
Fresh, *s.* a slight flood after rain, not frosty.
Frey, *s.* a tumult, a fray.
Frowdie, *s.* a cap worn by old women, fragile.
Fud, *s.* the tail of a hare or rabbit.
Fuff, *v. n.* to puff, to blow.
Fuffle, *v. a.* to put anything in disorder.
Fugie, *s.* a coward, a fugitive.
Fulyie, *v. a.* to defile.
Funk, *v. a.* to kick like a horse. In a funk, in a bad humour.
Furthy, *adj.* forward, frank, affable.

G

Gabby, *adj.* talkative, loquacious.
Gaberlungie, gaberlunzie, *s.* a beggar.
Gaddryng, *s.* assembly.
Gae, *v. n.* to go.
Gaed, gaid, *pret.* went.
Gaffaw, *v. n.* laugh loud.
Gairfish, *s.* the porpoise.
Gaisline, *s.* a gosling, a young goose.
Gaist, *s.* a ghost.
Gait, gate, *s.* a way, a street.
Gait, *s.* a goat.
Gallion, *s.* a lean horse.
Gamaleerie, *s.* a tall raw-boned awkward female, a foolish person.
Gambet, *s.* a gambol.
Gane, *part pa.* gone.
Gang, *pret.* to go, to walk.
Gangin, *v. a.* going.
Gant, gaunt, *v. n.* to yawn.
Gapus, *s.* a fool, a silly fellow.
Gar, *v. a.* to make, to force.
Garb, gorb, *s.* a young unfledged bird.
Garb-hair, *s.* the down on a bird before it is fledged.
Gart, *pret. of* gar.
Garten, *s.* a garter.
Gash, *v. n.* to talk much and confidently, pert insolent talking.
Gash-gabbit, *s.* with a projecting under-jaw.
Gaucy, gawsy, *s.* plump, jolly, stately.
Gauckit, *adj.* stupid.
Gavel, gawl, *s.* the gable of a house.
Gaw, *v. n.* to gall.
Gawd, *s.* a goad.
Gawf, gaff, *v. n.* to laugh violently.
Gawkie, gawky, *s.* a foolish gaping person.
Gawkit, *adj.* foolish, giddy.
Gawp-up, *v. n.* to swallow up voraciously
Gear, gere, geir, *s.* goods, money.
Gebbie, *s.* the crop of a fowl.
Gee, pettish. To tak the gee, to become unmanageable.
Geil, geill, *s.* jelly.
Geily, geylies, *adj.* pretty well.
Geisen, gizzen, *v. a.* to become leaky for want of moisture.
Geist, *s.* a joist, a beam.
Gell, *s.* a crack, a leech.
Genty, *adj.* neat, genteel-looking, neatly formed.
Gers, gyrs, *s.* grass.
Gersslouper, *s.* a grasshopper.
Gersome, gressoume, *s.* money paid by a tenant to a landlord upon an entry to a lease.
Gett, *s.* a child.
Gey, gay, *adj.* tolerable, pretty much. A gey wheen, a considerable number.
Gibble-gabble, *s.* noisy confused talk in a party.
Gies, gees, give us.
Giest, give it to us.
Gif, gyve, *conj.* if.
Giff-gaff, *s.* mutual giving.
Gillie, *s.* a page or attendant.
Gilliegapus, *s.* a fool, a silly fellow.
Gilliewetfoot, *s.* a worthless fellow, a bumbailiff.
Gilpy, *s.* a roguish boy, or frolicsome girl.
Gimmer, *s.* a ewe two years old.
Gimp, gymp, jimp, *adj.* slim, delicate, scanty.
Gimply, jimply, *adv.* scarcely.
Gin, *conj.* if.
Gir, gird, gyrd, *s.* a hoop.
Girke, *s.* a stroke.
Girn, *s.* to grin, to snarl, like a dog.
Girn, *s.* a snare for catching birds.
Girnall, girnell, *s.* a chest for holding meal.
Girnigo, *s.* a term of contempt for a peevish grumbling person.
Girsle, *s.* gristle.
Girslie, girsly, *adj.* gristly.
Gite, *s.* crazy.
Glabber, *v. n.* to speak indistinctly, to babble.
Glaik, *s.* the reflections of the rays of light from any lucid body in motion, for example, from water.
Glaiket, *adj.* light, giddy.
Glairy-flairy, *adj.* gaudy, untidily showy.
Glaizie, *s.* glittering, glossy.
Glammach, *s.* a snatch, an eager grasp.
Glamourie, *adj.* fascinating.
Glar, glaur, *s.* mud, mire.
Glatton, *s.* a handful.
Glaum, *v. a.* to grasp anything greedily.
Gled, *s.* the kite, a bird of the hawk kind.
Gleek, *v. a.* to gibe.
Gleg, *adj.* quick of perception, expeditious.
Gleg, glye, glee, *v. n.* to squint.
Glent, glint, *part. pa.* to glance, a transient view.
Gleyd, *adj.* squint-eyed, oblique.
Glib-gabbit, *adj.* glib-tongued.
Glift, *s.* a sudden fright or alarm.
Glisk, *s.* a transient view.
Gloamin, *s.* twilight.
Gloamin-star, *s.* Venus, the evening star.
Glock, *s.* a gulp.
Gloum, gloom, *v. n.* to frown.
Glour, glowr, *v. n.* to stare, to look steadfastly.
Glour, *s.* a broad stare.
Gludder, *v. n.* to work in a dirty manner.
Glunsh, *v. n.* to pout.
Golach, *s.* a beetle of any kind.
Goldspink, goudspink, *s.* the goldfinch.
Golk, gowk, *s.* the cuckoo, a stupid fellow.
Gomrell, *s.* a stupid fellow, a numskull.
Gootchard, goutchard, *s.* grandfather.
Gorb, gorbet, gorbie, *s.* a young bird.
Gouf, *s.* a stroke, a blow.
Goud, gould, *s.* gold.
Goupin, gowpin, *s.* the hollow of the hand contracted so as to hold anything, a handful.
Gowan, *s.* the mountain daisy.
Gowany, *adj.* abounding with daisies.
Gowff, *v. a.* to strike.
Gowk's-errand, *s.* a fool's errand.
Gowl, *s.* a hollow between two hills.
Gowl, *v. n.* to howl, to yell.
Gowp, *s* a mouthful.
Gowp, *v. a.* to gulp.
Graip, *s.* a dung-fork.
Graith, *s.* furniture necessary for riding, soap-suds.
Gramarye, *s.* magic.
Grap, grape, *v. n.* to grope.
Gree, *v. n.* to agree.
Green, greiu, *v. n.* to long for anything.
Greit, greet, *v. n.* to weep.
Greeting, *s.* weeping.
Grieve, *s.* an overseer.
Grippy, *adj.* disposed to defraud, quick at taking advantage.
Grist, *s.* fee paid to a mill for grinding any kind of grain.
Grit, *adj.* great.
Groats, *s.* oats with the husks taken off.
Groset, grosart, *s.* a gooseberry.
Grone, growe, *v. n.* to shiver.
Grousam, gruesome, *adj.* frightful, uncomely.
Grumphie, *s.* a vulgar name for a sow.
Grutten, *part. pa.* of cried.
Gryce, *s.* a pig.
Gud, gude, gueed, *adj.* good. Frequently used for the name of God.
God-syr, gudsher, *s.* a grandfather.
Gud-wife, *s.* a wife, landlady.
Gude, guid, good, *v. a.* to manure.
Gudgie, *adj.* short and stout.
Guff, *s.* a vapour, a smell.
Guidman, gudeman, *s.* a proprietor of land, a farmer, a husband.
Guller, *v. n.* to guggle.
Gully, *s.* a large knife.
Guschorn, guissern, *s.* the gizzard.
Gusty, *adj.* savoury.
Gutsy, *adj.* gluttonous.
Gutters, *s. pl.* mire, mud, dirt.
Gutty, *adj.* gross, thick.
Gyisard, gysart, *s.* children who go from door to door singing during the Christmas time. Masks are frequently used on such occasions.
Gyte, *adj.* foolish. To gang gyte, to go mad.

H

Ha', *s.* a hall.
Haaflang, haffin, *adj.* half-grown.
Haar, *s.* a fog, a chill easterly wind.
Habber, *v. n.* to stutter.
Ha-bible, *s.* a large family bible.
Habble, *s.* a scrape, a perplexity.
Hack, *s.* a chop in the hands or feet.
Hae, *v. n.* to offer anything.
Haein, *s.* having.
Haena, have not.
Haffit, *s.* the side of the head.
Hagabag, *s.* coarse table-linen.
Haggies, haggis, *s.* a pudding made of a lamb's or sheep's maw, lungs, heart, and liver, minced with suet, onions, salt, pepper, and oatmeal.
Hailsome, *adj.* wholesome, healthful.
Hain, hane, *v. a.* to spare, to save.
Hair, *s.* a very small portion.
Hair-mould, *s.* the mould which appears on bread.
Hair-ryme, hoar-frost.
Hairs, *adj.* hoarse.
Hairst, *s.* harvest.
Hairumscairum, *adj.* hairbrained.
Hake, *s.* a frame for cheeses.
Half-marrow, *s.* a husband or wife.
Hallach'd, hallaket, *adj.* crazy, boisterous, extremely frolicsome.
Hallanshaker, *s.* a sturdy beggar, a person of shabby appearance.
Hallan, hallon, hallond, hallin, *s.* a mud wall in cottages, extending from the front backwards, to shelter the interior of the house from the draft of the door when open.
Halloween, *s.* the evening before Allhallows.
Hallock, *s.* a thoughtless giddy girl.
Hals, hawse, *s.* the neck, the throat.
Haly, *adj.* holy.
Hame, haim, *s.* home.
Hamely, *adj.* familiar, friendly.
Hamsh, *v. n.* to eat voraciously with noise.

Handsel, *s.* the first money received for goods, a gift on the first Monday after New-Year's-Day.
Handsel-Monday, *s.* the first Monday of the new year.
Hank, *v. a.* to fasten.
Hankled, *v. n.* discorded, ravelled, entangled.
Hantle, *s.* a considerable number.
Hap, *v. a.* to cover from cold, to conceal.
Hap, *v. n.* hop.
Hap, *s.* (pronounced hawp) the fruit of the briar.
Happity, *adj.* lame.
Hap-step-an'-loup, *v. a.* to hop, step, and leap.
Harigalds, *s.* the pluck of an animal.
Harle, *s.* to trail, to move on with difficulty.
Harn, *s.* coarse linen cloth made from the tow-hards.
Harns, *s.* brains.
Harn-pan, *s.* the skull.
Hash, *s.* a sloven.
Hassock, hassick, *s.* a besom, a large round turf used as a seat.
Hate, hait, haid, *s.* a whit, an atom, the smallest bit of anything.
Hattre, *s.* a quantity.
Haugh, hauch, *s.* low-lying flat ground.
Haup, *v. n.* to turn to the right, applied to horses in the yoke.
Haver, *v. n.* to talk foolishly.
Havers, *s.* foolish, incoherent talk, or idle talk.
Haveril, *s.* one who habitually talks idly.
Hawgh, *v. n.* to force up phlegm, to hawk.
Hawkit, *adj.* having a white face, applied to cattle.
Hawkey, *s.* a cow with a white face.
Headlins, *adj.* headlong.
Heartscald, heartscad, *s.* heartburn.
Hech, *s.* an exclamation, the act of panting.
Heck, *s.* a rack for cattle.
Hee, hey, heigh, *adj.* high.
Hegh-hey, heigh-how, an interjection expressive of languor or fatigue.
Heil, heyle, *s.* health, in health.
Heis, heese, *v. a.* to lift up, to swing.
Heytie, *s.* the game of shintie.
Helm-of-weet, *adj.* a great fall of rain.
Helmy, *adj.* rainy.
Hempy, *s.* a rogue, a tricky fellow.
Hench, *v. a.* to throw stones through the haunch.
Hepthorn, *s.* the briar.
Herenway, *adv.* in this quarter.
Here-till, *adv.* hereunto.
Herison, *s.* a hedgehog.
Herrie, *v. a.* to rob, to pillage.
Herrie-water, *s.* a net made with meshes of a small size, such as used by poachers.
Hers, hearse, *adj.* hoarse.
Hesp, *s.* a clasp, a book.
Het, *adj.* hot, keen.
Het-pint, *s.* a hot beverage composed of ale, whisky, and eggs.
Heuch, heugh, *s.* a crag, a rugged steep, a glen with overhanging banks.
Heuck-bane, *s.* the hackle-bone.
Hiddil, hidlins, *adv.* secretly.
Hie-how! *interj.* bravo.
Higates, *s. pl.* highways.
Hilliegeleerie, *adv.* topsy-turvy.
Hilt and hair, *adj.* the whole of anything.
Hilter-skilter, *adv.* in rapid succession, running off in all directions.
Himest, *adv.* uppermost.
Hingin, *v. n.* hanging.
Hip, *v. a.* to miss.
Hird, *v. a.* to tend cattle or sheep.
Hird, *s.* a shepherd, one who tends cattle.
Hirple, *v. a.* to walk in a lame manner.
Hirsel, hirsle, *v. n.* to move forward resting on the hams.
Hissie, hizzie, *s.* a housewife, a smart girl.
Hissieskip, hussyfskap, *s.* housewifery.
Hitch, *s.* a quick motion by a jerk.
Ho, *v. n* to stop.
Hoam'd, humph'd, *part. adj.* fusty tasted.
Hobble, *s.* a scrape, or state of perplexity.
Hocus, *s.* a stupid dull fellow.
Hodden-grey, *adj.* cloth made of wool in its natural condition.
Hoddie, hoodie, *s.* a carrion crow.
Hoeshins, *s.* stockings without feet.
Hoggers, *s.* coarse stockings without feet.
Hogmanay, hogmenay, *s.* the last day of the year, or a gift on that day.
Hogry-mogry, huggery-muggery, *adj.* slovenly, disorderly, confused.
Hoif, houff, *s.* a haunt, or place of concealment.
Hoist, hoast, *v. a.* to cough.
Holyn, *s.* the holly tree.
Holk, honk, howk, *v. a.* to dig.
Holl, howe, *s.* a hollow, or deep place; concave.
Holm, hown, *s.* the low level ground on the bank of a river.
Homyll, *adj.* destitute of horns.
Hoolie, *adj.* slowly, moderately.
Hop, hap, *s.* a dance.
Horse-couper, *s.* a horse-dealer.
Hosteler, *s.* an innkeeper.
Hotch, *v. n.* to move the body by sudden jerks.
How, *adj* hollow, a hoe.
Howdy, *s.* a midwife.
How-sa, *adv.* although.
Howsomever, *adv.* howsoever.
Houp, *s.* hope.
Howtowdy, *s.* a hen that has never laid eggs.
Hubbilschow, *s.* a tumult, a hubbub.
Hudge-mudge, *adv.* clandestinely.
Hullion, *s.* a sloven.
Hund, *s.* a hound, a dog.
Hunker, *v. n.* to squat down upon one's hams.
Hurcheon, *s.* a hedgehog.
Hurdies, *s.* the buttocks.
Hurdle, *v. n.* to crouch.
Hurkle, *v. n.* to draw the body together.
Hurlbarrow, *s.* a wheelbarrow.
Hurry-scurry, *s.* an uproar.
Hussling, *s.* a clashing rustling noise.
Hwinkle-faced, *adj.* lantern-jawed.
Hyne, *s.* a farm-servant.
Hyng, *v. a.* to hang, to execute by hanging.

I

Icker, *s.* an ear of corn.
Idleset, *s.* the state of being idle.
Ier-oe, *s.* a great-grandchild.
Ilk, ilka, ilke, *adj.* each, every.
Ilka-day, *s.* a week-day.
Ill-aff, *adj.* badly off.
Ill-deedy, *adj.* mischievous.
Ill-fard, *adj.* ill-looking.
Ill-gaited, *adj.* given to bad habits.
Ill-sar'd, *adj.* badly used.
Ill-scrapit, *adj.* rude.
Ill-willie, ill-willit, *adj.* ill-natured, niggardly.
Immick, *s.* an ant.
In-by, *adv.* the inner part of the house.
Inch, *s.* an island, a level plain.
Income, *s.* a disease in any external part of the body.
Incomin, *part. pa.* ensuing.
Ingan, ingin, *s.* onion.
Ingle, ingil, *s.* fire.
Ingle-nook, *s.* the corner of the fireside.
Inhaddin, *adj.* frugality.
Inlake, *s.* deficiency.
Inlying, *s.* childbearing.
Intill, *pret.* into, denoting entrance.
Ise, I shall.
Isk, iskie! *interj.* a word used in calling a dog.
Isna, is not.
Ither, *pro.* other.

J

Jag, *v. a.* to pierce.
Janty, *adj.* cheerful.
Jap, jawp, *s.* a spot of mud.
Japit, *adj.* bespattered with mud.
Jaw, jawe, *s.* a wave, coarse raillery.
Jay-pyet, *s.* a jay.
Jeddart-justice, *s.* a legal trial after punishment has been inflicted on the accused.
Jee, *v. n.* to move to one side.
Jelouse, *v. n.* to suspect, conjecture.
Jillie, *s.* a moment.
Jillet, *s.* a giddy girl.
Jimp, neat, slender, scanty.
Jimp, jump, *v. n.* to leap.
Jink, *v. n.* the act of one eluding another, to make a quick turn.
Jirble, *v. n.* to spill liquids.
Jo, joe, *s.* a sweetheart.
Jockteleg, *s.* a clasp knife, a folding knife.
Jogill, *v. n.* to jog, to move from side to side.
Jonk, *v. n.* to bend the body with a quick motion so as either to elude the sight or a blow.
Joukry-pawkry, *s.* trickery, juggling.
Jow, *v. n.* to move from side to side, the tolling of a bell.
Juggs, jongs, jugges, *s. pl.* a kind of pillory whereby criminals were fastened to a post on the wall, with their necks in an iron collar.
Justicoat, *s.* a vest with sleeves.
Juxter, *s.* a juggler.

K

Kail, kale, *s.* common colewort.
Kail-brose, *s.* raw meal with boiling broth poured over it, and stirred together.
Kail-runt, *s.* the stem of colewort.
Kaim, *s.* a comb.
Kaisart, chizzard, *s.* a cheese vat.
Kay, ka, kae, *s.* a jack-daw.
Kebbuck, cabback, *s.* a cheese.
Keek, keik, *v. n.* to look with a prying eye.
Keek-bo, *s.* bo-peep.
Keeking-glass, *s.* a mirror.
Keelivine, *s.* a blacklead pencil.
Kekkil, kekil, *v. n.* to cackle, to laugh aloud.
Kelpie, water-kelpie, *s* the spirit of the waters, who, as is vulgarly believed, gives warning of those who are to be drowned within the precincts of his beat.
Kelt, *s.* a salmon that has just spawned.
Keltie, *s. pl.* a term applied to children.
Kemp, *s.* a champion.
Kempin, *s.* the act of striving on the harvest field.
Kenned, *part. pa.* to know.
Kenspeckle, *adj.* easily known.
Kep, kepp, *v. a.* to intercept, to receive in the act of falling, to meet accidentally.
Kest, keist, coost, *pret. v.* threw, contrived, formed a plan.
Kest-out, *v. n.* quarrelled.
Kibble, *adj.* strong and active.
Kick, *s.* a novelty. Kickshaw, a new piece of finery.
Kicky, *adj.* showy, aiming at things above one's station.
Kill, *s.* a kiln.
Kilt, *v. a.* to tuck up.
Kimmer, *s.* a young woman.
Kink, *s.* a violent fit of coughing, with suspension of breathing.
Kinkhost, kingecough, *s.* the hooping-cough.
Kinner, *s.* a rabbit.
Kinsch, *s.* a loop made on a string or rope.
Kip, *v. a.* to take another's property by stealth or fraud, to play the truant.
Kipper, *s.* a salmon split open, salted, and dried.
Kirn, *s.* a churn, the feast of harvest-home.
Kirn-milk, *s.* butter-milk.
Kissing-strings, *s. pl.* strings tied under the chin.
Kist, kyst, *s.* a chest, a coffin.
Kisting, *s.* the act of placing a corpse in a coffin.
Kit, *s.* the whole of a person's property, the whole of a family or lineage, as the haill kit.
Kitchen, kitching, *s.* anything taken to bread, as meat, cheese, or butter.
Kitling, *s.* a kitten.
Kittie, kittock, *s.* an immodest female, a disrespectful term applied to a female.
Kittle-the coat, kittlie-coat, *s.* a game among young people in which a handkerchief is hidden, and one of the party is employed to seek it.

Kittle, *v. a.* to litter, to tickle, to puzzle, to perplex.
Kittlie, *adj.* itchy.
Kleuch, cleff, clough, *s.* a rift or cleft between two adjacent hills, a cleft in a tree.
Knab, *s.* a small landed proprietor, to seize, to purloin.
Knackety, *adj.* self-conceited, small, trifling.
Knacky, *adj.* quick at a reply or repartee, sharp.
Kneef, *adj.* active, alert.
Knock, *s.* a clock.
Knoit, noyt, *s.* a sharp blow.
Knoop, *s.* a protuberance, a pin on which things are hung.
Knowe, now, *s.* a little hill, a hillock.
Knyfe, *s.* a hanger, a dagger, a cutlass.
Kruyn, *v. n.* to murmur, to complain, to lament.
Kuter, cuter, *v. a.* to fondle, to coax, to whcedle, to converse clandestinely.
Ky, kye, *s. pl.* cows.
Kyle, *s.* a strait of the sea, a sound.
Kynd, *s.* of the same nature.
Kynrik, *s.* kingdom, possession of a kingdom.
Kyte, *s.* the belly, the stomach.
Kytie, *s.* fat, big-bellied.

L

Lachter, *s.* the whole eggs laid successively by a hen.
Lack, *v. a.* to slight.
Lad, *s.* a sweetheart.
Laddie, *s.* a boy, or young man.
Lade, laid, *s.* a load.
Ladry, *s.* the rabble.
Ladrone, ladron, *s.* a lazy knave.
Lafe, lave, *s.* the rest.
Laggery, *adj.* miry, dirty.
Laggerit, *part. pa.* bemired; incumbered, by whatever cause.
Laif, laef, *s.* a loaf.
Laigh, layche, *adj.* low, flat.
Laip, lape, *v. a.* to lap.
Lair, lare, *s.* mire, a place to lie down, a burying place.
Lair, *v. a.* to stick in the mire or bog.
Laird, larde, *s.* a landholder, under the degree of a knight or squire.
Lairdship, *s.* a landed estate.
Laith, *adj.* loathsome, reluctant.
Laithfow, *adj.* bashful.
Lamiter, *s.* a cripple.
Lammer, lamber, *s.* amber.
Lamp, *v. a.* to take long steps or strides.
Lamper, *s.* a tall woman.
Lampet, lempet, *s.* the limpet.
Land, *s.* a house consisting of several stories.
Landers, *s.* lady-landers, the coleopterous insect called the lady-bird.
Land-o'-the-leal, *s.* state of the blessed, heaven.
Land-louper, *s.* a person who shifts frequently from one place of the country to another.
Lane, *adj.* alone, lone.
Lanely, *adj.* lonely.
Lanesome, *adj.* lonesome.
Lang, *v. n.* to long, to weary.
Langle, *v. a.* to entangle, begnile, entrap.
Lang-nebit, *adj.* long-nosed or long-billed.
Lang-rin, *adv.* at length.
Langsum, *adj.* slow, tedious.
Langsyne, *adv.* long ago.
Lap, *pret.* leaped.
Lap, *v. a.* to embrace, to fold.
Lappered, *part. pa.* congulated.
Lare, lere, *s.* learning.
Larick, lavrock, *s.* a lark.
Lass, *s.* a sweetheart, a young woman.
Lauch, lawin, lawing, *s.* a tavern bill.
Lave, *s.* the remainder, the rest.
Law, *s.* a conical hill.
Lay, *s.* a foundation.
Layne, *s.* lawn, fine linen.
Le, lie, *adj.* sheltered, warm.
Lea-lang, *adj.* livelong, tedious.
Leather, *v. a.* to lash, to flog.
Leddie, leddy, *s.* lady.
Lee, *adj.* lonely, fallow land.
Lee, *s.* a lie.
Leesome, *adj.* pleasant.
Leeze-me, leese-me, dear is to me, expressive of strong affection or love.
Leg, *v. n.* to run.
Leglin, laiglin, *s.* a milk-pail.
Leich, *v. n.* to be coupled as hounds.
Leif, *adj.* beloved, willing.
Leil, leele, lele, *adj.* lawful, upright, true.
Leisch, *s.* a lash, a thong, a stroke with a whip.
Leisome, *adj.* lawful.
Leister, lister, *s.* a pronged instrument for striking fish.
Len, *v. a.* to lend.
Lesum, leisom, *adj.* what may be permitted.
Leth, lethe, *s.* hatred, disgust.
Let-be, *v. n.* to let alone.
Let-wit, *v. a.* to make known, to acknowledge anything with which you are acquainted.
Leuch, leugh, *pret.* laughed.
Leuit, lewyt, *pret.* allowed.
Leveings, *s. pl.* remains.
Levin, *s.* lightning, the light of the sun.
Lew-warme, *adj.* tepid.
Liart, lyart, *adj.* having grey hairs; piebald, spotted of various hues.
Lichter, *part. pa.* delivered of a child.
Lichts, *s. pl.* the lungs.
Lick, *v. a.* to strike, to beat.
Lick-schilling, *s.* a term of reproach, expressive of poverty.
Lift, lyft, *s.* the atmosphere, the sky.
Liggat, *s.* a park gate.
Liglad, *s.* a confused noise of tongues, a deal of idle or noisy talk.
Likandlie, *adv.* pleasingly.
Like-wake, *s.* the watching of a dead body.
Lill-for-lall, retaliation, tit for tat.
Lilt, *v. n.* to sing merrily, lively music.
Lilt-pype, *s.* a musical instrument.
Limmar, limmer, *s.* a scoundrel, a woman of loose manners.
Lin, lyn, *s.* a cataract, a waterfall.
Lingat, *s.* a rope binding the fore foot of a horse to the hinder one.
Link, *s.* crease, a double, a wrinkle.
Link, *v. a.* to trot or walk smartly.
Links, *s. pl.* sandy barren ground, the ground lying by the side of a river.
Lin-pin, lint-pin, *s.* the linch pin of a cart.
Lintie, lintwhite, *s.* the grey linnet.
Lippen, *v. n.* to expect, to depend upon.
Lippie, *s.* the fourth part of a peck.
Lipning, *s.* expectation, trusting.
Lisk, leesk, *s.* the groin.
Lit, litt, *v. a.* to edge.
Lithe, *adj.* calm, sheltered, possessing genial heat, affections. He has a lithe side to her.
Lithe, *v. a.* to thicken, to render mellow, to soften.
Lithry, *s.* a crowd of despicable wretches.
Littleane, *s.* a child.
Liver, *v. a.* to unload.
Loan, lone, loaning, an opening between fields of corn, lane, a narrow inclosed way, a place of shelter.
Loch, louch, *s.* a lake, an arm of the sea.
Lochter, *s.* the eggs laid by a hen in one season.
Lock, loake, *s.* a small quantity.
Logie, killogie, *s.* a vacuity in a kiln for producing a draft of air.
Lokker, *v. n.* to curl.
Lome, loam (pronounced lume), *s.* a utensil of any kind.
Loogan, *s.* a rogue.
Loogs, *s. pl.* stockings without feet.
Looket, *pret.* looked.
Loot, lout, lowt, *v. a.* to bow down the body, to make obeisance.
Loppin, loppen, *pret.* leaped.
Losh! *v. a.* an exclamation of wonder.
Louching, *part. pa.* bowing down.
Loun, lown, loon, *s.* a tricky, worthless person, a boy.
Loun's-piece, *s.* the first slice of a loaf of bread.
Loun, lowne, *adj.* sheltered, calm.
Lounder, *v. a.* to beat severely.
Lounsit, *part. pa.* beaten.
Loup, *v. n.* to leap, to spring.
Loupin-ague, *s.* St. Vitus's dance.
Loupin-on-stane, *s.* a large stone, or flight of steps, for assisting a person to leap on a horse easily.
Loure, *v. n.* to lurk, to lie in ambush.
Low, *s.* a flame.
Lowder, *v. n.* used to signify the wind has fallen: to be abashed by the presence of any one.
Lowrie, *s.* a designation given to a fox.
Lozen, *s.* a pane of glass.
Lucken, *part. pa.* shut up, contracted, locked-bolted, secured.
Luck-hearted, *adj.* warm-hearted.
Luckie, lucky, *s.* a grand-mother, the mistress of an alehouse.
Luck-penny, *s.* a sum given to a person who makes a bargain.
Lueseme, *adj.* lovely, worthy of being loved.
Lufe, luif, loof, *s.* the palm of the hand.
Lufefow, luifful, *s.* as much as fills the palm of the hand.
Lug, *s.* the ear. At the lug o' the law, close to the person in power.
Luggie, *s.* a small wooden dish.
Luit, *pret.* let.
Lum, lumb, *s.* a chimney.
Lum-head, *s.* the chimney-top.
Lunch, *s.* a large piece of anything, particularly applied to something eatable.
Lyart-haffets, *s.* grey hairs on the cheeks.
Lycht, *adj.* merry.
Lykly, *adj.* having a good appearance.

M

Maad, mawd, *s.* a shepherd's plaid.
Mabbie, *s.* a woman's cap.
Mae, *adj.* more in number.
Mae, *v. n.* to bleat.
Maggs, *s.* a perquisite.
Mahoun, *s.* Mahomet, the devil.
Maiden, *s.* an instrument formerly used for beheading state prisoners; the last handful of corn cut down on a farm; the harvest-home feast; the bride's-maid at a wedding.
Maik, *s.* a cant word for a halfpenny.
Mail, male, *s.* an iron spot in linen, tribute.
Mailan, mailing, maling, *s.* a farm, a lease of a farm.
Mail-free, *adj.* without paying rent.
Mailing, *adj.* malignant.
Main, *s.* moan.
Maining, *adj.* moaning.
Mains, *s.* the chief farm of an estate.
Maist, *adj.* most.
Maister, *s.* a landlord.
Maistlins, *adv.* mostly.
Malegrugrous, *adj.* discontented, grim.
Mallewrus, *adj.* unhappy.
Malvyté, *s.* vice.
Mammie, *s.* a childish term for mother.
Man, *s.* a vassal, a husband, a male servant.
Man, maun, *aux. v.* must.
Mandment, *s.* an order.
Mane, *s.* lamentation.
Mang, *v. a.* to stupify, maim, bruise, overpower.
Mank, *adj.* deficient.
Manritch, *adj.* masculine.
Mansweir, mensweir, *v.* to perjure.
Mant, maunt, *v. n.* to stammer.
Mar, mair, *adj.* more.
Marche, *s.* a landmark or division line.
Mark, mirk, *adj.* dark.
Marmaid, *s.* mermaid.
Marrow, *s.* a companion, a married partner.
Marrow, *v. a.* to equal, associate, match exactly.
Marrowless, *adj.* matchless.

Mart, marte, mairt, *s.* a cow or ox killed for winter's use.
Martyr, *v. a.* to hew down, bruise severely, besputter with mud and dirt.
Mask, *v. a.* to infuse.
Matalent, *s.* rage, anger.
Mauchty, *adj.* powerful.
Mauchy, *adj.* dirty, filthy.
Mauk, *s.* a maggot.
Maukin, *s.* a hare.
Mummie, *adj.* mellow.
Mussie, *s.* a slovenly, dirty, lazy woman.
Mauchless, mauchtless, *adj.* feeble, inactive.
Maw, *v. a.* to mow.
Mawgre, magre, *s.* ill-will, bad feeling, hurt.
Mawkish, *adj.* spiritless, actionless, slow
Mawt, *s.* malt.
Mazerment, *s.* confusion.
Meaths, *s. pl.* maggots.
Mede, *s.* a meadow.
Meduart, *s.* meadowsweet, a flower.
Meikle, mekyl, muckle, *adj.* great as to size or quantity, pre-eminent.
Meise, *v. n.* to mix, to incorporate.
Meith, meeth, *s.* a mark, a sign, the boundary of human life, an innuendo.
Mekilwort, *s.* deadly nightshade.
Mell, *s.* a maul, a blow with a maul.
Melt, *s.* milt.
Mends, *s.* atonement, addition.
Mene, meane, *v. a.* to bemean, to indicate pain, to lament.
Meng, *v. a.* to mix.
Menge, *v. a.* to soothe.
Menkit, *pret.* joined.
Menenn, menin, *s.* a minnow.
Mense, *s.* dignity of demeanour, honour, discretion.
Menseful, *adj.* manly, noble, discreet, respectful, courteous.
Menseless, *adj.* greedy, insatiable.
Mer, *v. a.* to put into confusion, to mar.
Mere, *s.* a boundary, a limit, the sea.
Mereswine, *s.* a dolphin, a porpoise.
Merk, *v. a.* to ride.
Merle, *s.* a blackbird.
Mery, *adj.* faithful; mery-men, faithful followers.
Merry-begetten, *s.* an illegitimate child.
Merry-dancers, *s.* the aurora borealis.
Mes, or mass John, a name of derision for a parish minister.
Messan, *s.* a small mongrel dog.
Met, mett, *s.* measure, a determinate measure.
Mevis, *s.* a thrush.
Mew, *s.* an inclosure.
Michtie, *adj.* of high rank, stately, haughty.
Midden, *s.* a dunghill.
Midden-hole, *s.* a pool beside a dunghill.
Mikky, *adj.* smiling, merry, gay.
Milkness, *s.* the produce of a dairy.
Milk-syth, *s.* a milk strainer.
Mill, mull, *s.* a snuff-box made of a horn.
Mill-ring, *s.* the dust of a mill.
Milnare, milner, *s.* a miller.
Mim, *adj.* prim, demure, prudish, affected moderation.
Mim-mond, *adj.* soft of speech, bashful.
Mind, *v. n.* to remember, to recollect.
Minnie, minoy, *s.* mother.
Mire-bump, *s.* the bittern.
Mirk, myrk, mark, *adj.* dark.
Mirken, *v. n.* to grow dark.
Mirl, *s.* a crumb.
Mirles, *s.* the measles.
Mirlygoes, *s. pl.* when persons see indistinctly they are said to be in the mirlygoes.
Misbehadden, *part. pa.* unbecoming or indiscreet.
Mischant, *s.* a worthless person.
Mischanter, *s.* misfortune, mishap.
Misgrugle, *v. a.* to rumple, to handle roughly, to disfigure, to deface.
Misgully, *v. a.* to cut clumsily.
Misken, *v. n.* not to recognise. To misken ane's self, to forget one's proper station.
Mislippin, *v. a.* to disappoint.
Misluck, *s.* misfortune.
Mismarrow, *v. a.* to mismatch.
Missilie, mistlie, *adj.* solitary, lonely, dull, in consequence of the absence of another.
Mistrow, *v. a.* to suspect, mistrust, disbelieve.
Mistryst, *v. a.* to break an engagement.
Mittens, *s. pl.* woollen gloves.
Mixtie-maxtie, *adj.* in a state of confusion.
Mizzled, *adj.* having different colours.
Moch, mochy, *adj.* moist, close, misty.
Mochre, mokre, *v. n.* to heap up, to hoard, to be busy about trifles, to work in the dark.
Medywart, modewort, *s.* a mole.
Mogans, *s. pl.* long sleeves for a woman's arms, hose without feet.
Mollat, *s.* the bit of a bridle.
Molligrant, molligrub, *s.* whining, complaining.
Mononday, Maunday, *s.* Monday.
Mony, *adj.* many.
Mool, *v. a.* to crumble.
Mooly, mouly-heels, *s.* chilblained heels.
Mooter awa, *v. a.* to take away piecemeal.
Morn, merne, *s.* to-morrow.
Morrugeous, *adj.* in a very bad humour.
Mote, *s.* a little hill, a rising ground, a knoll.
Mouligh, *v. n.* to whimper, to whine.
Moup, *v. a.* to nibble.
Mout, *v. n.* to molt.
Moutit, *part. pa.* diminished, scanty.
Mow, *s.* the mouth.
Moyen, moyan, *s.* means for attaining an end, interest, property.
Muck, *v. a.* to carry out dung.
Mudge, *v. a.* to stir, to budge.
Mue, moe, *v. n.* to low like a cow.
Muffities, muffles, *s. pl.* mittens.
Muir, *s.* a heath.
Mulde-mete, *s.* a funeral banquet, the last food eaten before death.
Mules, *s. pl.* chilblains.
Mulin, mulock, *s.* a crumb.
Multure, mentur, *s.* the fee for grinding corn.
Mumming, mumling, *s.* muttering.
Munsie, *s.* a term of contempt or ridicule.
Mureland, *adj.* of or belonging to a heath.
Murgeon, *v. a.* to make mouths.
Murle, *v. a.* to moulder.
Murrion, murreen, *s.* a helmet.
Mutch, *s.* a cap for a female.
Mutchkin, *s.* an English pint.
My-certie, by my faith.
Myschancy, *adj.* unlucky.
Mysfall, *v. n.* to miscarry.
Mysknow, *v. a.* to be ignorant of.

N

Na, nae, *adv.* no, not.
Nachet, nacket, *s.* an insignificant person.
Naig, *s.* a stallion, a riding horse.
Nail, aff at the nail, devoid of propriety of conduct.
Nailprie, *s.* table linen.
Nakit, *pret. v.* stripped, destitute of clothing.
Nane, *adj.* no, none.
Nappie, *adj.* brittle.
Narrow-nebbit, *adj.* contracted in mind or views.
Natch, *v. a.* to lay hold of.
Nathing, naething, *s.* nothing.
Naysay, *s.* a refusal.
Near-gawn, near-be-gawn, *adj.* niggardly.
Nedmist, *adj.* undermost.
Nedwayis, *adv.* of necessity.
Neebers, *s.* neighbours.
Neerdoweil, *s.* a never-do-well.
Neffit, *s.* a pigmy, a very diminutive thing.
Neid-fire, *s.* fire produced by the friction of two pieces of wood, spontaneous ignition.
Neiffer, niffer, *v. a.* to exchange.
Neigre, *s.* a term of reproach.
Neirs, *s. pl.* the kidneys.
Neist, niest, *adj.* next, nearest.
Neive, neif, *s.* the fist.
Neivefu', neffow, *s.* a handful.
Nere-hand, *prep.* nearly, almost, hard by.
Ner-till, *prep.* near to.
Neth, *prep.* below.
Netheles, *conj.* nevertheless.
Nevel, *v. a.* to strike with the fists.
Nevew, nevo, nevow, *s.* a nephew.
Newlings, *adv.* newly.
Nib, *v. a.* to pinch with the fingers.
Nicher, *v. n.* to neigh, a loud coarse laugh.
Nicht, *s.* night.
Nichtfa, *s.* twilight.
Nicneven, *s.* the Scottish name for Hecate, or mother-witch.
Nick, *s.* the devil.
Nick-nack, *s.* a gim-crack, small wares.
Niffnaffs, *s. pl.* trifles.
Nild, *s.* cold.
Nip, *s.* a small bit of anything.
Nip, *v. a.* to carry off cleverly, to pinch.
Nippit, *adj.* niggardly.
Nirl, *s.* a crumb, an insignificant dwarfish person.
Nirls, *s. pl.* a kind of measles.
Nittie, Neetie, *adj.* niggardly, covetous.
Nivlock, *s.* a small bit of wood round which the termination of a hair-tether is fastened.
Nob, *s.* a knob.
Nocht, *s.* nothing.
Noll, *s.* a strong blow or push with the knuckles.
Nolt, nout, *s.* black-cattle.
Nore, *prep.* near.
Norlan, norland, *adj.* belonging to the north country.
Northin, *adj.* northerly.
Nosewiss, *adj.* having an acute sense of smell.
Nouther, newtbir, *conj.* neither.
Nuik, *s.* the corner.
Nule-kneed, *adj.* knock-kneed.
Nuse, *v. a.* to knead.
Nyte, *v. a.* to give a smart blow.

O

Oekerer, *s.* an usurer.
Oe, oye, *s.* a grandson.
Oereome, ourcome, *s.* the overplus.
Oil-of-hazel, *s.* a sound drubbing.
Olight, olite, *adj.* nimble, active.
Omast, *adj.* uppermost.
Omne-gatherum, *s.* a miscellaneous collection, an incongruous mass.
Oncome, *s.* a fall of rain or snow.
Onkend, *part. adj.* unknown.
Onmaner, *part. adj.* unknown.
Onstead, *s.* the building on a farm.
Ontray, *v. a.* to betray.
Ony, *adj.* any.
Oo, *s.* wool.
Oon-egg, *s.* an addle egg.
Oorie, ourie, owrie, *adj.* chill, bleak, having the sensation of cold.
Oragins, *adj.* tempestuous.
Ord, *s.* a steep hill or mountain.
Orp, *v. n.* to fret, or chide habitually.
Orpit, *part adj.* proud, habitually fretful, peevish.
Orrow, ora, *adj.* unmatched, not used.
Orrows, *s. pl.* supernumerary articles.
Ostrye, ostre, hostlerie, *s.* an inn.
Othir, othere, odyr, *adj.* each other.
Oulk, owlk, *s.* a week.
Oure, oner, owre, *prep.* over, beyond.
Ourbeld, *part. pa.* covered over.
Ourflete, *v. n.* to overflow.
Ourgae, ourgang, *v. a.* to over-run, exceed, surpass.
Ourhip, *v. a.* to skip over, to give the go-by.
Ournoune, *s.* afternoon.
Our-raucht, *pret.* overtook.
Our-reik, *v. a.* to reach over, to over-reach.
Ourset, *v. a.* to overcome, to overpower.
Ourtane, *part. pa.* overtaken.
Ourtill, *prep.* above, beyond.
Ousen, *s.* oxen.
Out-about, out-by, *adv.* out of doors.
Outbreaking, outbrekin, *s.* eruption of the skin.
Outfall, *s.* a contention.
Outgait, *s.* egress, escape from any hardship.
Outgane, *part. pa.* elapsed.

Out-our, out-owre, *adv.* over.
Out-rake, *s.* expedition, an extensive sheep-walk.
Outspeckle, *s.* a laughing-stock.
Outstriking, *s.* an eruption.
Outwaile, outwyle, *s.* the refuse.
Outwair, *v. a.* to expend.
Outwith, *prep.* on the outer side, outwards, out-from.
Owkly, *adj.* weekly.
Owr-reik, *v. a.* to reach over.
Oxee, *s.* the blue tit-mouse.
Oxtar, oxter, *s.* the armpit.
Oyce, oyse, *s.* inlet of the sea.
Oyle, *s.* oil.
Oynt, oyhnt, *v. a.* to anoint.

P

Paak, paik, *v. a.* to beat.
Paekler, *s.* a pedlar who deals in earthenware.
Paddock-hair, *s.* the down of unfledged birds.
Paddock-stool, *s.* a toad-stool; agaricus in general.
Paffle, *s.* a small landed estate.
Paffler, *s.* a farmer of a small estate.
Paiker, *s.* a street-walker.
Pailin, pailing, *s.* a fence of stakes.
Painches, *s.* tripe.
Paip, *s.* a cherry-stone.
Pale, *v. a.* to cut cheese to try its quality.
Pallach, *s.* a porpoise, a lusty person.
Pand, *s.* a pledge.
Pan-kail, *s.* broth made of coleworts, thickened with oatmeal.
Pap-o'-the-hass, *s.* the uvula.
Pape, paip, *s.* the Pope.
Papejay, papingay, *s.* a parrot.
Papple, *v. n.* to bubble up like water, denotes the sound and effects of beat on fatty substances toasted before a fire.
Parritch, *s.* oatmeal and water boiled together.
Partan, *s.* the common edible crab.
Particate, *s.* a rood of land.
Partrick, paitrick, *s.* a partridge.
Pat, *pret.* of put.
Patrell, *s.* defence for the neck of a war-horse.
Patter, *s.* to mutter uninterruptedly.
Pattle, pettle, *s.* a stick wherewith a ploughman clears away the earth which adheres to his plough.
Pauk, *s.* art, wile.
Pauky, *adj.* sly, artful.
Paut, *v. n.* to paw.
Pavie, paw, *s.* lively motion or action of any kind, the agile feats of a rope-dancer.
Pawmie, *s.* a stroke on the hand with the fernla.
Pawn, *s.* a narrow curtain fixed to the roof or bottom part of a bed.
Pawne, *s.* the peacock.
Pay, *s.* a drubbing.
Pays, pase, *adj.* eastern.
Pays-eggs, *s. pl.* eggs boiled in dye of various colours, and given to children to amuse themselves during Easter.
Peak, piek, *v. n.* to speak with a slender weak voice, to plead poverty.
Pearie, *s.* a pegtop in the shape of a pear.
Pearlin, *s.* a species of thrend lace.
Peat-mow, *s.* the dross of peats.
Pech, *v. n.* to puff, to pant.
Peel, peil, *v. a.* to equal, to match.
Peelie, *adj.* meagre, thin, scarecrow.
Peenge, pinge, *v. n.* to whine, to complain, to pretend poverty.
Peerie, *adj.* small.
Peerie, *v. n.* to look attentively with the eyelids half closed.
Peeriewirrie, *adj.* very small.
Peesweip, peeweip, *s.* the lapwing.
Peg, *s.* a stroke.
Peg off or away, *v. n.* to run off quickly.
Pegil, *s.* the dirty work of a house.
Peikle, puckle, *s.* a grain of seed, a minute particle, a small quantity, a few.
Peilour, *s.* a thief.
Pell, *s.* a lazy lumpish person.
Pench, penche, *s.* the belly.
Pend, *s.* an archway, the arch of heaven.
Penhead, *s.* the upper part of a mill-course, where the water is led off from the dam to the mill.
Pennie-brydal, *s.* a wedding at which those who attend pay money for their entertainment.
Penny-doggie, *s.* a term applied to one who constantly runs after another.
Pennystane, *s.* a flat stone used as a quoit.
Pennywheep, *s.* small beer.
Pensie, pensy, *adj.* spruce, having a mixture of self-conceit and affectation.
Pepe, peep, *s.* the chirp of a bird.
Perfiteness, *s.* exactness.
Perfytelie, *adv.* perfectly.
Perjink, *adj.* precise, finical.
Perlie, pirlie, *s.* the little finger, small, very little.
Permusted, *part. adj.* stinted.
Pernickitie, *adj.* precise in trifles, particularly trim in dress.
Persbittie, *adj.* prim, precise.
Persil, *s.* parsley.
Pete-pot, *s.* a hole in a moss from which peats have been extracted.
Peth, *s.* a narrow and steep way.
Penage, penis, *adj.* mean, contemptible, dastardly.
Pew, peu, *v. n.* the mournful sound emitted by birds.
Phrase, fraise, *v. n.* to boast, to wheedle, to pretend.
Pig, pyg, *s.* an earthen vessel.
Pik, pick, *s.* pitch.
Pik-mirk, *adj.* as dark as pitch.
Pikky, *adj.* pitchy.
Pilch, *adj.* thick, gross.
Pilk, *v. a.* to pilfer.
Pingle, *v. a.* to labour with assidnity, to strive, to reduce to straits.
Pink, *v. n.* to glimmer with the eyes half contracted.
Pinkie, *s.* the little finger, a very small candle.
Pinsel, *s.* a streamer.
Pin-the-widdie, *s.* a small dried haddock, not split.
Pirn, *s.* a reed or quill. To wind him a pirn, to make him repent of what he has done. To redd a ravell'd pirn, to clear up a difficulty.
Pirr, *s.* a gentle breeze.
Pirzie, *adj.* conceited.
Plack, plak, *s.* a small copper coin formerly in use, the value of the third part of a penny sterling.
Plackless, *adj.* moneyless.
Plaiden, plaiding, *s.* coarse tweeled woollen cloth.
Plainstones, *s. pl.* the pavement or flags.
Plash, *v. n.* to make a noise by the dashing of water, to splash.
Plash-o'-rain, *s.* a heavy fall of rain.
Plastroun, *s.* a breast-plate.
Plat, plet, *v. a.* to plait.
Playfeir, playfair, *s.* a toy.
Pley, pleye, *s.* a debate, a quarrel, action at law.
Pleuch, pleugh, *s.* a plough.
Pleugh-gang, *s.* as much land as can be tilled by a single plough.
Plish-plash, *v. n.* the successive shocks of anything in water.
Pliskie, *s.* a mischievous trick.
Ploy, *s.* a harmless frolic; a sad ploy, a frolic which has begun in jest but ended in mischief.
Plot, *v. a.* to scald.
Plouke, plouk, *s.* a pimple.
Ploukie-faced, *adj.* having a pimpled face.
Plouter, *v. a.* to make a noise among water, to flounder in water.
Pluffy, *adj.* flabby, chubby.
Plumb-dames, *s.* a Damascene plum.
Plump, *adj.* a heavy shower of rain.
Plunk, *v. n.* the sound made by a stone or other substance thrown into water.
Pob, pob-tow, *s.* refuse of flax.
Pock-arrs, *s. pl.* the pits left by small-pox.
Podlie, *s.* the fry of the coal fish.
Poldach, *s.* marshy ground on the banks of a river.
Poortith, *s.* poverty.
Pople, paple, *v. n.* to bubble up like water from a spring, to boil with rage.
Pose, pois, poise, *s.* hidden treasure.
Poss, *v. a.* to push.
Pourin, *s.* a small quantity of anything liquid.
Pout, *s.* a young fowl.
Pout, pouten, *v. n.* to poke or stir with a long pole or stick.
Pout-net, *s.* a small net attached to two poles for catching fish which lurk under the banks of rivers.
Pow, *s.* the head.
Pow, pou, *s.* a slow-running rivulet or stream.
Powart, powrit, powit, *s.* a tadpole.
Powin, *s.* the peacock.
Poyntal, *s.* a sharp dagger or sword, a quill formerly used in playing on the harp.
Prap, *s.* a mark.
Prap, *v. a.* to set up a mark.
Prat, pratt, *s.* a trick, a wicked action.
Prattick, prettick, *s.* practice, a trick in legerdemain, a stratagem in war, a mischievous trick.
Pratty, *adj.* tricky.
Pree, *v. a.* to taste.
Preen-cod, *s.* a pin-cushion.
Prein, prin, *s.* a pin.
Prent, *s.* a print.
Prent, *v. a.* to print.
Pretty-dancers, *s. pl.* the Aurora Borealis.
Preves, *s. pl.* proofs.
Prickmadainty, *s.* a person finical in dress or carriage, particularly a small person.
Pridefow, *adj.* proud, conceited.
Prink, *v. a.* to deck, to prick.
Prinkle, *v. n.* to thrill, to tingle.
Prize up, *v. a.* to force open a lock or door.
Prog, progue, *s.* a sharp point, an arrow.
Prop, *s.* an object placed up to be aimed at.
Prospect, *s.* a telescope.
Prot, *s.* a trifle.
Prowan, *s.* provender, food.
Prufe, *s.* proof, evidence, testimony.
Puc-hary, *s.* a certain sprite or hobgoblin.
Puddenfiller, *s.* a glutton.
Puir, *adj.* poor.
Puirlie, *adj.* humbly, unwell.
Pullisee, pullyshee, *s.* a pully.
Punch, *v. a.* to jog with the elbow.
Purl, *v. n.* to prick, to whirl.
Purpose-like, *adj.* seemingly well qualified for anything, well clad, decent in appearance.
Purse-pyk, *s.* a pickpocket.
Purtye, *s.* poverty.
Put, *v. n.* to throw a heavy stone with the hand raised over the head, to push with the head and horns like a cow or goat, to put upon, to impose upon.
Putting-stone, *s.* a stone used in the game of putting.
Pyat, pyot, *s.* a magpie.
Pyne-doublet, *s.* a concealed coat of mail.

Q

Qnaich, qneych, qnegh, *s.* a small shallow drinking cup, made of wood or silver, with two ears.
Quaking-ash, *s.* the aspen.
Quat, *v. a.* to quit.
Quatsumevir, *adj.* whatsoever.
Queint, quent, *adj.* curious, wonderful, crafty, cunning.
Quent, aquent, *adj.* acquainted, familiar.
Queinit, *part. pa.* exactly fitted.
Queyn, queen, quine, *s.* a young woman.
Quha, *pron.* who.
Quhaip, quhaup, whaap, *s.* a curlew, a goblin provided with a long bill, supposed to lurk under the eaves of houses after twilight, a pod in its earliest condition.
Quham, *s.* a dale situated among hills, a marshy hollow.

Quhang, whang, *v. a.* to flog, to cut in shees, to lash in discourse, a thong.
Quhare, *adv.* where.
Quhaup, *v. n.* to shell pease.
Quhaye, *s.* whey.
Quhays, whose.
Quhemle, whummil, *v. a.* to turn upside down.
Quhid, wheed, *v. a.* move quickly, to whisk, to fib. to equivocate.
Quhiddir, *v. a.* to whiz.
Quhill, *conj.* until.
Quhilk, *pron.* which, who.
Quhirr, *v. n.* to make a sound like the wings of a partridge or grouse in the act of flying.
Quhitestane, *s.* whetstone.
Quhitred, quhittret, *s.* a weasel.
Quhyn, quhin-stane, whinstane, *s.* greenstone of geologists, a kind of trap rock.
Quhyne, quhene, wheen, *adj.* a few.
Quhyuge, *v. n.* to whine.
Quhip, wipp, *v. a.* to bind about.
Quhissel, wissil, *v. a.* to exchange, to change money.
Quhyte, whyte, *v. n.* to cut wood with a knife.
Quierty, querty, *adj.* possessiog a great flow of animal spirits, active, alert.
Quile, quhile, quhills, whiles, *adv.* at times.
Quinter, *s.* a ewe in her third year.

R

Rache, *s.* a lurcher, or dog that pursues his prey by the scent.
Rack, *s.* a shelved frame fixed to the wall for holding plates.
Rackle, *adj.* fearless.
Rackle-handed, *adj.* careless, rash, giveo to breaking articles.
Rackless, *adj.* regardless.
Rae, *s.* a roe-deer.
Rag, *v. a.* to rally, to reproach, to aecuse.
Ragweed, *s.* ragwort.
Raif, *part. pa.* rent.
Raik, *s.* a single carrying of a thing from one place to another, the extent of a wall.
Rail, *v. n.* to jest.
Raing, *s.* row.
Raip, *s.* a rope.
Rair, *s.* a roar.
Raivei, *s.* a rail.
Rakying, *part. pa.* wandering.
Ramfeezled, *part. adj.* exhausted, fatigued.
Rammer, *s.* a ramrod.
Ramp, *v. n.* to romp, rage, trample.
Rampage, *v. n.* to prance about furiously.
Rampar-eel, *s.* a lamprey.
Ram-race, *s.* a run taken before a leap.
Ram-stam, *adj.* forward, rash, thoughtless.
Randal, *s.* Randolph.
Randy, randie-beggar, *s.* a beggar who endeavours to obtain alms by threats, a female scold.
Rang, *pret.* reigned.
Rantle-tree, *s.* a tall raw-boned person.
Rap, *s.* in a rap, immediately; to rap off a thing, to perform it with expeditioo.
Rapegyrne, *s.* the ancient name given to the figure made of the last handful of grain in the harvest-field.
Raplach, raploch, *s.* coarse homespun undyed woollen cloth.
Rasch, rash, *s.* a rush.
Rashy, *adj.* beset with rushes.
Rat, *s.* a scratch, a wrinkle, a rat, a wart.
Rath, *adj.* strange or savage in aspect.
Rattan, rotten, *s.* a rat.
Rauchan, *s.* a plaid worn by men, formerly made of grey undyed wool.
Raucht, *pret. v.* reached.
Raun, rawn, *s.* roe of a fish.
Rave, *v. a.* to plunder by violence.
Raucle, *adj.* rash.
Raw, *s* a row or rank, a street consisting of a single row.
Rawmoud, *adj.* beardless, simple, boyish.
Rax, *v. n.* to extend the limbs, to reach anything.
Ray, ree, *adj.* mad, wild, half-drunk, tipsy.
Ream, reyme, *s.* cream.
Reaming-full, *adj.* full to the lip or brim.
Reaver, *s.* robber.
Rebald, *s.* a low contemptible fellow.
Red, *s.* riddance.
Red, rede, *v. a.* to counsel, to disentangle, to unravel, to clean out, to diseneumber.
Rede, *s.* wraith, or the spirit of a person seen while he is alive.
Reddin-straik, *s.* the blow which persons frequently receive on attempting to separate those who are fighting.
Red-up, *part. adj.* to put in order.
Reek, reik, *s.* smoke.
Reel-rall, *adj.* topsy-turvy.
Reese, *v. a.* to extol.
Reezie, *adj.* tipsy.
Reid, rede, *s.* the fourth stomach of a calf, used for runnet.
Reid-wud, *adj.* in a violent passion, furious, distracted.
Reif, refe, *s.* the itch.
Reikie, *adj.* smoky.
Reik-out, *v. a.* to fit out or dress out.
Reime, *s.* realm.
Reirbrasseris, *s. pl.* armour for the back of the arms.
Reissil, *v. n.* to make a rustling noise with a stick.
Reist, *v. a.* to dry by exposure to the heat of the sun, or in a chimney.
Rele, *v. n* to reel, to roll.
Reme, *s.* foam.
Reng, ring, *v. n.* to reign.
Renk, rink, *s.* a strong man.
Resh, *s.* a rush.
Rest, *v. n.* to be indebted.
Restes, *s. pl.* arrears.
Retour, *v. a.* to return.
Rew, *v. n.* to repent.
Rewelyngs, *s. pl.* shoes made of undressed hides.
Rewid, reaved, *part. adj.* robbed.
Reyss, *s. pl.* coarse grass which grows in marshy situations.
Ribband, St. Johnstoo's, *s.* a halter.
Ribble-rabble, *adj.* disordered.
Richt, *s.* right.
Rickle, rickill, *s.* a heap; a rickle o' hanes, a person who is very meagre.
Riff-raff, *s.* the rabble.
Rift, *v. n.* to beleh.
Rig, rigg, *s.* a tumult, a frolic, a ridge.
Rigging, *s.* the ridge of a house.
Rin, *v. n.* run.
Rind, rynde, *v. a.* to melt fat by the fire.
Ringe, *s.* a whisk made of heath.
Ringle-ee'd, ryngit, *adj.* having a great quantity of white round the irides of the eyes.
Rino, *s.* ready money.
Ripe, rype, *v. a.* to search a person.
Rippet, rippat, *s.* noise, mirth, an uproar.
Ripple, *v. a.* to separate the seed of flax from the stalks.
Ripplin-came, *s.* a flax-comb.
Rise, ryss, *s.* small twigs.
Rive, *s.* rent, tear.
Rizards, *s. pl.* currants.
Roch, rotche, *s.* a rock.
Rodden-flouk. *s.* the turbot.
Roden-tree, rowan-tree, *s.* the mountain ash.
Roid, royd, *adj.* rude, severe.
Rollochin, *adj.* lively, freespoken.
Rook, *s.* a sort of uproar, thick mist.
Roose, ruse, *v. a.* to extol.
Roset, *s.* rosin.
Rosignell, *s.* a nightingale.
Rotcell, *s.* horse-radish.
Rouch, *adj.* rough.
Roudes, *adj.* an old, wrinkled, bad-tempered woman.
Roung, rung, *s.* a cudgel.
Roup, roop, *s.* hoarseness, the croop, a thick mist.
Roup, rouping, *s.* an outcry.
Roup, roip, rowp, rope, *v. n.* to cry aloud, to sell by auction, hoarse.
Rousty, roosty, *adj.* rusty.
Rout, *v. n.* to bellow like cows.
Routh, rowth, *s.* plenty.
Routhless, *adj.* profane.
Row, *v. a.* to roll, to excuse.
Rowkar, *s.* a tale bearer, a whisperer
Rowme, *v. a.* to clear, to enlarge.
Royet, royed, *adj.* wild, dissipated, romping.
Royster, *s.* a freebooter.
Ruck, *s.* a heap of corn.
Ruffy, *s.* the blaze used at night by poachers while fishing with the leister.
Rum, *adj.* excellent.
Rumblegorie, *adj.* disorderly.
Rumgumption, rummilgumption, *s.* common sense.
Rummil, *v. n.* to make a noise.
Rumple, rumpill, *s.* the rump, the tail.
Rund, roon, *s.* a border, a selvage, listing.
Runkle, *s.* wrinkle, a crease, crumple.
Runt, *s.* the stalk of colewort or cabbage, an old eow, term applied to an old disagreeable woman.
Rushie, *s.* a broil.
Ruskie, *s.* a basket made of twigs.

S

Sa, swa, *conj.* consequently, in such a manner.
Sab, *v. n.* to sob.
Sacket, *s.* a small sack.
Sad, *v. n.* to become solid.
Saehins, saebiens, *conj.* since.
Sae, *adv.* so.
Saelike, salike, *adj.* of the same kind, similar.
Saft, *adj.* soft.
Saftly, *adv.* lightly, softly.
Saikless, *adj.* guiltless.
Sailye, *s.* assault.
Saip, *s.* soap.
Sair, *adj.* sore; applied to mental pain, as, a sair heart.
Sair, *v. a.* to satisfy, to serve.
Sairhead, *s.* a headach.
Sairing, *s.* as much as satisfies one.
Sairly, *adv.* sorely.
Sal, *v. defective*, shall.
Sam, samin, samyn, *adj.* the same.
Sand-blind, *adj.* being very short-sighted.
Sang, *s.* a song; also the past of sing.
Saoglere, *s.* a wild boar.
Saps, *s.* bread soaked or boiled in ale, or wine and water.
Sark, *s.* a shirt.
Sarkin, *s.* the thin wood covering the rafters of a house.
Sarkit, *adj.* shirted.
Sat, *s.* a snare.
Sathil, *s.* a disease in sheep which affects their sides.
Sauch, saugh, *s.* the willow tree.
Sauch, sough, *v. n.* to emit a rustling or whistling sound, like the wind in a narrow pass.
Saucht, saught, *part. pa.* reconciled, at ease, in peace.
Sauf, *v. a.* to save.
Saufe, *s.* salve.
Saul, sawl, *s.* soul.
Saulless, *adj.* destitute of soul.
Saullie, saulie, *s.* a hired mourner, such as go in front of a hearse.
Saut, *s.* salt.
Saut-fect, *s.* a salt-cellar.
Saw, *v. o.* to sow.
Sax, *s.* six.
Sayn, *s.* a saying, a narrative.
Sayndis-man, *s.* a messenger.
Scadlips, *s.* thin weak froth, likely to scald.
Scail, *s.* a kind of tub.
Scaldricks, *s. pl.* wild mustard.
Scalp, scawp, *s.* a bed of oysters, land of which the soil is very thin.
Scance, *s.* a cursory calculation.
Scape, *s.* a bee-hive.
Scar, scair, scaur, *s.* a bare place on the side of a hill from which the soil has been washed off.
Scarf, *s.* a cormorant.

Scart, *v. a.* to scratch, to scrape together by niggardly savings.
Scart, *s.* a scratch, a niggard, a puny person.
Scaud-man's-head, *s.* sea urchin.
Sbachled, *adj.* crooked, unseemly.
Schaife, scheif, *s.* a bunch of arrows, two dozen.
Schaik, *pret.* shook.
Schald, *adj.* shallow.
Schank, *s.* the leg, the stalk of an herb, to travel on foot.
Schave, sheave, sheeve, *s.* a slice of anything.
Schaw, *s.* a grove or thicket, a shadowy place.
Schaw, *v. a.* to shew.
Schawaldouries, *s. pl.* wanderers living in woods, and subsisting by hunting.
Schel, *s.* a shed for sheep.
Schene, *adj.* shining, bright, beautiful.
Schenkit, *part. pa.* agitated.
Scherald, scherct, *s.* a green tree.
Schent, *part. pa.* confounded.
Schide, *s.* a billet of wood, a splinter, a chip.
Schill, *adj.* chill, cold.
Schill, *adj.* shrill.
Schire, *adj.* to pour off the thinner part of any liquid, of which the heavier part has been allowed to subside.
Schryff, *v. n.* to hear a confession.
Scho, *pron.* she.
Schoag, shog, *v. a.* to move backwards and forwards.
Schoggle, *v. a.* to shake.
Schore-chiftane, *s.* high chieftain or chief.
Schortsum, *adj.* cheerful, agreeable.
Schule, shuil, shool, *s.* a shovel.
Schurling, *s.* the skin of a sheep recently shorn.
Schute, *v. a.* to push, to put off.
Schow, *v. a.* to shove, to fall or slide down.
Schowd, *v. n.* to waddle in walking.
Sclaffert, *s.* a slap on the side of the head with the palm of the hand.
Sclaite, sklait, *s.* slate.
Sclanderer, *s.* a slanderer.
Sclatch, *v. n.* to walk in a heavy lumpish manner.
Sclatch, *s.* a lubberly lazy fellow.
Sclater, *s.* the wood louse.
Sclent, sklent, *v. n.* to slope, to move in an oblique direction, immoral conduct.
Sclent, *adv.* obliquely.
Scob, *s.* an instrument used for scooping.
Scob, *v. n.* to sew in a clumsy or coarse manner.
Scob a skepp, *v. a.* to fix cross rods in a beehive.
Scob-seibow, *s.* an onion all winter in the ground; a young shoot from an onion.
Scogie, *s.* a scullion.
Scomfice, sconfise, *v. a.* to suffocate, to stifle.
Scon, *s.* a flat cake, made of barley meal or flour.
Sconce, *v. a.* to extort.
Scorp, *v. n.* to mock, to ridicule, to gibe.
Scotie-water, *s.* the Frith of Forth.
Scottiswath, *s.* the Solway Frith.
Scowry, scourie, *adj.* ill-dressed, shabby, niggardly.
Screed, *s.* a harangue.
Screigh, skreigh, *v. n.* to shrick.
Scriddan, *s.* a mountain torrent.
Scrieve, *v. a.* to scratch or scrape.
Scrift, skrift, *v. n.* to draw a long bow, to exaggerate.
Scrim, *v. a.* to skirmish.
Scrimp, *adj.* narrow, scanty.
Scrimply, *adv.* narrowly, sparingly.
Scroff, scruff, *s.* a thin crust.
Scrog, *s.* a stunted tree or shrub.
Scroggy, *adj.* stunted, short.
Scroinoch, *s.* noise, tumult, mob.
Scroppit, *adj.* sordid, mean, a scrub.
Scrubie, *s.* the scurvy.
Scrymmage, *s.* a skirmish.
Scud, *v. a.* to beat with a stick, or with the open hand.
Scudler, scudlar, *s.* a scullion.
Scug, *v. a.* to shelter.
Sculdudry, has an allusion to a breach of chastity.
Scull, *s.* a shallow basket.
Scult, skult, *v. a.* to beat with the palm of the hand.
Scum, *s.* a mean greedy fellow.
Scunner, *v. n.* to loathe, to disgust, to surfeit.
Scurley, *adj.* an opprobrious term.
Scurrour, *s.* a scout.
Scutch, *v. a.* to beat, to separate flax from the rind.
Scutle, *v. a.* to spill, from carelessness.
Seatb, sythe, *s.* the coal-fish.
Segg, *s.* the yellow flower-de-luce.
Seibow, *s.* a young onion.
Seil, *v. a.* to strain.
Seker, sicker, *adj.* firm.
Sele, *s.* the yoke by which cattle are bound in a stall.
Sely, *adj.* poor, in a wretched state.
Sembyll, *v. a.* to make a wry mouth in contempt, to deride.
Sempill, sympill, *adj.* low born, low in circumstances.
Sensyne, since that time.
Serge, *s.* a sieve.
Servite, serviter, *s.* a table napkin.
Set, *v. a.* to let, to become well.
Set after ane, *v. a.* to pursue one.
Sey, *v. a.* to assay, to strain any liquid.
Shach-end of a web, *s.* the fag end.
Shachled, *adj.* crooked, unseemly.
Shackle-bane, *s.* the wrist.
Shak ane's crap, *v. a.* to give vent to bad humour.
Shak-a-fa', *v. a.* to wrestle.
Shamble, *v.* to make a wry mouth.
Shamlock, *s.* a cow that has not calved for two years.
Shan, *adj.* paltry, silly.
Shangie-mouud, *s.* with a large chin.
Shank, *v. a.* to travel on foot.
Shannock, *s.* a bon-fire.
Shaup, *s.* a husk, an empty conceited person.
Sharne, sherne, *s.* the dung of cattle.
Shaver, *s.* a wag.
Shauling, *v. a.* the act of killing salmon by a leister.
Sheal, shieling, *s.* a hut or residence for shepherds or fishermen.
Sheal, *v. a.* to take the husks off pulse, &c.
Sheelins, *s. pl.* the husks of grain.
Shear, *v. a.* to reap, to cut corn.
Shearin, *s.* the act of cutting corn, the harvest.
Sheen o' the e'e, *s.* the apple of the eye.
Sheen, *s.* shoes.
Shellycoat, *s.* a bumbailiff.
Shelm, *s.* a rascal, a bad man.
Sheltie, *s.* a very small horse.
Sheuch, *s.* a furrow, a gulf.
Sheuch, *v. a.* to place plants in the earth before they are planted.
Shevel, *v. a.* to distort.
Shillings, sheelins, *s. pl.* the husks of grain.
Shilpie, shilpit, *adj.* weak, insipid, sickly looking, thin, applied to ears of corn not well filled.
Shimmer, *v. n.* to shine.
Shinty, *s.* a stick with a crooked end, used as a club for playing a game with a ball, called shinty.
Shirraglie, *s.* a broil.
Shirrat, *s.* a turf.
Shirt, *s.* wild mustard.
Shod-shool, *s.* a wooden shovel shod with iron.
Shoes, *s. pl.* the rind of flax.
Shog, *v. a.* to move backwards and forwards.
Shoone, *s. pl.* shoes.
Shots, *s. pl.* the buckets of a water wheel.
Shottle, *adj.* short and thick.
Shottle, *s.* a small drawer, a till.
Showd, *v. n.* to waddle.
Showl, *v. n.* to distort the mouth or face.
Shue, *v. a.* to drive away animals by a noise, to play at see-saw.
Shuggie-shue, *s.* a swing.
Shuil, *s.* a shovel.
Sib, *adj.* related by blood, consanguineons.
Sibnes, *s.* propinquity, nearness of relationship.
Sic, *adj.* such.
Sicht, *v. a.* to inspect.
Sicht o' the e'e, the pupil of the eye.
Sicker, sikher, *adj.* secure, cautious.
Sicken, *adj.* such kind of.
Sickerly, *adv.* firmly.
Sicklike, *adj.* of the same kind.
Side, syde, *adj.* a long low-hanging dress.
Sidlings, sidelins, *adv.* placed side by side.
Silder, siller, *s.* silver.
Simmer, symer, *s.* summer.
Simmer-trees, *s. pl.* May-poles.
Simpell, semple, *adj.* low born, poor.
Sind, sein, synd, *v. a.* the last water used in washing clothes.
Sinder, *v. a.* to sunder.
Sindry, *adj.* sundry, in a disjoined state.
Singin-een, *s.* the last night of the year.
Singit-like, *adj.* miserable-looking, puny.
Single, *s.* a handful of corn gleaned.
Sinsyne, *adv.* since that time.
Sipe, seip, *v. n.* to ooze, a vessel that allows a liquid to escape.
Sirple, *v. a.* to sip frequently of any liquid.
Sit, *v. n.* to stop in growth, to shrink, a wall that has sunk.
Siver, syver, *s.* a covered drain.
Skail, skale, *v. a.* to dismiss, to spill.
Skaillie, skeelie, *s.* blue slate.
Skaillie pen, *s.* a pencil of soft slate, a slate pen.
Skap, *s.* head, or scalp.
Skar, skair, *v. a.* to alarm.
Skaude, *v. a.* to scald.
Skegg, *v. n.* to move quickly in walking.
Skeely, *adj.* skilful.
Skeich, skeigh, *adj.* apt to be startled, disdainful, shy, applied to females.
Skeil, skeill, *s.* a small tub for washing, with a single handle.
Skelb, *s.* a splinter.
Skelf, *s.* a shelf.
Skellie, skelly, *s.* squint in the eye.
Skelloch, *v. n.* to utter a shrill cry.
Skelp, *v. a.* to beat.
Skelve, *v. n.* to separate in different laminæ.
Skelve, *s.* a thin slice.
Skep, scape, *s.* a bee-hive.
Skift, *s.* a flying shower.
Skilt, *v. a.* to move with lightness and rapidity.
Sking, *s.* packthread.
Skinkle, *v. a.* to sparkle.
Skirl, *v. n.* to utter a shrill cry.
Skite, *v. a.* to squirt.
Sklaffend-holes, *s. pl.* oblong apertures in the walls of a barn for air.
Sklait, *s.* slate.
Sklice, *v. a.* to slice.
Skodge, skodgie, *s.* a kitchen drudge.
Skoldirt, skowdert, *adj.* scorched.
Skour of wind, *adj.* a gust.
Skov, scone, *s* a thin cake of barley meal or flour.
Skraik, *s.* the screeching of fowls.
Skranky, *adj.* a lean meagre person.
Skreek, screak of day, the dawn.
Skreenge, *v. a.* to scourge.
Skrunt, *v. n.* to make a croaking noise.
Skrunty, *adj.* raw-boned, meagre.
Skug, scug, *s.* a shade, shelter.
Skule, scule, *s.* a large collection of individuals, as a flight of crows.
Skull, *s.* a basket.
Skult, *v. a.* to beat.
Skynk, *v. a.* to pour out liquor
Skyrin, *part.* shining.
Slae, *s.* a sloe.
Slaid, *s.* a valley.
Slake, *s.* a blow in the chops.
Slaik, slake, *v. n.* to kiss in a rude slabbering manner.
Slairg, *v. a.* to bedaub, to eat coarsely.
Slaister, sloyster, *v. n.* to perform anything in a dirty awkward manner.
Slammach, *v. n.* to seize, to grasp.
Slammakin, *s.* a drab, a slattern.
Slap, *s.* a pass between two hills, or in a wall or hedge.

Sleath, *s.* sloth.
Sleath-hund, *s.* a bloodhound.
Sleekit, *adj.* deceitful, cunning.
Slicht, *adj.* worthless.
Slid, slyd, *adj.* slippery, uncertain in conduct.
Slik, slike, *s.* slime.
Sling, *v. a.* to walk with a long light step.
Slinkie, *adj.* tall and slender.
Slip, *s.* twelve cuts.
Sloken, *v. a.* to quench thirst.
Slorp, *v. a.* to eat in a rude manner.
Slot, *s.* the bar of a door.
Slotter, *v. n.* to pass time in a sluggish manner.
Slounge, *v. n.* to walk about in a slovenly manner.
Sluddery, *adj.* soft flaccid food, which causes noise in the throat while swallowing.
Slusch, slush, *s.* soft plashy ground, snow thawing.
Sma, *adj.* small.
Smad, *v. a.* to stain, to discolour.
Smatchet, *s.* a term of contempt applied to a man, but more commonly to a child.
Smeddum, *s.* spirit, mettle.
Smeek, *v. a.* to smoke.
Smiddy, *s.* a smithy.
Smirikin, smeerikin, *s.* a hearty kiss.
Smore, *v. a.* to smother.
Smit, smyt, *v. a.* to stain.
Smue or smudge, *v. n.* to laugh in a suppressed manner.
Smurr, *s.* a thick drizzling rain.
Snab, *s.* a shoemaker.
Snackie, *adj.* tricky, quirky.
Snak, snick, *s.* the latch of a door.
Sneeshin, *s.* snuff.
Sneeshin-mull, *s.* a snuff-box.
Sneg, *v. a.* to cut.
Sneist, *s.* a taunt.
Snelly, *adv.* sharply, quickly.
Snib a door, *v. a.* to bolt it.
Snippy, *adj.* tart in speech.
Snisty, *adj.* given to saucy language.
Snite, *v. a.* to snuff, applied to a candle.
Snodded, *adj.* lopped, pruned.
Snool, *v. a.* to subjugate by tyrannical means.
Snoove awa, *v. n.* to sneak off.
Snaw-flake, *s.* the snow bunting.
Soakie, *adj.* of a playful habit.
Sodroun, sothroun, *s.* an Englishman.
Sonse, sonsy, *adj.* plump in appearance, in good condition of body.
Sooch, *s.* a copious draught.
Sooty-skon, *s.* a cake baked with soot to be eaten at Christmas gambols.
Soss, *s.* a mixture of different qualities of food.
Sotter, *v. n.* to boil slowly, to bubble in boiling.
Soud, *s.* a quantity.
Souks, soukies, *s. pl.* the flower of the red clover.
Sonm and roum, pasture in summer and fodder in winter.
Soup, sup. *s.* a spoonful, a considerable quantity of drink.
Souple, *s.* that part of a flail by which the grain is beaten.
Sour-milk, *s.* buttermilk.
Sourock, sourack, *s.* sorrel.
Soutar, souter, *s.* a shoemaker.
Sow, hay-sow, *s.* a stack of hay before it is ready to be removed from the field.
Sowme, *v. n.* to swim.
Spae-book, *s.* a book of necromancy.
Spae-man. *s.* a soothsayer, a fortune-teller.
Spae-wife, *s.* a female fortune-teller.
Spaike, spake, *s.* the spoke of a wheel.
Spain, spean, *adj.* to wean.
Spairge, *v. a.* to dash, as applied to liquids.
Spait, spate, *s.* a flood.
Spale-bane, *s.* the scapula or shoulder-bone.
Spang, *s.* the act of spanning.
Spank, *v. n.* to progress with a lively quick step.
Speere, *s.* a hole in the wall of houses in former times, whereby the family received and answered inquiries from strangers.
Speir, *v. a.* to ask.
Spelder, *v. a.* to spread open.
Spell, *v. n.* to climb
Spere, speir, *v. n.* to search out, to inquire into o. investigate.
Sperthe, *s.* a battle-axe.
Spicy, *adj.* proud, testy.
Spilgie, *s.* a tall meagre person.
Spinkie, *adj.* having a sweet expression.
Spitten, *s.* a slight shower.
Splendris, *s. pl.* splinters.
Spleuchan, *s.* a tobacco holder.
Spraich, *s.* a shriek.
Spraygherie, *s.* moveables of an inferior kind acquired by depredation.
Spreckled, *adj.* speckled.
Spree, *adj.* trim, gaudy, spruce.
Sprent, *s.* the iron clasp of a trunk lock.
Spurtillit, spurtild, *part. pa.* speckled.
Spunk, *s.* a match, spirit, vivacity.
Spunkie, *s.* Ignis Fatuus, or Will-o'-the Wisp.
Spunkie, *adj.* mettlesome, spirited.
Spunk-out, *v. n.* to be gradually discovered.
Spyn, *v. n.* to glide.
Staig, *s.* a horse not yet broken in.
Staive, staiver, *v. n.* to walk with tottering step, to stagger.
Stale, staill, *s.* a body of armed men stationed in a particular locality, more especially such as lie in ambush.
Stammack, *s.* the stomach.
Stamp, *s.* a trap.
Stamp, *v. n.* to go about stoutly.
Stamrel, *adj.* half-witted.
Stane, *s.* a stone.
Stang, *v. a.* to sting.
Stang, *s.* a long pole.
Stank, *s.* a ditch with a slow running stream or stagnant water, or surrounding a fortified place.
Stap, *v. a.* to stop, to cram, to fill.
Staw, *v. n.* to surfeit.
Stay, stey, *adj.* steep.
Steeh, *v. n.* to cram one's self greedily, to gourmandize.
Steek, *v. a.* to shut.
Steer, stir, *v. a.* to meddle with.
Steeve, *adj.* firm, relating to a bargain made.
Steik, *v. a.* to stitch, to shut, to close.
Steik-and-stowe, *adv.* completely.
Stell-net, *s.* a net stretching a considerable way into a river, and sometimes across it.
Stend, *v. n.* to spring, or rise to an elevation.
Stent, *v. a.* to stretch, straiten.
Stere, steir, *s.* commotion.
Stere, steir, *v. a.* to stir.
Sterk, *adj.* strong.
Stey, *adj.* steep.
Stibble, *s.* stubble.
Stick an' stow, *adv.* completely.
Stirk, *s.* a bullock or heifer of one or two years.
Stive, *adj.* firm.
Stob, *s.* a prickle.
Stock an' horn, *s.* a musical instrument composed of a stock, which is the thigh-bone of a sheep, and the horn, the smaller end of a cow's horn, and a reed.
Stoiter, *s.* the act of staggering.
Stolum, *s.* as much ink as a pen will hold.
Stook, stouk, *s.* a rick of corn of twelve sheaves.
Stoop, *s.* a post fastened in the earth, a support.
Storm-sted, *adj.* stopped on a journey in consequence of a storm.
Stot, *v. n.* to rebound from the ground as a ball.
Stound, *v. n.* to ache.
Stoup, *s.* a vessel for holding or measuring liquids.
Stourie. *adj.* dusty.
Stoussie, *s.* a strong healthy child.
Stove, *v. a.* to stew.
Stown, stowin, *part. pa.* stolen.
Strae, *s.* straw.
Straik, strake, *s.* a blow.
Stralush, *s.* tumult, uproar.
Stramp, *v. a.* to trample.
Stramullion, *s.* a strong robust masculine woman.
Strand, *s.* a rivulet, a gutter.
Strapping, strappan, *part. adj.* tall and handsome.
Strath, *s.* a valley of considerable extent.
Stravaig, *v. n.* to stroll about in an idle manner.
Straucht, *adj.* straight.
Streik, streek, *v. a.* to stretch, lay out a dead body.
Strein, streen, *s.* evening.
Stridelegs, *adv.* astride.
String, *v. n.* to be hanged.
Stroup, stroop, *s.* the spout of a tea-kettle or pump.
Study, styddy, *s.* an anvil.
Stump, *v. n.* to go about stoutly.
Sturdy, *s.* a vertigo, a disease to which black cattle and sheep are liable when young.
Sture, stoor, *adj.* strong, robust, hoarse.
Succur, succure, *s.* sugar.
Such, *s.* a whistling sound.
Suckies, *s. pl.* the flowers of clover.
Suddel, suddle, *v. a.* to sully, to defile.
Sugg, *v. n.* to move heavily in a rocking manner.
Sunkets, *s. pl.* provisions of any description.
Suthfast, *adj.* true.
Swak, *v. a.* to cast with force.
Swattle, *s.* the act of swallowing with avidity.
Swarer, *v. n.* to walk fast.
Sway, *s.* a movable instrument fixed in the chimney sides, whereon pots, kettles, &c., are hung to boil.
Sway, swey, *v. n.* to incline to one side, to swing.
Swayl, sweal, *v. a.* to swaddle.
Sweel, *v. n.* to drink copiously.
Sweeties, *s. pl.* comfits, sweetmeats.
Sweg, sweig, *s.* a considerable number or quantity of anything.
Sweir, sweer, *adj.* lazy, indolent.
Sweirness, *s.* laziness.
Swelchie, *s.* a whirlpool.
Swidder, swither, *v. n.* to be irresolute.
Swingle lint, *v. a.* to separate flax from the core by beating it.
Swirl, *v. n.* to whirl like a vortex.
Swoon, *v. n.* to walk feebly.
Sword, *s*, a whirling motion.
Sycht, *s.* sight.
Syling, *s.* ceiling.
Syne, *adv.* afterwards, late, as opposed to soon.

T

Tabetless, tapetless, tebbitless, *adj.* benumbed.
Tach, tatch, *v. a.* to arrest.
Tacht, *adj.* tight.
Tack, *s.* a slight hold, a lease, act of seizure.
Tacket, *s.* a small nail with a head driven into the soles and heels of shoes.
Tae, tay, *s.* a toe, a prong of a fork.
Tag, *s.* a latchet.
Taid, *s.* a toad.
Taigle, *v. a.* to detain, slow of motion.
Taile, tailye, *s.* a covenant, an entail.
Taint, *s.* proof.
Tais, tassie, *s.* a cup.
Taissle, teasle, *s.* fatigue suffered by a lady walking against a head wind, in consequence of the hold it takes of her dress, a severe brush.
Taivers, *s. pl.* meat much overboiled is said to be boiled to taivers.
Taiversum, *adj.* tiresome.
Tak the gate, *v. n.* to go off on a journey.
Tak-on, *v. a.* to buy on credit.
Tak-fute, *v. n.* to begin to walk, as a child.
Takin, *s.* a token.
Tale-piet, *s.* a tale-bearer, a tattler.
Tane, *part. pa.* taken.
Tangle, *s.* an icicle, a kind of sea plant.
Tangs, taings, *s.* tongs.
Tantrums, *s.* high airs, bad humour.
Tap, *s.* the top, a top which children use for play.
Tape, *v. a.* to use sparingly.
Tappie-toorie, *s.* anything erected on a slight tottering foundation.
Tappie-tousie, *s.* a play among children, in which they take hold of each other by the hair of the head, in imitation of the ancient feudal mode of receiving a bondman.
Tappit-hen, *s.* a crested hen, a quart measure of ale or beer.

Targat, *s.* a tatter, a tassel.
Tarlics, *s.* a lattice.
Tarry, *s.* delay.
Tarry-fingered, *adj.* light-fingered, a thief.
Tartuffish, *adj.* stubborn, obstinate, sulky.
Tash, *v. a.* to injure, to soil.
Tate, tait, *s.* a very small portion.
Tatter-wallops, tanter-wallops, *s. pl.* rags fluttering in the wind, hanging in rags.
Tatties, *s. pl.* potatoes.
Tatty, tattit, tawted, *adj.* matted.
Tauld, *adj.* told.
Taupie, tawpie, *s.* a silly slovenly woman.
Tawis, tawes, *s.* a whip, a lash.
Teazle, *s.* a severe brush, an onset.
Teet, *v. n.* to peer, to look with the eyes half shut.
Teethy, *adj.* crabbed, bad tempered.
Tehee, *s.* a loud laugh.
Temperpin, *s.* a wooden pin by which the motion of a spinning-wheel is regulated.
Tent, *s.* care, attention; to tak tent, to be upon one's guard.
Tent, *v. n.* to attend.
Teotless, *adj.* inattentive.
Tercer, *s.* a widow living upon a terce.
Terlyst, tirllyst, *adj.* grated.
Teuch, tengh, tewch, *adj.* tough.
Teug, tug, *s.* a rope, a halter.
Teyme, teme, tume, *v. a.* to empty.
Thack, theik, *s.* thatch.
Thacker, *s.* a thatcher.
Thafts, *s. pl.* the benches of a boat.
Thairawt, *adv.* without, denoting exclusion from a place.
Thairben, *adv.* in an inner apartment of a house.
Thane, thain, *adj.* half raw, not properly roasted.
Thairanent, *adv.* concerning that.
Thairattour, *adv.* concerning.
Thairm, *s.* the belly.
Thairtill, *adv.* thereto.
Thee, they, *s.* thigh.
Thegither, *adv.* together.
Theik, *v. a.* to roof with straw or thatch.
Theivil, *s.* a porridge-stick, or stick for stirring broth while boiling.
Thetis, *s. pl.* the ropes or traces by which horses draw a carriage, plough, or harrow.
Thewless, thouless, thievless, *adj.* unprofitable, inactive, feeble.
Thick, *adj.* intimate, familiar.
Thine-furth, *adv.* thenceforward.
Think shame, *v. n.* to feel abashed.
Thir, *pron. pl.* these.
Thirl, *s.* to thrill, to vibrate. This term denotes such lands as the tenants of which are bound to have all their grain ground at a certain mill.
Thirlwall, *s.* the name given to the wall between England and Scotland thrown up by Severus.
Thole, *v. n.* to bear, to endure, to suffer.
Thon, *adv.* yonder, yon.
Thorten, *v. a.* to oppose, to thwart.
Thouell, *s.* the nitch in which the oars of a boat work.
Thought, thoughty, *s.* a moment.
Thow, *v. n.* to thaw.
Thowless, *adj.* inactive.
Thraif, *s.* twenty-four sheaves of corn.
Thrang, *v. a.* to throng, to crowd towards a place, busily engaged.
Thrapple, *v. a.* to throttle.
Thraw, *s.* a pang, an agony.
Thraw, *v. a.* to throw, to twist, to sprain, to resist.
Thraw-cruk, *s.* an instrument for twisting straw or hair ropes.
Thrawin, *part. adj.* distorted, ill-humoured, perverse.
Threpe, *v. n.* to aver pertinaciously.
Thresum, *adj.* three together.
Threttene, *adj.* thirteen.
Thretty, *adj.* thirty.
Thrift, *v. n.* to thrive.
Thrissil, thrisle, *s.* a thistle.
Thrist, *v. a.* to thrust, to vex.
Thropill, thrapill, *s.* the windpipe.
Throughbither, *adv.* confused in mind, promiscuously.
Thud, *s.* a loud noise, a stroke causing a hollow sound.
Thumblicking, *s.* an ancient mode of confirming a bargain, by the parties licking their thumbs and then placing them against each other.
Ticht, *adj.* tight.
Tick, ticker, *s.* a dot, a very small spot.
Tid, *s.* humour, proper time.
Tid, *v. n.* to choose the proper time.
Tift, *s.* the act of quarrelling.
Tig, *v. n.* to touch lightly, a game played by children.
Tigale, *v. a.* to detain.
Tike, tyke, *s.* a cur, a rough fellow.
Til, till, *prep.* to.
Time about, *adj.* alternately.
Timmer, *s.* timber.
Timmer-tuned, *adj.* unmusical, destitute of ear.
Tine, tyne, *v. a.* to lose.
Tiner, tynar, *s.* a loser.
Ting, *v. a.* to ring.
Tint, *pret.* of to lose.
Tip, *v. a.* to nettle, from disappointment.
Tippenzie, *v. n.* to tipple small beer.
Tipperty, *adj.* unstable; to gang tipperty-like, to walk in a flighty conceited manner.
Tirl, *s.* to give a stroke.
Tirless, tirlass, *s.* a lattice, a wicket.
Tirliewirlie, *s.* a whirligig.
Tirr, tirle, *v. a.* to tear, uncover, unroof.
Tirrivee, *s.* a fit of passion, much out of humour.
Tirwirr, tirwirring, *adj.* habitually growling.
Tistle, *v. n.* to prate or talk idly.
Titty, *s.* a sister.
To, *adv.* shut. The door is to, *i.e.*, shut.
Tocher, *s.* the dowry brought by a wife.
Tocherless, *adj.* destitute of portion.
Tod, *s.* a fox.
Todle, toddle, *v. n.* to walk in a tottering manner.
Toddy-ladle, *s.* a small ladle of wood or silver used in filling a glass from a tumbler in which toddy is made.
Tofall, trofall, *s.* a building annexed to the wall of a larger one.
Toit, tout, *s.* a fit of illness, a fit of bad humour.
Tokie, *s.* the head-dress of an old woman, resembling a monk's cowl.
To-name, *s.* a surname.
Toober, tabour, *v. a.* to drub soundly
Toom, tume, *adj.* empty, untenanted, meagre, lank; tume-handit, empty-handed.
Toot, tout, *s.* the blast of a horn or bugle.
Toothfu', *s.* a moderate quantity of strong drink.
Top-our-tail, *adv.* topsy-turvy.
To-putter, *s.* taskmaster.
Tosch, tosh, toshe, *adj.* neat, trim.
Tosie, *adj.* tipsy, intoxicating.
Tot, *s.* a term of endearment used to a child.
Tousie, towsie, *adj.* disordered, shaggy, rough.
Tousle, *v. a.* to pull at, as in rough dalliance, to handle roughly.
Tout, *s.* a copious draught.
Tout, towt, *v. a.* to put in disorder, to teaze, to vex.
Tow, *s.* a rope of any kind.
Towin, *v. a.* to tame.
Towmont, towmond, *s.* a year.
Towmontill, *s.* a cow of a year old.
Toy, *s.* a woollen or linen head-dress worn by women of the lower orders, with the lower part hanging down to the shoulders.
Toyte, tot, *v. n.* to totter.
Traddle, *v. n.* to walk with short tottering steps.
Traist, tryste, *s.* an appointed meeting.
Tram, *s.* the shaft of a cart or carriage; ironically, a leg.
Tramp, *v. a.* to tread with vigour, to walk.
Trance, *s.* a passage within a house leading from one part to another.
Transmugrify, *v. a.* to transform, to change in appearance.
Trawart, *adj.* perverse.
Tregallon, *s.* collection, assortment.
Trevallyie, *s.* a mean retinue.
Trews, *s. pl.* trowsers.
Trig, *adj.* neat.
Trigle, trinkle, tringle, *v. n.* to trickle.
Trim, *v. a.* to drub.
Troke, *v. a.* to bargain, to barter.
Trotters, *s. pl.* sheep's feet.
Tronbly, *adj.* dark, lowering.
Trow, *s.* the wooden spout in which water is conducted to a mill-wheel.
Trow, trew, *v. a.* to believe.
Trowth, *s.* truth, belief.
True-blue, *s.* applied to rigid Presbyterians, in allusion to the colour of the cockade worn by the Covenanters.
Truff, *s.* turf.
Trukier, trucker, *s.* a deceitful person, equivalent to hussy, when applied to a female.
Trump, *s.* a Jew's harp.
Trumph, *s.* the trump at cards.
Tnay, twa, *adj.* two.
Tuffie, *v. a.* to ruffle.
Tuilyie, toolyie, *s.* a quarrel, a broil.
Tume, *v. a.* to empty.
Tup, *s.* a ram, a foolish, stupid fellow.
Turnpyk, *s.* a winding or spiral stair.
Tusche, *s.* a girdle.
Tute-mowitt, *adj.* having the under jaw projecting.
Tuttie-tuttie, *interj.* pshaw!
Twa, tnay, *adj.* two.
Twa-faced, *adj.* deceitful, double-faced.
Twal, *adj.* twelve.
Twasum, *adj.* two together.
Twa-three, *s. pl.* a few in number.
Twin, twyne, *v. n.* to separate.
Twinter, *s.* a two-year-old cow or ox.
Twopenny, *s.* small beer.
Twyn, *adv.* in twyn, in twain, asunder.
Tydy, tydie, *adj.* neat, lucky, favourable.
Tyke and tryke, *adv.* higgledy-piggledy.
Tyre-cap, *s.* a hat of tyre, part of the dress of Bruce at Bannockburn.
Tyrement, *s.* an interment.
Tyte, *v. a.* to snatch, to draw suddenly.

U

Ulie, *s.* oil.
Uman, *pron.* woman.
Umbeist, *s.* a monster.
Umbeset, *v. a.* to beset on every side.
Umbre, *s.* shade.
Uncanny, *adj.* unsafe, as having supernatural powers.
Unchancy, *adj.* unlucky.
Unco, *adj.* strange, unknown.
Uncoft, *adj.* unbought.
Uncondy, *adj.* dreary, under the influence of fear.
Underlont, *v. n.* to stoop, to be subject.
Unfleggit, *part. pa.* not affrighted.
Unhele, *s.* pain, suffering, untrue, unfaithful.
Unhonest, *adj.* dishonourable.
Unirkit, *adj.* unwearied.
Unkensome, *adj.* unknowable.
Unknow, *part. pa.* unknown.
Unleil, *adj.* dishonest.
Unreasome, *s.* injustice, iniquity, disorder.
Unreason, *adj.* disorder.
Unrycht, *s.* injustice, iniquity.
Unsickkir, unsicker, *adj.* not secure.
Unsneck, *v. a.* to lift a latch.
Unsonsie, *adj.* unlucky, mischievous.
Untellabyll, *adj.* what cannot be told.
Unthinkabill, *adj.* inconceivable.
Untill, *prep.* unto.
Untrowabill, *adj.* incredible.
Untynt, *part. pa.* not lost.
Unwemmyt, *adj.* unspotted.
Unwynnabill, *adj.* impregnable.
Upeast, *v. n.* to taunt, to reproach.
Upgang, *s.* an acclivity, an ascent.
Uphand, *s.* upper hand, the advantage.
Uploip, *v. n.* to ascend with rapidity.
Uppish, *adj.* aspiring, ambitious.

Uprax, *v. a.* to stretch upwards, to erect.
Upstand, *v. a.* to spring up.
Uptak, *s.* nptaking, apprehension.
Upwith, *adv.* upwards.
Ure, *s.* chance, fortune.
Urisum, urasum, *adj.* troublesome.
Ury, *adj.* furred, crusted.

V

Vaig, *v. n.* to wander, to roam.
Vaiises, *s. pl.* saddlebags.
Vamper, *v. n.* to assume an estentatious appearance.
Vane, *s.* a vein, a shoot, a fibre.
Varlot, verlot, *s.* an inferior servant.
Vauhap, wauhap, *s.* misfortune.
Vaunty, *adj.* boastful.
Venall, vinell, *s.* an alley, a lane, a narrow street.
Ver, vere, *s.* the spring.
Verger, *s.* an orchard.
Verrayment, *s.* truth.
Verrock, wirrock, *s.* a corn or excrescence on the foot.
Virle, *s.* a ferule.
Vode, *adj.* void, empty.
Vogie, vokie, *adj.* merry, cheerful.
Vor, *s.* the spring.
Vout, *s.* a fault.
Voutt, *v. n.* to boast.
Vouthman, *s.* an outlaw.
Vow, wou! *interj.* expressive of admiration.
Vran, *s.* a wren.
Vung, *v. n.* to move swiftly with a buzzing sound.

W

Wa, wae, *s.* wo, grief. Waeworth you! Wo befall yon!
Waah, *s.* anything that causes surprise and admiration.
Wachle, *v. n.* to move backwards and forwards.
Waeht, waueht, *v. a.* to quaff.
Wadds, *s. pl.* pledges used in yonthful amusements.
Waeful, *adj.* woful, sorrowful.
Waff, *adj.* worthless, ill-dressed, low born.
Waffie, *s.* a vagabond.
Waff-like, *adj.* having a shabby appearance.
Waft, weft, *s.* the woof in a web.
Wagang, waygang, *s.* a departure.
Waggle, *s.* a bog, a marsh.
Wag-string, *s.* a halter used by a hangman.
Wag-strung, *adj.* one who died by means of a halter.
Waigle, weigle, *v. n.* to waddle, to waggle.
Waik, *v. a.* to watch.
Wair, *v. a.* to spend.
Waith, waithe, *s.* the act of hunting.
Wak, *adj.* moist, watery, rainy, damp.
Wakerife, *adj.* watchful, a bad sleeper.
Wald, *v. aux.* would; should, as denoting necessity.
Wale, *v. a.* to select, to pick, to choose.
Walle, wale, wail, *v. a.* the act of choosing, a person or thing that is excellent, that chosen in preference to other objects.
Wall, *v. a.* to weld.
Walledrag, *s.* a feeble ill-grown person, a drone.
Wallop, *v. n.* to move quickly, to gallop.
Walsh, welshe, *adj.* tasteless, insipid.
Walter, *v. a.* to overturn, to upset.
Waly! wally! *interj.* expressive of lamentation.
Wambe, wame, *s.* the belly.
Wamble, waumle, *v. n.* to move in an undulatory manner.
Wambrasseiris, *s.* armour for the fore part of the arm.
Wame-ill, *s.* the belly-ache.
Wamfle, *v. n.* to crease, to bend in an undulatory manner.
Wamyt, *s.* the belly.
Wan, *adj.* black, gloomy.
Wan-bayn, *s.* the cheek-bone.
Wanchanchie, *adj.* unlucky.
Wancouth, *adj.* uncouth.
Wand, *pret.* of the *v.* to wind.
Wangyle, *s.* the gospel.
Wankitt, *s.* inquietude, the pendulum of a clock.
Wanhap, *s.* misfortune.
Wanrestfu', *adj.* restless.
Wanter, *s.* a widower or bacheler.
Wap, *v. a.* to throw rapidly.
Wappin, wappyn, *s.* a weapon.
War, warr, *adj.* worse.
War, ware, wair, *v. a.* to lay out money, to bestow.
War, *v. a.* to overcome.
Ward and warsel, *s.* security for a pledge.
Wardeur, *s.* verdure.
Wardy-draggel, *s.* a person much draggled with mire, the youngest of a brood.
Ware, *pret.* wore.
Ware, *s.* sea-weed.
Wark, werk, *v. n.* to ache.
Wark, warke, *s.* work.
Warkman, *s.* a labourer.
Warld, *s.* the world.
Warliest, *adj.* most wary.
Warlo, *s.* a wicked person.
Warlock, *s.* a wizard.
Wars, *adj.* worse.
Warsell, wersill, *v. n.* to wrestle, to strive.
Warset, *s.* a dog employed by a poacher for watching deer.
Wart, ward, *s.* a tumulus thrown up on high ground for the purpose of conveying intelligence.
Warwolf, warwouf, *s.* a person supposed to be transformed into a wolf.
Wasche, wousche, *pret.* wash.
Wasie, *adj.* sagacious, quick of apprehension.
Wastell, *s.* bread used with the wassail-bowl.
Wasting, *s.* a consumption.
Wastow, wastest thou, knowest thou.
Wat, *v. n.* to know.
Wate, *adj.* moist, wet.
Water, watter, *s.* a pretty large river.
Watergang, *s.* a mill-race.
Watling-strete, *s.* the milky way.
Wauble, *v. n.* to swing or reel.
Water-wraith, *s.* the spirit of the water.
Waugh, wauch, *adj.* unpleasant to the taste, nanseous.
Waught, wacht-ont, *v. n.* to quaff, a large draught of liquid.
Wauk, *v. a.* to full cloth, to shrink in consequence of being beetled.
Waur, *v. a.* to overcome.
Wavel, *v. a.* to wave backwards and forwards.
Waw, *s.* wall.
Waw, wawe, *v. n.* to caterwaul.
Wayest, *adj.* most sorrowful.
Waymyng, wayment, *s.* lamentation.
Weary, *adj.* feeble.
Wee, a, *s.* a short while, in a slight degree.
Wee, wie, *s.* small.
Weam-ill, *s.* the belly-ache.
Weane, *s.* a child.
Wear-in, *v. a.* to gather in.
Webster, wabster, *s.* a weaver.
Weche, *s.* a witch.
Wecht, weght, *s.* a bread heop with leather on one side, resembling a sieve, for winnowing corn.
Weeglie, *adj.* waggling, nnstable.
Weem, *s.* a natural cavern.
Weese, *v. n.* to ooze.
Weet, *s.* rain, wet.
Weid, *adj.* furions, very angry.
Weif, *v. a.* to weave, *part. pa.* of weyff, woven.
Weik, week, *s.* an angle, a corner. The weik o' the e'e, the corner of the eye.
Weil, *s.* prosperity.
Weill-farand, weel-fard, *adj.* good-looking.
Weill-willie, weill-willet, *adj.* liberal.
Weise, *v. n.* to use policy for attaining an object, to incline.
Weird, weerd, *s.* fate.
Weirdless, wierdless, *adj.* unprosperous, not well-doing.
Welcome-hame, *s.* repast presented to a bride on entering the door of the bridegroom.
Well-kerses, *s. pl.* water cresses.
Welth, *s.* plenty, abundance.
Wersh, *adj.* insipid, tasteless.
Westlin, *adj.* western.
Whaap, *s.* the curlew.
Whakie, *s.* whisky.
Whang, *s.* a thong, a large slice.
Whauk, *v. a.* to thwack.
Wheen, *s. pl.* a number, a few.
Whid, *s.* a lie.
Whinge, *v. n.* to whine.
Whip, *s.* a moment.
Whippert, *adj.* hasty in temper.
Whisht! *interj.* hush! be silent.
Whistle, whussel, *s.* the throat.
White, whate, *v. a.* to cut wood with a knife.
Whittret, whuttret, *s.* a weasel.
Whittle, *s.* a knife.
Whunn, whin, *s.* greenstone, trap.
Whuttle, *s.* whitlow, a gathering in the fingers
Whyles, *adv.* sometimes.
Widdie, widdy, *s.* the gallows.
Wiel, *s.* a pool.
Wifie, *s.* a little woman.
Wiggle, *v. n.* to wriggle.
Wile, wyle, *v. n.* to entice.
Willer, *s.* a mark, a sign, the barb of an arrow or fishing-hook.
Wimple, wympel, womple, *v. n.* to meander.
Win, wyn, *v. a.* to dry corn, to gain.
Winder, *adj.* wonder.
Windock, winnock, *s.* a window.
Winkers, *s.* the eye-lashes.
Winsome, *adj.* merry, gay, cheerful.
Wisen, wyssin, *v. n.* to wither, to be parched.
Wishy-washy, *s. pl.* shuffling, half-and-half.
Wite, wyte, *s.* blame.
Wite, wyte, *v. n.* to blame, to accuse.
With, *v. n.* to gae with, to miscarry, to fail.
With-gate, *s.* liberty, toleration.
Withtak, *v. a.* to lay hold of.
Wittens, *s.* knowledge.
Wizen, *s.* the throat.
Wizzen, *adj.* dry, withered.
Wob, *s.* a web.
Wodroitt, *s.* a savage.
Won, wan, win, wyn, *v. n.* to dwell, the act of drying by exposure to the air.
Wonnying, wyning, *s.* a dwelling.
Woo, *s.* wool.
Wordy, weirdy, *adj.* worthy.
Worlin, *s.* a feeble puny person.
Worry, *v. n.* to choke, to be suffocated.
Worset, *s.* worsted.
Worsle, *v. n.* to wrestle.
Wouf, wowf, *s.* wolf.
Wouff, *v. n.* to bark.
Wonk, wouke, *s.* a week.
Woundering, *s.* a monster.
Woursum, worsum, *s.* purulent matter.
Wow! *interj.* expressive of admiration.
Wraik, wrak, *s.* revenge.
Wraith, *adj.* wroth.
Wraith, wraithe, *s.* the apparition of a person seen before death, or soon after it.
Wrak, wrek, wrack, *s.* anything cast upon the sea-shore, sea-weed.
Wrangwis, wrangwiss, *adj.* wrong, unjust.
Wraple, *v. a.* to entangle.
Wrat, *s.* a wart.
Wratack, *s.* a dwarf.
Wree, *v. n.* to writhe.
Wregh, *s.* wretch.
Wright, *s.* the general designation for a common carpenter.
Wrinklet, *adj.* intricate, having many windings.
Writer, *s.* an attorney.
Wrochys, *s. pl.* ghosts.
Wroik, *s.* spite, revenge, ill-will.
Wroken, *part. pa.* revenge.
Wroul, *s.* an ill-grown person.

Wud, wode, *adj.* mad, furious with rage.
Wynd, *s.* a narrow lane or alley.
Wynrie, *v. a.* to strangle, to worry.
Wyss-like, *adj.* having a decent appearance.
Wyteless, *adj.* blameless.
Wulcat, *s.* a wild cat.

Y

Yabble, *v. n.* to gabble.
Yad, *s.* an old worn-out mare.
Yaff, youf, *v. n.* to bark as a small dog does, to prate.
Yake, yaik, *v. n.* to shake, to quiver, to ache.
Yald, yauld, *adj.* sprightly, alert.
Yalloch, *s.* a shout, a shrill cry.
Yamer, yammer, *v. n.* to complain, continued whining, to pet.
Yamph, yamf, *v. n.* to bark.
Yap, yape, *adj.* having a keen appetite, very hungry.
Yard, *s.* a garden for flowers, pot herbs, &c. Kail-yard, a garden for vegetables.
Yare, *s.* a wear for catching fish.
Yare, yhar, yauld, *adj.* ready, alert, prepared.
Yarnets, *s. pl.* an instrument for winding yarn.
Yarr, *s.* the common spurry weed, generally found in poor land.
Yarring, *adj.* snarling, captious, troublesome.
Yarrow, *v. a.* to earn or gain by industry.
Yaud, *s.* an order given by a shepherd to his dog. Far-yaud, signifying drive the sheep to a distance.
Yaul, *v. n.* to yell.
Yaup, *v. n.* to yelp.
Yeables, yeablins, *adv.* perhaps.
Yeald, *adj.* barren.
Yearn, yerne, *adj.* eager, wishful.
Yed, *v. n.* to contend, to wrangle, to dispute.
Yeddle, *adj.* thick, muddy, applied to water.
Yeildings, *s. pl.* two persons of the same age.
Yeill, *s.* age.
Ycmar, *s.* a keeper, one who has objects in charge.
Yeisk, yesk, yisk, *v. n.* to hiccup.
Yeld, yell, eild, *adj.* giving no milk.
Yeldring, yeldrin, *s.* a yellow-hammer.
Yelloch, *v. n.* to scream, to shriek.
Yellow-gowan, *s.* the name given to different species of ranunculi.
Yerd, yerth, yird, *s.* earth, soil.
Yerd, *v. a.* to bury.
Yerd-east, *s.* anything fastened firmly in the ground.
Yerd-meal, *s.* the earth mould of a churchyard.
Yerestrene, *s.* the night before the last.
Yerk, *v. a.* to beat, to strike smartly
Yern-bleter, *s.* a snipe.
Yester, *v. a.* to discompose, to disturb.
Yestreen, *s.* last night.
Yet, yett, *s.* a gate.
Yether, *s.* the mark left by binding a cord tightly.
Yettlin, of iron, cast-iron.
Yevery, *adj.* greedy, voracious.
Yharn, *v. n.* to desire eagerly.
Yhull, yule, *s.* Christmas.
Yhuman, yuman, yoman, *s.* a person of inferior rank, a farmer or peasant, a soldier on horseback.
Yield of the day, mid-day.
Yieldnis, yealins, *s. pl.* persons who are of the same age
Yill, *s.* ale.
Yill-wife, *s.* the keeper of an ale-house.
Yim, *s.* a particle, an atom.
Yirdin, *s.* thunder.
Yirm, *v. n.* to whine, to complain.
Yirr, *v. n.* to snarl, to growl.
Yistreine, *s.* yesternight.
Yoke, *v. n.* to engage with another in dispute.
Yoll, *v. a.* to strike with any instrument, as to yoll with an axe.
Yont, *prep.* beyond.
Yonden-drift, *s.* snow driven by the wind.
Youf, yuff, *v. n.* to bark.
Yonk, yeuk, *s.* the itch.
Youk, yuke, *v. n.* to itch, to be itchy.
Youky, *adj.* itchy; metaphorically, eager, anxious
Youl, youll, *v. n.* to howl, to yell.
Yont, *v. n.* to cry, to roar.
Yow, yowe, *s.* a ewe.
Yule, yuyll, *s.* the name given to Christmas.
Yule-e'en, *s.* the night preceding Christmas.
Yym, *v. a.* to keep.
Yyrne, *v.* to coagulate, to curdle.

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